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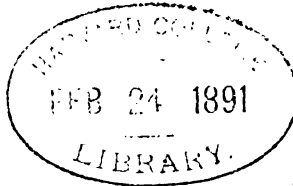
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THE POETRY OF LIFE.

AMONGST all the riddles which philosophers have delighted in propounding for their mutual mystification, perhaps few have been put forth with an air of deeper profundity than the simple, yet home-coming question—What is life? Well, we need hardly be surprised; for (to follow in the same enticing path) there certainly is no one question to which so many inconsistent, yet genuine answers have been, and will be, returned. The philosophers may claim to themselves the merit of propounding the query; but the whole congregated voice of humanity would be insufficient to fill up the reply. Of all the myriad inhabitants who now tread the surface of this chequered planet, of all the beings who throng the immeasurable universe, each is practically working out his own especial answer to this searching question. Generation after generation will be called into being, each adding its portion to the mighty chorus, each presenting some new phasis in the infinite portraiture of life. But what then? Because the stream is exhaustless, shall we refuse to drink? Because the field of vision is interminable, shall we therefore refuse to look around us? Let us rather climb to the mountain's top, and gaze with chastened reverence and uplifted hearts into the far-extending view. Let not our souls rest from their striving, till we have at least solved the riddle of our own humble destiny, till we have patiently discerned the bearings of our own narrow path in the vast labyrinth of existence.

What, then, is life? 'A gilded toy,' lightly exclaims one; 'a feather borne upon the passing breeze, a bubble floating on the stream, sporting and sparkling brightest in the gayest sunshine! This is life; this the golden measure of all our hopes; this the sum of mortal joy! Merrily the sand runs through, even to the last bright grain; and then— Well, as ye will! Look for care, ye who like it best: trouble may always be had for seeking; and that without stint, without even an envious grudge. To live, is but to enjoy life: let each, then, follow his own heart's bent. Live, and let live, while ye may; the world is wide, and time too short to waste on idle fears!' Alas, poor butterfly! heedlessly thou sportest in the glittering sunshine. But is it well with thee, that all thy joy, thy very life, should come and go at the bidding of an accident? Think yet again, thou giddy trifler. Art thou, then, the merest sport of circumstance—a helpless atom in a heedless whirl, the ready football in a game of chances? Is it all recklessness and hazard? Has thy life no deeper meaning than the rattling of thy dice-box? 'If so,' impatiently ejaculates yon careworn despiser of others' follies, 'the sooner he is safely laid in his last long box the better for himself and others. The world could manage very

well without any such idle lumber. The only sensible purpose of life, is to make your fortune as honestly as you can, and then enjoy it. Make yourself independent of everybody. No frisking about at other people's expense. And what signifies the nonsense and whimsicalities of a poor, squeamish, uncomfortable being, not worth as much as would pay for his own coffin? Who really cares for such a man? Nobody. There are plenty of them. Good sort of men enough in their way: no doubt mean very well; fancy they have some destiny to accomplish, and all that sort of thing. But what does it all come to? Why, you might see them die off by scores, like flies in frosty weather. And who ever troubles himself about any one of them? Nobody—nobody. Unless, indeed, he happens to have tickled the fancy of your gossiping readers; and then, likely enough, when he is dead, they'll give a grand dinner in honour of his starvation, and say all manner of fine things about him, and wish they had got him amongst them, so that he might "die over again," I suppose. What man of any sense would squander away his life in such miserable folly? I am a man of some experience; and, take my word for it, there is nothing like an independency, and nothing like working hard for it. There ought to have been a notice stuck up in the world long before this time—"No admittance except on business." It would have saved a deal of misery. Talk about the object of life! If you want a pattern that will wear well, and not wash out, stick to addition and multiplication: no idle frippery, no sentimental drivelling.'

Still, what is life? oh man of sage experiences! Is but to live life's proud prerogative? Is, then, its only good, defence from evil? Has it no reality save toil?—no recompense, but that same dreary independence? Is its whole amount to dig a sullen grave, deeper—deeper, even while strength shall last, and then lie down in cold security? Has life no deeper spring than this?—no wider scope?—no loftier purpose?

'Loftier? Ay, as the eagle's proudest flight is loftier than the paltry burrowing of a dormouse!' responds an eager, fretful voice. 'Fortune is well, and toil must be endured; but for what? For their own sweet sake? No: nor for a barren independence! That we are born into a world of strife and toil, is true; but let us at least strive like men, conscious of the lofty prizes that await our grasp. Who that had a soul nobler than the grub upon which he treads, could tamely creep through life without a prouder thought than stirs within the precincts of an ant-hill? For what do we live as men, if this be all our lot? Why not mere ants? Why not our dull concerns directed by the same unerring instinct? Because those same concerns can yield a richer and a nobler harvest for those who have the strength to use the sickle. The soul must be arbiter of its own

free lot—the forecast and fulfilment of its chosen purposes. And for what was man thus gifted with a consciousness of thought, a power of self-inspection, a capability of controlling even his own strong passions, and bending all to the accomplishment of one life-absorbing object? Why was man, thus highly gifted, placed to struggle and to sympathise with his fellow-man? Was it that he should dedicate his undying energies to the merest insect task of procuring a brief and petty subsistence? Was it for this, oh beneficent Giver of life and power! was it for this thou gavest man dominion over all thy creatures? Nay, rather, he who thus circumscribes his own life, basely renounces his noblest inheritance; and another shall lead him, and rule over him. What can distinguish man most nobly from his fellows? What, save the greater power of influencing all for good? To attain this power, to exert this God-like influence, is the truest and proudest object of human life. This alone can shed a lustre over life's brief struggle, and cast an undying radiance throughout succeeding generations. If you seek an object worth the living for, let it be to make the world your debtor.'

'Even so, brave sir!' adds a fourth in chilling accents; 'fondly anticipating a lively and indefatigable appreciation of all that you haven't done, as the most touching acknowledgment of your wondrous merits. What is life? sayest thou. The caterer of death: a cold and withering mockery: a gaudy-seeming tree, whose sweetest fruit is gilded rottenness. Joy to thy proud aspirings, thy yearning sympathies, thy lofty purposes, thy bold and generous trust in human gratitude! Fond dreamer! a cold and bitter morning is at hand: happy for thee if death relieve thy folly from its hideous awakening. Dream on until thine eyes are opened to the stark reality; and then—nay, shrink not from thy hard-earned portion—look to receive wretchedness for thy pride, coldness for thy sympathy, misrepresentation for thy noblest purposes, and a freezing mixture for thine expected gratitude, turning all into an iceberg. Oh, 'tis a brave world to try the toughness of a heart! Your veriest earthworm is life's true philosopher: he looks for nothing, and he finds all he seeks.'

'Peace, troubling spirit!' exclaims a deep, stern voice, in tones of mingled sorrow and reproof; 'nor with thy bitter sarcasms thus belie thy Maker's wondrous plan. Despite thy mockery, man has indeed a noble purpose to achieve; and high or low, or rich or poor, may equally attain it. Nor is man's destiny a poisoned drop, a foul anomaly in God's fair universe. But what is man? Bethink thee well. Why should he thus have dominion over all, and become the chosen delegate of Omnipotence? The answer should afford a clue to the mystery of his being. He is an image of the Self-Existent. He only of earth's inhabitants, by a conscious and voluntary effort, can mould and fashion his own life's character; he only can look into his own mind, and deliberately choose whether he will indulge his natural and hereditary inclinations, or whether he will struggle to conform his whole future life to some standard of excellence which his intellect recognises and approves; he only can say to the enticements and promptings of his own dark passions, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" He only can momentarily determine, and thus *seemingly create*, his own life's destiny. He only can subdue and govern his own little world within; and it is only then that he can worthily influence the larger world without. Such is the tenure by which alone man stands at the head of God's creation; and such is the inalienable birthright, the essential characteristic, of every human being: and thus is man an image of his Maker. The Omnipotent Creator is alone the *I AM*—the Self-Existent: the dependent creature is the *I will be*—the self-determining. What, then, is it that we may be, if we will? What is that which no power can determine for us? In short, what is the great business

of human life? Simply this:—to bring our own short-sighted, scattered, and isolated wills into harmony and conjunction, and thus into voluntary dependence upon the one Immutable, All-perfect Will. Not vaunting ourselves in, or looking wistfully to, our own vain strength; but trustfully yielding our entire selfhood to the guidance of truth and justice, and thus becoming the voluntary and conscious channels of an all-perfect, universal Love—happy, and dispensing happiness, while heaven and earth endure! Surely this is a purpose not all-unworthy of the Wisdom that could frame the illimitable and wondrous universe! And should we murmur if a parent's love should seek to purify, instead of pampering, our stubborn wills? Could not the Power that so clothes the field, and guides the instincts of the brute creation, have as easily insured our earthly happiness, if that were all? Oh man, turn not thus heedless from thy loftiest yearnings! This wide and visible universe, with its bitter trials and its fleeting joys, is but the seminary of immortal souls!'

Reader, dost thou still ask—What is life? We reply, with deepest reverence—Essentially, it is the only Absolute Existence: the spring of all activity: the inmost reality of all substance. Its high and hallowed name is Love—eternal, all-inspiring, all-encircling Love. This material, steadfast, and imperishable creation, with its countless activities and forms of use, so perfectly and inextricably apportioned to our sensuous powers, and so wondrously ministering to our highest wants, is but the outmost vesture of Omnipotence—the ultimate, yet ceaseless and infinitely-certain emanation of Him who alone is essential Life, essential Substance. All this seeming solidity, impenetrability, and absolute extension, is but the fixed and necessary relation which external objects bear to our sensuous perceptions: the true certainty of nature, and of nature's laws, arises from the whole created universe, with its innumerable inhabitants, being momentarily dependent for existence upon the one eternal Source of all truth, order, and perfection. Even man, with all his high capacities, is no self-dependent atom in the circle of existence. He may indeed thus isolate the whole aim and conscious effort of his being; but even then, he is no self-sustaining, independent unit; he does but abuse the power for good in which he is beneficently and momentarily upheld. Our life is essentially a continued choosing of good or evil. We may either look to our own wishes as our highest rule of right and wrong, and to their gratification as the ruling motive of our voluntary efforts; or we may look to infinite and eternal Truth for guidance, and to the good of all as the single, earnest aim of our existence. In either case, our own misery or happiness is simply the necessary consequence of our choice, not the motive deliberately chosen. In the one case, we strive to appropriate the enjoyments of others to ourselves, and instead of succeeding, lose even our own in the struggle; in the other case, we strive to impart our own delight to others, and having done so, find our highest happiness in theirs. This is the essential difference between selfishness and disinterested Christian love; and notwithstanding all the sophistry that has been uttered on the subject, they are, and ever must be, as a rule of life, altogether distinct and opposite. To walk worthily our appointed course on earth, we must continually strive to live a life of usefulness, from a principle of duty, and of good-will to all; and it is only in proportion as we do so, that we can dispose our hearts to receive those higher and purer influences which an infinite Love and Goodness is ever yearning to impart. What, then, is the truest poetry of life? It is that which awakens in our conscious souls the deepest, the fullest response; it is the chosen purpose for which we fain would live. The means by which it may be realised are infinitely various, according to the nature and extent of our several capacities. And yet one God created all, and one unspeakable purpose breathes through all His works: the highest poetry must draw our hearts to Him.

We promised, on a former occasion,* to attempt a further development of this high theme: if we have now succeeded even in indicating its momentous interest, our promise is redeemed.

JEMIMA'S SUPPER.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

I HAVE often wondered what would become of us if it were not for the misfortunes of our neighbours. If there were no poor, which of us would be rich? If there were no sick, what would the doctors do? If there were no sinners, how would the clergymen get their living? Would it not seem that the aim of philanthropy is to ameliorate the condition of some at the expense of others; to pull down at the same time that it exalts; and so to bring society to one level, one gauge, and one rate of progress?

But I must not suffer the subject to run away with me; my business at present being with only one kind of misfortune—that which determines people to let lodgings. Board and lodging, be it observed, is in quite another category. Its motives are highly philanthropical—a love of the human kind, a hankering after the presence of our species; and the individual so haunted advertises his benevolent infirmity in the newspapers, and offers board and lodging 'for the sake of society.' Furnished apartments, on the other hand, are compulsory. By some train of circumstances which it is impossible to explain, people acquire a superabundance of rooms, and find themselves in a complete fix. They advertise the emergency, put up a bill in their windows, and signify that 'having a larger house than they require,' they will most willingly let furnished apartments.

Mr and Mrs Plumley had been in this predicament for more than twenty years. They were every now and then making public the fact, that they had a larger house than they required; every now and then filling it to the roof with lodgers; and every now and then seeing it grow emptier and emptier, till at length it contained only themselves two and the maid-of-all-work. But in all this they were by no means the sport of fortune; for accidents happen so uniformly in the world of London, that the revenue derived from this traffic in rooms was as regular, taking one year with another, as an annuity. Still the business was far from being destitute of excitement. On the contrary, its hopes and fears, disappointments and gratulations, came as regularly as the circumstances that gave rise to them.

While the house was full, no mere mundane couple could live more happily together than Mr and Mrs Plumley. Mr Plumley was a good-tempered, easy-going man so long as things went well with him; and at such times he would occasionally take his wife to the boxes of Sadler's Wells, or the pit at the Adelphi, and not unfrequently bring home something nice in his pocket for supper. But when the apartments began to thin, and Mr Plumley found himself rising gradually, by the efflux of lodgers, from the kitchen to the drawing-room, a change as gradual took place in his manner. His eyes grew sterner and sterner as he looked at his wife; and hers, in conscious innocence, returned the gaze with scorn and defiance. But Mr Plumley, though conscious that Mrs Plumley was somehow or other in fault, was too dignified for vituperation; and she, on her part, was far too much of a lady to intrude her discourse upon anybody. The state of their feelings therefore was betrayed, not in words, but the want of them. A dreadful silence brooded over the house; and as the last lodger departed, Jemima, the maid-of-all-work, who was by this time suspected of being at the bottom of it, constantly received warning.

Jemima was a fat, slovenly-looking young woman,

with unspeakably dirty hands, her cap always awry, and the mark of an intensely sooty finger never absent from her good-looking face, drawn either across the cheek, or along the side of the nose, or above the eyebrow. If slovenly, however, she was not idle, but the very reverse. She was always scrubbing something or other morning, noon, and night; and although it must be owned she dirtied more than she cleaned, still Mrs Plumley, following in her trail, cleaned after her, so that all was right in the end. Among Jemima's recommendations was a very remarkable memory, which received everything whatever that was offered it, but almost the next moment let all out again; its meshes being as wide as those of an act of parliament, through which a coach-and-six may be driven. She was not unconscious of this peculiarity; but it only gave rise to a sort of pride of genius, since she felt herself capable of supplying the deficiencies of nature. This she did (having never been taught the common alphabetical signs) by inventing an artificial memory, in which sundry kitchen matters were invested, by a special arrangement, with an occult meaning only known to herself. It is true Mrs Plumley, whose genius lay in the methodical, made a point of sweeping away every trace of such memoranda as soon as she set eyes on them; but that, as Jemima said, was missus's fault, not hers. And so, with cleaning and dirtying, remembering and forgetting, scolding and recrimination, the day had its sufficient occupation; and each night, as she sank into her welcome bed, drew its black sponge across the page, and blotted out its characters for ever.

The era of silence, it may be observed, was always one of great awe to Jemima. She moved about the house as if in muffled slippers; looked mysteriously at her master and mistress; and answered in a whisper when spoken to, though more frequently merely nodding her head with solemn significance, instead of saying 'Iss, mum.' After receiving warning, she devoted every spare minute she could appropriate to arranging her things—that is to say, taking them out of her box, and leaving them here and there on chairs and stools; but never having time to go after a new place, when the tide of lodgers began to flow again, she always received a re-engagement; and after a touching scene with her mistress, restored her things to her box with much sobbing and blubbering, and began her service anew.

One day when Mrs Plumley was sitting alone in her desolate drawing-room, wondering what ever it could be that prevented lodgers from coming, a smart rap was heard at the street door; and as Jemima rushed to answer it, with a bath-brick in one hand and a case-knife in the other, she could not help, in the fulness of her heart, screaming up the stair (though then under warning), 'It's a lodger, mum!'

'Show him up!' replied Mrs Plumley nervously; and presently there walked into the room an indubitable lodger, who took the second floor in less than five minutes. He was a stout, middle-aged man—a man of perfect respectability, as any one might see at a glance; short-sighted, as respectable persons almost always are; quite competent to pay his way, and intimately conversant with the fact himself. He said his name was Mr Magnus Smith, and gave an undeniable reference in the immediate neighbourhood; on which Mrs Plumley smilingly observed, 'It was of no consequence, as she happened to know a gentleman when she saw him.' Mr Magnus Smith desired to come in that same evening, which was the reason why his wife, in order to save time, was at the moment looking at the lodgings next door. Mrs Plumley was quite agreeable, and rather thought that his good lady would be under little temptation at No. 14, though, for her part, she had no acquaintance with the persons whatever, not even knowing their names, although they had lived side by side for twenty years and more.

As Mr Magnus Smith passed through the narrow hall on his way out, he told Jemima that they should want something for supper.

* See 'Poetry in All Things,' No. 118.

'Let it be a lobster,' said he; 'I hear them bawling about: a small lobster, mind—and cheap of course.'

'Oh yes, sir; small and cheap,' replied Jemima, treasuring the description.

'And we shall want some bread and butter—only a little butter, for Mrs Magnus Smith is particular in the article, and will see about it in the morning herself. Do you mind?'

'Oh yes, sir.'

'And—let me see—a pint of beer; that's all, I think—yes, that's all.'

'Oh yes, sir!'

When he was gone, Jemima went to and fro about her business, getting the supper by heart, till she should have time to make a memorandum of it; and no sooner had the door shut, then it was stealthily opened again by Mrs Plumley, already in her bonnet and shawl, who, having watched the lodger out of sight, hurried after the reference.

Presently Mr Plumley came in, and after casting a severe look upon Jemima, who was viewed in the light of a culprit, walked solemnly up the stair, and seated himself in the desert drawing-room. He scorned to ask for Mrs Plumley, although he could not but think that the silence of the house was still more awful than usual. In a little while, however, his meditations were disturbed by a smart rap at the street-door; and on the principle that it never rains but it pours, a second lodger made his appearance. This was a middle-aged gentleman, like the other, apparently a most respectable man—although the dusk being now a little advanced, Mr Plumley could not see him very well—who had come up with his wife by the rail, whose name was Mr Thompson, and who wanted to enter that evening. This gentleman likewise preferred the second floor, which Mr Plumley very innocently let to him.

When Mr Thompson was going out, he told Jemima that they should want something to eat before going to bed.

'Oh yes, sir,' said Jemima, conning her lesson—'a lobster'—

'Well, that is a good thought—let it be a lobster. A small one will do.'

'And cheap of course,' added Jemima.

'Of course: you are a sensible girl: and we shall want a little bread and butter.'

'Oh yes, sir; a little butter will do, I know, for the good lady is particular in the article, and will see after it herself in the morning.'

'Upon my word, you are a sharp, thoughtful creature; and I say, my dear, you will not forget a pint of beer. That's all.' Mr Plumley dogged him out, to see after the reference; and Jemima, elated with the unaccustomed praise she had received, ran down to the kitchen to make her memoranda. This she accomplished by placing one of her pattens on a plate on the dresser to represent the lobster, and fixing the other upright against the wall for the pint-pot; a bit of bath-brick and a slice of carrot serving for the loaf and the print of butter. As a new thought struck her, she selected the tiniest lump from a handful of small coal, and placed it on the patten in the plate, to denote the moderate size of the lobster; and then, after indulging in an admiring glance at the supper, though terrified at the loss of time, she threw away the rest of the small coal, and flinging herself madly upon the loaf, set to work to cut bread and butter for her master and mistress's tea.

When Mr and Mrs Magnus Smith came that evening at the hour agreed upon, they were for some time engaged in a critical inspection of their new abode; and upon the whole they were well satisfied with their bargain. Their sitting-room, it is true, was finished, so far as the builder and house-carpenter's work went, like a bedroom; for these gentlemen magnanimously disregard the customs of the London majority, and determine that the second floor shall consist of bedrooms to the end of time. But although a little low in the roof,

bare of cornice, and scraggy about the chimney, it was nothing less than genteel. The furniture, nevertheless, was scanty; for people have not the more furniture that they have a larger house than they require. The chairs, made of imitation rosewood, and cane-bottomed, 'hollowed to one another' across the wide channels between; the square mahogany table in the middle of the floor was small, even with the addition of two narrow wings kept expanded by brackets; and the carpet, though at its utmost tension, did not approach the wall by a chair's breadth, and left the apertures of the windows altogether uncovered. The works of art on the mantelpiece were two small lions in white china, and a small church in the middle, of the same material. Above the church there hung in a black frame an almanac of the year 1827; and on the other walls were disposed Androcles and the Lion, and an original drawing representing two ships sailing before the wind to opposite points of the compass—a display of seamanship which would have delighted Allan Cunningham, whose celebrated outward-bound vessel, enjoying 'a wet sheet and a flowing sea,' and 'a wind that follows fast,' contrives somehow, notwithstanding, to leave 'Old England on the lee.'

When Mr and Mrs Thompson arrived, the former inquired if he could see 'the gentleman;' and on being told that he was already in the room, he strode at once up the stairs; but Mrs T. lingered behind to say a word to Jemima.

'You have remembered supper, have you?'

'Oh yes, mum; I have an excellent memory, if missus will only leave it alone.'

'You have a nice quiet place here, haven't you?'

'Oh yes, mum, uncommon quiet—desperate quiet; you will not hear a word a-piece from the three of us in a week.'

'Dear me, how odd! But she is a (whispering)—a comfortable person—one that one might put up with—eh? What's your name?'

'Jemima. Oh yes, mum. She is very comfortable, if she would only keep her hands off things that's of consequence. But that lobster!—you don't know the trouble I had about it; and as for the pint-pot, my back was no sooner turned than—whisk!—off it went behind the door like a shot!'

'That is awful!' said Mrs Thompson in dismay. 'What ever are we to do?'

'Oh yes, mum—pattens—coals—lobsters—bath-brick—loaves—carrots—butter—nothing in this world stands her!—not that she isn't comfortable enough, if she would only let other people's things alone.' Mrs Thompson ascended the stairs with nervous trepidation; and hearing voices in the sitting-room, went into the bedroom to make herself fit to be seen, and to collect her thoughts.

Her husband, on going into the room, took it for granted that the stout middle-aged gentleman he saw busying himself about the furniture was the same he had half seen in the dusk, and he bowed sociably to his landlord.

'This,' said he, 'I presume to be your good lady. How do you do, ma'am? I hope you are pretty well?' and Mr and Mrs Magnus Smith returned his politeness with interest, thinking that he was a very comfortable person indeed for a landlord.

'These are nice apartments of yours,' said Mr Magnus Smith, 'and in nice order; but this bell rope I shall get up to-morrow morning—at my own expense, sir.'

'Oh, you are very good, sir.'

'Don't mention it. I am in the habit of doing things liberal. I think, my dear, we have nothing more to say?'

'Nothing at all. It is getting late, and I am tired and sleepy. But don't stand, sir; never mind me;' and she sat down loungingly at the side of the table. Mr Thompson thought this was uncommonly cool, and wished the good people would not bother him on the first night of his new lodgings. He did sit down, how-

ever, at the bottom of the table; and Mr Magnus Smith, after staring at him for a moment, sat down at the top. An uncomfortable silence prevailed for a minute or two; but as the man would not go, Mr Magnus Smith at length felt constrained to say something in the way of conversation.

'May I beg, sir,' said he, 'to ask what is your opinion as to what we may expect from these new people this session?' The question was fortunate; for Mr Thompson felt that if he was strong on any subject in this world, it was on politics.

'Sir,' said he, 'my opinions on such points are not rashly formed; that is all I venture to say in their favour. I do not tell you that they are worth having, but merely that they are well considered; and it is therefore with some confidence I reply that, in my humble judgment, the question you have mooted is involved in doubt—in doubt, sir—the expression I advisedly use, is doubt.'

'That is just what I have said all along; and as for Lord John'—

'Sir!' interrupted Mr Thompson, laying his hand upon the table firmly—'Lord John I will trust to a certain point, but no farther. I will not trust him more than is reasonable, not a jot—I tell him that to his face. Lord John, it is true, is prime minister, and the humble individual who has now the honour of addressing this company is—no matter; but there are some men who are Englishmen as well as other men—who have hearts in their bosoms—who have brains in their heads—who have blood in their veins—who have money in their purses—and all which I beg leave to notify respectfully to Lord John with the most supreme indifference as to how he takes it!'

'Sir, you are a brick!' cried Mr Magnus Smith suddenly, as Mr Thompson threw himself back in his chair. 'I am not in the habit of flattery, and have no occasion to flatter any man, lord or no lord, seeing that I pay my way; but what I say is this, and I say it without disguise, that an individual entertaining such noble sentiments is emphatically a brick! Drink, and pass the pot!'

Now it should have been mentioned that *Jemima's* supper was upon the table, and among the other good things, a pewter pint-pot; and Mr Thompson having ascertained, though with some difficulty, that the latter contained about as much beer as usually falls to the lot of a lodger's measure, put it straightway to his head. As he drank, however, the pride of oratory wore off; he could not help thinking it a most remarkable thing that he should have been invited in this cavalier manner to drink his own liquor; and he gazed sharply, suspiciously, penetratingly at his *vis-à-vis* over the pint-pot, and even after he had set it down. Mr Magnus Smith thought his landlord was a man of genius, and that this was the look of it. Nevertheless he began to feel a good deal chafed at the pertinacity of the visit; and it was with strong disgust he saw that Mr Thompson had left little more than dregs in the pint-pot.

The rest of the supper, besides the lobster, consisted of a penny loaf, so small and shrunken, that it looked as if it had been made on purpose for lodgers, and a pat of butter about the size and thickness of a half-crown, handsomely ornamented in bas-relief. But the lobster was the great feature of *Jemima's* spread. It might have been called the General Tom Thumb of lobsters, were it not for its extreme emaciation. The shell was the very smallest shell a lobster ever carried with it out of the sea; yet it was far too wide for the thin wiry meat seen through the fractures. The attention of all the three had been strongly drawn by the affair of the beer to the other furnishings of the table, when in the midst of their contemplation, they found the supper party increased by the appearance of a fourth guest. This was Mrs Thompson, who had probably been listening to the conversation, and who now entered in a negligent evening costume; and saluting Mr and Mrs Magnus Smith in a half-careless half-haughty manner,

looked the landlady to the life. Mr Magnus Smith found a difficulty in identifying her with the individual from whom he had taken the lodgings; but he remarked internally that dress made a great change upon some people, and was even a little daunted by the stiffness with which she sat down opposite his wife, and the look of desperate resolution with which she regarded that lady.

'I hope, mem,' said Mrs Magnus Smith, with rising colour—'I hope you find yourself comfortable? Pray make yourself quite at home—oh, pray do!'

'I always do, mem,' replied Mrs Thompson, 'especially in my own house! I am in the habit of paying my rent, whatever other people may do—although I make no allusions; and when individuals pay their rent, they have a right to consider themselves at home.'

'Rent, mem! do you talk to me of rent the first moment I have ever seen your face? Do you question my honesty?'

'Oh no!' said Mrs Thompson, with a scornful laugh, 'I do not question it at all. But perhaps you would like a little lobster?—or some bread and butter?—or you may have a fancy to taste the pint-pot behind the door? Some people are partial to bath-bricks, carrots, and small coal! But I make no allusions—oh no!' Mrs Magnus Smith grew pale with rage at these injurious hints; but being a lady of breeding, she repressed the words that rose to her lips, and snatching up the penny loaf, severed it in two, and spreading one half with half the pat of butter, ate it at Mrs Thompson: who, on the instant, imitated the manœuvre with the other half of the loaf and the remainder of the butter.

The two gentlemen, excited by this outbreak of their wives, felt their bristles rise, and glared fiercely at each other. Their position, in fact, was extremely unpleasant. Here were four adults desperately determined upon supper, and now with nothing before them to wreak their appetite upon but a finger-length of lobster. The question of right, however, was still more instant. It was surely a new reading of the law of landlord and tenant to suppose that a man—and not only a man, but a man and his wife—were privileged to intrude upon their lodger's privacy the very first moment of his arrival, and to drink his beer, eat up his bread and butter, and keep him out of his bed for ever.

'Sir,' said Mr Magnus Smith, rising indignantly, 'there must be an end of this! Since politeness and forbearance are thrown away upon you, I beg to wish you a particularly good-night!'

'Good-night, then,' replied Mr Thompson, rising likewise; 'good-night, with all my heart and soul; it is what I have been wishing this half hour!'

The two ladies rose, and curtsied scornfully; and then all four stood still.

Mr Magnus Smith waved his hand with dignity, as if dismissing the company; but Mr Thompson, with less refinement, instead of taking the hint, pointed to the door, as if he had said, 'Get out!' The two gentlemen then suddenly and simultaneously advanced a step nearer to each other, and their wives ranged themselves each on the side of her husband.

'Sir,' said Mr Magnus Smith, 'if I was not in my own premises, I would put you out at that door!'

'And if I was not in mine,' retorted Mr Thompson, 'I would throw you out at that window!'

'You insolent, ungrateful individual! What! throw me out of the window, after drinking my beer to the dregs, and seeing your wife devour my bread and butter!'

'Your beer!—your bread and butter! They were my own, and you know it, you intolerable sponge!—And both gentlemen ran to the bell to summon evidence of the fact, and drew down upon their heads the whole machinery. In an instant *Jemima* was in the room, as if called up by enchantment. She had a boot drawn upon one hand, and in the other a blacking brush, a considerable part of the contents of which she

forthwith transferred to her face, while putting back her hair with the bristles, that she might see and comprehend the scene more intensely.

'Look at this lobster!' said Mr Magnus Smith imperiously.

'Oh yes, sir; I know by the small coal it is all right. Don't you remember yourself it was to be a little un', and cheap of course?'

'You hear, sir? Your lobster indeed!'

'And the bread and butter?' said Mr Thompson; 'answer, girl!'

'Oh my!—oh gemini!—oh gracious!' cried Jemima, as she looked over the table, and even peeped under the tablecloth for the missing viands. 'Well, to think of that! If somebody hasn't been ageing and sweeping away the bath-brick and carrot clean off the dresser!'

'Bath-brick and carrot!' growled Mr Thompson. 'Did you not receive my orders, stupid?'

'Oh yes, sir; and you know yourself it was to be only a little butter, as the good lady was particular in the article, and would see about it herself in the morning. But that missus is always a ruining me!'

'That missus! Who is your missus? Isn't it this—person?' said Mrs Magnus Smith.

'Oh no, mum; that's the good lady.'

'Then who is this—individual?' said Mrs Thompson.

'That's the other good lady.'

'And who, in the name of wonder, then, is your missus?'

'Here I am, ladies and gentlemen,' said Mrs Plumley, sailing into the room with her husband; 'and sorry and ashamed we are of all the trouble you have had. But the truth is, Mr Plumley let the room to one party, and I to another; and all because we were not on speaking terms!'

The explanations that ensued may be imagined. Mr and Mrs Magnus Smith consented to be put into the drawing-room floor for that night; and liked it so well, that on the Plumleys making a slight reduction in the price, they took the apartments permanently. These good people took special care to be on speaking terms for the rest of their lives; and Mrs Plumley entered into a treaty with Jemima, whereby the latter agreed to evacuate the dresser, in consideration of the former ceding up for ever to her hieroglyphics the lid of her box.

JONATHAN COUCH ON INSTINCT.*

MR COUCH is a naturalist, well known amongst men of his own order, but hitherto not known in the field of general literature. He has here produced a volume of anecdote and speculation about animals—better in the anecdote than in the speculation, yet not without some good ideas in the latter department, mingled, however, with a good deal of what appears to us very inconclusive matter. He inclines to the modern views of animal psychology, and regarding man as possessing similar qualities to those of the inferior tribes, with the super-addition of an internal consciousness making him responsible for the rectitude of his actions, counsels that we should study the science of mind through what he rather happily calls Comparative Metaphysics. It is a great hint to throw out; but when and whence is to come the John Hunter who shall realise the idea?

Feeling it to be vain to attempt to follow Mr Couch through the loose texture of his speculations, we shall take him up in one of the branches of animal economy, which he illustrates by facts. We pitch upon the chapter on animal migrations, because it is the subject which has been least treated of in these pages.

The principal migrators are birds. The object in coming northward evidently is to obtain a moderate temperature for the business of bringing forth a family; the going southward seems to depend less on an anxiety to escape the rigours of the winter season, than simply

on the desire of returning, as it were, home, after finishing the affairs of incubation. 'A remark often made,' says Mr Couch, 'appears to be correct—that the swallow tribe go away earliest in the warmest seasons; but whether there be any physiological reason for this, is a matter of doubt. The principal cause of their early readiness for migration seems to be, that less interruption has been thrown in the way of the formation of the nest, and there has been a greater abundance of insect food for the support of the young, which has accelerated their growth. In an unfavourable season in these respects, or when other causes have occurred to retard the maturity of the brood, the birds have not only been kept later, but in many instances the migratory instinct has grown sufficiently strong to overcome the force of parental affection, and the brood has been left to perish in the nest. To attend on a helpless young one, a single swift has been known to remain for a fortnight after the departure of its race; and it is a frequent occurrence for the swallow to leave its late brood to perish in the nest.'

After many particulars of the migration of the swallows and swifts, Mr Couch adds some remarks on a subject which we believe to be as yet veiled in mystery. 'The invariable direction,' he says, 'in which migration is prosecuted, is not the least interesting portion of the proceeding: for though it is known to us that southern climates possess the warmest temperature, and the most nutritious and stimulating food, at the time when the summer haunts of migrants are becoming deficient in these particulars, still it cannot be supposed that a bird is in possession of this speculative knowledge; or, possessing it, that, without compass or guide, it should unerringly pursue the route that leads to it. Yet they rarely deviate to any great extent in the journey, uninfluenced by mountains or oceans that intervene; and even the young cuckoo, new from the nest of a foster-parent who is itself indisposed to the effort, and destitute of any guiding influence besides its own instinctive feeling, quits the land of its birth, and fails not to reach the country of its search.

'Inscrutable as this directing skill appears to our duller perceptions, it is not only constant in its manifestation among our little summer insect-hunters, but it is also possessed by birds whose opportunities of using it are only occasional. Domestic pigeons have been taken to remote distances from their home, and that, too, by a mode of conveyance which must effectually shut out all possibility of recognition of the local bearings of the direction; and yet they have returned thither with a rapidity of flight which marked a conscious security of finding it. I have known some of the most timid and secluded of our birds, as the wheatear and dipper, to be taken from their nests, and conveyed to a distance, under circumstances which must have impressed them with feelings of terror, and in which all traces of the direction must have been lost; and yet, on being set free, they were soon at the nook from which they had been taken. Even the common hen, which they had been carried in a covered basket through a district intersected by a confusion of hills and valleys, in a few hours was seen again scraping for grain on her old dunghill.

'The only explanation, in these cases, must be sought in the existence of perceptions to which the human race is a stranger; their possession of which is proved by the exquisite and ready susceptibility of most animals to changes of weather, long before the occurrence of anything which our observation can appreciate, or which can be indicated by instruments. While the atmosphere seems to promise a continuance of fair and calm weather, and the wind maintains the same direction, the hog may be seen conveying in its mouth a wisp of straw; and in a few hours a violent wind fulfils the omen. The cat washes, and some wild animals shift their quarters, in compliance with similar indications; and even fish, at considerable depths in the sea, display in their motions and appetite sensibility to the coming change. The latter circumstance especially, which

* Illustrations of Instinct, deduced from the Habits of British Animals. By Jonathan Couch, F.L.S. London: Van Voorst. 1847.

is well known to fishermen, is a proof that mere change of temperature or moisture is not sufficient to explain the phenomenon.

Animals much below birds perform occasional migrations, attended by extraordinary circumstances. We are told, for instance, of streams of butterflies and dragon-flies, which go on without intermission for days, no one being able to comprehend whence they have come or whither they are going. The flight of the locust is a too well-known phenomenon. Mr Couch quotes a curious account of a procession of caterpillars (*bombyces*) observed by Mr Davis. 'They were crossing the road in single file, each so close to its predecessor, as to convey the idea that they were united together, moving like a living cord in a continuous living line. At about fifty from the end of the line, I ejected one from his station: the caterpillar immediately before him suddenly stood still; then the next, and then the next, and so on to the leader. The same result took place at the other extremity. After a pause of a few moments, the first after the break in the line attempted to recover the communication. This was a work of time and difficulty, but the moment it was accomplished by his touching the one before him, this one communicated the fact to the next in advance, and so on till the information reached the leader, when the whole line was again put in motion. On counting the number of caterpillars, I found them to be one hundred and fifty-four, and the length of the line twenty-seven feet. I next took the one which I had abstracted from the line, and which remained coiled up, across the line. He immediately unrolled himself, and made every attempt to get admitted into the procession. After many endeavours, he succeeded, and crawled in, the one below falling into the rear of the interloper. I subsequently took out two caterpillars, about fifty from the head of the procession. By my watch, I found the intelligence was conveyed to the leader in thirty seconds, each caterpillar stopping at the signal of the one in his rear. The same effect was observable behind the break, each stopping at a signal from the one in advance. The leader of the second division then attempted to recover the lost connection. That they are unprovided with the senses of sight and smell, appeared evident, since the leader turned right and left, and often in a wrong direction, when within half an inch of the one immediately before him: when he at last touched the object of his search, the fact was communicated again by signal; and in thirty seconds, the whole line was in rapid march, leaving the two unfortunates behind, which remained perfectly quiet, without making any attempt to unroll themselves.'

Mr Couch devotes several chapters to the habits of birds, as illustrating a combination of instinct and reason; but they are of too desultory a nature to admit of extracts. The following regarding the mole is more concentrated, and also more original:—'The habits of the mole will vary with the soil, and particularly with the structure of the ground, as it is rich and deep, or shallow, level, rocky, uneven, or intersected with raised mounds or hedges of earth, five or six feet high, and of the same thickness, such as divide fields in the west of England. The presence of this animal is known by the heaps of fine earth, or hills, thrown up during its subterranean operations. In deep ground, little of its labours can be traced, except when thus marked; but in a thin soil, or in hard ground, a ridge is often driven along, which is distinctly raised above the ordinary level of the surface; and the mole-hill is only elevated where the earth is so fine and friable, that the removal of some part of it is necessary to give the creature a clear course in its runs backward and forward. The creep or run is in a zig-zag direction; and when the neighbourhood is very productive of its prey, exceedingly so, as if the animal were unwilling to pass out of so fertile a district. But for the most part it takes a straightforward course; and in the open space of a down, it passes through more than fifty paces of distance without lifting a heap, with a progress amounting to two or three human paces in a

day, and the whole run is two hundred feet in length. In the course of this passage, advantage is taken of any obstructions which occur, as if conscious of the probability of pursuit; and the run is made to pass among the roots of dwarf furze, and even under a large stone, while, at irregular distances, openings are made to allow of excursions on the surface, and the free admission of air. There are many lateral branches from the principal passage; but none of them extend to any great distance: for it seems wisely to avoid forming such a labyrinth as might confound itself in its daily course, or in its efforts to escape from an enemy, to whose depredations it is exposed even in its retreat. Its time of labour is chiefly at an early hour in the morning; but if everything be still, it may be seen at work at other seasons. The slightest sound or movement of an approaching foot stops the work, and no further lifting of the earth will be attempted that day. These runs are mostly made towards the end of autumn; are this creature's hunting-grounds for food; are abandoned when the soil has been thoroughly searched through and through; and though they are formed with so much toil as to make it desirable not to desert them while there is anything to be done there, yet in a month or two the animal quits them for new ground, perhaps at a great distance, where the hunting promises better success.

'A favourite spot for its winter-quarters, and one it prefers at other seasons, is in enclosed fields, under the shelter of a hedge of high-piled earth, along the middle of whose base the run is carried, and in whose mass of mould it finds security from cold and from its natural enemies. The heaps it throws up are cast on the sides, and at intervals a lateral passage is driven into the field, to which, when the inducement is powerful, it transfers its principal operations; and there encounters its greatest hazards from the traps of the mole-catcher, and the pursuit of the weasel and the rat, with whom it fights furiously, but without success. When undisturbed, the mole often shifts its quarters; and in making a new selection, its choice seems to be much influenced by caprice. It makes these changes especially in the months of July and August; but I have known it to take excursions of removal to such distances, that no mark of its presence could be detected in the month of January, if an open and moist season. A large part of such a journey must be along the surface; and it is probable that, at all times, this is its mode of emigration to distant places. In summer, much of its time is thus passed in migrations from one field to another, because the hardness of the ground renders it difficult to throw up the soil, and follow up the worms, which have sunk deeper down into the soil. It shows the same love of change in moist weather, when the ground is more workable.

'If not to its mind, the mole repeatedly changes its quarters; and though shut up in darkness, it reluctantly continues on the northern declivity of a hill, where it has little light, and less heat, unless its other advantages are unusually great. Its migration from one district to another exposes it to great danger, as it is slow to escape, and little prepared to defend itself.

'The run is differently formed in spring, in consequence of a difference of object. Where fields are not large, the hedge is still the selected spot; on which account its nest is not often discovered. Mr Bell has given a sketch of the skilful arrangements made for its safety at this time; but in districts where the hedge is chosen for defence, no other departure from its usual form is made than an enlargement of the space, and a more comfortable lining. Fourteen young ones have been discovered in one nest; but though the mole is not a social animal, it is hard to believe that they could have been littered by one mother.

'The mole may sleep more in winter than in other seasons, but it is not its habit to become torpid at this time. In frost and snow, fine earth is often seen freshly turned up, as evidence of its activity; but as it is a creature of great voracity, and cannot endure long fast-

ing, like many wild animals of that character, it is not easy to say how its wants are at this time supplied. A dead or living bird, numbed with the cold, is always a welcome morsel; but its track has not been seen in the snow in pursuit of it. It perceives the earliest approach of a thaw; and after long seclusion, a heap may be seen protruding through the thin covering of snow, as evidence of its sensibility to change of temperature—a circumstance more easily understood when we recollect that it is the radiation of heat from the inner parts of the earth which exercises the first influence in the change; and that it is because the air abstracts this heat more rapidly than the earth supplies it, that frost and snow are produced and continued. When, from changes in the atmosphere, this rapid abstraction ceases, the heat below becomes more sensibly felt; and this is first visible at the surface of the soil.

A good supply of drink is essential to the mole's existence; and its healthy condition is marked by a softness and moisture about the snout, where its most perfect organ of sensation is placed. The flexibility of that organ, and its command over it, are indeed exquisite; but it is not used in the operations of excavation and lifting. This is the work of the feet, neck, and the hinder part of the shoulder; and in these parts the mole is perhaps the strongest quadruped in existence, in proportion to its size. The heaps it throws up are not made simply by lifting; for the superfluous earth is collected at easy distances, and thrust along, until so much is accumulated, as compels it to convey it out of the way, and then its work in tunnelling goes on again.

The mole has more enemies than it is supposed to have; for though its disappearance from a district is sometimes due to emigration, there must be other causes at work to account for their extirpation in particular localities. They may destroy each other in their burrows, for they are exceedingly quarrelsome; the fox and weasel, too, are formidable foes; but the ceaseless war waged against them by man, the least excusable enemy they have, is the most destructive. Admitting that mole-heaps, and loosening of the soil by the runs made through a field, are inconveniences, and even injurious, and that it is unsightly to see a gentleman's lawn disfigured with these tumuli, such annoyances may be either removed or turned to advantage; and it must not be forgotten that their destruction of more injurious creatures is considerable. If it is desirable to expel them from their haunts, it may be done effectually without destroying them: for their extirpation is sure to be followed by a fresh invasion.

While we do not think that the reasoning in this volume will greatly advance philosophical zoology, we feel tolerably sure that the volume itself will be found readable, entertaining, and, in a modified sense, instructive.

THE CORNISH ALEWIFE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MARY BENNETT.

FAR from the town, where Tamar's waters flow,
An alehouse stood, a hundred years or so;
Quaint was the porch, with ivy clothed about,
And many a comely fowl marched in and out,
Graceful, and plump, and smooth, of glowing hue,
The pride of Molly, and her profit too;
Nor less her pigs, that were so white and clean—
Pigs so precisely trained were never seen.
She was a matchless housewife—sooth to say,
A better never met the face of day.
Full fifty years she kept this hostelry,
Hiding itself in orchard greenery;
And graced with flowers, in rustic garden set,
And shaded pasture-slopes that round it met:
Here the frog leaps, and here the robin sings,
And here the new-fledged linnet tries its wings;
Here Molly's oows regaled on scented clover,
Till night and Kitty called them under cover.
Well they knew Kitty—thrifty and fair was she,
And second mistress of the hostelry.

Few were the guests that brought the hostel gain,
But cheese and butter were not made in vain;
And Molly's clouted cream was known, I wis,
To fame as far as the metropolis.

'Twas true, though trite, things might have been much worse—
Old Molly might have had a lighter purse;
She might have had a heavier too, but that
She had a mind for charity and chat.
Off to her porch the wandering beggar came,
With all the news that he could find or frame,
The vagrant gossip of the town and dale,
To charm old Molly for a draught of ale.
And oft his mite, the little that he can,
Brings to the hostel the poor quarryman;
And finds a large return in warmth and ease,
Kind words, good home-brewed ale, bacon and cheese,
Beans, peas, what not—from Molly's ample stores;
And oft the wind-worn seaman from the shores,
And oft the swarthy miner from the caves,
Old Molly hailed—but never harboured knaves.

In chilling winter, when the wind blows fierce,
And the fell frost's sharp deadly arrows pierce,
How pleasant by the alewife's fire to sit
Warm, snug, and merry! while the gay beams flit
O'er her oak chest, like polished mirror bright,
Her red brick floor, where scarce a soil doth light,
Her milk-white tables, platters ranged with care,
Her folio Bible and her brass-clasped prayer;
Her antiquated prints upon the wall,
Prized as if Raphael had wrought them all,
Her corner cupboard with odd china stores,
(Seldom that precious hoard unclosed its doors);
Her mighty 'press,' where hung, all on a row,
Her family heir-looms, dresses kept for show.

'Newfangled ways 'old Molly hated quite,
As any Chinaman or Muscovite;
As unknown seas, to her were books and schools—
Nature and Gospel furnished all her rules;
These guided safely to the port where meet
The lowly pinnace and the stately fleet,
The nameless bark, the ship with colours spread,
Voyaging to the regions of the dead.
And now old Molly hears that silent strand,
The oar grows powerless in her aged hand;
'Tis dropped! Oh now farewell Life's troubled sea;
Welcome fair harbour of Eternity!

'Fetch me no doctor!' cries the stern old dame;
'I've lived without, and I will die the same:
To parson John's the road's a long ten mile,
Read me a chapter, it will serve the while.

'Kitty, give thou a horn of ale to the poor
Miners and quarrymen when I'm no more:
They'll often miss me, as they pass this way.
I was not flint to them that could not pay,
Beggars or workers—well thou knowest that—
If folk were honest, and observed the mat:
For when I found a poor soul hardly driven,
I lent my mite, and scored it up to Heaven.
And Heaven will pay me truly, there's no fear;
I wish it were much more in my arrears.
Bless God! though I've worked hard, I shall die free
Of the poorhouse, in my own old hostelry.
In thrift and toil I have not been forsaken,
I've had my independent bread and bacon;
Work thou for thine, there thy plain duty lies,
And read the Gospel, girl, and dry thine eyes.
I cannot read, thou know'st, a single word,
But yet I hope old Molly's prayers are heard;
And all is well for me, and Heaven is near,
And I can live or die without a fear.

'Tis midnight now, the moon is in the sky,
Draw back, and let me see it where I lie:
Ay—there it shines—down over moor and mead,
On tree, and bush, and bank, and flower, and weed.
It shineth down where I have lived so long,
Where to my sight a score of memories throng:
There, by that blasted oak, I often played,
With my young brothers when a little maid:
The tree was then as young and fresh as I:
And yonder, Kitty, all my kindred lie;

The old deserted grave-yard is their bed—
Sure I can see the turf o'er Peter's head :
There lay me with him, girl, when I am dead.

'Poor Dick, my bird, I give into thy care,
And I have left thee something for his fare
And for thy comfort. Dost thou weep for that ?
Death-tears soon dry, girl—Kitty, mind the cat !

'Now, Lord, I am ready ; take me to thy rest :
Near ninety years on earth I've been a guest ;
Now I come home to the House prepared by thee—
Set wide the gates, dear Lord, and welcome me.'

The strife is o'er, the beams of morning fall
On that stern image, stern, yet sweet withal ;
Sleeping decrepitude, old age's dower,
Hath fed, and left the impress of high power ;
But what or whence no mortal tongue may say,
Saw 'tis the seal of Heaven, though set in clay.

Bring the rude coffin, while the country poor
Stand in mute grief about the hostel door.
True mourners they ; and Kitty, faithful soul,
Dives each, for Molly's sake, a funeral dole ;
And, sighing at her heart, tends pigs and fowls,
And bird and beast—and when the screeching owls
Raise their wild night-cries, she, with shuddering speed,
Hinds bolt and bar, and sits her down to read,
Lonely and sad, beside the hostel fire,
Still anxious that the flames should kindle higher ;
For every shadow wears a ghostly gloom,
And seems a wanderer from the awful tomb.

Now goes the alewife to her earth-wrapped kin,
Unclose the turf, and lay her gently in ;
No glittering plate her humble name retains,
No floating pall o'er shades her pale remains :
She needs them not—in pious actions drest,
Death's simplest majesty becomes her best ;
Her rustic sense would have despised the rest.

FOREIGN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

In all ages and countries, a public library is an institution most valuable ; but it was particularly so before the introduction of printing, when the price of books rendered it impossible for any but the wealthy to possess them. In early times, such collections shared in the casualties that befell all kinds of property. The fate of the early libraries of Egypt is well known ; and also that Rome was enriched with the literary spoils of Greece. But to come down to existing stores, we find that in the middle ages every large church had its library. That of the Vatican, founded by Pope Nicholas in 1450, was destroyed by the Constable Bourbon in the sacking of Rome, but was restored by Pope Sixtus V. in 1588, and has been considerably enriched with the spoils of that of Heidelberg, plundered by Count Tilly in 1622. It now comprises 100,000 printed volumes, and 40,000 manuscripts. The pope has recently issued an order for the public to have access to one department of it, consisting of 35,000 printed volumes, among which are many rare and some unique works, a great number containing marginal notes by celebrated men. The hall of the Great Council at Venice contains the library of St Mark, comprising 65,000 volumes, and about 5000 manuscripts. Petrarch 'laid its first foundations,' as he expresses himself in a letter respecting the donation of manuscripts that he sent to Venice, as an acknowledgment for the hospitality he found there during the plague. Only a very small number of his manuscripts are now there ; but the learned librarian, Morelli, has shown that the Venetians do not deserve the reproach of having allowed Petrarch's library to remain forgotten in a small room where it perished, for he had only given some few books. Twelve years after this donation, Petrarch left at his death a very precious library ; but it was dispersed, as is evident from the manuscripts preserved in the Vatican, the Laurentian, the Ambrosian, and the Bibliothèque du Roi ; and not one ever reached Venice. About 80,000 volumes and 900 manuscripts are contained in the beautiful library

of Ferrara—one of the most illustrious towns that cherished printing in its infancy. Among the manuscripts are fragments of some cantos of the 'Orlando Furioso,' covered with corrections, showing how Ariosto revised and polished his poem. The manuscript of the 'Scholastica,' one of his comedies, is very little corrected ; but this piece was incomplete when he died, and his brother Gabriele finished it. The manuscript of his satires is in good preservation, and curious for the different corrections in the poet's own hand. Another valuable manuscript is the 'Gerusalemme,' corrected by Tasso's own hand during his captivity. The words *Laus Deo* are written by the unfortunate poet at the end of this almost sacred manuscript. There are a great many suppressed passages in it, and several successive pages are sometimes crossed out. The other manuscripts of Tasso include nine letters, dated from the hospital of St Anne ; and some verses expressive of sorrow, desolation, and anguish, written from his prison to the magnanimous Duke Alfonso. Here is also the manuscript of Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' exhibiting some few corrections, chiefly grammatical, by Leonardo Salvati. From Valery's 'Travels in Italy' we learn that the ancient choir-book of the Carthusians is now in the library, forming eighteen atlas volumes, covered with brilliant miniatures, the work of Cosmè's school. Equally magnificent is an atlas Bible, apparently by the same artists. One of the chief rarities is the 'Musculorum Humani Corporis Pictura Dissectio,' by the great Ferrarese anatomist of the sixteenth century, Giambattista Canani, who had some faint idea of the circulation of the blood—an undated edition, without imprint, but probably of 1541, illustrated with plates engraved by the celebrated Geronimo Carpi.

Cosmo de Medici founded at Florence, in 1560, one of the most complete libraries in Europe. 'From the intercourse that in his time subsisted between Florence and Constantinople, and the long visits made by the Greek prelates and scholars to Italy, the venerable Cosmo had the best opportunity of obtaining the choicest treasures of ancient learning ; and the destruction of Constantinople may be said to have transferred to Italy all that remained of eastern science. After the death of Cosmo, his son Piero pursued with steady perseverance the same object, and made important additions to the various collections which Cosmo had begun, particularly to that of his own family. But although the ancestors of Lorenzo de Medici laid the foundation of the immense collection of manuscripts since denominated the Laurentian Library, he may himself claim the honour of having raised the superstructure. If there was any pursuit in which he engaged more ardently, and persevered more diligently than the rest, it was that of enlarging his collection of books and antiquities. "His messengers," writes Niccolò Leonceno, "are dispersed throughout every part of the earth, for the purpose of collecting books on every science, and he spares no expense in procuring them." He derived great assistance in his efforts from Hieronymo Donato, Ermolao Barbaro, and Paolo Cortesi ; but his principal coadjutor was Politiano, to whom he committed the care and arrangement of his collection, and who made excursions at intervals through Italy, to discover and purchase such remains of antiquity as suited the purposes of his patron. Two journeys, undertaken at the instance of Lorenzo, into the east, by Giovanni Lascar, produced a great number of rare and valuable works. On his return from his second expedition, he brought with him about two hundred copies, many of which he had procured from a monastery at Mount Athos ; but this treasure did not arrive till after the death of Lorenzo.*

In France, a hundred and ninety-five towns are provided with excellent public libraries, containing altogether about 3,000,000 volumes, arranged in spacious

* Roecoe's Life of Lorenzo de Medici.

rooms, with salaried librarians, every accommodation for readers, and every disposition to assist them. These libraries are open to the use of all classes, even the most obscure applicants; no introduction, no patronage is required; the most valuable works, the most precious engravings, are confided to the inspection of any visitor. The five great public libraries of Paris contain altogether about 1,378,000 volumes. The Bibliothèque de Roi, or the King's Library, is the grand national one. It was founded by Francis I. in 1520. Henry II., in 1559, issued an order requiring booksellers to present to the royal library a bound copy of all the works they published. Under the reigns of Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III., it received but few additions. Henry IV. (1589) caused it to be removed to Paris. In 1595 the collection of Catherine de Medici, consisting of 800 Latin manuscripts, was added; from this time to 1721 the books were removed from one house to another, in Paris, until, in the latter year, they were finally deposited in their present abode, the Hôtel Mazarin, Rue Richelieu. The library consists of upwards of 800,000 printed volumes, 100,000 manuscripts, and 1,000,000 of historical papers. At the public expense it annually receives an addition of about 15,000 volumes and pamphlets. It is calculated that it contains no less than twenty miles of shelf. The public, without distinction of rank or sex, have free access to this extensive library; but it appears that they are privately watched, to detect any who would mutilate or steal the books. M. Van Praet told Sir Henry Ellis that the secret police sit in the rooms; a system of surveillance which would be deemed offensive by the readers in our English libraries.

All the great libraries in Russia originated in the plunder of those of Courland and Poland. In 1704, Peter I. carried off from the town of Mittau 2500 volumes, which were the nucleus of the Imperial Library. In 1772, Catherine II. seized the collection of the Princes Radzivil at Nieswiec, consisting of 17,000 volumes. In 1795, the Zaluski Library, estimated by the Russians themselves at 260,000 printed volumes, and 11,000 manuscripts, was transplanted from Warsaw to St. Petersburg. After the taking of Warsaw in 1831, the university of that city lost 200,000 volumes, the Philomathic Society 20,000, the library of the Council of State 36,000, and that of Prince Czartoryski at Palawy 15,000. If we add to these the treasures of the suppressed convents, we shall find, without exaggeration, a total of 700,000 volumes which have been removed to Russia. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg is the richest of the Russian libraries, and ranks as third among the collections of Europe. It contains about 442,800 printed volumes, and 14,480 manuscripts. It is very rich in the literature of Central Asia, and contains the works formerly belonging to Baron Schilling; seventy-three manuscripts of Colonel Stuart, relating to all the most important parts of Sanscrit literature; and also forty-three Mongolian and Thibetan works, collected at Pekin; altogether forming the finest collection of Oriental works in the world. This Imperial Library is open to the public three days in the week, but is visited by comparatively few readers, about eight hundred in the course of the year—an extremely small number for a capital whose population is nearly half a million, without counting the garrison or strangers. The cause of the library being so little used by the people is thus explained by Mr Köhl:—'On entering, visitors have to pass a whole cordon of police soldiers, the attendants on the library, who strip them of cloaks and greatcoats, which they return after strictly searching the owners at their departure; and many a one feels so nettled, that he comes no more. On your first visit, you can merely admire the magnitude of the different rooms, the apparent order of the books, and their splendid bindings, attended by a subaltern officer, who relates wonderful things about these literary treasures. To get a book to read in the library itself is all but impossible, though you can point out where it

stands. You must first write down the title in a large register, and then, if it is not lent, and can be found, you are supplied with it on the next library day. But it happens sometimes that you may wait for weeks in vain for a single book. The first time, the entry of the book has perhaps been overlooked, and you must write down the title again; next time, you are told it is not to be found, or the librarian to whose department it belongs is not in the way. Should you be prevented from attending on a library day, you lose your claim to the wished-for book, which has meanwhile been removed from the table; so that you are obliged to go on a fourth or fifth day to enter it again, and at last, on a sixth or seventh, to read it. On the days appointed for reading, you may many a time knock in vain, because it may happen to be one of the numberless festivals of the Russian church. The precautions, on the delivery of a book that is to be taken home, are so great, that one would think the library was merely intended for the safe custody of books, and not for introducing them among the people.* Besides this imperial collection, Russia possesses forty-two other public libraries, some of which contain 10,000 volumes.

The first circulating or lending library in Europe was established at Wetlar, in Prussia, by Winkler, the bookseller and printer, towards the close of the seventeenth century. Lately, in the city of Breslau, the Prince-Archbishop has founded a library for the working classes, to whom the books are lent out gratis. The number of volumes contributed to it amounts to nearly 2000.

In 1835, the Gottingen library contained, according to its librarian Dr Benecke, 300,000 works. It is fairly entitled to be designated 'the most useful library in the world.' It is open every day in the year to students; and free admission, during certain hours, is allowed to every person who may wish to see or refer to any work. Books are lent out daily, without any pledge or remuneration, but they must be returned in a month. Besides an extensive collection of Spanish, French, Italian, and Oriental works, here is a more complete collection of books on English history and literature than one can readily find in Great Britain. The Gottingen library has likewise the recommendation of a scientific or classed catalogue, and an alphabetical one; both kept in a state of strict completeness by the immediate insertion of the new books.

The library at Munich contains 500,000 volumes, but of which one-fifth at the least are duplicates; and the entire length of its shelves is computed to be fifteen miles and a-half.

Ten years ago, the university library at Vienna was reported to possess 100,000 volumes. The emperor's fine private library, an heir-loom in the imperial family, is also accessible to the public; every person being admitted free, without any previous application, and no instances having occurred of books being purloined. Sumptuous and costly works are not put into the hands of the idle and curious, but only into those of the studious, who do not visit the library for the sole purpose of looking at pictures. This library, which was begun by Maximilian I., contains above 300,000 volumes, all of which are admirably arranged and catalogued. Besides a general alphabetic catalogue, wherein all new acquisitions are immediately inserted, there are ten class catalogues; namely, of 12,000 volumes printed before the year 1500; of 6000 works on music; of all the Bibles; of Hebrew works; of Slavonic books; of Latin manuscripts; of 1000 Oriental manuscripts, besides 800 Chinese and Indian books; of 8000 autographs; of the valuable prints and maps; and a general classified catalogue of scientific books. After seeing what industry and perseverance have accomplished at Vienna, how can we be cajoled by the lazy excuses made for the want of proper catalogues at the British Museum Library!

The Royal Library of Copenhagen contains 463,332 volumes, and about 22,000 manuscripts. After eleven years' labour, a catalogue of all the books, and of one-fourth of the manuscripts, was completed by the conservators, and published at the expense of the government. The catalogue itself extends to 174 volumes.

The Royal Library at Stockholm, founded by Gustavus Vasa, and greatly increased by Gustavus Adolphus, is not so large as is commonly supposed; its printed volumes scarcely amounting to 70,000, while its manuscripts are only 5000. It would have been much more extensive but for the plunder of Queen Christina; for the ease with which she allowed literary men to take the books away; and for the great fire which, in 1697, destroyed a great portion of it. In this library, the excellent system is adopted of giving to each class of books a distinct colour of binding. Among the manuscripts, the most curious is one brought from Prague after the conquest of that city, and called the 'Devil's Bible,' from a fanciful representation of that personage, though it is also known by the name of the 'Codex Giganteus;' and gigantic indeed it must be, to contain not only the Latin Vulgate, but the works of Josephus, some treatises of St Taidore, a Chronicle of Bohemia, and several Opuscula.

The most northern library in the world is that of Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, which, nearly forty years ago, contained 3600 volumes. About the year 1731, Franklin established by subscription the first public library in Pennsylvania. There are now many public libraries in the United States. In most of the principal towns of New York, 'school district libraries' have been established by law, at a cost of about half a million of dollars, and are exempt from all taxes. The public library of Mexico contained, ten years ago, about 11,000 volumes; but four convents there possess libraries the total amount of whose volumes is more than 32,000. In many of the Mexican provinces, libraries exist whose contents vary from 1000 to 3000 volumes.

THE BUSHMAN.

A work bearing the title of 'The Bushman, or Life in a New Country,' would naturally be expected to contain a history—real or fictitious—of the adventures of a colonist, either in South Africa or Australia, while engaged in creating for himself a 'home in the bush.' This, however, is not precisely the character of a volume recently published with that title.* It is rather a general description of Western Australia, by a gentleman who went out to that country in search at once of health and competence. Mr Landor (who seems to have been educated for the legal profession) was, it appears, a 'victim of medical skill; and having been sentenced to death in his own country by three eminent physicians, was comparatively happy in having that sentence commuted to banishment.' A wealthy man would have gone to Naples, to Malta, or to Madeira; but a poor one has no resource save in a colony, unless he will condescend to live upon others, rather than support himself by his own exertions.

Mr Landor had the great advantage of being accompanied by his two brothers, who, with him, represented all three of the learned professions—the elder being 'a disciple of Æsculapius,' and the younger 'a youth not eighteen, originally designed for the church, and intended to cut a figure at Oxford;' but who 'modestly conceiving that the figure he was likely to cut would not tend to the advancement of his worldly interests, and, moreover, having no admiration for Virgil beyond the *Bucolics*, fitted himself out with a Lowland

plaid and a set of Pandæan pipes, and solemnly dedicated himself to the duties of a shepherd.'

Considering that the author styles himself a 'poor colonist,' the account which he gives of their outfit is somewhat startling: it certainly does not come up, or rather down, to ordinary notions of poverty. 'We had with us,' he says, 'a couple of servants; four rams with curling horns—a purchase from the late Lord Western; a noble bloodhound, the gift of a noble lord famous for the breed; a real old English mastiff-bitch, from the stock at Lyme Regis; and a handsome spaniel cocker. Besides this collection of quadrupeds, we had a vast assortment of useless lumber, which had cost us many hundred pounds. Being most darkly ignorant of everything relating to the country to which we were going, but having a notion that it was very much of the same character with that so long inhabited by Robinson Crusoe, we had prudently provided ourselves with all the necessaries, and even non-necessaries of life in such a region. Our tool-chests would have suited an army of pioneers; several distinguished ironmongers of the city of London had cleared their warehouses in our favour of all the rubbish which had lain on hand during the last quarter of a century; we had hinges, door-latches, screws, staples, nails of all dimensions, from the ten-penny downwards; and every other requisite to have completely built a modern village—of reasonable extent. We had tents, Mackintosh bags, swimming-belts, several sets of saucepans in graduated scale (we had here a distant eye to kangaroo and cockatoo stews), cleavers, meat-saws, iron-skewers, and a general apparatus of kitchen utensils that would have satisfied the desires of M. Soyer himself. Then we had double and single-barrelled guns, rifles, pistols, six barrels of Pigeon and Wilkes's gunpowder; an immense assortment of shot, and two hundredweight of lead for bullets.'

In addition to the foregoing, they had supplied themselves with no less than eighteen months' provisions, in pork and flour, so that, says the author, 'from sheer ignorance of colonial life, we had laid out a considerable portion of our capital in the purchase of useless articles, and of things which might have been procured more cheaply in the colony itself.' It is indeed surprising that, in spite of the warnings to the contrary, repeatedly and earnestly given in works addressed to intending emigrants, this folly of providing an expensive outfit of articles which can be purchased to much better advantage in almost any colony, should still be so frequently committed.

It had been the intention of the author and his brothers to invest their capital entirely in sheep, and 'retiring into the bush for some six or seven years, to gradually accumulate a large flock, the produce of which would soon have afforded a handsome income;' the injudicious restrictions, however, which the home and local governments have imposed on the acquisition of land, compelled them to renounce this project. His brothers took a farm at a high rent, 'and wasted their capital upon objects that would never bring in a good return.' The doctor, however, seems to have resumed the practice of his profession, as did likewise the author himself; while the only one who actually carried into effect his original intention of leading a shepherd life, was the younger brother, who, in consequence, figures throughout the book, and very amusingly, under the pastoral cognomen of Melibœus.

Mr Landor's impressions of the colony, and of colonial life in general, do not seem to have been very favourable. He considers, indeed, that Western Australia, or

* *The Bushman*, &c. By H. W. Landor. London: Bentley, 1862.

'Swan River,' is quite equal, if not superior, in natural advantages, to other portions of that continent about which much more has been said and written. The climate is most salubrious, and proves wonderfully restorative to constitutions weakened by diseases of either the respiratory or the digestive organs. The soil is, in general, as throughout Australia, rather indifferent; some districts, however, are tolerably fertile, and others are well adapted for pasturage. Provisions are cheap, indeed too cheap for the cultivator's interest; while manual labour is scarce and dear. To a really poor man, who is willing to work, and desirous of emigrating, Western Australia would seem to offer many inducements. Its great disadvantage, in the author's opinion—and one which, as he considers, it shares in a greater or less degree with all colonies—is its poverty. The colonist has either no market, or at best a very uncertain one, for his surplus produce. He may have a substantial dwelling, abundant crops, numerous flocks and herds, and plenty of good homespun clothing; but while he wants those elegancies and luxuries which can only be procured from abroad, he is, and must remain, a poor man. From this account, it will be seen that the author's ideas of poverty are those of a class, and that not the class to which the majority of emigrants belong.

The following picture, however, of 'country life' at Swan River, among the class of settlers especially referred to, does not by any means convey an impression of very severe privations to be endured by such emigrants. It is a description of the fireside of a 'half-pay officer or gentleman farmer,' who, though occasionally driving his own cart, or sowing the seed which he has purchased in the market, 'is not thought less qualified to act as a magistrate, nor is less respected by the great and small in his neighbourhood.' 'Happy family!' exclaims the author, 'how pleasantly the evenings pass in your society! Gladly would I ride many miles to spend such pleasant hours, and witness happiness so unpretending and real. How cheerful looks that large room, with its glorious fire of jarra-wood and "black-boys" (for it is the winter season), and how lightly those young girls move about, arranging the tea-table, and preparing for the evening meal! The kind-hearted mother, relieved of all duties but that of superintendence, sits by the fire, chatting cheerfully with the guest, whose eyes, nevertheless, wander round the room after a certain light and dancing shape; the host, a man of old, but stalwart in appearance, full of hospitality and noble courtesy, appears in his easy slippers and an old and well-worn coat, which formerly had seen service in London ball-rooms. He discourses not only of the crops, and colonial politics, but of literature, and the last news from England; for, like many other colonists, he receives the English papers, and patronises the quarterly reviews.

'With what alacrity the old gentleman rises up and welcomes a traveller, who has unexpectedly arrived, and has just stabled his horse, and seen him fed before he made his appearance in the parlour. There is no beating about the bush for a bed, or an invitation to supper. Of the latter he is certain, and indifferent about the former; for having slept the last night under a tree, he feels sure of making himself comfortable on the sofa, or on the hearthrug before the fire. During the evening, the girls sing, and happily they sing well; and they take most pleasure in those songs which papa likes best to hear: and the poor bachelor guest, who looks on, feels his heart melting within him, and reviles himself for the destitution in which he lives at home. Suddenly, perhaps, horses at a gallop are heard to enter the yard; and soon afterwards two young fellows, fresh from the capital, come dashing into the room, full of

spirits, and vowing they have galloped over on purpose to ascertain whether the ladies were still living. Here is authority of undoubted value for everything relating to the last ball at Government House; and the merits and appearance of every person who attended are soon brought under discussion. This naturally inspires the young people with a desire to dance; so the table is pushed aside, and papa being squeezed nearly into the fire, mamma takes her place at the piano, and bursts off with the "Annen Polka."

There are some entertaining chapters descriptive of the exciting pleasures of wild-cattle hunting, the chase of the kangaroo, and similar sports. Other portions of the work afford useful information respecting the climate and productions of the colony, the local government, the aborigines, and various other subjects of interest to emigrants. We prefer, however, as more closely bearing upon the avowed object of the work, the account of a visit which Mr Landor paid to his younger brother, the Shepherd Melibœus, 'at a "squattening station" on the Hotham, some sixty or seven miles south of York.' 'In the afternoon of the second day after leaving York,' continues the author, 'we descended into a broad valley, abounding with grass and scattered gum-trees. A large flock of sheep were being driven towards the bottom of the valley, where we could discern signs of human habitation. On arriving, we found a hut built of piles or stakes, interwoven with boughs, before the door of which was a fire, with a large pot upon it, from which a powerful steam arose, that was evidently very grateful to a group of natives seated around. On descending from the vehicle, and looking in at the hut door, we perceived, lying in his shirt sleeves, on a couch composed of grass-tree tops covered with blankets and a rug made of opossum skins, the illustrious Melibœus himself, with a short black pipe in his mouth, and a handsome edition of "Lalla Rookh" in his hand. Perceiving us, he jumped up, and expressing his loud surprise, welcomed us to this rustic "Castle of Indolence."

'When a large flock of sheep is sent into the bush, and a squattening station is formed, the shepherds take the sheep out to pasture every morning, and bring them home at night, whilst one of the party always remains at the station to protect the provisions from being stolen by the natives; this person is called the hut-keeper. His duty is to boil the pork or kangaroo-flesh, and provide supper, &c. for the shepherds on their return at night. Melibœus, who superintended this station, undertook the duties of cooking and guarding the hut whenever he did not feel disposed to go out kangaroo-hunting, or shooting wild turkeys or cockatoos. In all things, sports or labours, the natives were his daily assistants, and in return for their services were rewarded with the fore-quarters of the kangaroos killed, and occasionally with a pound or two of flour. There were some noble dogs at this station, descendants of Jezebel and Nero; and my brother had a young kangaroo, which hopped in and out with the utmost confidence, coming up to any one who happened to be eating, and insisting upon having pieces of bread given to it. Full of fun and spirits, it would sport about as playfully as a kitten; and it was very amusing to see how it would tease the dogs, pulling them about with its sharp claws, and trying to roll them over on the ground. The dogs, who were in the daily habit of killing kangaroos, never attempted to bite Minny, which sometimes teased them so heartily, that they would put their tails between their legs and fairly run away.'

It will be sufficiently apparent that 'The Bushman' is not exactly a work in which a really poor emigrant, taking that term in its usual sense, will find the information best suited to his circumstances; there is, however, a large class of 'poor genteel' individuals, who are painfully struggling, with insufficient means, to maintain themselves in the sphere to which they have been accustomed, and whose poverty, if not as real, is as keenly felt as that of many, with much smaller incomes

and humbler pretensions. To such, 'The Bushman,' notwithstanding its somewhat ambitious and over-laboured passages, will be found to contain matters both of instruction and entertainment.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

PERHAPS few of the readers of the Journal are aware of the existence of the society whose name is written at the head of this paper. It has, however, been in active operation for the last two or three years, having its head-quarters in London, and numbering among its most vigilant promoters Lord Ashley, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Norwich, the Rev. Sir Henry Dukinfield, rector of St Martins; the Hon. and Rev. Montagu Villiers, and several other noblemen and gentlemen. With the laudable object in view which its title imports, we purpose now to state what the society proposed to do at its outset, what it has been able to do, and what it has failed to do. The writer of this paper had the opportunity of gathering this information at a late anniversary meeting of the society, held at the new model lodging-house in St Giles's (to which we shall shortly advert), and which was attended by the several gentlemen whose names we have enumerated, and many others interested in the society and the object for which it was instituted.

The acting committee of the society arranged their operations under three heads; namely, to aid the labouring classes in three important particulars—those of money, land, and dwellings. With regard to the first point, the committee 'had seen and lamented from the commencement that in either the borrowing or saving of money, the poor man had scarcely any of those facilities which were so abundantly within the reach of the middle classes. He had to pay 15, 20, and 25 per cent. for loans of money; and the benefit societies of which he was a member too often dissolved themselves before he could reap any advantage from the sums he had deposited with them.' With the view of obviating these inconveniences, the committee set on foot a loan-fund, which failed, however, to answer the end intended by its formation. They thus explain the cause of its miscarriage. 'In their institution of a loan-fund, they have seen it to be as yet impossible to overcome the difficulties peculiarly incidental to the metropolis. In a village or a small town, where the real character, habits, and probable means of every poor inhabitant can be easily and quickly ascertained, there is little difficulty in the management of such an institution; but in London—where every office for granting pecuniary aid is sure to be instantly thronged by a crowd of persons of doubtful character, and whose real objects cannot be easily penetrated, and who, in this vast metropolis, find so difficulty in concealing themselves from their creditors whenever their claims begin to prove inconvenient—such an institution is beset with serious difficulties.' The committee, unwilling to give up this part of their purpose, turned their attention to the institution of what they call a model benefit society; but here again an unexpected difficulty arrested their progress. They consulted several eminent actuaries as to the scale of payment which might safely be adopted, but those actuaries differed greatly from each other on this important point. 'Under all these circumstances, the society has not yet been able to determine on any distinct and eligible course of action in this matter.' 'Nevertheless,' said Lord Ashley, who acted as chairman, 'we shall continue our efforts on this point, in the full hope that we shall be able, before our next anniversary, to state something satisfactory on the subject.'

It occurred to us that, so far as the saving of money among the poor was concerned, instead of the society

setting on foot an institution like their model benefit society, the object they had in view might have been served if they had endeavoured to diffuse among the working-classes the advantages which the ordinary savings' banks offered for parties who had the opportunity and the wish to save money, the savings' banks being far superior to any private and kindred institution that we know of, especially in the unexceptionable security which they give to depositors for the safety of their savings.

With respect to providing the labouring classes with allotments of land, this is an object to which the society attributes much importance, and they have been at great expense and trouble in promoting it. On this subject Lord Ashley observed, that he believed the society had brought the public mind throughout the country to the conviction, that few things could so well conduce to the welfare of the agricultural population as the allotting to them portions of land to cultivate in their hours of leisure. The society itself, he added, had a very considerable portion of land allotted in that way; and they would continue that system of things, not only because it was part of the foundation of their society, but because it would be a proof of their conviction that it was most conducive to the welfare of the labouring classes. The Bishop of London added his testimony to the importance of this subject. He said the question of allotments was one in which he took a very deep interest, and the meeting would readily believe him when he said he was one of the first, if not the first person, to introduce the system into an agricultural community more than thirty years ago. He allotted certain portions of land to a number of labourers, and the only fault which he committed was in allotting to each labourer too large a portion of land. The good effects, however, of such a system, he was of opinion, could not be extensively felt throughout the country unless it was taken up by the proprietors of land; at the same time the society had done wisely in fixing at different parts of the country model allotments, in order that the success which would infallibly attend them might stimulate others in the same practice. The Bishop of Norwich also stated that twenty-five or thirty years ago he endeavoured in every possible way to introduce the allotment system. When he went to Norwich, he tried it there; and he was happy to say the system was answering perfectly well in that great and populous town.

On this subject we would only observe, that allotments of land are valuable merely when intended for cultivation, as Lord Ashley observes, at leisure hours. If the people are induced to depend solely upon such allotments, the result, as all experience demonstrates, will be deterioration and pauperism.

A few words as to the localities in which the society are endeavouring to carry out the allotment system. Previous to the annual meeting of 1846, they were in possession of land for that purpose at Yetminster in Dorsetshire, at Talworth and Long-Dilton in Surrey, at Herne Bay in Kent, at Winchmore Hill and Edgeware in Middlesex; and at that time the society was in treaty for the purchase of ten acres of a charity estate situate at Cholesbury, near Tring. This latter piece of ground has since been put under the superintendence of the Rev. H. P. Jeston, and at Michaelmas 1846 sixteen tenants were admitted to allotments, 'to their great gratification (as the committee observe), and with every prospect of permanent benefit.' The society has also taken possession of twenty acres of land at West Malling, the whole of which has been divided into allotments. Upon this estate the committee contemplate the building of two model cottages for labourers. They have also obtained a piece of land, part of a charity estate, at Denton in Northamptonshire, which has been divided among sixty-four tenants. They have likewise purchased a piece of land at Chatham, consisting of eleven acres, but they had not, at the time of the meeting, obtained possession of it.

The report of the committee was almost entirely silent as to the result of their exertions to establish the allotment system; at least they entered into no details upon that point. We could not help thinking that circumstance indicative, if not of the failure, at least of the partial or small success of the project. We had expected to find some reference made to the effects produced by the allotment system upon the occupants, or some contrast drawn between their former and present condition, or between them and the class of labourers who have not hitherto participated in this way in the society's bounties; but none such was ventured, and we could not avoid the conclusion, that the beneficial results expected by the society from their exertions in this direction were problematical, and had yet to be proved.

We shall now advert to the third object of the society's solicitude—namely, the improvement of the dwellings of the labouring classes; a point, as it appears to us, the most feasible of all their exertions, and one in which they have been most successful so far. Their efforts in this department, however, have as yet been confined chiefly to the metropolis, from the difficulty they have experienced in obtaining sites, and in carrying on building operations in distant parts of the country. At the time of their annual meeting in 1846, the society had just completed a range of buildings near Gray's Inn Road, for the accommodation of working men and their families, a portion of the range being devoted to poor widows and single women. Those buildings, the erection of which cost the society several thousand pounds, were opened in the spring of 1846, and, excepting three of the tenements, have been upwards of a year occupied. The gross rental is somewhere about L.400 per annum, and at the time of the last meeting, a sum of L.7, 14s. 0d. only remained unpaid by the tenants. The committee do not state the terms on which these premises are let; we presume they are more than ordinarily reasonable.

The committee were of opinion that much good might be done to benefit the poor by taking some of their present dwellings on lease, and effecting a thorough reform and improvement of them. In King Street, Drury Lane, a house, usually occupied as a lodging-house, fell into the possession of Mr Russel Gurney, an eminent counsel at the English bar, who determined upon a thorough reformation of it. After being entirely repaired, and made clean and wholesome, it was used as a lodging-house at the usual charge of 4d. a night, and has for many months past been fully occupied with lodgers to the number of twenty-four, the whole that it could accommodate. It is now under the charge of the society. In the summer of last year, the society was offered seventeen dilapidated houses in two or three different parts of London, out of which they selected three houses lying together in Charles Street, Drury Lane, a district where lodging-houses for the lowest class of labourers most abound. They took a lease of those three houses, at a rent of L.45 per annum for the three, and, from first to last, they have expended nearly L.900 in repairing, rebuilding, and furnishing them, and in constructing baths and various other conveniences. They provided eighty beds. The house was opened for lodgers, at 4d. a night, on Monday the 31st May last—and on that night only eight poor people lodged there. On the 3d of June there were thirty-five; on the 7th of June, forty-nine; on the 9th, fifty-nine; and on the 10th, sixty-six—being the whole number that the house was then capable of receiving.

We come now to speak of the New Model Lodging-House in St Giles's, which has been erected under the auspices of the society, and to which they refer with just pride, though it was not in operation at the time of the meeting. The site of this structure, which is in George Street, St Giles's, and contiguous to the French Protestant church there, cost the society L.1200; the builder's contract was L.3930; and it is destined to accommodate 104 inmates, at

a charge of 4d. per night, or 2s. per week, which, assuming it is fully occupied, will yield a return of L.540 per annum. The structure is plain and neat in its design, is built of brick, and consists of five storeys, besides underground apartments. The basement storey is intended for the residence of the master and matron. The underground apartments are to be fitted up as kitchens and larders, in which the lodgers are to be furnished with fire, and every necessary implement for cooking and keeping their victuals. A hundred and twelve beds in all, each intended for the accommodation of one person, and contained in a distinct apartment, will be provided within the walls. Each of the dormitories contains twelve of those separate apartments, divided from the adjacent ones by wooden partitions, with efficient arrangements for warming and ventilating them. Each of the sleeping apartments is also provided with a small wooden chest, having a lock and key, in which the occupant of the room may put and leave anything secure during his absence in the day. To each dormitory is attached a wash-room, lighted with gas at night, and fitted up with a series of leaden wash-hand basins, and towels mounted upon rollers, with an arrangement for supplying and carrying off the water with scarcely any trouble. There are also arrangements for providing the lodgers with warm and cold baths on the premises. Besides all this, there is a large, well-lighted, and well-ventilated apartment set apart as a coffee and reading-room, and fitted up with suitable benches, to which the inmates may repair for innocent and agreeable recreation before retiring to rest. Eventually, a library is intended to be added to the accommodation afforded.

The advantages of the institution are limited exclusively to single men, for obvious reasons. The great object of the establishment is to afford to poor single men comfortable lodgings, and the means of cleanliness, in such a manner as that they shall no longer have their feelings unnecessarily offended by being compelled to herd in common lodging-houses with people of vicious character and lives, as thousands of well-disposed poor persons are driven to do in this great world of London, whose straitened means admit of their obtaining no better quarters, confirming the old adage, that 'misery makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows.' We cannot help expressing a hope that the society may be induced to turn its attention to providing poor destitute single women with some kindred shelter and accommodation. It is difficult to say how much of good would result from their doing so; how many poor and defenceless, and homeless young women it would rescue from ruin, to which they are constantly exposed by the want of anything like a comfortable roof under which to lay their head at night in this great city. To return to the Model Lodging-House: the accommodation and comfort which it holds out are offered to the recipients at the reasonable charge of 4d. a night, or 2s. a week, that being the charge at all the common lodging-houses in St Giles's. But how much superior are the advantages in the former! When one thinks of the having all the means and facilities for washing, bathing, and cooking their food—above all, each man having a separate apartment and a separate bed to himself—we cannot hesitate, nor will the poor hesitate, which to give the preference to; whilst the consideration leads us to infer the happiest moral and social results from an institution begun and carried out on such principles. Already the kindred establishment set on foot by the society in Charles Street, to which we have adverted, has had a collateral effect not previously taken into account by its founders—namely, that of inducing the private lodging-house keepers in the neighbourhood, in order to enable them to compete with it, to improve the accommodation which they have heretofore afforded to their guests, and to rival the efforts of the society in this respect as much as possible. Upon the whole, we cannot but augur the happiest results from the New

Model Lodging-House, planted as it is in the very heart of the dense and squalid population congregated in the district about St Giles's.

A SCOTTISH MUSICAL GENIUS.

Is a late number of the 'Inverness Courier' we find an interesting notice of one of the more fertile composers of our national airs—the late Mr William Marshall, a farmer in the north of Scotland. Any notice of this kind should not be suffered to pass without attracting a proper share of attention. It is the misfortune of Scottish music that absolutely nothing is known of the authors of the most beautiful and popular airs: of the origin of many tunes, which are the delight of every domestic circle, there does not appear to exist the slightest tradition. They have sprung up in the course of ages, and been incorporated in the national music, without exciting any remark at the time, and afterwards the authorship has silently passed into oblivion. In numerous instances, we believe, the composers have been persons moving in no high sphere of life—not finished musicians, in the proper sense of the term, but geniuses inspired with an ardent love of melody, whose name and merits have scarcely travelled beyond the bounds of a limited rural range.

The subject of the notice in question was one of these geniuses. William Marshall, proceeds the narrative, was born in Fochabers, Banffshire, in 1748, and was the third son of a large family in humble circumstances. While a boy, he evinced considerable musical talent, which, if cultivated, might have shone out with lustre; but this was not possible, and all the education of any kind he received was six months at school, and a few extra lessons he received from a gentleman at Gordon Castle. 'At twelve years of age he entered the service of the Duke of Gordon, and in a few years was elevated to the post of house steward and butler. In this situation he remained for thirty years, accompanying the family wherever they went. Marshall also displayed a taste for architecture, astronomy, mathematics, and mechanics, and in all these sciences he made astonishing progress. Land-surveying was a favourite amusement; and in later years he laid down meridian lines upon which he built the houses of Keithmore and Newfield. Of his mechanical skill he has left a wonderful evidence—a clock he constructed and presented to the Duke of Gordon, which indicates the months and days of the year, the moon's age, the sun's declination and time of rising and setting daily, with many other astronomical phenomena. This curious clock is preserved at Gordon Castle.

Marshall was above the middle size, compactly built, and handsome in his youth. He was, as we may easily believe, an excellent dancer. He understood the craft of fiddery, was an excellent angler, could throw the hammer, leap, and run with a dexterity, agility, and speed, against which few could successfully cope; and, to add to his extraordinary doings, in his age he made roads, constructed bridges, and administered the law of the land. It is as a musician, however, that we have more immediately to deal with him. At Gordon Castle he employed his leisure in the practice of his favourite art, and among his earlier compositions were "The Duke of Gordon's Birthday," "The Bog of Gight," "Miss Admiral Gordon," and "Johnie Pringle." To the last, the facetious author of "John o' Badenyon" set the song "Tune your Fiddles;" and to "Miss Admiral Gordon," Burns wrote the words "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." The air is one of the sweetest in the whole range of Scottish melody; and it is united to one of the tenderest of lyrics: both became at once, and have ever continued, universal favourites. Like the songs of Burns, Marshall's airs were all the result of mere momentary whim or fitful inspiration. They cost him no labour; and when once he had mastered the rhythm, it is said he seldom retouched it. He did not trust wholly to his own partial judgment. At the age of twenty-five he had married "a winsome wee thing," by name Jane Giles—who, although no musician, possessed a fine natural taste. That taste was the ordeal he chose for his airs. In the evenings he would take his fiddle, and while she listened, he would go over with a delicate hand the air he had composed during the day. If she disapproved of it, the piece was rejected; what she admired, he instantly committed to

paper. In this way Marshall selected and preserved upwards of three hundred airs. Latterly, however, and when a very old man, we find him throwing off melodies so rapidly, that we can scarcely think he was as fastidious as in his younger days. As a performer on the violin, Marshall was a master. His correctness of ear was extreme; his management of the bow perfect; his style at once precise and full; and his execution brilliant. As a performer, he became even earlier known than as a composer. He was on one occasion dining with a party of friends, when a blind minstrel—probably more a lover than a master of his instrument—came under the dining-room windows and began to play. By way of a joke, one of the company told him that one of the party was a learner; and as he (the blind man) had delighted them, it was right that the "loon" should give him a bar in return, although it might neither be sweet nor tender. The old man handed up his instrument; Marshall good-naturedly took it, and played several strathspeys in his own perfect way. When asked what he thought of the learner's "quality," the old man earnestly replied, "Na, na! that's no a 'loon's' playing; I'll wager a groat that's Mr Marshall o' Keithmore, for there's naeboddy hereabouts that could play like that but him!" When Marshall played strathspeys, the inclination to dance was as irresistible as if the listener had been inoculated by the Tarantula. In his compositions—no matter by whom performed—there was a charm almost equally powerful. Writing from India in 1822 to Mr Marshall, Mr John Stewart of Belladrum humorously remarked, that "though he thought his dancing days were over," yet, in the house of a lady, both he and Mrs Stewart had danced to some of his strathspeys "with the thermometer at 85 degrees."

Marshall left Gordon Castle in 1790 for a farm near Fochabers. Shortly afterwards, he removed to a larger, Keithmore, and was appointed factor by the Duke of Gordon, from whom the farm was held. The situation of factor he filled until 1817. From his earliest connection with the Gordon family, Marshall was held in the highest estimation. Similarity of taste led to an early friendship between him and his Grace; and time, as it went, revealed so much and so varied talent, with such private worth, that Marshall advanced higher and higher in the esteem of his patron the duke. His personal merit procured him respect—his musical powers constant admiration. At Gordon Castle, the fruits of his genius were always first displayed and appreciated; and from the hall they rapidly spread into every corner of the district, and latterly over the land. With the extension of his works his popularity increased, until it reached London itself, where, in the Opera House, several tunes of his became favourites. It was no longer left to him to give the name of some imaginary gentle one, or fanciful title to his compositions. He ran no hazard in coupling with his strains the names of the noblest of the land; for the fair sex of the higher classes paid the composer considerable attention, and were emulous of having their names united to his melodies. As his years increased, so did his popularity; and in his later correspondence, scarcely a tune is embodied for the name of which he had not been solicited long before. In the collection of his hitherto unpublished airs, for example, only three out of upwards of eighty tunes occur to which the name of some fair creature or noble personage is not attached. Frequently, and long after Marshall left Gordon Castle, his music was heard in its halls. The duke still acknowledged the charm of his compositions; and frequently Marshall's successor (Daniel Macdonald, also a composer and performer), and the musical retainers, were called upon to perform his music to his Grace's guests. The duke, of all Marshall's tunes, had one particular favourite—"The Marchioness of Cornwallis;" and he showed his partiality for it on such occasions by calling specially for it as the wind-up of the entertainment.

Marshall was repeatedly urged by his noble patron to collect his compositions for publication, but without effect. Unlike the common herd of composers, whose notions are everlastingly of *copyright*, and who tremble at the idea of one of their airs being played in public without a *consideration*, Marshall—as Burns had done with his lyrics—threw off his airs without a thought as to personal remuneration, and could with difficulty be persuaded to give them to the world in a regular collected form. 'At length, when many of them had become known and admired, his reluctance was overcome by the duchess, to whom all lovers of Scottish melody must feel indebted. The first volume ap-

peared in 1822, and contained about 170 original airs. To this work there were 600 subscribers, many of whom put down their names for ten, fifteen, and twenty copies; and among these the Gordons were thickly interspersed. The composer was now in his seventy-fourth year. From Keithmore he then retired to a cottage called Newfield, which he had built for himself, near Craigalachie Bridge. Having made an arrangement with the late Mr Alexander Robertson, music publisher, Edinburgh (now carried into effect), for the publication of a supplement, or second volume, at some future period, Marshall continued the pleasing task of composition, scattering his melodies in profusion. Often the old man thought of hanging his harp on the willows; but with the importunities of his fair admirers, or when his soul would fain have expression as before, the desire was as often overcome, and the old strings struck anew. Shortly after removing to Newfield, he wrote to Mr Robertson as follows:—"I enclose twelve or thirteen reels to help up your supplement; but as I have no copies of the spare ones that I left with you, I cannot tell if I have encroached on any of them." So little of self-sufficiency was in the heart of the veteran, that he adds, "You will therefore examine them, and leave out what you think improper, or alter any passages that you may think by doing so can be improved." In the occasional excursions which he made at this period to Edinburgh, he seldom failed to attend the theatre, to revel in the fine strains of the band led by the late Mr Dewar, who was himself a composer, and had arranged many of Marshall's airs. Placed beside the leader, Marshall enjoyed the sweet performances of the finely-trained band, and Mr Dewar seldom failed to give one or two of the aged composer's own and favourite compositions. On one occasion he felt so delighted with the accompaniments to his air "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," that it was repeated at his own request. No one who heard Mr Dewar and his band perform such melodies as "The wind blew the bonnie lassie's plaidie awa," or "This is no my ain house," can doubt the effect which his own beautiful melody, executed with such care, taste, and power, would have on Marshall's delicate ear. The last letter he wrote respecting his new volume was in 1830, when he was in his eighty-second year; and three years afterwards, in his eighty-fifth year, in the month of May, when all was harmonious around him, he ended the journey of life. He was buried beside his forefathers and his wife—who predeceased him in 1825, at the same age—in the churchyard of Bellie.

Marshall left five sons and one daughter. Only one son—the third—survives, who is now Colonel William Marshall. The eldest son, Alexander, became a major in the East India Company's service, and died at the age of thirty-nine, in 1807, at Keithmore, having returned home in bad health after the siege of Seringapatam. The second was a jeweller in London, but he, too, retired from bad health. The fourth, John, captain in the 26th foot, died in 1829 at Madras; the fifth, Lieutenant George, in Spain, in 1812. The only daughter married Mr Macinnes, Danda-lieth, and in her family is a magnificent portrait of her father, painted by Moir at the command of the Duke of Gordon, and since presented to Mrs Macinnes by the Duke of Richmond. Marshall, as a musician, had no claim to the same rank as the Mozarts and Handels. He knew little of the grander effects of harmony. He was a thoroughly native genius. His taste, his inspiration, the current of his thought, were all imbued with the spirit of the old Scottish minstrels—that spirit, which, borrowing no more than it lent, gave a character distinct and beautiful to the music of our country. His melodies were at once natural, original, and effective: for strathspeys, Burns called him "the finest composer of this age." With him sleeps the cunning of the craft—he was the last of the band of the pure, enthusiastic, prolific Scottish composers.

DEVELOPMENT OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

The progress by which the surface of the earth becomes covered with vegetable life is sufficiently curious to merit some of our attention. Let us suppose the bare surface of a rock under the action of those changes which all bodies exposed to atmospheric influences undergo. In a little time we shall discover upon its face little coloured cups or lines, with small hard disks. These at first sight would never be taken for plants, but on close examination they will be found to be lichens. These minute plants shed

their seed and die, and from their own remains a more numerous crop springs into life. After a few of these changes, a sufficient depth of soil is formed, upon which mosses begin to develop themselves, and give to the stone the first faint tint of green, which, although a mere film, indicates the presence of a beautiful class of plants, which, under the microscope, exhibit in their leaves and flowers many points of singular beauty. These mosses, like the lichens, decaying, increase the film of soil, and others of a larger growth supply their places, and run themselves the same round of growth and decay. By and by fungi of various kinds mingle their little globes or umbrella-like forms. Thus, season after season, plants perish and add to the soil, which is at the same time increased in depth by the disintegration of the rock over which it is laid, which is quickened by the operations of vegetable life. The minute seeds of the ferns floating on the breeze now find a sufficient depth of earth to germinate in, and their beautiful fronds eventually wave in loveliness to the passing winds. Plants of a higher and a higher order gradually succeed each other, each series perishing in due season, and giving to the soil additional elements for the growth of their own species or those of others. Flowering plants find a genial home on the once bare rock; and the primrose pale, the purple foxglove, or the gaudy poppy, open their flowers to the joy of light. Eventually the tree is seen to spring from the soil; and where once the tempest beat on the bare cold rock, is now the lordly and branching tree, with its thousand leaves, affording shelter from the storm for the bird and the beast.—*R. Hunt in Pharmaceutical Times.*

GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

I may here, as well as anywhere, impart the secret of what is called *good and bad luck*. There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan, in the poverty of a wretched old age, the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by perpetual misjudgments—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indoring, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, and by dishonest gains. A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck. A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamt of. But when I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a tavern late in the forenoon, with his hands stuck into his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler.—*Lectures to Young Men, by H. W. Beecher.*

OCCUPATION FOR CHILDREN.

The habits of children prove that occupation is of necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly-developed physical necessity, and if not turned to good account, will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that 'Idleness is the mother of mischief.' Children should be encouraged, or if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing. They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independent of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befall them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.—*Hints on the Formation of Character.*

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DEBT AND BANKRUPTCY.

THE insolvent debtor among the Romans was cut to pieces and distributed among his creditors. Even in England, the bankrupt was treated as a criminal, and subjected to the personal punishment of imprisonment. In Scotland, till a hundred years ago, they set the 'dyvour' upon a pillory, with stockings of various colours, to subject him to the scorn of the multitude. All these are traits of the natural sense of mankind regarding the immorality of insolvent debt. Recognising it as a positive encroachment upon each other's rights and property, they are disposed to punish it accordingly. We are indebted to two things for the change of public sentiment about insolvency—increased humanity, and the new aspect which debt assumes when it is contracted in the course of commercial transactions. We are now no more inclined to be severe with debtors than with others who injure us. The bankruptcy laws have partaken of the amelioration of the criminal code generally. We now trust for our protection here, as against more violent offences, more to the moral influences working in society, than to the vengeance of the law. And when we become familiarised, as we are, with mercantile engagements, in which all are debtors and creditors by turns—not that we may live upon another's means, but because of a mere conveniency in the transacting of business—we cease to regard such obligations in that personal light in which they were once contemplated. Failures to fulfil engagements appear as only the effects of miscalculation or mischance. And then that sense, that what may be your turn to-day may be mine to-morrow, makes us 'wondrous kind.' It is like the Irish small farmer being so gracious to the poor wayfaring beggar, because he does not know but what it may be his own fate next winter. It is a case proved by exceptions; for where is it that bankruptcy is still beheld with the greatest share of the ancient horror?—Always in primitive communities, such as little country towns, where no complicated business engagements exist.

But indiscriminating humanity and commerce may carry us too far in our changed views regarding debt and bankruptcy. At least it appears as if very culpable cases were sometimes looked on somewhat too leniently, and as if some of the salutary checks which formerly existed would now be well resorted to. Some discrimination regarding various kinds of insolvents is needed; and there might even be some improvement counselled as to our ordinary ideas regarding the purest of commercial bankruptcies.

When a person in private life, with an ascertainable income, and liable to no risks which can damage his resources, is found short of means to liquidate his obligations, what should we say of or do to him? We may

not choose to inflict any tangible vengeance—we may give him the benefit of that meekness of judgment which would speak tenderly of all human infirmity; but undoubtedly this person has been guilty of a great fault. He has committed a practical aggression on the rights of his neighbours. He has either done this from undue love of his own gratifications, or from a recklessness about his affairs which every reasonable person knows cannot be indulged in without the greatest danger. Society ought not to forgive it too easily. Such a person is not entitled to stand exactly on the same platform of moral repute with those who keep clear of debt. So society will say in its cool moments; but, unluckily, one of its perverse sympathies interferes with the maintenance of the principle. Men in the mass feel for the poor and embarrassed, and *against* the rich or those who have enough. Very often those who fall short are easy-natured, kind-hearted men, and therefore popular. Persons in the opposite circumstances often are of hard character—not general favourites. Then our selfhood is more soothed in looking on a downcast or outcast person, than on one who stands in all the pride of independence. Thus it comes about that society never visits debtors of this class with the full punishment which, as guilty of an infraction of rights, they deserve. It might be different if we were to get quit of the fallacies which beset the case. Creditors are not necessarily either rich, or hard, or self-sufficient, but often very much the reverse. Neither are debtors always necessarily generous: having used their neighbours' property for their own benefit and indulgence, it may fairly be inferred of them that they are fully as likely to be selfish. But we cannot, it will be said, shake off fallacies resting on sympathies so deeply founded in our nature. Then our sufferings from foolish and unprincipled debtors are the penalty which we must pay for our absurdity. Let not debtors, however, exult too much in the privilege, or take too much advantage of it. It is, after all, but pity which is extended to them—a sentiment whose associations are in no good savour in human experiences. Nothing can save debt from the stamp which destiny has put upon it—degradation. The reckless may therefore feel assured that, in the long-run, it is somewhat better to be over an equality with the world than below it.

In commercial insolvency there is a less direct appearance of selfishness in the debtor, in as far as the articles for which the debt was contracted are not for objects of domestic consumption or personal gratification. The culprit seems only a loser in a game of chance. Things have gone against him. He has met with losses. The very machinery, so to call it, of business blinds us somewhat to the position he is in. We only see so many ruled books of accounts, and little slips of inscribed paper. We only hear of 'state of the money market,'

acceptances, returned paper, assets, dividends, and other terms more metaphysical than real. It is difficult, particularly when the transactions are of large amount, to connect the case with human passions, error, and trespass. Yet even here the moralist may come in with his rebukes and warnings. The aim of the commercial man in the contracting of his obligations is, after all, a selfish one; he intends, by the results of such transactions, to obtain exactly those tangible indulgences which have brought his non-commercial neighbour into debt. It is, in the world's morality, legitimate to follow this object with one's own means and industry; but it never can be so to follow it by means of the property of another man. Such is the case of him who trades chiefly upon means not his own; who, in other words, trades largely upon credit. If A B, for example, possessing property to the value of only five thousand pounds, orders foreign corn to the amount of fifty thousand, in the hope of making fifteen thousand by it, while there is a chance on the other hand that, by a fall of markets, it may only sell for thirty, he undoubtedly is risking a loss of fifteen thousand pounds to his creditors for the chance of making as much for himself. Rightly judged, this is an unprincipled action—as much so as to commit positive larceny. Yet, sad to say, this is the system pursued by a vast proportion of commercial men. All trading beyond a proper substratum of means is only a kind of masked profligacy—unless, indeed, credit is pushed upon a man by others, who have their own selfish objects in view; in which case the insolvent may be as much the sinned against as the sinning. We were lately told of mercantile houses which had not been in a position to pay all their debts within the memory of any person; yet the partners had been living in handsome style, upon these ventures of the means of others, during a series of generations! What a false and hollow life! It could never find one voice to justify it, if there were not so many involved in some degree in the turpitude. One painful consideration is, that many, if they would keep to their own means, might be prosperous and happy; but unable to rest satisfied with moderate doings, they rush into the difficulties consequent upon credit, and thus make for themselves great reverses. It appears as if some men had such a liking for embarrassment as others have for opium or brandy, and never could be at rest except when tossed about in a forest of dilemmas. Talk of the frivolous lives of the ultra-gay, of the unhealthy lives of the poor, but what can be more forced, unhealthy, or unnatural, than the life of one of these insatiables of the business world, who rush from speculation to speculation, as if to gratify a morbid love of excitement, and, in the absorbment of their daily avocations, forget nearly every domestic tie?

It surely might be possible to make the proper allowance for the bankruptcies occurring through inevitable misfortunes, and yet be sufficiently alive to the nature of those cases in which there had been no right substantial basis of means from the beginning, or where business had been persevered in long after the right means had ceased to exist. Were the latter course marked by the public as immoral, which is its real character, we might hope to see it less frequently followed.

Perhaps there is need for some reform of our whole ideas regarding credit. When it is said that without credit business could not be carried on, that credit is the soul of business, and so forth, a truth is stated; but it does not properly imply anything more than this, that a man must be believed to have the means, as well as the honest intention, of discharging his obligations, in order that his transactions may go on smoothly, seeing that it is practically impossible, in any but a small class of cases, to hand the money in exchange for goods. It is to be feared that with the mercantile class generally, the maxim has come to sanction the incurring of obligations without any very rigid regard to the means of discharging them. Some appear to worship it as a principle which comes in place of, and dispenses with,

capital; but in as far as it is not expressly referable to actual means—that is, the means of making good, and that readily, any difference between the value of goods purchased or engaged for, and that to which they may fall, and all other unfavourable contingencies which may be expected to take place in the course of business—it is a delusion and a snare. Men proclaim that the business of the world would be at a stand-still if there were not this faith, not in things unseen, but in things which do not exist. We deny the assertion. The business of the world would be executed by men possessing real means, if it were not anticipated by men without means. The traders on *fiction*, who are a species of impostors, only so far prevent those who would trade on *fact* from having their legitimate share of the said business; and how far it would be better for the public at large that the latter class were not thus interfered with, it is superfluous to say.

There are no doubt wonderful doings amongst those who work upon fiction: happy strokes, dashing successful adventures, where there was no substance to stand good in the case of an opposite result, are well known. But these are only dangerous exceptions from the rule. The chances are, in reality, much against the success of a business conducted too much on credit. It is a system which always involves a higher scale of prices, and which is costly in its own procedure; thus reducing or extinguishing profits. There is even a more fatal evil attending it, in the demand which it makes on the time and energies of the trader, merely to supply ways and means. The few, as comparatively they may be called, who take the opposite plan, thrive as much by the freedom in which their minds are left to attend to the real affairs of business, as by any advantage they have in getting all things at the greatest advantage. It is merely the mistake of excessive acquisitiveness, or of rashness in combination with ignorance, that business cannot be limited to actual means. There is nothing to prevent it, if men will only be contented to do that in ten years which requires ten years, and not to attempt doing it in five, or three, or any shorter time. Let them use the gains of one year for the business of the next, and never try to make any sum of money do more than its proper amount of work. If they are to make a risk, let it strictly be one which, in its worst issue, will not embarrass them. On such principles, they will conduct their affairs with peace of mind, and with the best likelihood of success. Are such persons above credit—or is credit slighted by their course of procedure? Not at all. These persons enjoy true credit, in there being such an assurance of their substantiality, that whatever they wish to purchase, will be sent on their order—the whole play of the blood and muscle of their business will be healthy by reason of the dependence placed on them. Such is, in truth, the only right kind of credit. That which enables one man to do without money what another man does with it, is, as has been already said, a delusion.

The philosophy of these remarks entirely applies to the question regarding a circulating medium. Barter is, after all, the fundamental idea of commerce. When we pay for articles in gold, we are only exchanging one article for another. It is more convenient and economical to have notes representing the gold; but this does not necessarily imply that we may have notes which there is no gold to represent. That were to proceed upon fiction instead of fact. The gold lying in the coffers of the note-issuing company is not idle. It is serving all the time as a basis for the ideal character of the notes out of doors. But may there not be notes representing land, or houses, or goods, as well as gold? It has been tried and found wanting.* The basis article

* In America particularly. The Scottish banks are remarkable for the large business they long carried on upon the basis of general property; but for this there are special reasons in the smallness of the country, which makes every man's circumstances

must be readily available and receivable, otherwise the ideal money loses character, and its function ceases. Whatever tends to prevent a currency of this kind, or of any kind but that which is immediately backed by substances which mankind set a distinct value upon, and are always willing to receive at a certain rate, must be serviceable to the true interests of the community. There may be some evils attending it, not springing from itself, but from the imprudence which it checks; but the general force of this principle is clearly advantageous.

The evils of debt and bankruptcy may be said, like many others, to arise from the blind efforts of human ignorance and passion to fly in the face of natural ordinations which we cannot resist with impunity. If men would observe and go along with these ordinations, they would so far secure their happiness. But it so happens that a man may receive what is called a perfect or first-rate education, and yet be unacquainted with some of the very primary rules affecting his wellbeing as an inhabitant of the earth. The period of comparative security from this class of evils must, therefore, be expected only when the knowledge of mankind has been increased.

A LEGEND OF THE PARLIAMENT SQUARE.

REPORTED BY FRANCES BROWN.

I was the youngest of five sons, all of whom were apprenticed in different mercantile establishments in Edinburgh before I had left school; and my parents deliberated so long regarding the description of business suitable to my peculiar genius, that at length, in my eighteenth year, the advice of our schoolmaster, and my own selection, determined the matter, and I was bound apprentice to a respectable bookseller, who carried on his business in the lower flat of one of the old houses in the Parliament Square.

My master was a man of about thirty-five. In person he was thin, wiry, and rather low of stature; with an ascetical cunning countenance, oatmeal-coloured hair, and a remarkably even temper, allied to a large stock of accumulated caution, and a quiet store of dull pride, on the double account of what he called 'the old respectability of his family,' and a well-established business.

His premises consisted of a large shop and a small back parlour: the former had more than an average supply of customers, and the latter was filled every forenoon by the local literati and politicians, who dropped in one after another to discuss the news. When I became his apprentice, the duties of the shop were divided between two young men and myself. Being some years older than I, and brothers, they consoled so much together, that I found myself utterly alone, so that I was forced to relieve the tedium of a new and not over-active business by most diligently observing my master's movements, as the best amusement within my reach.

The house of which he occupied part was one of those huge fabrics, rising to the height of fourteen storeys, which might have been seen in the Parliament Square before the great fire of 1824. The shop and back parlour were situated on what was the ground flat towards the square, close beside the establishments of a tailor and a green-grocer. Adjacent to my master's door opened the common stair, which wound, flight after flight, up to the very attics; dingy, not over clean, and presenting the only medium of communication with the nether earth to some threescore persons of various ranks and fortunes, from Miss McMillan, the maiden lady, who occupied her family's town-house on the seventh storey, up to the two expatriated French mus, who made artificial flowers, at the gable windows

of the fourteenth. His home was in St John's Street, that ancient improvement of the Canongate, where his mother and two sisters, still called young ladies in right of their single state, occupied a self-contained house in a style of old gentility. Thence the bookseller came every morning at eight, as certainly as the hour sounded from the old clock of St Giles. Thither he returned to lunch at twelve, and to dinner at five, with the same unvarying precision. Each evening at eight he stole up the adjacent stair, after special precautions to avoid observation, returning regularly at ten to see the shop shut. The nature of his evening resort was for some time a mystery. It was conducted with such perfect secrecy, that I verily believe neither of the young shopmen ever suspected it. Being themselves, indeed, rivals for the smiles of the green-grocer's red-haired daughter, they were the less likely to trouble themselves about the matter. I, however, having as yet no folly of my own on hands, felt differently; and growing desperate on the twenty-first night of my unrewarded surveillance, I determined to follow him, though at a most respectful distance, up the dark stair.

On he went from flight to flight, passing with particular celerity the door of Miss McMillan, with whom he was on speaking terms on account of family respectability; but at length, on the ninth flat, he paused at a side door on the landing, listened for a few minutes, and then, as if convinced that all was safe, gave a low tinkle at the old brass pin which served as a knocker. The door opened, and the light streamed out. I heard a woman's voice, that seemed to speak in tones of welcome; but all I could catch of my master's response, for it was low and hurried, was, 'Miss Barbara.' The door was closed, and I crept to the keyhole. Oh ye that have secret courtships, beware of idle apprentices!

Within, there was a large apartment lighted by a clear coal fire, and a couple of small candles placed on a table covered with all manner of millinery apparatus; morsels of all colours were scattered about; there were two chairs, each supporting a silk dress, apparently fresh from the needle; two more, occupied by as many ladies; and one had been just placed for my master; besides which, a small shelf of books, and an article which might have been either a folding-bed or cupboard of the olden time, were the only pieces of furniture visible to me.

The inhabitants were evidently poor; but the dress of one of them, nearest whom my master sat, though cheap and well worn in more senses than one, attracted even my boyish eye from the superior taste and neatness of its arrangements. She was young, but not a girl; her face was mild, and remarkably intelligent. She was pale and slender; life seemed to have gone hardly with her; but her eye looked bright, as if for the present all things went well, as it glanced from the bookseller's face to the white lace and bright pink ribbons of which she was framing a cap. The other was a large gray-haired, hard-looking woman, robust in her age as a tree that had only time to strive with, and knew no inward waster. The black in which she was clothed from head to foot seemed old and strong as herself, and there was a usurer-like hope in the glance with which she surveyed my master, like one who anticipated a good bargain. But what an altered man was he from the quiet cautious bookseller of the shop and the back parlour! Never did the climbing of nine storeys, even in the Porcelain Tower, effect such a transformation! His words flowed fast and free, as a winter millstream; his air had attained the very sublimity of self-conceit; and no sultan could have taken possession of his divan with an air of more undoubted authority.

His conversation was entirely addressed to the younger lady, whom I soon discovered to be Miss Barbara Johnstone. But oh what a world of petty falsehoods regarding his own exploits in and out of the shop! What professions of candour, liberality, and disinterested affection, combined with every human virtue,

readily known, and in the extreme prudence with which the business of banking was always conducted in this part of the empire. These things, with time, produced confidence, and enabled bankers to do with less gold than is usually necessary.

did my worthy master declare to that delighted listener! And how often did her fair beaming face rise from that tedious piece of millinery with applause, and laughter, and admiration, for all his wit and wisdom!

Seriously, I have always been a lover of justice; and it might be that that love was stronger in my boyhood, which may account for certain longings for water and a syringe which came across me at the moment, especially considering the convenience of the keyhole. But those useful articles were far below; besides, the silk dresses, and that mild face, were in the way, and a rising movement on the part of the bookseller was enough to send me with all possible expedition back to the shop.

No one had missed me; but scarcely had I taken my accustomed place, when in stepped a young man, tall, dark, and rather handsome, but evidently fresh from the country, and wearing the weary look of one exhausted by a fruitless search, yet determined to make a last effort as he leant his arms on the counter, looked bashfully round the shop, and at length, fixing on mine as the least appalling face, inquired if I 'knew the present abode o' Mistress M'Clatchie, sometime house-keeper to the Laird o' Loch Drumlie, and her nieces, Miss Barbara Johnstone?' which, he understood, was situated somewhere in the Parliament Square.

The bookseller's company rose to my remembrance, and here was an opportunity, such as no prying apprentice could neglect, of learning something of their history; so I answered the stranger's question by demanding, 'What sort of a woman was Mrs M'Clatchie?'

'Good-looking, but a wee camstarie, an' aye dressed in black like a gentlewoman,' responded he.

'What business did she follow?' I continued.

'Oh, naething ava,' said the applicant. 'She had siller o' her ain; but her nieces was a mantymaker. Do you ken onything o' her?' he added with increasing earnestness.

Had I been farther advanced in years, it is probable that our proverbial northern prudence would have suggested some further delay and investigation; but as it was, the stranger's anxiety overcame my youth, and I at once directed him to the ninth flat, first door on the right-hand side. He stammered out his thanks, and bolted up the common stair, leaving the shopmen tittering at his uncouth appearance; but in less than half an hour my master returned as quietly, though much earlier, than usual, and we all observed that something disturbed the equanimity of his temper that evening.

Next day the stranger called again, when the back parlour was free. The bookseller saluted him as an acquaintance; and great was my amusement when, entering with a message devised for the occasion, I witnessed his awkward bows and bashful acknowledgments while my master introduced him to the luminaries there as Master Dugald M'Dougal, son of the Reverend Duncan M'Dougal, now minister of Stracathich, in the North Highlands, whose sermons on Predestination had created such general interest in Edinburgh about twenty years before.

As his embarrassment wore away, it was wonderful what intelligence the mighty men of the back parlour found in him; and on his departure, all broke forth in the stranger's praise, my master leading the way in his usual quiet and lengthy fashion.

M'Dougal had been brought up in the primitive piety and simplicity of a Highland clergyman's household—among hills, and glens, and shepherds; but a love of poetry—so often found in what one of its votaries has called 'the earth's wild places'—took possession of his mind. The numbers came, whether regularly or not, I cannot tell; but he sung, and became great among his people. His verses were translated into Gaelic by the patriarchs of the heath; the pipers of Stracathich found airs for them; the lasses sang them at their spinning wheels; and he had sought the northern capital—with letters of recommendation from scores of Highland lairds and ministers, who considered him the

glory of his native glen—in order to publish a volume of poems, which, as they were admired by the Macraes and Mackays, he believed must secure the applause of all Britain, and command certain pecuniary supplies necessary for the accomplishment of the cherished hope of his life—the pursuance of his father's profession. Nor was this design unmingled with memories of Mrs M'Clatchie and her niece, who, being cousins in only the fourth degree, had been intimate with the poet's family while they managed the house and dairy of Loch Drumlie till the decease of the old laird; and certain rumours of his successor's intention to bring home a lady, had made the gentle aunt remember that Barbara possessed elegant hands, and might repay with tolerable interest all she was discovered to have cost that calculating dame since the death of her parents—which event took place in Barbara's infancy—by a small additional expenditure on her apprenticeship to a dress-maker: it was for this reason that they had removed to Edinburgh. There Barbara acquired, in one year's attendance on the establishment of the Misses Menzies (for her aunt would allow no more time), sufficient dexterity to carry on a small private business of her own in the domicile where I had seen her; the profits of which were barely sufficient to support herself and the amiable lady, who insisted, in her own peculiar parlance, 'on being kept as lang as she had keptit her; and that,' she was wont to add, 'was a gey while!' whilst the earnings of her own housekeeping-days accumulated interest in the savings' bank.

Thus they lived till Barbara reached her twenty-fifth year, her aunt always insisting that she was only nineteen; the girl expending her energy and ingenuity on every form of figure and temper, on all manner of materials, from serge to satin; and Mrs M'Clatchie superintending the expenditure of the supplies, and daily exhorting her niece to 'thank Providence, wha had graciously gien her a guide and a director.'

Poor Barbara could have dispensed with her direction at times; but she had grown used to the old flint, and without her the workroom would have been solitary, unless, indeed, for the visits of my worthy master, who had dropped in for the last seven months as duly as the evening fell, and wherefore, none could say with certainty, for he had never committed himself by either vow or declaration; but having seen Barbara frequently pass up the common stair, an acquaintance slowly grew up between them, which at length ripened into intimacy; but the bookseller kept his visits a solemn secret, for he knew how to contrast the respectability of his family with the rank of a dressmaker.

All this I learned in progress of time by those two gates of knowledge—as an Eastern philosopher hath it—inquiry and observation; and partly from the poet himself, who regarded me with some degree of confidence on account of my first service.

He had taken lodgings in the square; and as I found time to keep watch over his movements, as well as those of my master, it was soon manifest that the winding stair was trodden with equal frequency by both. But while M'Dougal went with the frankness of a friend at all hours, the respectable bookseller continued to prefer twilight for his visits, and always returned sooner if he found the young Highlander before him—a fact of some importance to me in those apprentice times, as I learned by the poet's motions to estimate the probable duration of my master's absence.

Let me also confess, though it is now with some confusion of face, that often, as the winter evenings lengthened, was I the unobserved rearguard of both aspirants. Through the same quiet keyhole I saw and heard the bookseller exhibit his wit, his wisdom, and, as far as words could do, his wealth; and young M'Dougal grow eloquent over the story of Burns and Highland Mary, and the beauties of the kirk and manse of Stracathich; but I also perceived that credible medium, the warm flush which brightened the fair face of Barbara when she welcomed my master, compared with the calm and

friendly smile with which the poet of the Highland glen was greeted. Yet there was peace between the rivals. M'Dougal continued to frequent the shop, and was invited to the back parlour. The bookseller praised him. His acquaintances and friends increased. It was the period of patronage in our city; for the lesser lights had the example of Scott before their eyes, and the Highlander became, in the language of one of our shop Jeffreys, 'the Hogg of the Parliament Square.'

M'Dougal was treated with toddy, and invited to suppers by all the admirers of literature in that vicinity. There he sang his own songs, which were printed clandestinely by obliging 'devils,' and circulated at small tea-parties by poetical shopmen. The more exalted luminaries at length became aware of their existence, and a subscription was proposed in order to bring out his volume.

My master's friendship kept pace with the poet's popularity. It was of that cautious order that never outsteps its neighbours. Besides, he believed that M'Dougal had little chance with Barbara; and the young Highlander himself seemed to be of the same opinion, for his journeys up the common stair had grown less frequent, greatly to the relief of Mrs M'Clatchie, who styled him, in his absence, 'A plackless ne'er-dowel,' and talked of nothing in his presence but the iniquity of 'toom pockets.'

The city was working no promising change on him. He had learned late irregular hours, never known in Strathclathick, and was often heard chanting the praises of Highland hills and lasses down the High Street, under the inspiration of waters stronger than those of Helicon, at the wrong side of two in the morning.

Thus matters went on, and so did the subscription list. Tighter and tighter still the bookseller drew the bonds of intimacy. I, as well as my shopmates, occupied the most of my leisure hours in wondering where this would end; but when the subscriptions had attained to three hundred, the mystery was solved: my master was to be the publisher.

Publishing had been the dream of his bookselling ambition; it was the only glory wanted to make his name and business overtop those of his early and long-standing rivals in the High Street; and now that the subscription made it safe, he became M'Dougal's publisher. Never shall I forget the solemnity with which the fact was announced in the shop, or the quiet importance of my master as he talked of octavos and duodecimos with old Watson the printer. It was a great day for the shopmen when the poet arrived with his manuscript, the arrangement of which occupied him and the choicest spirits of the back parlour for at least a fortnight, their toils being nightly concluded with a supply of oysters and toddy, paid for according to lot, after which the company separated with a general burst of song, prolonged by M'Dougal to the entrance of his own lodgings.

The proof-sheets were corrected under similar circumstances; but at last the labours of the press were finished, and the volume appeared on my master's counter—a thin octavo, bound in marble paper with leather corners in the newest fashion of the period. Some surviving copy may yet be found among the book-stalls of Leith Walk or George IV. Bridge, the last refuge of forgotten poets. It may seem poor and unpromising now; but not so in its first days. Then my master grew great over it, for his name was on the title-page; M'Dougal was glorious, for his songs were in a book; old Watson was satisfied, for he had printed it; and we were all delighted, for the event was new.

That night a supper was given to the poet by his friends in John Dowie's tavern, at which the publisher, the printer, and even the apprentice were present. But let me not enlarge on the glories of the evening, for their light is seen through shadows. How my master proposed the poet's health at the sixth tumbler, with a speech which began with the triumphs of genius, and ended with the respectability of his own family; how

M'Dougal returned thanks, and finished his oration with a Highland howl over the cruelty of Barbara Johnstone; and how old Watson fell under the table, vociferating for some one to drink prosperity to the printer, are matters on which I will not dwell; suffice it, that if not the whitest, the night remains among the merriest in my recollection.

Divine wisdom has averred that 'in the multitude of counsellors there is safety.' I suspect the passage does not apply to books; at least in the case of poor M'Dougal, it soon became evident that a more vulgar proverb, regarding two stools, was applicable. All sorts of advices were given and taken in the publication of the volume; twice the number subscribed for were printed, from the assurances of sundry friends that they must be sold. But as things proceeded, it was discovered that neither the trade nor the public agreed in their pecuniary valuation of the work. Scores of subscriptions remained unpaid, and dozens of the most zealous subscribers could nowhere be found. Promises made how fervently over toddy, took to themselves wings and fled away from the promisers' minds; and the poet, who was by this time puffed into a conceit which made him a considerable trial to the patience of others, became first impatient, and then furious, at these repeated disappointments. He ascended one evening to tell his wrongs, and seek consolation in Barbara's workroom; but some observations of his gentle cousin regarding his irregular habits, enlarged upon in rather ungentle terms by Mrs M'Clatchie, drove him swearing down to the square again, and from thence to John Dowie's tavern; after which he visited the ninth storey no more.

In the meantime, the volume went off in various ways; and every new burst of wrath at its injuries from the hands of false friends or foul critics, was finished with what M'Dougal had learned to call 'a glorious (but, in reality, a drunken) evening.' Debts were contracted, and creditors referred to the period of winding up accounts, at which the half-wild and undisciplined Highlander still expected the long-promised supply. That day came at last. Much had been left to the discretion of Mr Morrison. That worthy gentleman was new in the publishing department, but old in the matter of attending to his own interest. What was his particular mode of managing the affair, I never clearly understood; nor, I believe, any one else, as he kept the details in profound secrecy; but there was a meeting in the back parlour, at which the door was kept fast shut. Through it we could hear voices in long-continued altercation, which gradually rose higher and higher. At last the door flew open, and out came the poet, dragging old Watson along by the collar, and literally kicking my master before him.

Of course we all rushed to the rescue, and Morrison roared for the City Guard, three of whom, in a few minutes, made their appearance. After a desperate struggle, the poet was captured, and borne off under a charge of assault, to be dealt with by the bailie. But, in passing Blackfriars' Wynd, he burst his bonds, overthrew the guardians of the peace, and darting down that memorable close, escaped the jurisdiction of the law, as we afterwards heard, by making his way to Leith, and embarking as a common seaman on board the Royal Charlotte, a vessel engaged in the whale fishery, which sailed the following week for the coast of Greenland.

Of the history of that meeting there remained no record for us, but a perfect mass of written papers, so torn, that they were utterly illegible, which the bookseller declared to be his accounts—a rather long-winded and unintelligible story, which he and Watson were in the habit of telling contrariwise—two black eyes with which my worthy master was invested—and the sincere congratulations of Mrs M'Clatchie to the whole 'land' (which is an Edinburgh term for one of its accumulations of houses) on the departure of the 'graceless, plackless, randy creature,'

It was early in the spring when poor Dugald left

us; and scarcely had his vessel cleared the Firth of Forth, when one of those continuous storms which sometimes visit our coasts at that season came on. For a whole week it blew a hurricane from the north-east, to the demolition of infinite chimney-pots and tiles. When the weather cleared, a gray-haired but strong and venerable-looking man walked into the shop one morning, whom Mr Morrison recognised, with considerable embarrassment, as the Rev. Duncan M'Dougal.

He had come to Edinburgh to inquire after his son, strange rumours of whose conduct had been the only answers to his late letters of warning and advice. He was taken into the parlour; old Watson and two or three friends were sent for; but in the midst of their explanations, the Edinburgh Courant was brought in, containing, among other tidings of disasters at sea, the intelligence that the Royal Charlotte had foundered in the recent tempest off the Shetland Isles, and every soul on board perished.

I heard something fall heavily as the news was announced, and rushed into the room just in time to assist in raising the old clergyman from the floor. But he never uttered a word except 'The Lord's will be done!' and left the shop in about half an hour, leaning heavily on his staff.

I have heard that neither he nor his family ever left their Highland glen after that event, and the old pastor was specially remarked for his earnest watchfulness over the young of the flock.

On his next visit to the ninth storey, the bookseller found Mrs M'Clatchie engaged in stitching threepence worth of crape on her ancient bonnet, and her first salutation was, that she 'hoped the lad had gotten fair play,' since she 'was put to a' that expense for the credit o' the family.'

Poor Barbara's eyes filled with tears as she hoped he had been kind to Dugald. Mr Morrison, finding the workroom somewhat uncomfortable, made his visit short, and from that time exhibited symptoms of drawing off. Barbara took no measures to draw him on; she had thought of the man more than the bookseller; but Mr Morrison knew that the same kindly welcome awaited him whenever he pleased to return, and valued his own time and attentions accordingly.

I know not how it was, but from the publication of that unlucky volume, my master's business prospered; customers increased, friends multiplied, his concern was enlarged, and, having entered the publishing department, he became gradually known in it, and brought out sundry safe works of medicine and theology, under college patronage, and with secure profits, before my apprenticeship expired.

Barbara continued to stitch in the ninth storey with the same patient though unprospering industry; but close application to her sedentary business, dreams of the far Highland hills, or visions of the shop below, began to tell upon both health and spirits, for she grew paler, and ascended the long stair with a more weary step than formerly. My master's prudence kept pace with his prosperity; his conviction of his family's respectability deepened every year; he was now remembered among the arrangements for evening parties—had gone to the 'assembly,' and been rallied regarding the daughter of a wealthy merchant in Leith; but still he stole up stairs at times, though now with greater secrecy than before, as if whatever served him in lieu of a heart lingered still about the poor dressmaker, in spite of her gracious aunt's occasional hints, that 'he was nae better than a fause-hearted loon!'

Four years had elapsed since the wreck of the Royal Charlotte, and Dugald and his volume were forgotten in Edinburgh, except by Mr Morrison, who retained him as a warning for all the tuneless brethren—by the way, an abundant commodity in the Modern Athens—to none of whose proposals could he be induced to listen, always declaring, with a rueful shake of the head, that M'Dougal's poems had almost ruined him. There were changes among us. Of the two shopmen, one had be-

come a travelling agent, and the other a clerk to the establishment. I was exalted to their former station, and another apprentice had taken my place; but change in my master there was none. He was the same smooth-spoken, carefully-dressed, and cautious individual, only somewhat more important, and given to converse only with men of capital.

It was the night of the 1st of March 1807. The circumstance I am about to relate has engraven the night on my memory. The almanac reckoned it spring; but winter was with us still in all its severity. The snow lay deep on the streets, and the night set in with intense frost and brilliant moonlight, which charmed out the citizens, young and old, as if to begin another day. But hour after hour passed: the crowds had melted away: the latest shops in the High Street were closed, and only the door of our own remained open.

The apprentice had put on the shutters, the clerk had settled the ledger, and I had cleared the *till* under the eye of Mr Morrison, who, having increased in prosing as well as property, now stood delivering, for our general edification, a minute statement of the mode of keeping accounts adopted by his uncle in London, who was a considerable merchant, and the glory of the Morrison name. From our hearts we wished the worthy Londoner at the bottom of the Thames, for all were tired of his greatness and the piercing air. Our backs were to the open door. I solemnly declare I heard no coming step, when, from behind the bookseller, a loud voice demanded, 'Ha'e ye got an account for me?' and turning, we saw a man in a sailor's garb, dripping wet, and sprinkled with snow, with his hat drawn down, as if by way of protection from the frosty air.

'For you, sir?' said my master in his usual cautious manner. 'Ahem, what's the name?'

'Dugald M'Dougal!' shouted the stranger, raising the hat, and turning full upon him. 'Are all the copies sold yet?'

We all knew the voice and figure, and with one accord rushed out of the shop, and through the square. I will confess that the young apprentice stumbling over me was the first thing that recalled my presence of mind; and finding the clerk close to my side in the clear moonlight, and three of the guard coming up at the moment, we at once walked back in a body to see what had become of our employer.

The shop was as we had left it, but the stranger was gone, and the bookseller lay stretched behind his own counter, pale and cold as a corpse. We raised him, and medical assistance was speedily procured; but it was long before the man came to himself, and when he did, no one could draw from him the smallest explanation or account of what had happened in our absence. Indeed he seemed resolutely determined on silence. Whatever it was, that night wrought a strange alteration in him. Ever after, he was grave and thoughtful, but so anxious to get out of business, that he disposed of his whole stock in trade to a relative within a fortnight from the occurrence.

The following morning he was seen descending from the ninth storey, and in Scottish parlance, 'he and Barbara Johnstone were cried in the kirk next Sabbath,' much to the amazement of the neighbourhood, and especially that of Mrs M'Clatchie, who, it was confidently said, received a certain amount of money to waive all further claim on her niece's exertions, and return in peace to Stra'clathick; at all events, thither the old lady went, and I heard no more of her.

Mr Morrison's after-proceedings were still more extraordinary. He purchased for himself a handsome house and grounds in one of the neighbouring villages, and having established Barbara there in matronly state, commenced a course of studies for the church, which he completed with credit, and became the laborious and rigidly-pious pastor of a country parish.

It was said he made an excellent husband; and Barbara looked happier in that handsome country-house

than ever she had seemed in the ninth storey, under the administration of Mrs McClatchie. But nothing ever transpired to clear up the mystery of that singular visit. Only about the time, there was a Swedish vessel in the harbour of Leith, with one very drunken seaman on board, supposed to be a native of Scotland. Whether it were possible for poor Dugald to have appeared in the Parliament Square, wearing the garments of the living, or not, could never be determined, as neither his family nor any of his former friends received the least token of his existence; but often when passing the neighbourhood, the scene of that strange night occurs to my recollection, along with the ghastly face of my terror-struck master.

THE MARSH-GARDENER OF THE PARISIAN SUBURBS.

The term 'marsh' naturally suggests to the mind the image of a greenish lake, shallow, miry, and ill-odorous, enamelled with water-lilies and waving rushes, and swarming with frogs in summer, and with snipes in winter. This, however, is not a description of the locality called the Marsh in the environs of Paris; it was doubtless, at a former period, the receptacle of seasonal inundations, which, having no outlet, gave it the character from whence it derived its present name; it has long, however, been drained and cultivated, and transformed into a vegetable garden.

Destined solely for the culture of edible plants and roots, these marshes or market-gardens surround the capital on every side, both within and without the enclosure of the walls. By whatever barrier you leave the city—whether you follow the dusty route of the *châssée* of Vincennes, or the imposing avenue of Neuilly—whether you visit the funeral shades of Pere-la-Chaise, or the sandy plain of Grenelle—the scene that everywhere meets the eye is a series of interminable parallelograms, planted with salads, spinage, carrots, cabbages, horse-radish, and haricot-beans. Not an inch of land is wasted in these enclosures. The pathways running between the squares are scarcely wide enough to afford a passage to a single pedestrian: the glazed *maisons* which cover the melons sparkle in the sun like plates of silver. The neatness which reigns in these plots of ground, the vigour of the vegetation, the exquisite condition of every little bed and border—all announces that the art of cultivation is there carried to the highest point of development.

In a corner of the enclosure rises some few feet above the soil a cabin covered with thatch. Judging by the taste which presided at the erection of such a habitation, by its ruinous condition, but ill-concealed by the undulating branches of the vine, and by its miserable aspect, one would imagine it not the dwelling of a French citizen, at the gates of the French capital, but the squalid lair of a savage, reared a hundred leagues from all examples of civilised life. The interior is void of flooring and papering, and nearly so of furniture. From a hook over the chimney-piece hangs horizontally a flint-gun with ponderous butt and rusty barrel; here and there a few queer images hide, but do not adorn, the dilapidated walls; near this vile domicile stands a shapeless shed, which serves as a stable, a cart-house, and a magazine; and near the dwelling is the smallest of possible pleasure-gardens, evidently spared with regret from more profitable cultivation, where, at the foot of an apricot-tree, the violet, the rose, the clematis, and the sweet-basil diffuse their welcome odours.

Let us now glance at the inmate of this undesirable dwelling-place. The animals which are considered the symbols of labour and industry—the beaver which builds his cabin; the ant which digs his sinuous granary beneath the sward, the bee which labours profitably from dawn to sunset, the woodpecker whose patient beak perforates the bark of the oak—are inactive beings, indolent, torpid, compared to the marsh-gardener.

It is hardly two o'clock in the morning when he leaves his bed. The roots, plucked and tied in bundles the evening before, are methodically arranged in the well-worn vehicle. The cultivator makes the best of his way to market, and, transformed into a merchant till seven o'clock in the morning, divides his commodities among the fruiterers, market-women, and hotel-keepers of the capital. He frequently, it is true, disposes of his produce of a certain kind, in the mass, but he is still compelled to go to market himself with the greatest portion of his crop. Returning home, he throws himself upon his bed, which he is soon compelled to quit, in order to dig, to hoe, to rake, to plant, to pluck, to weed, and, above all, to *water* his precarious charge.

The method of watering adopted by the marsh-gardener is of ingenious simplicity. The well is situated in the centre of the grounds, and surmounted by an axle-tree or cylinder, round which the rope is entwined; a couple of old cart-wheels, placed horizontally at about four feet distance from each other, and united by laths, ordinarily compose the cylinder. A living skeleton of a horse causes the vessels attached to the rope to ascend or descend alternately, according as his movements are directed to the right or the left. To obtain from the poor animal this mechanical docility, they cover his eyes with a cowl—blind him, in short—that he may not go astray, but perform with more certainty his monotonous revolution. Alas! it is easy to see, by his meagre flanks and melancholy aspect, that the starved steed is already oppressed with the presentiment that his present position is but the antechamber to Mont-faucon and the knacker's yard!

The master is there, barefooted, for the perpetual moisture would speedily render useless every species of foot-covering. He pours the contents of the buckets into a cask, which at first sight seems, like the sieves of the Danaïdes, to empty itself as fast as it is filled; the cause of this being an extensive communication by subterranean tunnels with a number of other casks, half-buried in the ground, at various convenient spots in the garden, so that the *maratcher*, whatever portion of the ground he may wish to irrigate, finds the means of doing so always at hand.

The dexterity with which the marsh-gardener manages his two watering-pots surpasses that of the conjuror with his loaded staff, or of the juggler who hurls aloft his gleaming weapons. Grasping the vessel by the spout, he plunges it into a cask; and seizing it as it rises by the handle, with astonishing celerity distributes to each plant its liquid ration, without wasting a single drop.

The *maracher*, as he is called in French, sows and reaps all the year round. In winter he digs up the soil, spreads the manure, prepares the beds for the spring produce, and if the temperature is mild, waters them. He is as great a utilitarian as the members of the Commune of Paris, who, in the days of the Revolution, caused the ornamental squares in the gardens of the Tuileries to be planted with potatoes. He hardly consents to tolerate a flower at the extremity of his enclosures. He draws from the land all that it is susceptible of producing. He makes three seasons—that is to say, three harvests—in the course of a year; but this is only accomplished at such an outlay for manure, as reduces his profits to the minimum. Upon two acres of land, upon which are established ten or a dozen sets of glazed frames, and about fifteen hundred plant-beds, each small enough to allow of being watered by hand, the manure and litter of thirty horses is required; and one of the laborious occupations of the marsh-gardener consists in going from one mansion to another collecting the indispensable material, which ennobled proprietors do not disdain to sell him at the highest possible price.

The *maracher*, however, does not cultivate indiscriminately all edible vegetables. Potatoes and green pease he will have nothing to do with, as being articles

too unprofitable. The melon is his favourite fruit, and receives most of his attention, and he knows well the means of imparting to it a flavour which it does not acquire even in more southern latitudes. He never rears more than two in one frame, that they may have plenty of space to grow. He waters them abundantly, but with discretion, and protects them against the rigour of the seasons with paternal solicitude. Alas! this is no case of *similis simili gaudet*; for while the melons swell to an enormous size, he continues lean and worn with watching, anxiety, and beggarly diet.

The toil of his long days and wakeful nights procures him but a scanty remuneration. In vain he practises economy to the verge of avarice; in vain he sells his miserable horse at the approach of winter, to buy another in the spring; in vain he lives upon vegetable food, to avoid the expense of butcher-meat; it rarely happens that he can amass sufficient to provide for the necessities of old age, but continues in harness, so to speak, to the last, watering and weeding to the day of his death; and dies at length, pitcher in hand, and, like the Emperor Vespasian, on his legs. Perhaps he had dreamed of a retreat from toil; perhaps he had often yearned after a shelter, like that so ardently desired by Rousseau—a white cottage with green shutters; but it is seldom more than a dream. Outworn and broken down with fatigue, the marsh-gardener, for the most part, dies on the field of his labours, and rests but in the grave.

One great cause that contributes to the poverty of the maraicher, is the plunder to which he is subjected by bands of marauders made up of the scamps and scoundrels of the vicinity. The mastiff kept on the grounds is redoubtable for nothing but his bark, since, if he were let loose after a thief, he would do more mischief than a battalion of foragers. Wo to the cultivator whose hotbeds are far from his dwelling, or near a public thoroughfare! He may lose in a night the fruits of months of labour, and neither his dog nor his firearms may protect him from the spoliation of these audacious bandits.

Moreover, in open day let him but turn his back for a moment, and he is the victim of thoughtless and culpable depredations, which go far to justify the mortal hatred he bears to all Parisians. Sunday is come: mechanics, costermongers, griettes, are let loose upon the country; the confinement imposed upon them by labour is interrupted for a day; they smooth their care-wrinkled fronts, assume their gayest attire, and hasten in all their adornment to the open fields, with joy in their hearts, and laughter and song upon their lips. It is a festive day for them; but not so for the cultivators of the environs, who look upon their arrival as that of so many devastators and pillagers; and not without reason. There is not a hedge which they do not escalate, not a patch of corn which they do not trample down, not a garden which they do not despoil. They destroy a hundred ears of corn in plucking a single poppy; they lop unmercifully the young trees of a nursery to make a walking-stick, which they throw away the next minute, or unceremoniously plunder a garden, to add to their pic-nic a lettuce or a plump melon.

His resentment towards the inhabitants of the city is probably the cause of the marsh-gardener's backwardness in civilisation. Be that as it may, it is certain that, although brought up near the source of science, he has never imbibed a single drop of the stream. His ignorance is as complete as that of the butcher of Morvan, or the herdsman of the Cevennes. He commences labour at too tender an age to have leisure to learn the art of speaking and writing correctly. With strong and deep-rooted prejudices, he is a foe to all innovation, especially in matters of culture. Unlike the rest of the world, he has escaped the reformatory influence of the Revolution, and still preserves his ancient costume pure from all the inroads of fashion,

even to the gigantic ear-rings peculiar to his class during the past century.

The commune or corporation of which the maraichers formed part in times long past was that of the horticulturists. The first regulations dated from 1473; new statutes were published, by the sound of the trumpet, in 1545, confirmed by Henri III., Henri IV., Louis XIV., and registered by the parliament in 1645. This corporation had the sole right of selling melons, cucumbers, artichokes, herbs, fruits, saplings, &c. It elected four judges, who, twice a year, visited the marshes, gardens, and all land under similar cultivation, to prevent the employment of noxious matter as manure. The apprentices served four years under the master, and two years as companions. Those who aspired to mastership, unless they were the sons of masters, were never received but upon the production of some proof of merit in the shape of fruit of superior flavour or unusual dimensions.

Notwithstanding the abolition of their privileges, the maraichers still preserve their *esprit de corps*, and solemnise their annual holiday together with the members of their ancient body. They persist in keeping at a distance all the other industrial classes; and the daughter of one is never given in marriage but to a man of the same profession; in truth, her talents—her sole dowry—would be of little advantage to any other artisan, consisting, as they mainly do, in the arts of weeding, hoeing, raking, and planting cabbages.

The wife of the marsh-gardener, his sons and daughters, dig, sow, and cultivate the ground in company with him. The only alien auxiliaries that they admit are the soldiers of the garrison of Paris, whom they hire at three-halfpence an hour during the great heats of summer. On this subject we offer the reader a curious and authentic anecdote.

It was on the 14th Thermidor, in the year 5; or, to speak more Christianly, on Thursday the 1st of August 1797. Some detachments of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, sent for to Paris by the Executive Directory, came to manoeuvre in the enclosure of Saint Lazare. The general had alighted from his horse, and was walking with some officers, when at the end of the Faubourg Poissonnière he stopped at the gate of a marsh-garden. Without troubling himself at the presence of so dignified a personage, the cultivator, an old philosopher, continued drawing his water.

'Good-day, Father Cardin,' cried the general.

'What! you know me?' said the old fellow amazed, respectfully baring his white head.

'To be sure, old friend, ever since '87. I was then but nineteen. I served in the regiment of the French Guards, of which Marshal Biron was then colonel; and was quartered at the barrier Poissonnière. Have you forgotten me?'

'Faith I have then. Let me recollect: there were then at the barracks two companies of fusiliers, and one of grenadiers: to which did you belong?'

'To the grenadiers: you used to employ many of them occasionally to assist in watering your garden. Do you recollect, amongst others, the son of the kennel-warden at Versailles?'

'Stop a bit! Was he not recommended to me by his aunt, a fruit-seller at the same place?'

'Precisely.'

'Hadh't he the trick of buying books with the money I paid him, and paying another man to mount guard for him, that he might have time to study them?'

'Your memory is returning, Father Cardin.'

'He used to warble like a nightingale; I recollect he told me one day, that when a child, he used to sing in the choir at Saint-Germain-en-Laye. Ah, I remember him well now! What is become of him?'

'He is become general-in-chief of the army of the Sambre and Meuse; I am the self-same man, old comrade.'

'You! Upon my soul I shouldn't have known you,' said the old fellow naively. 'You have got a gash

there on the right side of your nose, which spoils your handsome face; then your mustaches have grown like a bed of spinach; and you have a crop of epaulettes to boot. Faith! I wish my son, who is a corporal in the twenty-fifth demi-brigade, may make his way as well as you.

'That shall be my business, Father Cardin. I will make inquiries concerning him, and if the reports are favourable, I will see that he does not want advancement. So soon as I return to Wetzlar I will have him sought out.' Then remounting his horse, the general departed.

Left alone, old Father Cardin stood long silently by the well-side, and founded a thousand castles in the air upon the protection promised by the general; but unfortunately, one month from that day, he received the unwelcome intelligence that apprised him of the death of his former workman—LAZARE HOCHÉ.

THE POETRY OF DIET.

POETRY, for the most part, deals with the higher and more refined feelings of our nature; but we must be allowed to assert that it can handle, and (in so far as the subject admits of it) with equal success, topics of ordinary and commonplace character. It can speak not only of the nobler thoughts and emotions which throng through the human soul, but also of greatly less elevated ideas and feelings. What, for instance, can be more commonplace, what more ordinary, what more nearly approaching the low and vulgar, than the gratification of our alimentiveness? Yet this commonplace subject poetry by no means shrinks from describing. We do not allude to a well-known class of comic productions, in which drinking in particular is glorified, but propose speaking of poetry of an elegant as well as serious order.

We go at once to the very highest kind of poetry, and opening the pages of 'Paradise Regained,' we find that even the muse of Milton can condescend to describe, with an almost epicurean minuteness and appearance of relish, a feast of extraordinary richness and profusion. It is true that the tables are lighted up by the coloured lamps of fancy, but the viands are solid and substantial, the wines odorous and sparkling:—

'A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour; beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine Bay, and Afric coast
(Alas, how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!): *
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine,
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood,
Tall stripling youths, rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymede or Hylas; distant more,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn. * *
And all the while harmonious airs were heard,
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells,
Such was the splendour.'

This ample provision for temporal wants was, according to Milton, displayed by the Tempter to the pure eye of our Saviour when 'he was an-hungred'—fasting in the wilderness. It is undoubtedly intended as an exposure of the indulgences of appetite. Charles Lamb calls it 'the severest satire upon full tables and surfeits;' but this does not render it less applicable to our present purpose. Indeed this view of the passage rather tells in our favour, inasmuch as we may infer that the poet had known by experience, and could estimate at their true value, such sensual gratifications. But how fine is

the description of the profuse provision!—the varied incitements to appetite!—with all the refinements which taste could suggest, applied to decorate and cover with ornament the grosser elements of the display! Even the metrical construction of the passage is in accordance with its spirit. Observe how many *commas* are in it!—how much it is broken up into separate little clauses!—as if, when we read it, we were actually hanging, with longing admiration, over the well-furnished table it describes. We cannot read it quickly onward; it must be perused deliberately, mouthful by mouthful, tasting as we go.

The fine critic whom we have just mentioned, in one of his delightful essays, playfully objects to the richness and luxury of this feast and banquet, and contrastingly approves of the simple fancies which Milton supposes to have previously visited the Saviour in his dreams. As this passage, too, is akin to our purpose, we are induced to quote at once the remarks and the extract. 'I am afraid,' says Charles Lamb, 'the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces which the cook-fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better.* To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves? He dreamed, indeed,

— "As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks—nature's refreshment sweet."

But what meats?—

"Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks,
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought:
He saw the prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse."

Nothing in Milton is finer fancied than these temperate dreams of the Divine Hungerer.

Turn we now alike from these dream repasts, and from the gorgeously-appointed table of the tempting Enemy—which, whether we account it as having been purely imaginary, or real and substantial, created for the time-being by evil power, was dismissed as it appeared, untouched and unpartaken off—to one described as having been actually enjoyed, and so described also, by the same poet.

When Raphael (according to the Miltonic account in 'Paradise Lost') was sent down to Eden to warn our first parents of the danger which threatened them from the wiles of the great Enemy, Adam—seeing from a distance 'his glorious shape,' which

— 'Seemed another morn
Risen on mid-noon'—

desired his fair partner to prepare a fit repast for their expected angelic guest. They have first a short, pretty, and domestic-like discussion about what the materials of the said repast shall be; and then, while Adam advances to meet their heavenly visitant, Eve

* There is a little indistinctness here. The critic first seems to blame the poet, but in this last sentence he appears to blame the Tempter. In our opinion, Milton clearly intends that we should regard the feast as a grand mistake on the part of Satan, who imagined that the pure desires of Christ were to be tempted by such 'pompous delicacies,' and was therefore proportionately mortified when he despaired and condemned them. In this view, then, the passage, far from being in the slightest degree inappropriate, bears a far higher moral significance.

* What a fine chord of reflective morality is here incidentally struck! It keeps vibrating in our ear, in an undertone, through all the rest of the passage.

sets out to gather and arrange the various fruits which as yet formed the whole range of food for man :—

— ' With despatchful looks in haaste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent :
What choice to choose for delicacy best ;
What order, so contrived as not to mix
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant ; but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change :
Bestir her then, and from each tender stalk,
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields
In India East or West, or middle shore
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where
Alicious reigned ; fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
She tempers dulcet creams ; nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure ; then strews the ground
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.'

Here is no 'regal pomp,' no 'dishes piled,' no meretricious splendour! All chaste and simple, yet varied and abundant. The primitive purity of the Eden-life forbade the shedding of blood—the destruction of life—for the purposes of food; and consequently here we have no savoury meats, no 'fowl of game,' or 'fish from every shore,' no stately sideboard, and no fragrant wines. Innocent and nutritious fruits, gently appeasing rather than provocative of appetite, with 'inoffensive must and meaths' to satisfy the promptings of thirst—not rich and costly wines to tempt the cloying palate to intoxicating excess. The description is perfect—unless, perhaps, we might be permitted to ask (though it is almost heresy even to hint a fault in so complete a master of 'the proprieties' as Milton) how the conventional word *board* (in 13th line) has been permitted to slip into such a passage?—especially when, in a few lines afterwards, we are told that

— ' Raised of grassy turf
Their table was.'

Yet the poet may have used it only as a convenient common synonyme for table, intentionally overlooking its purely conventional origin.

We feel it to be a kind of falling away to leave the company of the heavenly muse of Milton for that of any lesser master of song. But variety is always pleasing; and without indulging in any remarks of our own, which seem less called for in the present case, we shall at once lead our readers to the feast spread forth in the gardens of Shalimar for the imperial Selim. We suppose we need scarcely add that we quote from Moore's beautiful poem of 'Lalla Rookh;' a work scarcely less distinguished for the vast amount of characteristic learning which it displays, than for its exquisite poetical beauties. The research of the author, his perfect knowledge of Eastern localities, manners, histories, legends, and fables, are even visible throughout our short extract :—

' The board was spread with fruits and wine :
With grapes of gold, like those that shine
On Casbin's hills—pomegranates full
Of melting sweetness, and the pears,
And sunniest apples that Cabul
In all its thousand gardens bears ;
Plantains, the golden and the green,
Malaga's nectared mangusteen ;
Fruites of Bokhara, and sweet nuts
From the far groves of Samarcand,
And Basra dates, and apricots,
Seed of the sun, from Iran's land ;
With rich conserve of Viana cherries,
Of orange flowers, and of those berries
That, wild and fresh, the young gazelles
Feed on in Erac's rocky dells.
All these in richest vases smile,
In baskets of pure sandal-wood,
And urns of porcelain from that isle
Sunk underneath the Indian flood,
Whence oft the lucky diver brings
Vases to grace the halls of kings.
Wines, too, of every clime and hue,
Around their liquid lustre threw ;
Amber Rosolli—the bright dew

From vineyards of the Green-Sea gushing ;
And Shiraz wine, that richly ran
As if that Jewel, large and rare,
The ruby for which Kubli-Khan
Offered a city's wealth, was blushing
Malted within the goblets there !'

Our next transition is not so great or sudden. To step from Milton to Moore is to descend from the golden clouds to something like ordinary earth ; but to pass from Moore to Byron is only crossing the boundary of two tangent dominions of poesy. The table, then, which we are next to look upon, though similar in some of its features to those already described, is quite different in its general air and character. The poet is describing the feast given by Haidée to her lover in the dwelling of her pirate father. He tells us that they

— ' Sate
At wassall in their beauty and their pride :
An Ivory inlaid table spread with state
Before them, and fair slaves on every side ;
Gems, gold, and silver formed the service mostly,
Mother-of-pearl and coral the less costly.

The dinner made about a hundred dishes ;
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all meats,
And saffron soups, and sweet breads ; and the fishes
Were of the finest that e'er founced in nets,
Drest to a Sybarite's most pampered wishes ;
The beverage was various sherbets
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate Juice,
Squeezed through the rind, which makes it best for use.

These were ranged round each in its crystal ewer,
And fruits and date-bread leaves closed the repast ;
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,
In small fine china cups came in at last ;
Gold cups of filigree made to secure
The hand from burning underneath them placed :
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were boiled
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they spoiled.'

How lightly touched, and yet how vivid is this luxurious or even voluptuous picture! We can see the white and jewelled hands of the two lovers moving among the fruits and sweetmeats of the heaped-up table. We can imagine them playfully helping each other to the tempting delicacies, and talking languishingly about the blushing fruits and the sparkling wines. Yet, on the whole, this picture of a set feast by the modern poet is not so finely coloured as that which we have quoted from his elder brother, Milton; nor perhaps was it requisite that it should be so under the different circumstances. There is a sort of carelessness, an air of *dilettantism*, about Byron's description, arising perhaps from the peculiar style in which it, in common with the whole of the poem from which it is extracted, is written, that does not tell beside the seriousness of Milton's account of the Satanic feast. Milton's grand provision is calculated to fill the eye with longing, and make the mouth water with desire. We behold the rich meats and glowing fruits, and would fain stretch forth our hand to touch and taste them. But we can look at the Byronic feast-banquet with comparative indifference. Everything there is very fine and attractive in its way, but somehow or other it is not so sorely tempting to frail human senses.

But we wave our magic wand—as did Dr Snatchaway before the greedy eyes of Governor Sancho—and all these fine dishes disappear. The next poetical picture which we present to our readers deserves to be shaded by silken curtains. It is from 'The Eve of St Agnes,' a beautiful poem by that wonderful young poet Keats. It was an ancient superstition that if, on the eve of the day devoted by the rules of the Roman Catholic church to St Agnes, a maiden should observe certain appropriate rites and ceremonies before retiring to rest, she would, till midnight, enjoy sweet dreams about her lover.* Around this legend of the olden time Keats has woven one of the most beautiful poems in the English language. We do not intend to give anything

* Somewhat akin to some of the Scottish superstitions about Halloween. St Agnes's Eve, however, is nearly three months later in the season of winter than Halloween—the latter being in October, the former in January.

but the merest glimpse of the sunny brightness of this poetic gem; but it is necessary to the right understanding of the general character of our extract, that we should preface it by the information that Madeline—a beautiful young lady—has observed the necessary rites, and gone to sleep *fasting* (an important part of the charm, it would seem), in the hope of dreaming of her lover Porphyro, and that *he* has gained admittance to her chamber, with the view of persuading her to steal away with him from among her cruel kinsmen, to his home 'beyond the southern moors.' He prepares for her a slight repast, and waits her awakening, that he may by his actual presence fulfil, as it were, the visions which he hopes have visited her.

'Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half-anguished, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet. * *

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered;
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd,
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedarled Lebanon.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
On golden dishes, and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver. Sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.'

How much of united delicacy and richness is here! There is no overloading, no gaudy ornament—all is chaste and refined, but at the same time exquisitely rich and luxurious. It is a collation worthy of Elysium, to be partaken of by Apollo and the Muses. It must be remembered that a fully-furnished feast would have been quite out of place on such an occasion; yet something somewhat substantial was requisite, seeing that Madeline had retired to rest fasting. Let your eye wander again, good reader, over the lines we have quoted, and think how welcome must have been such sweet provision. Nothing could be finer or more appropriate. 'Here,' says Leigh Hunt, that fine poet and exquisite critic—'here is delicate modulation, and super-refined epicurean nicety.

"Lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon."

make us read the line delicately, and at the tip-end, as it were, of one's tongue.'

We shall conclude, for the present at least, these pickings from the tables of the poets—appropriately enough—with a supper; a supper set out by Leigh Hunt himself. It is from a fine fanciful poem, one of his earlier works, entitled, 'The Feast of the Poets,' in which Apollo is represented as having descended to hold a sort of levee with the living poets of the time, and at which Byron, Campbell, Montgomery, Rogers, Scott, Crabbe, Moore, Keats, Shelley, Landor, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and others, were present. Apollo bestows upon each of them an appropriate wreath, wherewith their brows are encircled, and they all sit down to sup with him. The whole scene being purely imaginary, the poet could give full wing to his fancy; and accordingly we have a glow of magnificence worthy of the brightest dreams of the imaginative East:—

—' Rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams,
Not epicure olive, or grossly inclined,
But such as a poet might dream he dined;
For the god had no sooner determined the fare,
Than it turned to whatever was racy and rare:
The fish and the flesh, for example, were done,
On account of their fineness, in flame from the sun:
The wines were all nectar of different smacks,
To which Muskat was nothing, nor Virginia Sac,
No, nor even Johannisberg, soul of the Rhine,
Nor Montepulciano, though king of all wine.
Then as for the fruits, ye might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages;

And all on the table no sooner were spread,
Than their cheeks next the god blushed a beautiful red.
'Twas magic, in short, and deliciousness all.
The very men-servants grew handsome and tall;
To velvet-hung ivory the furniture turned,
The service with opal and adamant burned,
Each candlestick changed to a pillar of gold,
While a bundle of beams took the place of the mould,
The decanters and glasses pure diamond became,
And the corkcraw ran solidly round into flame:
In a word, so completely forestalled were the wishes,
E'en harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.'

But we must linger no longer amid such tempting fare, lest we get intoxicated even with the fumes. We trust, however, that we have given specimens sufficient to show that poetry can, when it chooses, deal successfully with very commonplace subjects. As for those who seriously object to it on opposite grounds, we do not hesitate to say that the fault is in themselves. They are incapable of understanding or appreciating it. Such persons cannot of course be expected to enjoy the fine descriptions which we have been quoting; nor can they, we will even venture to affirm, enjoy to their full extent, or in their finer elements, the realities of such descriptions; while, on the other hand, a poetical mind is always able to add charms to actual delights of whatever class or quality they may be—to draw forth riches from its own exhaustless stores wherewith to crown the feast, or fill the cup to overflowing.

VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES.

THE vegetable kingdom has often supplied the natural theologian with the most striking and forcible of his illustrations in proof of the lavish goodness of the Creator. He has seen in its varied productions the exhaustless skill of the All-creative hand; in their adaptation to the wants and necessities of man, His wisdom; and in the gratifications they present to his eye and to his taste, the clear evidences, that while utility has been amply regarded, the enjoyment of the creature has been equally remembered, and abundantly provided for. With most of the utilitarian products of this kingdom we are sufficiently familiar; but with regard to its more exquisite gifts, we believe a good deal of ignorance to prevail, which it will be our endeavour, though imperfectly, to dissipate.

The Rev. Dr Walsh, in a paper upon plants growing in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, contained in the 'Horticultural Transactions,' speaks in an interesting manner of several of the gourd tribe, which grow luxuriantly in that district. One of the curious varieties was the *Cucurbita claviformis*, or 'Jonah's Gourd,' which is believed to be really that plant which was caused to grow up over the head of the prophet in a single night. It forms a beautifully green dense arbour, through which the rays even of the eastern sun are unable to penetrate; under its shade the Easterns delight to sit and smoke; while overhead the singular fruit of the plant hangs down in long, delicate, tempting clubs, somewhat like very stout candles. The fruit is not eaten in the uncooked state; but the central part being scooped out, it is filled with forcemeat, and boiled, forming a very delicate and reliable repast. Another remarkable gourd is the 'Turk's turban,' botanically the *Cucurbita cidarisformis*; in form, it is like a large quince placed on the top of a flat melon, thus bearing a pretty close resemblance to a turban. The history of its origin is curious, and more 'wonderful than true,' as we fear. A gourd was once planted in Campania, near a quince; and an affection apparently springing up between the two, the gourd came to the resolution of adopting the form of the quince in addition to its own glossy rotundity, and the result was the form we have just noticed. It is used as an excellent addition to soups. Another species is the white gourd, or *Cucurbita pepo*; this is found in the markets principally in the winter, and is commonly piled up in heaps, like cannon-balls, or more like pyramids of snow-balls. Romantic associations attach to this chaste production; it is presented at every native marriage ceremony to the married pair, and is supposed to insure peace and prosperity to them and their house. The *Momordica elaterium*, a member of the same family, is otherwise known as the 'Squirting Cucumber,' from its possessing the strange property of squirting out its contents on one of the ends being pulled or touched. It is a common piece of gardener's wit

to request one to take hold of the dangerous end, and if we consent, the face and person are covered with the acrid slimy contents of this vegetable pop-gun. Where the plant grows in abundance, they may be heard popping off pretty frequently; and by simply walking near these irritable instruments, the passenger is often shot in the eyes with great force by them. Some of this tribe occasionally reach an enormous size, particularly the mammoth or American gourd. Among many examples, one is especially recorded as having attained the colossal weight of two hundred and forty-five pounds!—a size truly monstrous.

Among delicious fruits, the tree known as the 'Tombe-rong' produces small berries of a yellow colour, and exquisite flavour. These are highly esteemed by the natives, who convert them into a beautiful sort of bread, which, curious to relate, both in colour and flavour bears the closest resemblance to our finest *gingerbread*. A tree belonging to the natural order *Ascyneceae*, produces a fruit called the 'Cream Fruit,' which is estimated by some as being the most exquisite fruit in the world. Two are always united together, and they depend from the extremity of a small branch; when wounded, they yield a quantity of fine white juice resembling sugar, or the best milk in its taste. For allaying the thirst incident to a tropical climate this fruit is invaluable; and its delicious quality gives it an appropriate estimation in the eyes of the weary traveller in those regions. Of another curious fruit produced by one of the same tribe, Dr Lindley writes—'The sages of Ceylon having demonstrated, as they say, that Paradise was in that island, and having therefore found it necessary to point out the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden, assure us that it was borne on a species of this genus, the *Diocladia* of their country. The proof they find of this discovery, consists in the beauty of the fruit, said to be tempting in the fragrance of the flower, and in its still bearing the marks of the teeth of Eve. Till the offence was committed which brought misery upon man, we are assured that the fruit was delicious; but from that time forward it became poisonous, as it now remains.' The fruit of another tree of the same species affords a capital substitute for red currant jelly, and one of the celebrated 'cow-trees,' inhabitants of equatorial America, belongs to this natural order also. The delicious custard apples of the East and West Indies are produced by the *Anona reticulata*. It is a small, weakly, branching tree, bearing fruit about the size of a tennis-ball, which is of a dull-brown colour. The flesh is said to be of a yellowish colour, soft and sweet, being about the consistence, and sharing even much of the flavour, of a good custard. Another variety is a small tree, which bears a fruit of a greenish-yellow colour, and of the size of an artichoke, called the 'Sweet Sop.' The skin is half an inch thick, and encloses an abundance of a thick, sweet, luxurious pulp, tasting like clouted cream mixed with sugar.* Rumphius says that it has in some degree the smell and taste of rosewater, and is so delicious, that one scarcely ever tires of partaking of it. It has a complete contrast in the 'Sour Sop,' which belongs to the same species, which is a fruit of the size of a large pear, abounding in a milk-white pulp of a sweetish-acid taste. Sir Hans Sloane, in the 'Natural History of Jamaica,' particularly mentions the alligator, or avocado pear, the product of one of the *Lacerales*; the fruit is the size of a large pear, and possesses a rich delicate flavour, not unlike that of the peach; but it is described as being even more grateful. Another curious fruit is that called the 'Mamsee'; it is round and yellow, and when ripe, the rind peels off, discovering the eatable part, which has an acidulo-saccharine taste, and is of great fragrance. The tree by which it is borne reaches the size of our largest oaks.

Those who are admirers of marmalade (and we expect a vast number of our readers are guilty of that indiscretion), will learn with some surprise that nature presents the inhabitants of Surinam with the article readily confected. The fruit is called the 'Marmalade Box'; it is about the size of a large apple, and is covered with down. At first it is green, but when ripe it becomes brown, and then opens into halves like a walnut; the pulp is of a brownish colour, very sweet and tempting, and is eaten by the natives with the greatest avidity. The Brazilians boast also of a delicious fruit, the *murucija*, said to be unsurpassed in fra-

grance and flavour, possessing a pulp of a deep yellow, and exhaling a fine vinous odour. Yet it must yield to the famed mangustin of the Indian Archipelago. This exquisite production is universally esteemed, and is alike agreeable to strangers as to the inhabitants of its native country, whose pride it is. In shape and size it is like a middling apple; it has a thick purplish rind, which surrounds three or four cloves of soft snow-white pulp, which almost immediately dissolve. The flavour is extremely rich, yet never becomes luscious, nor palls on the taste; but the fruit may be eaten almost *ad libitum*. Dr Lindley says that an intelligent traveller and his companions were anxious to bring away with them some precise expression of its flavour; but after satisfying themselves that it partook of the compound taste of the pine-apple and the peach, they were obliged, after of course a series of tastings, to confess that it had many other equally delicious, but utterly inexpressible, flavours. Not only is it grateful to the strong and hearty, but even to the sickly who may eat it with impunity; and, as if to swell the list of its good attributes, it is related that Dr Solander was cured of putrid fever by eating it. A more singular, and at first a most uninviting fruit, is the 'durian'; it combines in a remarkable manner an odour the most disgusting and offensive—creating an almost insuperable aversion to the fruit—with a very rich and delicate taste. The tree is described as being something like a pear-tree; the fruit externally resembles that of the 'bread-fruit' tree, the outside being covered with tubercles. When ripe, it contains several cells, in each of which is a large seed of the size of a pigeon's egg, imbedded in a rich pulp. The taste is very curious, and has been compared to a dish commonly known in Spain under the name of '*Mangiar Blanco*,' composed of hen's flesh dressed in vinegar. The fruit really appears to partake more of an animal than vegetable nature, and never becomes sickly or cloying. The natives are passionately fond of it, and when it is to be procured, live almost wholly on its luxurious cream-like flesh. It is said soon to turn putrid. One durian is worth more than a dozen pine-apples.

The rose-apples of the East have long been had in esteem, and take a high position among the elegant delicacies of nature. In all respects, this fruit is a lovely production; it is borne by a tree called the jumbo; it is about as large as a pear; externally, it is arrayed in a coat of the most splendid red; inside, its pulp is of the loveliest white; and in perfume and taste it much resembles the rose. Some varieties of the rose-apple are so fine, as to be preserved for the king's use alone; a beautiful variety, the jamroase, is most highly perfumed with rose, while its colour is a delicate transparent pink mixed with white. The well-known guava is a fruit belonging to the same natural order—the myrtleblooms. One of the chief delicacies of the Indian desert is the fruit of the mango, the offspring of a considerable tree like a walnut. When fresh, it is of an exceedingly delicate, sweet, and acidulous flavour, and forms pickles and preserves, which are highly esteemed. Some of its varieties are as large as an infant's head, and exceed two pounds in weight. Sir William Jones, in the '*Asiatic Researches*,' mentions a very delicious fruit, known as the malura, which is curious in consequence of its possessing a fragrance strongly resembling that of the wallflower.

Chinese horticulture has long been famous for its productions, some of which are very anomalous. Marco Polo says they have some pears of most gigantic sizes: pears are at all seasons in the Chinese markets, and some appear to have been fattened up to a degree of obesity that would do good to the eyes of an agricultural prize-breeder. What would be thought in England of a pear weighing *ten pounds*, therefore somewhat of the size of a Southdown leg of mutton? Yet such this industrious traveller affirms as a fact, adding that they are white in colour, melting, and most fragrant in taste. Other authors mention pears of approximate sizes, some measuring nearly sixteen inches in circumference the long way, and upwards of a foot the round way. Their peaches, too, are equally fine; many of them are of the most beautiful colours and exquisite flavour, and some attain enormous sizes. The Chinese gardeners boast of having produced peaches weighing two pounds; and it is not for us to doubt their assertions, although we know somewhat of the elasticity of the Chinese conscience. They are also said to be possessed of the valuable secret of preserving fruit gathered in October until the succeeding January, in all its beauty, freshness, and flavour. Among other fruits, the 'flat peach' well deserves the title of

* Dr Lindley in a valuable paper upon tropical fruits in '*Horticultural Transactions*.'

all respects like a peach, except that it is flattened out into a cake: this fruit is well known at Canton; its colour is a pale yellow; when cut into, a beautiful circle of pink is seen surrounding the stone, and radiating into a mass of delicately-coloured pulp. In the indulgence of their dwarfing propensities, they manufacture, for such it is, miniature fruit-trees of various kinds by the method now become familiar to most persons. Large sums are set on the heads of those diminutive trees in proportion to their ugliness and their abundance of fruit. Venerable old plum-trees, a foot high, laden with fruit, are without a price; while finger-fruits, marygos, peaches, carambolas, and grapes, come in for subordinate attention. The beautiful orange the 'mandarin' (*Citrus nobilis*), one of the recent importations into this country, is remarkable for having a deep crimson rind when ripe, which is quite detached from the fruit. 'The whole,' writes Sir J. F. Davis, 'has a flattish aspect, and is sometimes four or five inches in diameter; and the loose skin, when broken, opens like a puff-ball, disclosing the juicy lobes surrounded with a kind of network of fibres.' The celebrated finger-fruit comes very manifestly into our category, and is a curious result of an ingenious horticulture. It is a peculiar kind of citrus, which, by some means or other, is made to run entirely into rind, the whole terminating at the head in several long narrow processes like fingers: it has hence been named 'Fo show,' or the hand of Fo. Its odour is very powerful, but is considered as very fine. 'So entirely, however, is this strange production the result of art operating upon nature, that it does not appear a second time after the plant has been purchased.' The Chinese have also some curious oranges, known as the horned oranges, from the circumstance of a number of little horn-like processes projecting from its upper end. It may be mentioned in connection with these plants, that the productiveness of the orange is something quite enormous. A single tree at St Michael's has been known to produce 20,000 oranges fit for packing, exclusively of about one-third more of damaged fruit. Mr Fortune supplies a curious account of the production of 'vegetable tallow.' The seeds of the tallow-tree, after having been steamed and bruised, are heated over the fire; the tallow is thus completely separated, but it looks like coarse linseed meal; subjected to expression, it exudes in a semi-fluid state, and beautifully white, soon hardening and becoming solid. It is then made into cakes, and exposed for sale in the markets, for the manufacture of candles; but as these are apt to get soft, they are often dipped in wax of various colours, and sometimes are finely ornamented. But this is a subject with an unconquerable tendency to expansion; let us therefore, having gone thus far, take a hasty leave of it at once.

THE ARTIST'S FIRST WORK.

Nor far from the splendid Palazzo Falliero at Possagno, in the Venetian states, stood the humble cabin of an aged mason named Pasino. One evening that, wearied with his work, he lay sleeping soundly after the labours of the day, he was suddenly awakened by a loud knock at the door of his cabin. He rose, ran hastily to open it, and notwithstanding the darkness of the night, perceived that it was a little boy who stood without.

'Who are you, and what do you want here?' brusquely inquired Pasino.

'Antonio,' replied the timid voice of a child.

'What Antonio?'

'Your own Antonio, dear grandpapa.'

'Is it thou, my child? And what has happened then?' said the mason, quickly changing his tone, and drawing the little fellow kindly towards him, whilst he sought even by the faint light of the moon to read in his countenance what unexpected cause could have occasioned this late visit. 'But speak then, my child! Why hast left thy mother?—Is she ill?—Hast displeased her?—Has she turned you out of doors?'

'No: I left home of my own accord.'

'And for what reason?' again inquired the old man, as he led the child into his cabin, and struck a light. 'Madonna Santissima! why did you leave your mother?' Pasino had now succeeded in lighting a lantern, and was able more plainly to examine his grandson's countenance. He then perceived that the child was in tears,

and carried a small bundle slung on the point of a stick over his shoulder.

'I could not stay any longer at home,' said the boy, as he threw his little packet on the floor. 'I was no longer master there; some one else had everything his own way. Oh what a country boor that Venetian is! If I were only ten years older, I would turn him out of the house. Alas! why am I only eleven years old?'

'And a pretty rogue you are,' said the grandfather, laughing at the childish passion of Antonio. 'So you want to be master in your mother's house?'

'When my father died, he left no other son: I am therefore the head of the house.'

'A fine house truly!' replied the old man, who was by this time thoroughly awakened from his slumbers: 'four stakes, a few stones, and a little straw! If it were a palace indeed, like that of Falliero, it would be something worth talking of.'

'Falliero!—Falliero!' said the child, as he shook his little head in a determined manner; 'one may have spirit without belonging to the rich house of Falliero.'

'Tell me, Antonio, will you have some supper?' interrupted the old man.

'No: I am not hungry.'

'But you have had a long way to walk from your mother's.'

'Only three miles: what is that?'

'Well, then, give me an account of your escape from home.'

'Yes, grandpapa, this is the history of it. You know that my mother contracted a second marriage with that low fellow Pasillo; and what annoyed me most about it was, that she changed her pretty name. Was it not a beautiful name, grandpapa?'

'Yes, to be sure. Well, go on.'

'And it was my own name besides; and I think it a disgrace that a son should bear one name and his mother another.'

'Yes, yes; but do finish your story, for I am going to sleep,' interrupted Pasino, drowsily turning into bed.

'The Signor Pasillo had hardly set foot within our house,' continued Antonio, 'when changes began to be made. In the first place, I was not caressed as heretofore; I was no longer given the best of everything—it was all for Signor Pasillo: I was unhappy, and they left me to myself: I complained, and they left me to complain; and no one said "What aileth thee, little one? Come to dinner—come to supper:" so I would not eat either one or the other. I took my resolution, and said to myself, "There is my grandfather, who lives alone, who loves children, who will let me do as I please if I go and live with him. There I will go; and there, if nowhere else, I shall be master." Are you gone to sleep, grandpapa, instead of listening?'

'No, no; all right! Now lie down on this fresh straw. Since you like so much to be master, I will soon make you a master—mason.'

'Oh, a mason is not the nicest trade.'

'You'll see what a nice one it is.'

'What! putting one stone on the top of another?—always stones!'

'Is it marble, then, you would wish for, you little madcap?'

'Certainly that would be better, and more honourable too.'

'Well, then, stop chattering now, and let me go to sleep.'

The next day Pasino woke Antonio early, and after having offered up together a short prayer to 'Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows,' and partaken of a frugal breakfast, they wended their way to the Falliero palace, where the mason had been working for some days past. But it was all in vain that he attempted to keep his grandchild at work, for the little fellow was always mixing up mud or squaring stones. The old man could never turn his back for a moment, but Antonio was busy making either a Venus or a Policinello, or preparing clay with his trowel for the divers figures he wished to

fashion. And if Pasino scolded him, he would say, 'But you see, grandpapa, I am so tired!'

'But what are you doing now?'

'Making a blessed Virgin and Child.'

And the poor grandfather, who for the most part could discover nothing but a shapeless mass of clay, rather than disappoint the boy, would praise the beauty of the Virgin, or the grace of the child, and prophesied that his 'little man' would one day become a famous mason, and even build palaces for the Fallieri themselves.

On the approach of the feast of St Cecilia, the Duke of Falliero gave orders that a grand banquet should be prepared in honour of the festival. Oh, if you could only have seen how many saucepans simmered on the heated braziers; how many spits groaned under the weight of pheasants, fowls, ducks, *poulardes*, strung on one after another!—If you could have had a glance at all the spiced meats, the savoury pasties, the rich jellies, the candied *confitures*, the fragrant fruits of every sort and hue, together with every variety of dainty which could please the eye or gratify the palate, it would have made your mouth water! Antonio, who had glided in amongst the cooks and assistants, opened his eyes wide, and went about admiring and smelling all these fine things, of which he had never before even formed an idea.

All on a sudden, and just as dinner was about to be served, the major-domo uttered a loud cry, and striking his forehead with his hand, as if in despair, exclaimed, 'Oh, unhappy creature that I am!—oh, unfortunate Pietro!—Madonna Santissima! I am ruined, and with me the illustrious House of Falliero!' At this moment, while the poor man was finishing his doleful soliloquy, the duke himself happened to pass, and inquired what was the matter. 'Oh, illustrious duke,' replied the major-domo, 'beat me, kill me if you will; I am a wretch, an assassin!'

The duke cut him short with the inquiry, 'Well, but explain yourself, Pietro: how is it that my honour has been compromised as well as yours? Speak, and let me understand it.'

'My banquet, may it please your excellency, which would have equalled those that were spread before the doges of Venice in the times of its greatest splendour—oh, my magnificent banquet is ruined by an act of forgetfulness, which deserves to be punished by a halter.'

'And what, then, have you forgotten?'

'The first service, my lord, is perfect—everything is composed in the most exquisite taste, the purest and most elegant style; the second corresponds to the first in every respect; the third, if possible, exceeds them both; but the fourth—the dessert—oh, Madonna Santissima! only think of the centre dish being spoiled—the very crowning piece of the whole!'

'What a piece of work about nothing!' exclaimed the little Antonio with an arch smile, as he stood in the corner of the kitchen: 'it is only to make another dish instead.'

'And can there not be another substituted?' inquired the duke.

'It is difficult—it is impossible, may it please your excellency.'

'Make some pyramid, some tower of—of something.'

'It is exactly this *something* which we are in want of; and besides, there is no time left—there is only half an hour to spare, and already the guests are beginning to arrive.'

'I should know very well what to do,' muttered Antonio to himself, 'if they would only ask my advice.'

'Well,' said the duke somewhat anxiously to Pietro, 'what course do you mean to pursue?'

'Oh, if the architecture of the banquet were not of so pure and elegant a style, we could— But no, it would ruin our reputation.'

'The architecture, do you say? Well, go hold a consultation with Pasino the mason—he may be able to help you out of the scrape. You are laughing at the idea?'

'You, Antonio, what are you whispering about over there? Go, run and call your grandfather, and tell him to come here.'

Antonio, highly amused, darted off directly, and soon came back pulling the old man along by his white apron. When the latter had been made to understand what was the matter, he shook his head, and twisting his cotton cap (which he had taken off out of respect to the duke) in his thin hand, said, 'If you wanted me now to build up a wall, or repair the capital of a pillar, or—'

'But it is to make a centre dish which is required, grandpapa,' cried Antonio, as if he were speaking to a deaf man.

'I know it,' answered Pasino.

'And cannot you, who build houses and palaces, make a simple dish?'

'Hold thy tongue, boy, and do not talk so loud before monseigneur.'

Antonio, somewhat confused at the rebuke, began to murmur impatiently, 'If they would only listen to me!'

The Duke Falliero, who had for some time admired the arch vivacity of Antonio's countenance, was struck with its expression at that moment. It bespoke contempt for so puerile a discussion; and the child's forehead was radiant with a consciousness of power. A half-malicious smile played around his mouth, while the two rosy lips, half parted, seemed so plainly about to say, 'Why do you not seek my help?' that the duke could not resist interrogating him.

'If we were to listen to you, then, what would be your counsel?' said the duke, as he playfully pulled Antonio by the ear.

'Why, my lord,' answered the boy, colouring up to his eyes on being thus addressed, 'if the Signor Pietro would only give me a bit of paste, such as is used for making ornamental cakes'—

'Do not listen to this little pickle, please your excellency!' said Pasino, at the same time motioning to the child to be silent.

'I will not only listen to him,' said the duke, 'but also desire Pietro to leave the construction of this famous dish to Antonio. Antonio, I give you *carte-blanche*; but on your part, what will you give me if you do not succeed?'

'My ears, please your excellency,' boldly replied the boy.

'Done, then,' said the duke: 'let us see what you can achieve.'

The banquet was sumptuous beyond any that the guests had ever beheld; and when the dessert was about to be served, the duke entertained the company by relating to them the history of the cook's failure, and of the opportune presumption of the little Antonio. As he spoke, the dessert made its appearance. Dish after dish was laid in exact order upon the table; but whether it arose from malice, or whether the poor Antonio had not been able to succeed, the centre of the table remained vacant, and the guests began to smile, and then to wonder, until at last their patience was well-nigh exhausted, when lo! the major-domo appeared, bearing in his hands a large dish, veiled by a light covering. It was laid before the duke, its covering removed, and a cry of admiration resounded through the hall. It was a beautiful lion, exquisitely modelled in sugared paste.

'Bravo!—bravo!' exclaimed the guests on all sides. 'Where is the confectioner, the cook, the little architect?'

'Where is the artist?' inquired the duke in an authoritative tone.

Then appeared, half concealed behind Pietro, a handsome boy, blushing and confused, but with a countenance wonderfully expressive of genius for one of such tender years. The duke perceiving in the boy the marks of decided talent, requested permission of his grandfather to take him to Venice, where he placed him under the direction of the most distinguished mas-

ters; and four years later, the young Canova—for such was the lad's name—was on his way to Rome with letters of recommendation to some of the most illustrious families in that capital.

Guided by that inspiration which belongs to genius, he carried his first letter to the Signor Volpato, from whom he desired to receive instruction; the same Volpato who gave to Italy some of its finest sculptures.

The first friendship which Antonio formed was with a youth of his own age—Raphael Morghen. After some time, he gave up painting, and devoted himself to sculpture. Here his genius led him to the very summit of glory. In 1782, Zulliano, the Venetian ambassador, after a banquet given by him to the most celebrated artists then assembled in Rome, invited the guests to accompany him to an adjoining saloon. He said he wished to show them a group newly finished by an artist whose name he had not yet announced to them. The subject was Theseus conquering the Minotaur. 'Gentlemen,' exclaimed Zulliano with an air of satisfaction, 'this work is executed by a countryman of mine. Signor Antonio Canova,' he added, seeking in the crowd for a youth who seemed modestly to shrink from notice, 'come forward to receive the congratulations which you merit.'

Canova became the most distinguished sculptor of his day, but was always the first to relate his early history to those who went to visit him in his studio; and, above all, he ever spoke with the deepest gratitude of the Signor Volpato.

May not this early passage in Canova's history encourage us to cultivate every talent which may have been committed to us with an earnest and courageous spirit, feeling assured that whatever outward obstacles may obstruct our path, a firm persevering resolution, and patient unwearied labour, will ever in the end conquer fortune, and establish for us a solid reputation?

THE ANGLO-INDIAN PRESS.

THE first Anglo-Indian journal was published sixty-seven years ago, in 1780. It was called 'Hicky's Gazette,' and is said by the Calcutta Review to have been 'full of infamous scandal—in some places so disguised, as to be almost unintelligible to the reader of the present day, but in others set forth broadly and unmistakably, and with a relish not to be concealed.' The individuals most foully attacked were frequently young ladies, their anonymous enemies, it is to be presumed, being rejected suitors; but the highest dignitaries of the government were no more spared than the weaker sex; and at length we read without any surprise the following announcement:—'Mr Hicky thinks it a duty incumbent on him to inform his friends in particular, and the public in general, that an attempt was made to assassinate him last Thursday morning between the hours of one and two o'clock by two armed Europeans, aided and assisted by a Moorman. Mr Hicky is obliged to postpone the particulars at present for want of room, but they shall be inserted the first opportunity.'

Only fifty years after this, when the journals had become numerous, Lord William Bentinck alludes to the press in his public despatches as forming a salutary check upon the public officers of government; and at a time when the native community had been roused into exasperation by the abolition of the sati, and both the civil and military services by a series of reforms and retrenchments, this dangerous engine—which had been the object of suspicion and alarm to former governors-general—was left in practical freedom. In 1835, Sir Charles Metcalfe confirmed this freedom by law; upon an assumption, as the recent historian, Mr Thornton, tells us, that 'nothing was more likely to conduce to the spread of the enlightened knowledge and civilisation, the arts and sciences of Europe, over India, than a licentious and unbridled press.'

With reference to this implied charge, the Review we have already quoted makes the following remark:—

'We wish it to be well understood in England, that the constitution of our society in India presents an insuperable obstacle to the existence of anything resembling an unscrupulous press. An unscrupulous press cannot exist anywhere without an unscrupulous public. Now there is no public—if we may be permitted to use the word at all in so narrow an acceptation—there is no public in the world of so select a character as the newspaper-reading public of India. It consists of a few classes of educated English gentlemen—military officers, the civil servants of the government, and gentlemen engaged in commercial pursuits. The Indian press has no "lower orders" for whom to pander. We have no pot-house politicians—no literary dustmen—no erudite cads—no high life below stairs—no select circles of slander-loving profligates and thieves. There is no great demand in this part of the world for intellectual, whatever there may be for gastronomical, high-seasoned dishes. The most that Indian readers look for is the Duke of Norfolk's panacea—"a pinch of curry-powder." They are not very fond of strong meat and strong drink; and no journalist having any regard for his purse, would cater for his subscribers after any other than a most orderly, a most becoming fashion, having the utmost regard for the delicacies, the proprieties of civilised life. A few failures in this respect have ere now struck a blow at the prosperity of an Indian journal, from the effects of which it has never recovered.'

There can hardly be a doubt, we think, that the freedom of the press in India has established its respectability; but the grand objection made in England, is the danger of political consequences. Our government, we are told, is a government of opinion: let us keep the natives, therefore, as much as possible in the dark; let them never suspect that there are any divisions—that there is a single discontented voice heard, or permitted to be heard, in the camp of their governors! This caution is very amusing to persons acquainted with the state of the native press in India. The Hindoo journals are full of satire, both personal and political; and what they want in order to insure the tranquillity of the country, is not concealment, but information. 'Already,' says an anonymous writer in 1840, 'the progress of India in European knowledge has placed her in a position not immediately perilous, it is true, to her government, but interesting from its parallels in history. Native satirists now lash every day the follies and vices of their rulers, and song-writers (so often the advanced guard of freedom!) give words to the inarticulate murmurs of disaffection. The Hindoo mother lulls her baby with a ballad, in which she tells him that however wise and industrious he may be, he can never hope for a hundredth part of the return obtained by Europeans; and on the occasion of the ignorant and insulting claim put forward by government to the proprietorship of the lands, a bolder strain arose, of which a translation appeared in one of the (London) Indian magazines. The following are the two last stanzas:—

"And what are we to do, my men?—my brothers, one and all,
Upon you with my loudest voice and angriest I call—
Take up your tulwars in your hand, and loudly sound the gong,
I doubt not there are thousands who will round our banner throng."

Oh great are we in numbers, and in numbers there is might—
Like a river we will pour upon our enemies in fight;
And if we strive right manfully, we shall not strive in vain,
To send our foreign tyrants back to their own homes again!"

The Anglo-Indian press of the present day is respectable not only in character, but numerical force. The editor of the Telegraph and Courier (Bombay) has been kind enough to send us some statistics, by which we find that there are twenty-seven Indian papers, five Singapore and Straits papers, and three China papers. Of these six are daily, three tri-weekly, twelve bi-weekly, nine weekly, and five uncertain. 'It will be seen from the statement we publish,' says the Telegraph and Courier, 'that Calcutta possesses three daily and four weekly papers, two of the hebdomadals, however—the "Christian Advocate" and

"Hindoo Intelligencer"—being organs of particular sections of the community. Madras has one daily, two bi-weeklies, and three tri-weeklies—the last named mode of publication being peculiar to the south-eastern presidency. In Bombay there are two dailies, a bi-weekly, and a weekly. The papers in the north of India are all issued twice a week—a convenient arrangement as regards postage, which presses with peculiar weight on the daily journals. In Ceylon, our contemporaries—with the exception of the "Morning Star," of which we have no information—likewise come under the denomination of bi-weekly. The "Friend of China," and "Straits Times," are the only bi-weeklies further east—the rest of the papers being hebdomadals. The amount of subscription is from ten rupees to sixty-four rupees annually. The aggregate subscription for twenty-four of the Indian papers is £78, 10s., the remaining three not being stated; and of five of the Chinese, Singapore, and Straits papers, seventy dollars, the remaining three not being stated. The 'Hindoo Intelligencer,' a Calcutta weekly journal, is edited by a native. The 'Kurrachee Advertiser' is lithographed. With regard to the circulation of these papers, we are in possession of no precise information. In India there are no stamps, the number of which admits of a tolerable guess in England; and the publishers, as may be supposed, are not very communicative on the subject.

Several of these journals publish a summary, which they transmit to England by each overland mail. The summary is a number containing a selection of articles published during the intervals of the mails, with such other matter as is expected to be found peculiarly interesting at home. It is, in fact, a fortnightly or monthly paper, as it may be, printed in India, and intended for circulation in Europe. This circulation, however, is much injured by the full reports of Indian intelligence that are now given by some of the daily London newspapers before the arrival of the ordinary mail, and by the comprehensive *précis* of the 'Indian News' and 'Indian Mail.' These two journals, which are as large as most of the Sunday papers, exhibit in rather a remarkable light the activity and promptitude of the metropolitan press. When the mail is delivered in London—sometimes as late as three o'clock in the afternoon—their editors and printers fasten upon the Indian and Chinese papers, and more especially the summaries; and by dint of working hard all night, are able to publish a condensation of their contents, with leading articles, and such home intelligence as is interesting to readers connected with India, in time for circulation throughout the kingdom by the eight o'clock mail of the following morning. This is of course a great accommodation to the public; but the hurry and excitement of the system has had an unfavourable effect upon literature. Formerly, there were several Indian magazines of high character published in London, but we are not aware that there is now a single individual of the class. The 'Asiatic Journal,' a most valuable and interesting work, was abandoned some years ago, confessedly on account of the injury its circulation sustained from the first in the field of these stamped newspapers.

THE PAWNBROKER'S WINDOW.

There is more philosophy of life to be learned at a pawnbroker's window than in all the libraries in the world. The maxims and dogmas which wise men have chronicled disturb the mind for a moment, as the breeze ruffles the surface of the deep, still stream, and passes away; but there is something in the melancholy grouping of a pawnbroker's window which, like a record of ruin, sinks into the heart. The household goods, the cherished relics, the sacred possessions affection bestowed, or eyes now closed in death had once looked upon as their own, are here as it were profaned: the associations of dear old times are here violated; the family hearth is here outraged; the ties of love, kindred, rank, all that the heart clings to, are broken here. It is a sad picture; for, in spite of all the glittering show, its associations are sombre. There hangs the watch, the

old chased repeater, that hung above the head of a dying parent when bestowing his trembling blessing on the poor outcast who parted with it for bread; the widow's wedding-ring is there, the last and dearest of all her possessions; the trinket, the pledge of love of one now dead, the only relic of the heart's fondest memories; silver that graced the holiday feast; the gilt-framed miniature that used to hang over the quiet mantel-shelf; the flute, the favourite of a dead son, surrendered by a starving mother to procure food for her remaining offspring; the locket that held a father's hair; or, gloomier still, the dress, the very covering of the poor is there, waving like the flag of wretchedness and misery. It is a strange sad sight to those who feel aright. There are more touching memorials to be seen at a pawnbroker's window than in all the monuments in Westminster Abbey.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

LABOUR.

The more we accomplish, the more we have to accomplish. All things are full of labour, and therefore the more we acquire, the more we care, and the more we toil, to secure our acquisitions. Good men can never retire from their works of benevolence. Their fortune is never made. I never heard of an apostle, prophet, or public benefactor retiring from their respective fields of labour. Moses, and Paul, and Peter died with their harness on. So did Luther, and Calvin, and Wesley, and a thousand others as deserving, though not so well known to fame. We are inured to labour. It was first a duty; it is now a pleasure. Still there is such a thing as over-working man and beast, mind and body. The maiming of a watch needs repose, and is the better for it. The muscles of an elephant, and the wings of a swift bird, are at length fatigued. Heaven gives rest to the earth because it needs it; and winter is more pregnant with blessings to the soil than summer with its flowers and fruits.—*A. Campbell.*

IMPORTANCE OF LISTENING WELL.

It seems paradoxical to observe that the art of listening well forms a part of the duty of conversation. To give up the whole of your attention to the person who addresses himself to you is sometimes a heavy task; but it is one which we must pay for the privileges of social life, and an early practice will render it almost an involuntary act of good-breeding; whilst consideration for others will give this little sacrifice a merit and a charm of which the lowest proof of Christian feeling can never be devoid. To listen well is to make an unconscious advancement in the power of conversing. In listening, we perceive in what the interest, in what the failure of others consists. We become, too, aware of our own deficiencies, without having them taught through the medium of humiliation. We find ourselves often more ignorant than we could have supposed it possible. We learn, by a very moderate attention to the sort of topics which please, to form a style of our own. The 'art of conversation' is an unpleasant phrase. The power of conversing well is least agreeable when it assumes the character of an art. In listening, a well-bred gentleman will gently sympathise with the speaker; or, if needs must, differ as gently. Much character is shown in the art of listening. Some people appear to be in a violent hurry whilst another speaks; they hasten on the person who addresses them, as one would urge on a horse, with 'Yes, yes. Very good. Ah!' Others sit on the full stare, eyes fixed as those of an owl, upon the speaker. From others, a loud and long laugh is, at intervals, produced, and all the company turns round to see what was the cause of the merriment. But all these vices of manner may be avoided by a gentle attention, and a certain calm dignity of manner, based upon a reflective mind and humble spirit.—*Hints to Young Ladies on their Entrance into Society.*

DEPORTMENT.

Be reserved, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar, rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and with those few upon good grounds.—*William Penn.*

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THE NAVIE.

NAVIGATOR, or rather its abridged form of navie, is a term of recent currency in our language, and well known to apply to one engaged in railway operations—ploughing the solid land in deeper and more lasting furrows than his neighbour Jack of the ocean does his mobile element. The term, as is well known, originated in the excavating of canals for inland navigation. Canals having had their day, the labourers so employed have been fortunate in finding more extensive and profitable scope for their industry in the making of railways. The essential basis of the class is English, such the larger proportion of the navigator body being draughted from Lincolnshire, the rural parts of Lancashire, and adjoining districts. Digging trenches in the feney parts of Lincolnshire has always been a staple employment to this class of labourers; and this it probably was which originally adapted them for canal workings. The navie of this generic type possesses in a rude state those qualities and habits which give respectability to the English character. To a great degree of Danish or Saxon descent, and uncorrupted by social vices, the pure navie—taking him zoologically—is a fine animal. His large bones, great muscular energy, and love of good living, indicate his Teutonic origin, not less than his tractability, inclination for work, and downright honesty and spirit of independence. The navie of the right sort is no sham: he will give work for the money. Only treat him well, and keep him from drink, and his behaviour is unexceptionable. No human being will go through such a quantity of bodily labour with more cheerfulness.

The English navie has carried a knowledge of his craft into countries where the arts of digging and handling the spade were in their infancy. It may seem ridiculous to talk of there being 'an art' in shovelling earth into a barrow; but it is an art, and a very important one. It is quite English. The very spade is English, and so are the pickaxe and wheelbarrow. All over continental Europe, the instrument of digging is a clumsy species of adze, and that for lifting is a long pole with a small shovel at the end of it. The short shovel with a cross handle is English; the French and Germans know nothing of it, except as a new importation. With the short English spade or shovel, a navie will with ease lift, in a given space of time, six times the quantity of earth that a Frenchman will do with his long-poled instrument. He excels in the art of carrying as well as lifting. On several railway workings which we have seen on the continent, apparently under the charge of native contractors, the earth is filled into small cars or wagons, which are drawn by men or women with ropes across the soft and uneven surface of the ground. The toil and tediousness of this process are ex-

cessive; and the spectacle makes one melancholy. 'Can it be possible,' you say to yourself, 'that they don't know of the wheelbarrow?' This little vehicle, homely as it appears, is entitled to be associated with the most stupendous undertakings. Pushed along on a plank—another English invention—by a stout navie, it forms one of our most valuable machines. The great or wholesale carrying engine, however, of the navie, is the wagon on temporary rails. Of this expert mechanism the continentalists likewise knew nothing till they saw it introduced by English contractors; and after all, the car, dragged with difficulty by ropes, is still chiefly employed by them—a dozen men or women not doing the work of one horse!

The English navie, paradoxical as it may seem, is an important agent in the spread of civilisation: he carries the arts abroad, and practically expounds their operation. Now that he has shown the French the use of the pickaxe, the short shovel, the wheelbarrow and plank, and the wagon and temporary rail, we may reasonably expect that the knowledge of these improved instruments of labour will be extended over Europe. How curious! An illiterate peasant from the fens of Lincolnshire tells the learned of France and Germany things which alter the face and condition of kingdoms, and which they never heard of before! Philosophers who can discover planets, not having the ingenuity to invent a wheelbarrow! Countries affecting to stand at the head of science, yoking women in rope-harness to draw mud, and making them draw it too, in the most unscientific manner!

One thing is remarkable in the English navie—he has pitched his standard of living at a high point. He refuses to live on wishy-washy broth, or porridge, or potatoes; he must have bread, beef, bacon, beer, and coffee, all of the best kind. Uninstructed, like the English peasantry generally, he is apt to transgress the laws which govern the stomach, and suffers accordingly. In some places, whole bands of strong-bodied navies have become subject to a species of scurvy from living too long on one species of diet. The prevalent want of vegetables during the past year has perhaps contributed to aggravate this evil; and something is also due to the distance at which navies frequently are from markets. In many cases, the labour of railway digging is carried on several miles from any town or village, and it is therefore necessary for the contractors or their agents to establish temporary stores at which food can be purchased. These stores, usually called *tommy-shops*, have been the object of much unreasonable clamour. It is perhaps true that some storekeepers have done injustice as respects the prices and qualities of articles; but instances are more common of contractors losing money by their endeavours to supply the wants of their workmen. We have been assured that contractors

would rather have nothing to do with this kind of traffic; but necessity compels them to become shopkeepers. If they did not establish stores, the men would not engage with them: the navie will not go into a desert to be starved.

Another thing has excited not a little useless indignation. The contractors or their agents are accused of paying the navies by orders on the Tommy-shops for goods, instead of giving them a weekly money wage. This is no doubt an improper method of paying workmen: but who is to blame? The men, by their improvidence, are constantly in want; they absolutely depend for existence on the goods given to them on account; and it is notorious that if money, instead of money's worth, were paid daily, the money would be dissipated in drink, and there would be a continual saturnalia. The very reason why settlement is postponed till the end of a fortnight or month, instead of taking place every Saturday, is, that the great drinkings may be fewer, and that the work may not unnecessarily be interrupted. On a railway now in progress in Scotland, a large proportion of the navigator's earnings, we are told, is spent on whiskey, which the English navies speak of as 'white beer,' and consume raw in tumblers. Riots and fights have consequently been of lamentable frequency; nevertheless, considering the vast numbers of men employed at a distance from seats of authority, it is matter for surprise that so little crime has been committed. The fact is explained only by the English navie not being radically defective in good principle: he is not revengeful, mean, or avaricious. What a national disgrace that so fine a type of man elementarily should have been reared in a state of intellectual darkness scarcely differing from that of the tribes of Central Africa!

Of late years, in consequence of the rapid extension of railway labour, vast numbers of Scotch and Irish, as well as of the ordinary English labouring class, have been drawn into the ranks of the navies. To all these the original navie has been a kind of model, both as to the art of his labour and his external habits and appearance. As might be expected in a community formed of such various materials, jealousies and animosities are common. The old wars between English and Scotch still linger among navies: the Irish are exposed to ill-usage from both. Let us first speak of the Lowland Scotch. These have been drawn miscellaneously from handloom weaving and other crafts, also from among ordinary out-door labourers and ploughmen; the temptation of high wages having induced many to desert their homes to *try the line*—some in order to save a little money, and others for the sake of gross indulgences. Both classes have attained their object: the well-behaved have bettered their circumstances; the bad gone greater lengths in bad habits, and become worse. It must be admitted, however, that the better class considerably preponderates.

The Lowland Scot, being three-fourths an Englishman, and already accustomed to regular labour, easily falls into the ranks of navieism; but the Highlander usually, from his long-ingrained habits of idleness, his love of talking and snuffing, and his ignorance of English, is at first more difficult to manage. Nothing stimulates him to face railway work but positive starvation, and sometimes not even that will drag him from his hovel. We have seen it stated that Highlanders have deserted their employment on Scotch lines in order to return home and live on charity. Whether this be true to any extent, it is certain that the High-

landers are more inclined to occasional than regular labour, and therefore they require a kind of drilling before they are fit to work in gangs. Navies, it will have been observed, work to each other's hands: the wheelbarrows are run along a succession of planks in so many lifts. One set of navies take each his barrow a certain length, and having set it down to be lifted by a second set, they bring back the empty barrows which are ready for them. Thus there is a row of goers with full, and a row of comers with empty barrows. Now, this method of operation, dictated by long experience, is irreconcilable with the Highlander's ordinary conceptions. He does not like to be kept going backwards and forwards all day long with one wheelbarrow before and another behind him. It is keeping up the thing too hotly. It affords no time for snuffing. Gossip is out of the question. On this account, railway labour is apt to prove distasteful, and would be gladly exchanged for something more leisurely. But the Highlander finds other reasons for dislike of his new profession. If he be ignorant of English, or possess only a limited knowledge of it, there is the greatest possible difficulty in making him understand that wages must be paid according to capability. Fresh from Skye, he can see no philosophy in paying him less than a true navie who is master of his craft. Accordingly, believing himself to be cheated, he goes off in a pet. The best thing that could be done for the Highlands would be to teach the people English; for until this is done, they must inevitably remain strangers to the thoughts and habits of modern society.

When at length fairly initiated into, and accustomed to, railway labour, the Highlanders make a respectable class of navies. With more self-respect than the Irish, they are invariably better dressed, and however poor, they are never seen in rags. On their arrival in the low country, their garments almost uniformly consist of a small blue bonnet, a blue cloth jacket and trousers, woollen stockings, and stout shoes. Frugal in their habits, and quiet in their demeanour, they study to save a portion of their earnings with which to return home when they have accumulated enough. They are certainly, if less efficient workmen, better behaved, and more honest in their dealings than the bulk of the other navies.

We now come to the Irish, who here, as elsewhere, show peculiar qualities. The greater number of course have been small farmers or rural labourers in their own country, and have come to England for the sake of employment. The ordinary notion of the Irish being disposed to idleness may be true, for anything we know, in the land of their birth; but from all we have heard or seen, they are anything but lazy when mixed with English and Scotch, and have a fair prospect of remuneration. It may therefore be said that the Irish make good navies, when properly brought in to the work, and strengthened by feeding. A person who employs a large number of Irish navies thus writes to us of them:—"The famine and disease recently in Ireland threw a great many of her people over on our works, and most of these came the very pictures of want and wretchedness—a bundle of bones wrapped scantily in rags. A very general want of economy prevails amongst the Irish; they seem to act literally on the motto, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," for they have no thought of the future. Their common diet is tea, coffee, loaf bread, butter, cheese, ham, and butcher-meat, which usually absorb the chief part of their earnings, so that very little is left, after paying their lodgings, for

clothing or a day's sickness. One good trait I have generally found amongst those on the work—a fellow-countryman is seldom refused a meal or a night's lodging, till he find means of providing such for himself. Arriving of course entirely destitute of funds, when the new-comer does go to work, he requires immediate means of subsistence; this is furnished him in the form of a note of credit from his employer to a storekeeper for his time at work converted into wages. By rigid economy, the amount of earnings might suffice to free a workman in a couple of months or so from credit notes with a store, but this is very seldom either attempted or accomplished. If he manage to clear off old scores, and have a few shillings over to expend in ardent spirits at the monthly pay, he thinks he does well; and if advised, and referred to examples of workmen on the same work, with the same pay, who contrive to save from a fourth to a half of their earnings, he tells you the thing is impossible with him, and considers he does well if he keep clear of debt. But many of them do not even act with this degree of consideration: paying their way for a time, they contrive to run some way into debt, and at the monthly pay get up the residue of their wages, and *slope*—that is, abscond to some other distant work, probably to repeat the same dishonesty. There are honourable exceptions, however, with the Irish, just as there are dishonourable ones with the Scotch, the former occurring more frequently with those who come from the north of Ireland, and have been pledged by Father Mathew to teetotalism. These incline to indulge in a costlier diet, but keep a less comfortable dwelling than the economic Scotch; yet, like the latter, they usually contrive to save a portion of their earnings, to transmit to their relatives, or take home with them.

The same writer goes on to make some general remarks:—'Exposed,' he says, 'as the navies must be, from the nature of their employment, to accidents and disease, and taking into account their usually improvident character, a question presents itself—How are they cared for in injuries or sickness? On the work with which I am conversant, it is compulsory for each man to leave sixpence at the monthly pay for a medical fund, which entitles the subscriber, in the case of accident or disease, to receive medicine and medical attendance. A mere trifle from all thus insures to each, when incapacitated for labour, the skill, medicine, and attention requisite for his treatment till restored to health; and the sensible benefit of this self-supporting medical institution amongst them is well attested by the fact, that the men themselves have requested its adoption where it did not exist, and solicited its reorganisation where it had been discontinued.

In ordinary cases of injury or ailment, the relatives and companions of the sufferer are usually kind and attentive; but if affected with fever, or other contagious ailment, the case immediately alters. The sympathies of their nature are forthwith sealed up by the terror of contagion, and the invalid is commonly either thrust out of doors or deserted. Many deaths for a time occurred amongst them from fever thus neglected. In order to obviate this grave and growing evil, a temporary hospital was erected by the contractors at their own expense, into which were received all cases of fever occurring amongst the men, where they were properly treated and cared for till restored to health. This has been a great boon not only to the men themselves, but to the whole neighbourhood, by lessening the sources of contagion, and diminishing the virulence of the disease. The ill-ventilated apartments of lodging-houses speedily concentrate the poison, and multiply the means of its dissemination.

Besides a medical fund for the care of the ailing and injured, and as a succedaneum for personal economy, so woefully deficient in most of the men, a sick fund has also been attempted, and attended with partial success. The purpose of the latter—obtained also by monthly contributions of sixpence or more—is to furnish support to invalids till they are able to resume their

labours, and likewise to bury the dead. There certainly has been some difficulty in the management of this fund, similar to what is experienced in other benefit societies—namely, the difficulty of guarding against imposition by malingering, and the expectation that every case of sickness should be suitably attended to, irrespective of the necessities of the individual. The name, in fact, has been badly chosen. Instead of sick-fund, it ought to have received the title of charitable or relief-fund, and gone to relieve cases of maiming or destitution occurring amongst the men; no one having any positive right to any stated weekly alimment when off work as an invalid, but relieved according to his necessities and the cause of his incapacity.

While sensible of the great national advantages of the labours of the navies, we cannot shut our eyes to the evils which have accompanied them in their movements. Strangers in the scene of their labours, without domestic ties, almost without a domestic existence, rendered rude by the very nature of their work, they do not in general exhibit the virtues which we expect in a settled rural population. Too often the settled people amongst whom they come are contaminated by the reckless debauchery of the navies. Much of the evil might have been avoided if railway operations had been conducted with greater deliberation, so as to admit of moral institutions attending those flying bodies of labourers. Unfortunately, in the eagerness of capital for a 'return,' all has been sacrificed to rapidity in the execution of the work. It is to be hoped that in the general slowing of railway works, time will be obtained to make some arrangements for moralising this huge mass of unregulated human nature.

HEART AND IMAGINATION; OR, THE POET AND THE PEASANT.

A YOUNG man was rambling along the skirts of the forest which separates St Marie aux Mines from Ribauvillé, and notwithstanding the approach of night, and the fog which was rapidly thickening around him, he strolled leisurely along without a thought of the lateness of the hour. His green jacket, doeskin gaiters, and the gun which rested on his shoulder, would have pointed him out as a sportsman, had not the book which peeped from his game-pouch betrayed rather the literary dreamer, to whom the pleasures of the field were only a fair pretext for the indulgence of a solitary ramble. Even at this moment, the meditative nonchalance with which he pursued his way, bespoke Arnold de Munster to be less eager in his quest of game, than intent in pursuing the phantasies of his own imagination. During the last few minutes his thoughts had wandered back to Paris, and to the home and friends whom he had left behind. He pictured to himself with regret the study, so tastefully decorated with statues and engravings, the German melodies which his sister used to sing to him, and the chosen society wont to assemble beneath their hospitable roof. Why had he given up all these enjoyments, and exiled himself in a country-house in the distant province of Alsace? Was it needful *thus* to retrieve his fortune? Or would it not be far better to make any pecuniary sacrifice, rather than dwell among the coarse and vulgar beings by whom he was here surrounded? While thus lost in perplexing thought, Arnold had walked on without considering whither the path he was pursuing might lead him. At length his reverie was dispelled by the unpleasant consciousness that the fog had melted into rain, and was penetrating his shooting-jacket. He now thought of hastening homeward, but on looking around him, perceived that he had lost his way amidst the windings of the forest, and sought in vain to discover which was the direction he ought to take. Meanwhile the daylight was fading away, the rain became heavier, and he wandered on in uncertainty through unknown paths.

His heart was beginning to fail him, when suddenly the welcome tingling of bells met his ears, and a team, conducted by a tall man clad in a blouse, appeared in sight, coming up from a by-road towards the spot where he stood. Arnold awaited his approach, and asked whether it were far to Sersberg.

'Sersberg!' repeated the teamster; 'I hope you do not reckon upon sleeping there to-night?'

'Pardon me, but I do though,' replied the young man.

'At the Château of Sersberg?' continued the peasant: 'then you must know of a railway leading to it. There are six good leagues to be traversed before you could reach the gate, and, considering the weather and the roads, they might be reckoned as twelve.'

The young man made an exclamation of surprise. He had started early in the day from the château, and had no idea he had rambled so far from it. But the peasant, on hearing of the course he had pursued, explained to him that for some hours he had been going in the wrong direction; and that, while he thought himself on the road to Sersberg, he had, in reality, been turning his back upon it. It was now too late to repair his error—the nearest village was about a league distant, and Arnold did not know the way thither; so that he found himself compelled to accept the shelter which was cordially offered by his new companion, whose farm happily lay near at hand. He accordingly joined the countryman, and attempted to enter into conversation with him; but Moser was no talker, and appeared a perfect stranger to all those ideas which habitually filled the young man's mind.

On emerging from the forest, Arnold called his attention to the magnificent horizon which lay before them, and which the last rays of the setting sun now tinged with a hue of the deepest purple. The farmer only shrugged his shoulders, and murmured in reply—'It will be a bad day to-morrow,' at the same time drawing more closely around him the *limousine* which served him for a cloak.

'I should think one can see the whole valley from this point of the road,' said Arnold, who sought to pierce through the darkness in which the base of the hill was already enveloped.

'Yes, yes,' replied Moser, shaking his head, 'this rascally hill is high enough for that. Now *there* is an invention which I don't see much use for.'

'What invention?'

'Why, the mountains to be sure.'

'You would like better to have nothing but plains?'

'What a question!' exclaimed the farmer, laughing aloud. 'You might as well ask me whether I would rather not break my horses' backs.'

'Ah, that is true,' replied Arnold in a tone of contemptuous irony: 'I forgot the horses! God ought certainly to have thought of them above all when he created the world.'

'I do not know,' Moser tranquilly replied, 'whether God should have thought of them or not; but certainly the engineers ought not to forget them when they construct a road. The horse, sir, is the labourer's best friend, without intending, however, any insult to the oxen, which have also their value.'

Arnold looked at the peasant in amazement.

'Then do you really see nothing in all which surrounds you,' asked he seriously, 'but the mere question of utility? The forest, the mountain, the clouds—do they never speak to your heart? Have you never stood still to contemplate the setting sun, or the forest lighted up by the stars, as it is at this moment?'

'Me!' exclaimed the farmer. 'Do you suppose, then, that I make almanacs? What good should I get from your star-light nights and setting suns? The important thing is to earn enough to pay for one's three daily meals, and for something to keep the cold out of one's stomach. Would monsieur like a little drop of cherry brandy? It is good, and comes from the other side of the Rhine.'

He held out a small flask to Arnold, who rejected it disdainfully.

The coarseness of the peasant renewed his regrets for the polished society he had left behind. He could hardly believe that these unhappy beings, whose lives were devoted to labour, and whose minds never seemed to rise above what was most material in all that surrounded them, could be men endued with the same nature as himself. Their *animal* existence was the same, but what an abyss between their *spirits*! Were there any inclinations common to each—any point of resemblance which might attest their original fraternity? Arnold felt each moment more inclined to doubt it. The longer he reflected, the more he became convinced that this immaterial flower of all things, to which we have given the name of poetry, was the privileged possession of a few choice spirits, while the rest of mankind vegetated in the dull limbo of a prosaic existence. Such thoughts as these communicated a sort of contemptuous nonchalance to his demeanour towards his guide, with whom he no longer attempted any conversation. Moser showed neither surprise nor annoyance at his conduct, and began to whistle a familiar air, interrupting it now and then to utter a word of encouragement to his horses.

Ere long they reached the farm, where the tingling of the little bells had announced their approach. A young boy and a middle-aged woman appeared at the same moment upon the threshold.

'It is your father!' exclaimed the woman, turning hastily back into the house, whence there immediately issued forth the joyous voices of children, who came running to the door, and pressed eagerly round the peasant.

'Wait a minute there, *marmaille*!' he exclaimed with his rough voice, whilst at the same time he drew from the cart a covered basket. 'Let Fritz unharness the horses.'

But the children continued to besiege the farmer, all talking at the same time. He stooped down to kiss them all, one after another; then suddenly raising himself up, 'Where is Johnny?' he inquired with a hurried voice, which betrayed some feeling of anxiety.

'Here, papa—here I am,' answered a feeble little voice within the doorway. 'Mamma does not like me to come out in this rain.'

'Stay, then—stay a moment,' said Moser, while he threw the reins on the backs of the unharnessed horses: 'I am coming to you, my child. Go in all of you, children, not to let him be tempted to come out.'

The three children ran joyously back to the porch, where the little Johnny stood by his mother's side. He was a pale, sickly boy; so deformed, that it was impossible to guess his age. He rested upon crutches, and his whole frame was bent and emaciated. On his father's approach, he extended his diminutive arms towards him with an expression so full of joy and love, that his wrinkled face beamed with delight. Moser lifted him up with his sinewy hands, uttering at the same time an exclamation of happiness not unmingled with emotion: 'Come, then, my little Puss!' said he; 'kiss papa, then; with both arms hug him close now. How has he been since yesterday?'

The mother shook her head. 'Always that cough,' she said in an under tone.

'Oh, papa, it is nothing,' said the little boy. 'Louis had drawn me rather too fast in my wheel chair; but I am quite well again. I feel as strong as a man.'

The peasant laid him carefully down, raised the fallen crutches, which he placed under his arms, and looked at him with an air of satisfaction. 'Don't you think he grows, wife?' said he in the tone of a man who wants to be encouraged in his own opinion. 'Walk a little way, Johnny—walk, my boy! He walks quicker and more firmly. He will do well, wife; we must only have a little patience.'

The good woman said nothing, but her glance rested upon her infirm child with such an expression of utter

despair that it made Arnold shudder. Happily for poor Moser, he saw it not.

'Come here now, all you young brood,' he continued, opening at the same time the basket which he had taken from the cart. 'There is something for everybody. Fall into rank, and hold out all hands.'

The good father had just produced three small white rolls, ornamented with gilding. Three exclamations of joy were uttered, and six little hands simultaneously started forward to receive them; but in a moment all drew back as if by instinct: 'And Johnny?' inquired with one accord all the little voices.

'What matter about Johnny?' gaily replied Moser. 'Who knows but I have brought nothing for him this evening? He shall have his share another time.'

But the child smiled, and tried to stretch over and peep into the basket. The farmer stepped back, lifted the cover, and raising his hand with an air of mock solemnity, displayed before the eyes of all a gingerbread cake, decorated with white and pink sugar-plums. There was a general exclamation of delight. Johnny himself could not suppress a feeble cry of admiration; a slight tinge of colour passed across his pale cheeks, and he stretched out his hand with an expression of joyous avidity.

'Ah, that takes your fancy, my little Puss,' exclaimed the father, whose countenance brightened at the sight of his child's pleasure. 'Take it, my old man; take it, it is only sugar and honey.'

He placed the cake in the hands of the little cripple, watched him as he slowly moved away, and then turning towards Arnold, said with some emotion, 'He is my first-born, sir: disease has somewhat deformed him; but he is as sharp as a needle, and it will be our own fault if he does not turn out a gentleman.' While speaking, he crossed the outer room, and led the way into a sort of parlour, whose whitewashed walls were decorated with a few rude engravings. On entering, Arnold perceived Johnny seated on the ground, surrounded by his brothers, amongst whom he was sharing the cake given him by his father. But each was exclaiming against the size of his share, and wanting it to be smaller; it needed all the eloquence of the little hunchback to make them accept the shares he had allotted to them.

The young huntsman looked at the scene for some moments with the deepest interest, and when the children had again left the room, he expressed his admiration of it to the farmer's wife. 'Certainly,' she replied with a smile, while at the same time a sigh escaped her, 'there are times when I think that the infirmities of our poor John are of use to our other children: amongst each other, they are slow in yielding, but not one of them can ever refuse him anything—it is a continual exercise of kindness and devotion.'

'And a fine kind of virtue it is!' interrupted Moser. 'Who could refuse anything to an innocent who has so much to suffer? It is a foolish thing for a man to say, but do you know, sir, that child always makes me feel disposed to cry. Often when I am in the fields, I begin all of a sudden to think of him. I say to myself, "Perhaps Johnny is ill, perhaps he is dead!" and then, no matter what hurry there may be for the work to be got through, I must find some pretext or other for coming home and seeing how things go on. You see he is so feeble, so suffering! If he were not loved more than others, he would be too unhappy.'

'Yes, yes,' gently replied his wife, 'the poor child is to us at once a cross and a blessing. My children, sir, are all dear to me; but when I hear upon the floor the sound of Johnny's crutches, I always feel as if it were a thrill of joy pass through me: it is a notice to me that our gracious God has not yet withdrawn the beloved child from us. It often seems to me that Johnny brings happiness to the house, like the swallow's nest built beneath the roof. If I had not to watch over him, I should feel as if I had nothing left to do.'

Arnold listened to these native expressions of tenderness with mingled interest and surprise. The good

woman called a servant to assist her in laying the cloth; and the young man, at the invitation of Moser, drew near the brushwood fire which was burning on the hearth. As he leaned against the mantelpiece, his eye rested on a small black frame wherein was enclosed a dried leaf; Moser perceived its glance.

'Ah, you are looking at my relic, I perceive,' said he laughing. 'It is a leaf from the weeping willow which grows away yonder upon the tomb of the hero! It was given to me by a Strasburg merchant, who had also served in the old regiment. I would not give the thing for a hundred crowns.'

'You attach, then, some particular idea to it?' said the young man inquiringly.

'Idea? No,' replied the peasant; 'but I too have served a campaign in the 14th Hussars—a valiant regiment, sir—which was pretty well cut up at Mon-truivail. There were only eight men left in our squadron; and so, to be sure, when the *Little Corporal* passed in front of the line, he saluted us—yes, sir—he took off his hat and saluted us! *Tonnerre!* it was worth while being killed for him! Ah! he was the father of the soldier.'

Here the peasant began to fill his pipe, with his eyes fixed upon the frame of black wood and the dried leaf. There was evidently to him in this remembrance of a wonderful destiny a whole romance of youth and of emotion. He recalled the last struggles of the Empire, in which he had borne a part; the reviews held by the emperor when his presence was still considered a pledge of victory; the brief successes of the French campaign, which were so soon followed by the disaster of Waterloo; the departure of the fallen hero; and his long agony on the rock of St Helena. All these images passed successively before the farmer's mind, and his brow became knitted—he pressed his thumb more energetically upon his pipe, and whistled in a low tone one of the marches of his old regiment.

Arnold respected the old soldier's meditations, and waited till he should himself once more break the silence. The arrival of supper awoke him from his reverie—he drew a chair to the table for his guest, and took his own place opposite.

'Come,' said he abruptly, 'let us set to work with the soup. I have taken nothing since morning but a crust of bread and two or three mouthfuls of cherry brandy. I could almost swallow a cow whole this evening; and as if to prove his assertion, he began rapidly to despatch the large basin of soup which stood before him. For a few minutes, nothing was heard but the noise of spoons, soon followed by that of knives employed in cutting up the quarter of smoked bacon, which the goodwife placed before them.

The long walk and keen air had given even Arnold an appetite which made him forget all his Parisian delicacies; the bacon seemed the best-flavoured he had ever tasted; and the cheap *vin du pays*, which constituted the sole beverage at the farmer's table, appeared to him capital.

The supper went merrily on till the farmer inquired, as if struck by a sudden thought, 'Where is Farraut? I have not seen him since my return.'

His wife and children looked at each other, and made no reply.

'Well, then, what is the matter?' said Moser, who perceived their embarrassment. 'Where is the dog? What has happened? Do answer me, Dorothy!'

'Do not be vexed, dear papa,' interrupted Johnny; 'we did not dare to tell you; but Farraut is gone off, and has not come back again.'

'Gone off! but you should have told me,' said the peasant, striking the table with his fist. 'And what road did he take?'

'The road to Garennes.'

'When was it?'

'After breakfast. We saw him go up the little path.'

'Something must have happened to him,' said Moser, rising from his seat. 'The poor animal is almost blind,

and there are sand-pits all along the road. Go, get me my goatskin cloak and my lantern; I must find poor Farraut either dead or alive.'

Dorothy went out without making any observation on the lateness of the hour, or the badness of the weather, and soon returned with the cloak and lantern.

'You value this dog much?' inquired Arnold, surprised at their anxiety.

'Not for my own sake,' replied Moser, as he lighted his pipe; 'but he did a good service to Dorothy's father. One day as he was returning from La Boutraye with the price of his bullocks, four men set on him, and would have killed him to get his money, but Farraut drove them off; and so, when the good man died two years ago, he called me to his bedside, and asked me to care for the dog as for one of his children. Those were his very words. I promised it; and it would be a shame not to keep one's word with the dead. Ho, Fritz! give me my stick: I would not, for the world, that anything should have happened to Farraut. The creature has been in the family for twenty years. He knows every one of us by our voices, and he recalls the good grandfather to mind. Give the lantern here quickly, Dorothy. Good-night, sir, and rest well till to-morrow.'

Moser wrapped himself in his goatskin and went out. The sound of his iron-tipped staff made itself heard for a few moments, and was then lost amidst the noise of the storm and rain, which was raging without.

After a long silence, the hostess proposed to show the young man the room she had prepared for him; but Arnold begged to be allowed to await the return of his host. He began to feel interested in this man, whom he had at first thought rude and vulgar-minded, and in this humble family, whose life had seemed to him so devoid of interest.

The night passed on; but no sign of Moser. The children dropped asleep one after another, and John himself, who made the longest resistance, at length yielded to the weariness which stole over him.

Dorothy, uneasy and restless, went constantly to the door to see if she could hear the sound of footsteps. Arnold tried to reassure her; but this only excited her the more. She accused Moser of never considering his own health or safety; of being always ready to sacrifice himself for others; of never being satisfied to see either man or beast suffer without doing everything to relieve them; and in proportion as she multiplied her complaints, which sounded wonderfully like praises, her anxiety became greater, and she was filled with forebodings of ill. The night before, the dog had never ceased howling, an owl had perched on the roof, and besides, it was Wednesday, always an unfortunate day to them. At last she became so miserable that the young huntsman proposed to go in search of her husband; and she was about to awaken Fritz to accompany him as a guide, when the sound of footsteps was heard outside.

'It is he!—it is Moser!' exclaimed the good woman. 'Thank God! he is safe.'

'Hollo! open quick, wife,' cried the farmer from without.

She ran to draw back the bolt, and Moser appeared with the old blind dog in his arms.

'Here he is,' cried he gaily. 'God bless me! I thought I should never find him: the poor animal had rolled to the bottom of the great quarry.'

'And did you go down there to get him?' inquired the terrified Dorothy.

'Would you have had me leave him at the bottom, to find him drowned there to-morrow?' replied the old soldier. 'I slipped along the high bank, and carried him away in my arms like a child, only I was obliged to leave the lantern behind.'

'But, good heavens, you risked your life!' exclaimed Dorothy shuddering.

He shrugged his shoulders, and said good-humouredly, 'Ah, bah! when one risks nothing, one gets nothing. I have found Farraut, that is the chief thing. If the

good grandfather looks down upon us, he will be pleased now.'

This reflection, made almost in a tone of indifference, deeply touched Arnold, who warmly grasped the peasant's hand, saying with emotion, 'You have acted like a true-hearted man, my friend.'

'In what respect?' answered Moser. 'Is it because I have saved a dog from drowning? Thank God! I have saved many a dog, and many a man too, since I was born; but not often in worse weather than to-night. Say, my good Dorothy, can you give me a glass of cogniac to warm me?'

She brought the bottle to her husband, who drank to the health of his guest, and then they all retired to rest.

The next morning was again fine; the sun shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the birds sang sweetly on the boughs, still glittering with rain-drops. When Arnold descended from the loft where he had passed the night, he found Farraut at the door basking in the warm rays of the rising sun, while the little cripple was seated by his side, making a collar for him of the bright red berries of the wild rose. Farther on, in the outer room, the farmer sat chatting with a beggar, who came for his weekly alms. Dorothy was engaged in filling the old man's sack.

'Come, old Henri, you must have a drink before you go,' said the peasant, whilst he filled a glass for the aged beggar. 'To enable you to get through your rounds, you must have something to give you courage.'

'One always finds some here,' said the beggar with a smile. 'There are not many houses in the parish which give more liberally; and certainly there are none where what is given is given so cheerfully.'

'Hush, hush, Father Henriot,' interrupted Moser; 'why talk about such things? Take your glass, and leave it to the good God to judge the actions of other men. You know you and I have served together—we are comrades.'

The old man contented himself with shaking his head, and striking his glass with the farmer's, without further remark; but one could see that he felt more deeply the kindness with which the alms were bestowed than the gift of the alms themselves.

When he had again lifted his sack upon his shoulder, and said farewell, Moser looked after him till he had turned the corner, and then said with a sigh, 'One more homeless poor old man cast upon the world!' and added, turning to his guest, 'Perhaps you will hardly believe me, sir, but when I see a feeble aged man like that obliged to beg his bread from door to door, my heart sinks within me. I should like to be able to shelter them all under my roof, and welcome them to my table. One may argue about it as one likes, but nothing prevents such a sight from breaking the heart but the recollection that up there, above us, there is a land where those who have not received even a scanty portion here, will have double ration and double pay.'

'Ah, keep fast hold of that hope,' said Arnold; 'it alone can sustain and console us. I shall never forget the hours I have passed with you, my friend: I hope they may not be the last.'

'We shall rejoice to see you,' said the old soldier. 'If the bed in the loft is not too hard for you, and you can put up with our smoked bacon, come as often as you like, and we shall always have a hearty welcome for you.' As he thus spoke, the peasant cordially shook the hand which the young man offered him, pointed out the path he should follow, and stood on the threshold till he had turned the corner of the road and vanished from his sight.

Arnold walked on thoughtfully for some distance, with his eyes fixed upon the ground; but when he had reached the summit of the hill, he turned to cast one more look upon the farm; and as he stood watching the light smoke which curled from its chimney, a tear of grateful emotion dimmed his eye. 'O! May God protect that roof!' he earnestly exclaimed; 'for there,

where my pride saw only beings incapable of understanding the more refined sentiments of our nature, I have found those who are an example to myself. I judged hastily from the exterior, and thought all the poetry of life was wanting, because, instead of showing itself outwardly, it lay hidden within the deeper recesses of the heart. Superficial observer that I was! I spurned with my foot what seemed to me a hard unpolished flint, little thinking of the diamond hidden within.

INFLUENCE OF THE WEATHER ON THE MIND AND BODY.

General experience convinces most people that the body and the mind are both liable to be affected by the 'atmospheric influences.' Some, indeed, like Dr Johnson, may affect to treat this with ridicule, and the strong and robust may scarcely be sensible of any minute changes which the state of the weather may effect on their systems, but the more sensitive and susceptible again are fully alive to the facts; so much so, indeed, as to become in some measure living barometers. Who has not, in some part of his life at least, experienced the depressing effect of a dull rainy day on his spirits?—or who, on the contrary, has not felt the exhilaration of dry air and a bright glowing sunshine? At times, even in good health, a state of mind comes across us in which everything appears dark and gloomy; in which little ills are magnified into terrible evils; and in which casual annoyances seem as if they were to be perpetual, and never to be got over. All this may endure for a day, and we cannot account for it; but to-morrow's sun rises bright and cheerful; a wonderful change has come over our spirits; and hope and joy have suddenly taken the place of all our former sorrows. How much is man thus a creature of circumstances, and how apt is his mind thus to be unnecessarily agitated! It is right, however, that he should know this; and a few explanations of the effects of the weather on the animal system may not thus be without their use.

There are several circumstances which naturally affect the atmosphere as respects its influence on organised beings—such as its temperature, its moist or dry condition, its purity as respects admixture of other gases, and its electric condition. Hot air is always depressing and relaxing to the whole system; and as hot and highly rarefied air contains in the same bulk a smaller proportion of oxygen or vital air than cold and denser air, the lungs are thus defectively supplied with one of their chief stimulants of life. Cold air, on the contrary, is bracing and highly stimulating. Every one must have experienced the effects of these two extremes: the first in the languor, and lassitude, and oppressed breathing of a sultry summer day; the other in the exhilaration caused by a dry frosty day in winter, and the increased muscular activity and the ruddy glow of health which such weather causes. When the air is suddenly rarefied, or when a change of its constitution is about to take place, a corresponding impression is felt in the animal system; this is experienced before great storms, hurricanes, or heavy falls of rain or snow. Not only does man become sensible of this, but even the inferior animals, throughout all their grades of existence, manifest by some outward indications their feelings of the approaching change. The cattle leave their pastures often with a loud bellowing, birds wheel about in the air, and even the leech, and other small animals, become unusually agitated. Air of an elevated temperature, and when loaded with moisture, has always a depressing effect on the spirits; dry air, on the contrary, has a stimulating, and, under ordinary circumstances, an

exhilarating effect. A certain degree of moisture is absolutely necessary as a healthy condition of air; but extreme moisture or extreme dryness is prejudicial. The wind called the *sirocco*, which prevails at certain seasons of the year over those countries on the borders of the Mediterranean, exercises a very peculiar effect on the animal system. This wind comes from the arid deserts of Africa, and is extremely hot and dry. No sooner does it arrive on the shores of the Mediterranean, than it absorbs with avidity every particle of moisture up to its highest pitch of saturation; and while undergoing this change, its depressing and enervating effects are found to be most distressing. We experience something of the same kind in our east winds, which prevail along the eastern shores of Britain, especially in the spring months of the year. This east wind blows over the continent of Europe, as well as the northern parts of Asia, and is of low temperature, and deficient in moisture: as soon as it arrives on our island, it gradually absorbs both moisture and heat; and hence that peculiar dry, cold, shrivelling effect which it produces both on the bodies of animals and on all growing vegetables. This effect becomes more apparent when contrasted with a south or westerly wind. No sooner does the southerly wind gain the ascendancy—which wind blows over a long tract of ocean, and is consequently of elevated temperature, and supplied with a medium degree of moisture—than its mild and invigorating influence is felt both by the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

The *damp winds* of South America have been well described by Sir Woodbine Parish. To the north of Buenos Ayres is a very marshy district, while to the south-west lies the great chain of the Andes, separated only by the dry plains of the Pampas; and according as the wind blows from one or other of these quarters, the effects are very remarkable. By the time the north wind reaches the city, it has become so overcharged with moisture, that everything becomes instantly damp, books and boots become mildewed, keys rust even in the pocket, and good fires are necessary to keep the apartments dry. The effects produced in the human body by this humidity are a general lassitude and relaxation, opening the pores of the skin, and inducing great liability to colds, sore throats, rheumatic affections, and all the consequences of checked perspiration. As a safeguard against this state of things, the inhabitants wear woollen clothing, even though the weather be very hot; and although Europeans would prefer wearing cool cotton clothing in such a climate, they soon learn that the native inhabitants are right in the plan which they pursue. This damp wind of La Plata seems to affect the temper and disposition of the inhabitants. The irritability and ill-humour which it excites in some of them, amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men among the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are much more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. In short, everything is deranged, and everybody lays the fault to one source: 'Senor es el viento norte!'—'Tis the north wind, sir! Even murderers are said to lay to it the blame of their foul deeds. No sooner, however, does the south wind, blowing from the dry and snowy summits of the Andes, set in, than health, and comfort, and peace are restored.

Physicians attribute, and with reason, the prevalence of many diseases to these different states of the atmosphere. Thus moist airs give rise to bilious affections, and in some localities and seasons, to agues; dry sharp airs, again, are inimical to all disorders of the chest and lungs. An irritable state of the nervous system, and even temporary insanity, may also occur from extreme conditions of the surrounding atmosphere. The effect of deleterious substances in the air as influencing health, is well known; hence one cause of the unhealthiness

of smoke-enveloped cities, where the air becomes contaminated with an excess of carbon, and with sulphurous and other gases. Crowded and ill-ventilated apartments are also thus inimical to health, from containing an excess of carbonic acid and a corresponding deficiency of oxygen or vital air. We know too little as yet of the effects of electricity, either in excess or deficiency, on the animal system, yet sufficient facts are apparent to convince us that health depends greatly on the electric condition of the air. A coming thunder-storm has a marked effect on the sensations of man and the inferior animals; and rapid changes of the electric condition, which always take place on sudden changes of temperature, or of states of moisture and dryness, have no doubt a great deal to do with many diseases, especially those called epidemic—such as influenza, and some kinds of fevers. The excellent reports on mortality now introduced into England, as given by Dr Farr, and those given with such accuracy by Dr Stark of Edinburgh, sufficiently exhibit the effects of climate on disease. The rate of mortality ranges almost with the range of the thermometer: our mild and temperate months exhibiting the least disease, while those either of extreme heat, or extreme cold, or of excess of moisture, invariably swell the lists of mortality.

Certain temperaments are more liable to be affected by the weather than others, and invalids and all delicate persons are more 'tremblingly alive' to its changes than the robust and healthy. While one shivers with the northern breeze, and can tell from his sensations, the moment he gets out of bed, from what quarter the wind blows, another, less alive to minute feelings, laughs at all such, and like the renowned Tam o' Shanter, 'never minds the storm a whistle.' But let none exult too much in their impenetrability, or despise the warnings or salutary precautions which are required as protection against the elements; nor, on the other hand, let the afflicted despair, or yield their thoughts too much to such depressions coming from without.

It will perhaps be of some use to the sensitive to be aware of the real nature and cause of their afflictions. They have only to call to mind that such are in many cases of a purely physical nature; that they are the lot of all flesh—the inferior animals, and even insensate plants, not being excepted; that the effects of the weather are to be met by salutary precautions, and by a resolute and resigned mind; that, like many other evils, they soon pass away; and that in such cases especially, 'though sorrow may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.'

The permanent influence of particular climates on the national temperature and disposition is also a curious subject of inquiry. There seem to be grounds for supposing that climate has some effect in this way; hence the superior excitability of the inhabitants of warm climates as compared to those of cold:

'The cold in clime are cold in blood:
Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth
Her human clay is kindled.'

Even within the compass of Europe, marked differences of national character are to be observed, corresponding in a certain degree to difference of climate, though no doubt differences of race and natural temperament are also to be taken into account. Thus the inhabitants of the south are more irritable and more sensitive than the cold and phlegmatic natives of the north; the liveliness of the Frenchman differs from the sedateness of the German; and the proverbial dulness of the Dutch differs as much from the energy and vivacity of the Italian.

The effects of change of climate in the cure and prevention of disease are well known to medical men; and such changes, when judiciously made, are often productive of the best effects. Thus a mild, soft, and rather moist air, is found favourable to all complaints of the chest, while a dry bracing air acts like magic on the

nervous and debilitated. Hence, too, the beneficial effects of travel, when change of air is conjoined with regular exercise of the body, and the amusement and occupation of the mind.

THE TRAPPERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

A work called 'Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains,' forms two parts—but very unequal parts—of the Home and Colonial Library.* One describes a journey through Mexico, by a route that has hitherto been little if at all traversed by Europeans; yet, owing to the sameness in the character of the people, and position of the country, it is but little different from the narratives of former travellers. Our author, however, shows that the obvious arrest of social progress in Mexico is in a great degree owing to physical causes; the fertile table-lands of the central region being cut off from easy traffic with the coast, and the entire population of 8,000,000 scattered over an area of 1,312,850 square miles, being distributed in isolated departments, distinct in interests, and insecure in intercommunication. The people, he tells us, rank decidedly low in the scale of humanity. They are treacherous, cunning, indolent, and cowardly by nature, yet have that British indifference to death which is altogether distinct even from mere animal courage. He never observed a single commendable trait in the character of the Mexican—that is, of the male animal; for the women, singular as it may seem under the circumstances, are, for kindness of heart, and many sterling qualities, an ornament to their sex and to any nation.

The second, and by far the more valuable part, contains the passage of the Rocky Mountains, and the route thence to New York. There is much in this portion of the work which will be new to British readers, and probably useful in correcting the pleasant delusions of such writers as Cooper. Take the following scenic view to begin with:—'The view from this point was wild and dismal in the extreme. Looking back, the whole country was covered with a thick carpet of snow, but eastward it was seen in patches only here and there. Before me lay the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak lifting its snowy head far above the rest; and to the south-east the Spanish Peaks (Cumbres Espanolas) towered like twin giants over the plains. Beneath the mountain on which I stood was a narrow valley, through which ran a streamlet bordered with dwarf oak and pine, and looking like a thread of silver as it wound through the plain. Rugged peaks and ridges, snow-clad, and covered with pine, and deep gorges filled with broken rocks, everywhere met the eye. To the eastward the mountains gradually smoothed away into detached spurs and broken ground, until they met the vast prairies, which stretched far as the eye could reach, and hundreds of miles beyond—a sea of seeming barrenness, vast and dismal. A hurricane of wind was blowing at the time, and clouds of dust swept along the sandy prairies, like the smoke of a million bonfires. On the mountain top it roared and raved through the pines, filling the air with snow and broken branches, and piling it in huge drifts against the trees. The perfect solitude of this vast wilderness was almost appalling. From my position on the summit of the dividing ridge I had a bird's-eye view, as it were, over the rugged and chaotic masses of the stupendous chain of the Rocky Mountains, and the vast deserts which stretched away from their eastern bases; while, on all sides of me, broken ridges, and chasms, and ravines, with masses of piled-up rocks and uprooted trees, with clouds of drifting snow flying through the air, and the hurricane's roar battling through the forest at my feet, added to the wildness of the scene, which was unrelieved by the slightest vestige of animal or human life. Not a sound either of bird or beast was heard; indeed the hoarse

* By George F. Ruxton, Esq. Murray.

and stunning rattle of the wind would have drowned them, so loud it roared and raved through the trees.'

Even the lowlands in such a region are not without their terrors. 'The black threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend until they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind; and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. Knowing but too well what was coming, I turned my animals towards the timber, which was about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter; but before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hail-stones, beating on my unprotected head and face, almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting-shirt was soaked, and as instantly frozen hard; and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle-blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated with ice, turned their sterns to the storm, and, blown before it, made for the open prairie. All my exertions to drive them to the shelter of the timber were useless. It was impossible to face the hurricane, which now brought with it clouds of driving snow; and perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I determined not to leave them, following, or rather being blown, after them. My blanket, frozen stiff like a board, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent it being blown away; and although it was no protection against the intense cold, I knew it would in some degree shelter me at night from the snow. In half an hour, the ground was covered on the bare prairie to the depth of two feet, and through this I floundered for a long time before the animals stopped.

'The way the wind roared over the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe. I have passed many nights alone in the wilderness, and in a solitary camp have listened to the roarings of the wind and the howling of wolves, and felt the rain or snow beating upon me, with perfect unconcern; but this night threw all my former experiences into the shade, and is marked with the blackest of storms in the memoranda of my journeyings.'

But we must now come to the most interesting portion of the work—a description of the trappers of the Rocky Mountains, who, according to our author, appear to approximate more to the primitive savage than perhaps any other class of civilised man. Their lives are spent in the remote wilds of the mountains, and their habits and character exhibit a mixture of simplicity and ferocity, impressed upon them, one would think, by the strange phenomena of nature in the midst of which they live. Food and clothing are their only wants, and the pursuit of these is the great source of their perils and hardships. With their rifle habitually in their hand, they are constantly on the watch against danger, or engaged in the supply of provisions.

* keen observers of nature, they rival the beasts of prey in discovering the haunts and habits of game, and

in their skill and cunning in capturing it. Constantly exposed to perils of all kinds, they become callous to any feeling of danger, and destroy human as well as animal life with as little scruple, and as freely, as they expose their own. Of laws human or Divine, they neither know nor care to know. Their wish is their law, and to attain it, they do not scruple as to ways and means. Firm friends and bitter enemies, with them it is "a word and a blow," and the blow often first. They may have good qualities, but they are those of the animal; and people fond of giving hard names call them revengeful, bloodthirsty, drunkards (when the wherewithal is to be had), gamblers, regardless of the laws of *mum and tum*—in fact, "white Indians." However, there are exceptions, and I have met honest mountain-men. Their animal qualities, however, are undeniable. Strong, active, hardy as bears, daring, expert in the use of their weapons, they are just what uncivilised white man might be supposed to be in a brute state, depending upon his instinct for the support of life. Not a hole or corner in the vast wilderness of the "far west" but has been ransacked by these hardy men. From the Mississippi to the mouth of the Colorado of the west, from the frozen regions of the north to the Gila in Mexico, the beaver-hunter has set his traps in every creek and stream. All this vast country, but for the daring enterprise of these men, would be even now a *terra incognita* to geographers, as indeed a great portion still is; but there is not an acre that has not been passed and repassed by the trappers in their perilous excursions. The mountains and streams still retain the names assigned to them by the rude hunters; and these alone are the hardy pioneers who have paved the way for the settlement of the western country.'

Trappers are of two kinds—the hired and the free: the former being merely hired for the hunt by the fur companies, while the latter is supplied with animals and traps by the company, and receives a certain price for his furs and peltries.

There is likewise a third trapper 'on his own hook,' more independent than either. He has animals and traps of his own, chooses his own hunting-grounds, and selects his own market. From this class, which is small in number, the novelists may be supposed to select their romantic trappers, who amuse their leisure with sentiment and philosophy.

The equipment of the trapper is as follows:—'On starting for a hunt, he fits himself out with the necessary equipment, either from the Indian trading-forts, or from some of the petty traders—*coureurs des bois*—who frequent the western country. This equipment consists usually of two or three horses or mules—one for saddle, the others for packs—and six traps, which are carried in a bag of leather called a *trap-sack*. Ammunition, a few pounds of tobacco, dressed deer-skins for moccasins, &c. are carried in a wallet of dressed buffalo-skin, called a "possible-sack." His "possibles" and "trap-sack" are generally carried on the saddle-mule when hunting, the others being packed with the furs. The costume of the trapper is a hunting-shirt of dressed buckskin, ornamented with long fringes; pantaloons of the same material, and decorated with porcupine-quills and long fringes down the outside of the leg. A flexible felt-hat and moccasins clothe his extremities. Over his right shoulder and under his left arm hang his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, in which he carries his balls, flint and steel, and odds and ends of all kinds. Round the waist is a belt, in which is stuck a large butcher's-knife in a sheath of buffalo-hide, made fast to the belt by a chain or guard of steel; which also supports a little buckskin case containing a whetstone. A tomahawk is also often added, and of course a long heavy rifle is part and parcel of his equipment. I had nearly forgotten the pipe-holder, which hangs round his neck, and is generally a *gage d'amour*, and a triumph of squaw workmanship, in shape of a heart, garnished with beads and porcupine-quills.'

Thus furnished with everything that is necessary,

and having chosen the locality of his trapping-ground, he sets out on his expedition to the mountains, sometimes alone, sometimes with several more in company, as soon as the breaking up of the ice permits. Arrived on his hunting-grounds, he follows the creeks and streams, keeping a sharp look-out for "sign." If he sees a prostrate cotton-wood tree, he examines it, to discover if it be the work of beaver—whether "thrown" for the purpose of food, or to dam the stream. The track of the beaver on the mud or sand under the bank is also examined; and if the "sign" be fresh, he sets his trap in the run of the animal, hiding it under water, and attaching it by a stout chain to a picket driven in the bank, or to a bush or tree. A "float-stick" is made fast to the trap by a cord a few feet long, which, if the animal carry away the trap, floats on the water, and points out its position. The trap is baited with the "medicine," an oily substance obtained from the beaver. A stick is dipped into this, and planted over the trap; and the beaver, attracted by the smell, and wishing a close inspection, very foolishly puts his leg into the trap, and is a "gone beaver."

When a lodge is discovered, the trap is set at the edge of the dam, at the point where the animal passes from deep to shoal water, and always under water. Early in the morning, the hunter mounts his mule and examines the traps. The captured animals are skinned, and the tails, which are a great dainty, carefully packed into camp. The skin is then stretched over a hoop or framework of osier-twigs, and is allowed to dry, the flesh and fatty substance being carefully scraped (grained). When dry, it is folded into a square sheet, the fur turned inwards, and the bundle, containing about ten to twenty skins, tightly pressed and corded, and is ready for transportation.

During the hunt, regardless of Indian vicinity, the fearless trapper wanders far and near in search of "sign." His nerves must ever be in a state of tension, and his mind ever present at his call. His eagle eye sweeps round the country, and in an instant detects any foreign appearance. A turned leaf, a blade of grass pressed down, the uneasiness of the wild animals, the flight of birds, are all paragraphs to him written in nature's legible hand and plainest language. All the wits of the subtle savage are called into play to gain an advantage over the wily woodsman; but with the natural instinct of primitive man, the white hunter has the advantages of a civilised mind; and thus provided, seldom fails to outwit, under equal advantages, the cunning savage.

Yet sometimes the precautions of the white hunter are vain. The Indian, observing where he has set his traps, creeps towards them in such a way as to leave no trail, and couches patiently in the bushes till his victim comes. Then flies the arrow; and at so short a distance it rarely flies in vain. The whizz is hardly in the ear of the victim when the point is in his heart, and the exulting savage has a white scalp to carry home for the adornment of his lodge. But the balance of spoil of this kind, it must be said, is greatly in favour of the trappers, whose camp-fires, at the end of the hunt, exhibit twelve black scalps for every one their comrades have lost.

At a certain time, when the hunt is over, or they have loaded their pack-animals, the trappers proceed to the "rendezvous," the locality of which has been previously agreed upon; and here the traders and agents of the fur companies await them, with such assortment of goods as their hardy customers may require, including generally a fair supply of alcohol. The trappers drop in singly and in small bands, bringing their packs of beaver to this mountain market, not unfrequently to the value of a thousand dollars each, the produce of one hunt. The dissipation of the rendezvous, however, soon turns the trapper's pocket inside out. The goods brought by the traders, although of the most inferior quality, are sold at enormous prices:—Coffee,

twenty and thirty shillings a pint-cup, which is the usual measure; tobacco fetches ten and fifteen shillings a plug; alcohol, from twenty to fifty shillings a pint; gunpowder, sixteen shillings a pint-cup; and all other articles at proportionably exorbitant prices.

The "beaver" is purchased at from two to eight dollars per pound; the Hudson's Bay Company alone buying it by the pule, or "plew"—that is, the whole skin; giving a certain price for skins, whether of old beaver or "kittens."

The rendezvous is one continued scene of drunkenness, gambling, and brawling and fighting, as long as the money and credit of the trappers last. Seated, Indian fashion, round the fires, with a blanket spread before them, groups are seen with their "decks" of cards, playing at "euker," "poker," and "seven-up," the regular mountain-games. The stakes are "beaver," which here is current coin; and when the fur is gone, their horses, mules, rifles, and shirts, hunting-packs, and breeches, are staked. Daring gamblers make the rounds of the camp, challenging each other to play for the trapper's highest stake—his horse, his squaw (if he have one), and, as once happened, his scalp! There go "hos and beaver!" is the mountain expression when any great loss is sustained; and sooner or later, "hos and beaver" invariably find their way into the insatiable pockets of the traders. A trapper often squanders the produce of his hunt, amounting to hundreds of dollars; in a couple of hours; and, stippled on credit with another equipment, leaves the rendezvous for another expedition, which has the same result time after time; although one tolerably successful hunt would enable him to return to the settlements and civilised life, with an ample sum to purchase and stock a farm, and enjoy himself in ease and comfort the remainder of his days.

An old trapper, a French Canadian, assured me that he had received fifteen thousand dollars for beaver during a sojourn of twenty years in the mountains. Every year he resolved in his mind to return to Canada, and, with this object, always converted his fur into cash; but a fortnight at the "rendezvous" always cleaned him out, and, at the end of twenty years, he had not even credit sufficient to buy a pound of powder.

These annual gatherings are often the scene of bloody duels, for over their cups and cards no men are more quarrelsome than your mountaineers. Rifles, at twenty paces, settle all differences; and, as may be imagined, the fall of one or other of the combatants is certain, or, as sometimes happens, both fall to the word "fire."

We have already given some specimens of our author's skill in painting from nature; but the following scene, though often sketched, has rarely been treated with a freer and firmer touch. It is a scene far from unfamiliar to the trapper:—A little before sunset I descended the mountain to the springs; and being very tired, after taking a refreshing draught of the cold water, I lay down on the rock by the side of the water and fell fast asleep. When I awoke the sun had already set; but although darkness was fast gathering over the mountain, I was surprised to see a bright light flickering against its sides. A glance assured me that the mountain was on fire, and starting up, I saw at once the danger of my position. The bottom had been fired about a mile below the springs, and but a short distance from where I had secured my animals. A dense cloud of smoke was hanging over the gorge, and presently a light air springing up from the east, a mass of flame shot up into the sky and rolled fiercely up the stream, the belt of dry brush on its banks catching fire and burning like tinder. The mountain was already invaded by the devouring element, and two wings of flame spread out from the main stream, which, roaring along the bottom with the speed of a race-horse, licked the mountain side, extending its long line as it advanced. The dry pines and cedars hissed and cracked as the flame, reaching them, ran up

their trunks, and spread amongst the limbs, whilst the long waving grass underneath was a sea of fire. From the rapidity with which the fire advanced, I feared that it would already have reached my animals, and hurried at once to the spot as fast as I could run. The prairie itself was as yet untouched, but the surrounding ridges were clothed in fire, and the mules, with stretched ropes, were trembling with fear. Throwing the saddle on my horse, and the pack on the steadiest mule, I quickly mounted, leaving on the ground a pile of meat, which I had not time to carry with me. The fire had already gained the prairie, and its long dry grass was soon a sheet of flame; but, worse than all, the gap through which I had to retreat was burning. Setting spurs into Panchito's sides, I dashed him at the burning brush, and though his mane and tail were singed in the attempt, he gallantly charged through it. Looking back, I saw the mules huddled together on the other side, and evidently fearing to pass the blazing barrier. As, however, to stop would have been fatal, I dashed on, but before I had proceeded twenty yards, my old hunting male, singed and smoking, was at my side, and the others close behind her.

On all sides I was surrounded by fire. The whole scenery was illuminated, the peaks and distant ridges being as plainly visible as at noonday. The bottom was a roaring mass of flame, but on the other side, the prairie being more bare of cedar-bushes, the fire was less fierce, and presented the only way of escape. To reach it, however, the creek had to be crossed, and the bushes on the banks were burning fiercely, which rendered it no easy matter; moreover, the edges were coated above the water with thick ice, which rendered it still more difficult. I succeeded in pushing Panchito into the stream, but in attempting to climb the opposite bank, a blaze of fire was puffed into his face, which caused him to rear on end, and his hind feet flying away from him at the same moment on the ice, he fell backwards into the middle of the stream, and rolled over me in the deepest water. Panchito rose on his legs, and stood trembling with affright in the middle of the stream, whilst I dived and groped for my rifle, which had slipped from my hands, and of course sunk to the bottom. After a search of some minutes I found it, and again mounting, made another attempt to cross a little farther down, in which I succeeded, and followed by the mules, dashed through the fire, and got safely through the line of blazing brush.

Upwards of 100,000 buffalo robes find their way into the United States and Canada every year; and besides those killed by the Indians, innumerable carcasses left to rot untouched on the trail, attest the wanton brutality of the crowds of emigrants to California, Columbia, and elsewhere. Still the numbers of these animals are countless; and it will probably be many years before the reckless whites accomplish the feat of stripping the boundless prairies of their ornament and pride, and depriving the traveller of a meal. We have now only room for the following masterly description of the death of a buffalo, which will serve as an appropriate tailpiece to a more faithful portrait of the trapper of the Rocky Mountains than has probably ever before been drawn.

No animal requires so much killing as a buffalo. Unless shot through the lungs or spine, it invariably escapes; and, even when thus mortally wounded, or even strack through the very heart, it will frequently run a considerable distance before falling to the ground, particularly if it sees the hunter after the wound is given. If, however, he keeps himself concealed after firing, the animal will remain still, if it does not immediately fall. It is a most painful sight to witness the dying struggles of the huge beast. The buffalo invariably evinces the greatest repugnance to lie down when mortally wounded, apparently conscious that, when once touching mother earth, there is no hope left him. A bull, shot through the heart or lungs, with blood streaming from his mouth, and protruding tongue, his eyes rolling, bloodshot, and glazed with death, braces

himself on his legs, swaying from side to side, stamps impatiently at his growing weakness, or lifts his rugged and matted head and helplessly bellows out his conscious impotence. To the last, however, he endeavours to stand upright, and plants his limbs farther apart, but to no purpose. As the body rolls like a ship at sea, his head slowly turns from side to side, looking about, as it were, for the unseen and treacherous enemy who has brought him, the lord of the plains, to such a pass. Gouts of purple blood spurt from his mouth and nostrils, and gradually the failing limbs refuse longer to support the ponderous carcass; more heavily rolls the body from side to side, until suddenly, for a brief instant, it becomes rigid and still; a convulsive tremor seizes it, and with a low, sobbing gasp, the huge animal falls over on his side, the limbs extended stark and stiff, and the mountain of flesh without life or motion.

GLEANINGS IN BIBLIOGRAPHY.

RESEARCHES into the origin of the names applied to the various forms of written or printed documents have often engaged the attention of the curious—they have afforded matter for ingenious speculation to the antiquary, and given to the zealous bibliophile frequent opportunities

— 'painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth.'

The Hebrew word *sepher* throughout the Scriptures is generally translated *book*; it might, however, with equal truth, be rendered writing, deed, tract, or pamphlet. In the Septuagint the translation is *biblos*, and in the Vulgate *libellus*. Dr Clarke quotes from an old version of the Bible, supposed to be earlier than Wickliffe's—'Who ever schal levee his wiif, geve he to her a lybel; that is, a lytil book of forsakyng.' The *libelli*—little books—are said to have first appeared about the commencement of the Christian era; and the term *libellus* was applied to many religious and legal documents—*libellus poenitentialis*—*libellus famosus*.

When tracts first came into existence, they were mostly confined to religious subjects: their name is derived from the Latin *tractatus*, something drawn out, as a summary or treatise. 'If,' as Hazlitt says, 'books, like wings, carry us o'er the world,' it must be confessed that the lightest books are often the heaviest wings: it would be difficult, indeed, to fly with the tracts that the schoolmen threw off as matters of recreation. 'Some books,' it has been remarked, 'like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.'

Antiquaries are in doubt as to the origin of the word *pamphlet*: various Greek derivations have been proposed, suggested probably by the syllable *pan*; in ancient times, however, paper was sometimes spelt *pampier*. The earliest known mention of the word occurs in 'Philobiblon,' a work of the fourteenth century, in which the learned and reverend author says he revalues books rather than pounds sterling—'*libros non libras*'—and '*pamfletos*' rather than '*palfridis*.' In the reign of Henry VI. the term was *pamflete*; and *pamflet* at the end of the fifteenth century. According to Dr Johnson, the derivation is from the French—*par un filet*, held by a thread; but another authority, Dr Pegge, suggests *palme feuillet*, leaf to be held in the hand. In the period of the civil wars, England was overrun with pamphlets; so fast did they multiply in the heat of party spirit, that the parliament passed a denunciation against 'pamphlet, treatise, ballad, libel, or sheet or sheets of news.' The rulers, perhaps, looking round on the popular literature of the day, anticipated the thought of a modern writer—

'Huge realms of folly, shreds of wit,
Compose the mingled mass of it.'

and so, as prudent statesmen, applied a check to overproduction. Tracts and pamphlets, nevertheless, have done, and are still doing, good service, by carrying

knowledge into quarters where larger works seldom or never penetrate; and we may say with an author of the past century, 'there's scarcely any degree of people but may think themselves interested enough to be concerned with what is published in pamphlets.'

Francis I., although called the patron of letters, issued an edict for the closing of all shops for the sale of books, under penalty of death. This severity was afterwards mitigated, yet booksellers were forbidden to sell any books but those in their catalogues, one of which was exclusively of works approved by the church. On no account whatever were they allowed to introduce books from countries out of the Roman pale. Penalty of death was also decreed against those who should sell or distribute books, or publish engravings and woodcuts, however small, without special permission from the royal authority.

According to some writers, Louis XI. of France sent Nicolas Jenson, director of the mint at Tours, about the year 1462, 'to inform himself secretly of the cutting of punches and characters, by means of which the rarest manuscripts might be multiplied by printing; and to bring away the invention subtly.' Jenson, however, from some cause, did not return to France: he established himself at Venice in 1469, where he printed the 'Epîtres de Cicéron,' and one hundred and fifty other works, during the next ten years. He applied his talent as a graver of coins with equal success and skill to the art of typography; and to him are we indebted for the introduction of the Roman character in printing. In 1563, an ordonnance was issued by Charles IX., by which printers were enjoined not to print any books whatever, 'under penalty of hanging or strangling.' Such means for the suppression of knowledge, whatever their success at the time, remind us of the attempt to stay the stream of the Danube by damming up its source. Monarchs would have done better to leave printing to work its own cure; for, according to Sismondi, 'there is as great a mortality among books as among men.' Sir Thomas Overbury tells us—

'Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel'd that of old.
Our life, fame pieceh longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.'

The name of the Elzevirs, the famous printers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, first occurs in an edition of 'Eutropius,' printed at Leyden in 1592: it is seldom or never met with in works printed after 1680. Their Bible has sold for 110 florins, Seneca for L.17, Virgil L.15, Horace L.8. Their masterpiece is an 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' a small duodecimo of 257 pages, published in 1679; it has sold for L.6.

The Sultan Bajazet II. issued a decree in 1483 forbidding the use of printed books by the Turks, under penalty of death. This decree was afterwards confirmed by his son Selim I. in 1515, and implicitly obeyed by the Mohammedans, with equal ignorance and fanaticism, until the eighteenth century, when, in the reign of Achmet III., Seid-Effendi, who had accompanied his father, the ambassador, to the court of Louis XV. in 1720, was so much struck with the advantages of printing, that he determined his own country should participate in them. For the attainment of this object he employed the services of a Hungarian renegade, who was subsequently surnamed Basmadjy—the Printer. A memorial was drawn up, by means of which the grand vizier, Ibrahim Pacha, an enlightened protector of literature, obtained a favourable edict from the sultan. But fearful of wounding the religious scruples of his subjects, and of alarming the numerous class of copyists, Achmet forbade the printing of the Koran, the oral laws of the Prophet, the commentaries on these works, and books on jurisprudence—leaving to the industry of the printers philosophical, medical, astronomical, geographical, historical, and other scientific works. The

renegade was placed at the head of the new establishment, but the national character was against him; and notwithstanding his activity, at the time of his death, which happened in 1746, he had not been able to print more than sixteen works. The first was a Turkish and Arabic dictionary, 2 vols. folio, of which the impression was completed in 1729; the price was fixed at thirty-five piastres, by order of the sultan. In the following year a Turkish grammar appeared, a copy of which, with each leaf of a different colour, is still in existence.

Two years of constant labour were required for a copyist to transcribe the Bible carefully upon vellum. 'What time and trouble,' says Voltaire, 'must have been taken to copy correctly in Greek and Latin the works of Origen, of Clement of Alexandria, and of all the other writers called Fathers!' St Jerome says in one of his satirical letters against Rufinus, that he had ruined himself with buying Origen's works after having written with so much heat and bitterness against that author. 'Yes,' answered Rufinus, 'I have read Origen: if it be a crime, I acknowledge my guilt, and that I exhausted the whole of my wealth in purchasing his works at Alexandria.' The writer just quoted observes, that 'it is with books as with men, the small number play a great part, the rest are confounded in the crowd. Reflect,' he adds, 'that the whole known universe is governed by books except savage nations. Who are the leaders of mankind in well-governed countries? Those who know how to read and write. You do not understand Hippocrates, or Boerhaave, or Sydenham; but you put yourself into the hands of those who have read them.'

We have often looked into the substratum of history for incidental facts that might lead us to judge of the state of popular feeling in a city or town when the printing-press was first set to work. Did the inhabitants go about their ordinary avocations with the plodding unconcern induced by long habit? or did they meet by twos and threes to talk in half-doubting tones of the new mystery, savouring strongly of the supernatural, that was to make books faster than twenty copyists could write them? Were no curious and wondering crowds collected in front of the quaintly-gabled house, heretofore not more remarked than the surrounding edifices, in which the printer was shut up with his—so said the copyists—unholy mechanism? Was there no standing on tiptoe to peep in at the windows? Did no adventurous urchin climb by the projecting carvings to steal a glance through some weather-broken chink? Were there not women among the onlookers, who, as portentous whispers went round, half-wished the babe in their arms might be clerically inclined, and read the unwritten volumes so soon to see the light? Did not those about to set out on a journey put off their departure for a day, that they might first see a specimen of the wondrous craft, and carry the news with them? Did not wayfarers, arriving with dusty hose, unsling their knapsacks, and seating themselves on the opposite side of the narrow street, wait to see the upshot of an event that filled the town with wonder? Surely the magistrates and the brethren of the guilds, in furred and robed gowns, were sitting in their carved and panelled council-hall for the first sheet to be brought to them, there in grave debate to determine the question of doubtful agency? We can hardly believe that the enemies of progress succeeded in repressing all manifestation of curiosity; society had just then reached another of its culminating points. Luther, with unceremonious hand, was opening ways for the admission of light where, for ages, all had been darkness; the human mind had found a new want, and 'books, the mind incarnate, the immortality of the life that is,' were destined to supply it.

In the absence of precise information on these points, we may turn to a more recent portion of history, which future antiquaries will look back to with as much gratification as those of the present day feel in deciphering the hieroglyphics upon the bricks of Nineveh.

Printing was first introduced into the South Sea Islands in June 1817, when the first native printed books were published atimeo, in the district of Afareaitu. The king, Pomare, had taken the greatest interest in the proceedings of the missionaries, and requested that he might be sent for whenever they were ready to go to work. The composing-stick was placed in his hand, and, with some assistance, the monarch composed the first page of the spelling-book, an alphabet in capitals, and small letters. 'He visited us almost daily,' writes Mr Ellis, 'until the 30th, when, having received intimation that the first sheet was ready for the press, he came, attended by only two of his favourite chiefs. They were, however, followed by a numerous train of his attendants, &c. who had by some means heard that the work was about to commence. Crowds of the natives were already collected around the door, but they made way for him; and after he and his two companions had been admitted, the door was closed, and the small window next the sea darkened, as he did not wish to be overlooked by the people outside. The king examined, with great minuteness and pleasure, the form as it lay on the press, and prepared to try to take off the first sheet ever printed in his dominions. Having been told how it was to be done, he jocosely charged his companions not to look very particularly at him, and not to laugh if he should not do it right. I put the printer's ink-ball into his hand, and directed him to strike it two or three times upon the face of the letters; this he did, and then placing a sheet of clean paper upon the parchment, it was covered down, turned under the press, and the king was directed to pull the handle. He did so, and when the paper was removed from beneath the press, and the covering lifted up, the chiefs and assistants rushed towards it to see what effect the king's pressure had produced. When they beheld the letters black, and large, and well-defined, there was one simultaneous expression of wonder and delight.

The king took up the sheet, and having looked first at the paper, and then at the types, with attentive admiration, handed it to one of his chiefs, and expressed a wish to take another. He printed two more; and while he was so engaged, the first sheet was shown to the crowd without, who, when they saw it, raised a general shout of astonishment and joy. When the king had printed three or four sheets, he examined the press in all its parts with great care, and remained attentively watching and admiring the facility with which, by its mechanism, so many pages were printed at one time, until it was near sunset, when he left us, taking with him the sheets he had printed to his encampment on the opposite side of the bay.'

An edition of 2600 copies of this spelling-book, and another of 2300 of a catechism and collection of texts, were rapidly printed and circulated among the natives, several of whom had been instructed so far as to be able to perform the more laborious part of the presswork. By the middle of 1818, 3000 copies of the Gospel of St Luke were printed, entitled, 'Te Evanelia na Luke, iuhia ei parau Tahiti'; literally, 'The Gospel of Luke, taken out to be the language of Tahiti; with the imprint, Nenehbia i te nenei raa parau a te mau Missionari, 1818. 'Pressed at the (paper or book) presser of the Missionaries.'

The sensation created in the vicinity of the printing establishment spread over the whole island; chiefs and people crowded the office daily. 'The press soon became a matter of universal conversation; and the facility with which books could be multiplied filled the minds of the people in general with wonderful delight. Multitudes arrived from every district of Eimeo, and even from other islands, to procure books, and to see this astonishing machine. The excitement manifested frequently resembled that with which the people of England would hasten to witness, for the first time, the ascent of a balloon, or the movement of a steam-carriage. So great was the influx of strangers, that for several

weeks before the first portion of the Scriptures was finished, the district of Afareaitu resembled a public fair.'

Canoes came from distant islands, bringing cocoa-nut oil in exchange for books: on one occasion, a party who arrived late in the evening slept on the ground all night, rather than miss the chance of the first supply in the morning. But the books, to be really useful, required binding; and leather being scarce on the island, the supply was economised to the utmost. A copy half-bound in red morocco was sent to the king; the boards were formed of native cloth, made of the bark of a tree beaten together: these were, in numerous instances, covered with pieces of old newspapers, dyed purple with the juice of a species of mountain plantain. The natives learned to bind, some in thin wood; and all the animals were hunted to procure skins; dogs and cats, every creature that had hitherto lived unmolested, was killed, and the novel sight of skins hung out to dry at the door of the huts was seen throughout the island. Such was the desire to possess books, that, the narrator pursues, 'I have frequently seen thirty or forty canoes, from distant parts of Eimeo, or from some other island, lying along the beach; in each of which five or six persons had arrived, whose only errand was to procure copies of the Scriptures. For these many waited five or six weeks, while they were printing. Sometimes I have seen a canoe arrive with six or ten persons for books; who, when they have landed, have brought a large bundle of letters, perhaps thirty or forty, written on plantain leaves, and rolled up like a scroll. These letters have been written by individuals who were unable to come and apply personally for a book, and had therefore thus sent in order to procure a copy.'

Details thus minute of the first printing and diffusion of books in the cities and towns of Germany, and other places on the continent, would now be regarded with high interest. None, unfortunately, have come down to us, and we can only speculate as regards the popular feeling on the first promulgation of an art whose design was, in the language of Davy, 'for perpetuating thought in imperishable words, rendering immortal the exertions of genius, and presenting them as common property to all awakening minds—becoming, as it were, the true image of divine intelligence, receiving and bestowing the breath of life in the influence of civilisation.'

THE PLEASURES OF POVERTY.

No! reader, no! I am not a satirical fellow, about to launch poisonous words of unfeeling levity at those who are victims to the tyranny of that cruel dame; neither am I a Stoic, and desirous of proving that the absence of pleasure is as good as its presence. In no way do I wish to 'make the worse appear the better reason'; but I should like to prove, if possible, that there is *some* reason in these words, 'The pleasures of poverty.' I have some title to be heard on this subject, my dear reader, for (*entre nous*) I am, and have always been, as poor as a church mouse; and therefore you may be sure that what I am about to offer to your attention is no pretty piece of speculation, or imaginary theory, formed without the slightest knowledge of the facts.

Allow me to put some preliminary questions. In the first place, 'Who are the people who can with propriety be called *poor*?' We often hear that such and such a nobleman, with *only* ten thousand a year, is 'very poor'; and we can also call to remembrance one or two persons who have been

'Passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

At first sight, it seems impossible that both these statements can be true; and yet a little reflection shows that they may be. The village pastor may find forty pounds enough for his yearly necessities, and the man of rank may find ten thousand pounds inadequate to his expenses; in such a case, the latter is, and the former is not, poor. From these and other considera-

tions, we should define the poor as, 'All persons whose worldly wants transcend their worldly means.'

In the next place we would ask, 'Is poverty an *unmixed* evil?' From the earliest ages in which the opinions of the wise have been recorded, until the present time, they have never been so thoroughly agreed upon any subject (and they differ considerably upon most matters) as upon this one point—that all things upon earth are composed of a mixture of good and evil; there is nothing so good that it hath no taint of evil, nothing so bad that some good may not be found in it. Hence it follows that *poverty*, that 'direct curse,' is not without its redeeming points; and that though it be 'like the toad, ugly and venomous,' it

'Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.'

Since, then, we are assured that among its many pains some pleasures lie hid; and, moreover, since I pique myself upon having discovered some of the minor ones, besides perceiving important ones, discovered by wiser heads, I shall now beg leave to introduce them to the notice of the reader without further delay, giving precedence to the larger pleasures.

Nothing sharpens a man's wits like poverty; except, perhaps, love, which is, in one sense, a sort of poverty; for is not love the want of something felt to be necessary to the support and maintenance of the soul? Poverty will not actually convert an idiot into a Bacon or a Shakspeare, but it has a wonderful power of brightening dunces and quickening *slow-coaches*; and the brightness and the quickness are just so much pleasure added to the existence of the quondam dunces and *slow-coaches*.

Nothing is so efficacious in purifying and bracing a man's morals as poverty. Cincinnatus, Dentatus, Fabricius, and the other stern models of Roman virtue, would not have been so virtuous—perhaps they would not have been virtuous at all (who knows?)—if they had been rich senators of the Augustan age. Some people are of opinion that temperance, fortitude, discreet silence, and other virtues, cardinal and minor, became common at Sparta in consequence of the scarcity of ready money there. In short, if we may rely on the testimony of history, men are brave, truthful, magnanimous, in proportion to their poverty; and that the best are the poorest (always supposing they have enough to keep body and soul together). The poets, too, teach us that the golden age of every nation is that in which there is no gold in circulation.

Now, if it be true that poverty, acting upon ordinary men, tends to make them more intelligent by mental friction, and more virtuous by the deprivation of the means of vicious indulgence, it follows, as a general rule, that it must tend to make them happier. It would be superfluous talking, in these days, to show that the more intelligent and the more virtuous a man is, the happier he must be. Such an influence, acting upon extraordinary minds, will of course produce a corresponding result; and if we search the annals of true greatness in all ages, we shall find that poverty has been the nursing-mother of genius in an overwhelming majority of cases. It is poverty that has saved genius from wearing out in the enjoyment of mere mundane felicity; for all genius has an insatiable thirst for enjoyment; and if not forced very soon in its career to recognise the insufficiency of earthly pleasures to satisfy its infinite longings—if not compelled to forbear and to forego, to deny itself and to endure—it would be easily led by its instinctive demands for enjoyment to accept eagerly all the pernicious pleasures of this world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life—instead of the divine joy of which it is capable, and which it can never possess, till, in some way or other, by its own will alone (which is too much to expect from a mortal), or by the assistance of circumstances, it has learned to trample on those temptations; and standing erect above them, can fix its gaze steadily on things above the earth. It is not unnecessary to

say this, because many people who have a profound admiration for genius, *per se*, have no conception of its struggles and its self-denials. They believe that men like Socrates and Pericles, Trajan and Antoninus, Alfred and Charlemagne, Wickliffe and Zuinglius, Descartes and Spinoza, Shakspeare, Sidney, and Schiller, are either born superior to the temptations to vice which rise up within ordinary men, or find little difficulty in *righting* themselves after temporary aberration. In this way their admirers often deprive them of their due share of praise. It is not for me to measure the merit of resistance in such men, but I am inclined to believe that they had generally a harder task to subdue the cravings of the lower part of their nature than ordinary men; and that the hardships of poverty, acting from without, went far to assist the workings of the higher faculties within, in most of the cases set down at random above. In the case of those who may be said to have been 'born in the purple,' either of empire or of luxury, an artificial or accidental poverty was imposed upon them, and they thus learned to control their appetites and their propensities, and to seek and find a joy which this world can neither give nor take away.

But to descend from these greater considerations of the bright side of poverty, let us now dwell on its little pleasures. Did you ever think, dear reader, of the pleasures of making sixpence do the work of a shilling? True, those who attempt the task generally find it difficult; but to people of spirit, difficult tasks are the only delightful ones. It is also true that many persons who have tried to perform the said task have failed in a signal manner, and pronounced it an impossibility. But there have been other adventurous poor persons who, like Napoleon, have trampled on impossibilities, and made their sixpences do double duty.

The ingenuity and forethought that a man must exercise in order to get a dinner for sixpence, give him more appetite for the meal than any rich man can feel by merely running his eye down the *carte* at a first-rate hotel, and selecting what he thinks he shall like best. The *embarras du choix*, in the one case, may be pleasing for a moment, but it can never be so thoroughly satisfactory as the fixed immovable necessity of the other; the chop or rasher, or *nothing*, cannot be a very embarrassing question to a well-constituted mind, that is roused to action by an empty stomach. And when each has finished his meal, which derives the greatest amount of pleasure from it? He who, with easy digestion, takes up his hat and hums a tune as he walks out of a coffee-house, and goes away again to counting-house or workshop; or he who, having achieved the *great fact* of his day—dinner—reclines in a state of somnolent repletion, waiting till such time as his overtaxed digestive organs shall have got through their business, and will suffer him to decide how he will wile away the evening?

Again: if you have five miles to go to business every day, is it not much more pleasant (and how much more healthful!) to take the omnibus one way, and walk the other, than ride both ways, as those men so often do to whom shillings and sixpences are unimportant objects? Besides, you can occasionally walk both ways, and thus afford to buy yourself a new pamphlet, or the baby a new toy.

Then there is the pleasure of making presents, which, I take it, no rich person can enjoy *properly*. Of course a rich man or woman can give away, if he or she be disposed to give; but they are not obliged to *do without* something themselves, that they may enjoy the pleasure of giving to a friend. Now, this pleasure of *doing without* is no chimerical one; and I firmly believe that, harsh and unpleasant as the practice of self-denial may seem at first, there is no virtue which, when we are accustomed to it, brings such ample and immediate returns of pleasure. Let us take a very trifling case. Which enjoys the pleasure of giving in the highest degree—the young millionaire, who lounges into a jeweller's shop, and orders half-a-dozen rings and chains

of the newest fashion to be sent as a present to his affianced bride: or the young clerk who, having heard his lady-love say she 'should so like a certain locket, in a certain shop, in a certain street,' goes off to countermand the dashing new waistcoat he ordered yesterday, and runs thence to the locket shop, and purchases the identical locket which his mistress has set her heart upon? Which enjoys the pleasure of giving most? And if we think of the result of the two presents, we shall feel that the one damsel will probably forget the giver in the multiplicity and richness of the gifts, if she be not too much accustomed to such things, and do not put them aside in her casket, to be worn when wanted; while it is ten to one that the other damsel required the locket for the sole purpose of putting into it a lock of her dear Edward or Henry's hair, which is put into it before his eyes, and, suspended by a ribbon, is placed next the heart of the happy girl, to be worn there day and night. The pleasure of a holiday or a treat is one of the pleasures of poverty. The life of the rich man is all holiday, *tant pis pour lui*; but the poor man, to whom a holiday comes once in six months or so, knows what a depth of enjoyment lurks in the word *holiday-making*.

The pleasures of contriving, and managing, and making old things look 'maist as weel's the new,' are by no means contemptible. Then that one great pleasure, which sheds its azure light over a man's whole life—the pleasure of hope that something good will turn up for him; that, if he keep on steadily and actively in a right path, he must succeed, and learn at last what are the joys of competence. This pleasure of hope is perhaps the pleasantest, as it is assuredly the best grounded, of all the pleasures of poverty. I will say no more on the subject, feeling convinced that enough has been said to suggest much more to the reader who is acquainted with it by experience; and to establish this fact in the minds of those who are not, that there is some reason, some very good sense, in these words—'The pleasures of poverty.'

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

[The following vivacious piece, dashed off in the earnest hearty style of the poets of Fatherland, is extracted from one of the most brilliant of the 'books of the season.'* 'The Pictorial Gift-Book,' a full-sized quarto, with splendidly illuminated cover and frontispiece, numerous engravings, and plenty of poetry, wants nothing to recommend itself to the givers and receivers of New-Year's presents.]

The little town of Weinsberg
Is built upon a hill—
And the ladies there are famed for
Sagacity and skill:
If e'er I go a-wooing,
Whatever may betide,
The little town of Weinsberg
Shall furnish me a bride.

The mighty Kaiser Conrad,
By fancied wrongs enraged,
Together drew his forces,
And war against it waged.
By rap and enslaving
He struggled to prevail—
But its bulwarks were of granite,
Its burghers cased in mail!

Three times the veteran warriors
Redoubled the attack,
And thrice the stalwart burghers
The imperial host beat back;
But fell disease and famine
The patriots did assail—
The civic guards of Weinsberg
Could scarce support their mail!

Repulsed, and chafed to frenzy,
Dishonoured, one and all,
The despot sent a herald
Beneath the leaguered wall:

'Ye base rebellious varlets,
Lay down your arms to me,
Or every boar shall dangle
Upon the nearest tree!'

A panic spread like wildfire
Through street, and square, and lane,
And frantic words were uttered,
Both pious and profane:
'By famine or the halter,
Alas, we must expire!
I feel the noose already!'
Exclaimed a famished friar.

With wild vociferation
A shrivelled landlord cried,
'My larders all are empty,
And cannot be supplied!'
'We're lost!' cried Hans the baker;
'Undone!' rejoined a priest;
And grim old Karl, the blacksmith,
He smote his withered breast!

The iris spans the valley
When clouds obscure the sky,
And winter nights are darkest
When dawn is drawing nigh;
When lordly man's confounded,
Distracted, and distressed,
A balm is oft discovered
In woman's gentle breast.

Close to the hour of midnight,
An embassy of wives
Hied to the foe's encampment
At hazard of their lives—
Led on by Madame Lobson,
Whose bright dishevelled hair
Streamed o'er her milk-white shoulders—
A picture of despair!

She sought the chief's pavilion,
And humbly on her knee
The lovely suppliant bended,
And prayed for clemency!
Ah! vehemently she pleaded,
And copiously she wept;
But still the ruthless monarch
His fatal purpose kept.

'Go! tell that horde of traitors—
Audacious base-born thralls—
I'll hang them high as Haman,
When once I scale their walls:
I wage no war on women,
Be high or low their birth;
You're free!—So bring such treasure
As you can carry forth.'

The morning dawned serenely,
The birds were all in song,
When from the portals issued
A helpless female throng:
Each to the distant mountains
Pursued her devious track,
With terror in her boom,
Her husband on her back!

Repudiated courtiers,
They sickened at the sight;
But Conrad from his tent-door
Beheld it with delight!
'Ha! bravo!' cried the Kaiser—
And rubbed his hands with glee;
'I question if the empress
Would do as much for me.'

From turret, spire, and steeple,
The civic banners streamed;
A pardon has been granted,
An amnesty proclaimed!
A sumptuous entertainment
The almoner provides;
And Conrad at the table
In regal state presides!

Ah! how the viands vanished,
Like snow-flakes in the Rhine;
The burghers were enraptured
With loyalty and wine!
They mapped their skinny fingers,
They toasted and they drank,
Without regard to talent,
Or precedence, or rank!

'What ho! ye mopping minstrels,
Strike up a lively air!
And Conrad in a twinkling
Sprung from his regal chair,

* The Pictorial Gift-Book of Lays and Lithographs. The Poetry by David Vadder, C.M.A.S.E. Menzies, Edinburgh; Orr, London. 1868.

He danced with all the females
Who filled these spacious rooms—
Alike with rank and beauty,
And her who gathers brooms!

The little town of Weinsberg
Is built upon a hill—
The ladies there are famed for
Sagacity and skill:
If e'er I go a-wooing,
Whatever may betide,
The little town of Weinsberg
Shall furnish me a bride!

IRON CARRIAGES.

THE tendency of the last few years to substitute iron for wood has been shown in ships, ploughs, and other machines. It has even been attempted in houses; but here, we believe, without that success which is shown in extensive use or practice. A gentleman of the north of Scotland is now experimenting, with good ground of hope, on the introduction of iron carriages. He proposes that the bodies of such vehicles should be formed entirely of an iron frame, the panels of plates of galvanised iron, and the axles of iron tubes filled with wood; the wheels to have for spokes double rods pyramidally arranged, or on what is called the suspension principle. The advantages proposed are—first, a lightness as about two to three; second, a saving of cost in about the same proportion. Thus, a pony-carriage, which, of the usual materials, would weigh five hundredweight, is only about three when constructed of iron; an omnibus, which, of the ordinary construction, would be twenty to twenty-four hundredweight, can be formed of iron at about eleven. The same in respect of external decorations and internal comforts. A carriage of this kind effects an important saving in the motive power. If successful as an invention, it must be of no small importance to humanity, both in sparing the muscles of individual horses, and allowing of a greater share of the fruits of the earth being turned to the use of human beings. For use in tropical countries, there is a further advantage in the non-liability to cracking and shrinking, and the unsuitableness of an iron frame for becoming a nest of noxious insects. Apart from the mere substitution of one material for another, which is the leading feature of the invention, much is claimed for it on the ground of the superior springs employed in these carriages. They are spiral, and vertically arranged, working in a case, with an apparatus which precludes their falling from the perpendicular.

We have seen one of Mr Aitken's carriages, and taken a drive in another, without being able to detect any point in which they are likely to prove a failure. Their success, however, must be matter for larger experiment, requiring time for a satisfactory issue.

INDIAN ARROW-POISON.

Snake-like in form, the *Urari*, or Indian arrow-poison, winds itself around and among the huge trees, fantastically shaped, that spring from the deep fissures in the mountain rock, and often reaches to a height of forty feet before it divides into branches, which are densely covered with a rust-coloured hair. The poisonous principle resides chiefly in the bark of the plant, which is stripped off, steeped in water for a certain time, simmered, and evaporated to the thickness of a sirup. It is then fit for use. 'As much as I had heard of the fatal poison,' says Professor Schomburgk, 'I nevertheless cannot abstain from noting the astonishment by which I was seized on seeing it used for the first time. While travelling, a deer was discovered browsing in the high grass before us. One of the Indians took a poisoned spike, and fixed it to his arrow. Cautiously he stole upon the unsuspecting deer, and shot the arrow into its neck; it made a jump in the air, fled with the speed of the wind before us, but had scarcely run forty yards, when it fell to the ground and expired.' It will kill the strongest bull in four or five minutes; and lizards and rats wounded with it die immediately. It may appear strange that this poison may be taken into the stomach with impunity. The writer relates that, when suffering from ague, and happening to be without quinine, he took frequently the urari in doses of 'about as much as I could get on the point of a knife.' The stomach, in fact, digests the poison, and thereby alters its properties before it reaches the blood. It is also well known that the flesh of animals killed with the urari is quite innocent for the same reason.

THE WORLD WAS MADE FOR ALL.

In looking at our age, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic; and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish, but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all—these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.—*Dr Channing.*

ORIGIN OF THE HOUSE OF RUSSELL.

John Russell, a plain gentleman residing near Bridport, county of Dorset, obtained a favourable introduction to court by a piece of good fortune. The Archduke Philip of Austria, having encountered a violent hurricane in his passage from Flanders to Spain, was driven into Weymouth, where he landed, and was hospitably received by Sir Thomas Trenchard, a gentleman of the neighbourhood. Sir Thomas Trenchard apprised the court of the circumstance, and in the interim, while waiting for instructions what course to follow, he invited his cousin, Mr Russell, to wait upon the prince. Mr Russell proved so agreeable a companion, that the archduke desired him to accompany him to Windsor. He was there presented to the king, Henry VII., who likewise was so well pleased with Mr Russell, that he retained him as one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber. Being subsequently a companion of the prince, he so far ingratiated himself into young Tudor's favour, that he got elevated to the peerage, under the title of Baron Russell of Cheyneys. In the next year, 1540, when the church lands were seized, Henry gave his favourite the Abbey of Tavistock, with the extensive possessions belonging thereto. In the next reign, Russell's star being still in the ascendant, young Edward, not sixteen, gave him the monastery of Woburn. In Charles II.'s time, William, the fifth earl, was made Duke of Bedford.—*From The Right of the Aristocracy to the Soil Considered.*

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy violates contracts; dissolves society; breaks wedlock; betrays friends and neighbours; nobody is good; and every one is either doing or designing a mischief. Its rise is guilt or ill-nature, and by reflection it thinks its own fault to be other men's; as he that is overrun with the jaundice takes others to be yellow.—*Stray Thoughts.*

A SCOTCHMAN'S DESTINY.

I was born a Scotchman, and a bare one, and was therefore born to fight my way with my left hand when my right failed me, and with my teeth if both were cut off.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

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INCIDENTS OF WINTER LIFE IN QUEBEC.

STRAFINGLY picturesque is the situation of Quebec. Crowning the high and precipitous cliff which terminates the promontory formed by the confluence of the St Charles with the St Lawrence, it overlooks a scenic panorama, which, for extent and variety of features, is equalled by few prospects in the world. On one side of the city, and laving its very feet, rolls the lordly St Lawrence in sullen grandeur, the high grounds of Point Levy frowning over its deep, dark channel about a mile distant on the opposite side. On the north it is flanked by the broad estuary of the St Charles, after the junction of which with the main river, the latter swells into colossal proportions, which it not only retains, but greatly enlarges during the remainder of its course to the ocean. Close to the water's edge, its northern bank is covered with a succession of villages, which extend, from opposite the city, almost the whole way down to the Falls of Montmorency, the white walls sparkling gaily in the sunlight, and contrasting pleasantly in the summer-time with the rich and luxuriant vegetation to which an extended cultivation gives rise. In the midst of the great reservoir formed by the junction of the two streams, is the island of Orleans, its nearest point to the city being about seven miles distant, and dividing the river into two great channels for the next seven leagues of its course. Of these, the southern is the narrower, and that usually taken by shipping—the northern spreading out like a great firth, and forcing its way to the foot of the mountain-chain visible in the distance; the tumultuous masses of which constitute the left bank of the river, until it empties itself, about four hundred miles from the city, into the Gulf of St Lawrence. Near the parish of St Anne, several miles below the city, where the tide rises with a rapidity equal to that of its flow in the Solway, this mountain chain suddenly leaves the river, the channel of which, as you ascend it, diverges at Quebec several degrees to the south. The hills, as they run their straight course in a direction almost due west, form, by their serried and broken outlines, a splendid background to the lovely and widely-extended landscape which stretches between them and the city. As you follow their course westerly, the sight roams over the broad valley, which lies at their feet, shrouded in the foliage of the primeval forests, and which you can trace till the eye flags in the distance. Far to the south again, and on the opposite side of the St Lawrence, you have the distant uplands of Megantic, about midway between you and the American boundary. From the more elevated points of the city, the eye on all hands commands a prospect of nearly fifty miles in extent, replete with all the elements which enter into the formation of a perfect landscape. Over this glorious combination of

land and water, mountain and valley, forest and corn-field, town, hamlet, and village, floats the proud emblem of England's supremacy from the highest point of Cape Diamond.

Gorgeous as is the prospect in the summer-time, it is dreary and desolate when all around is wrapped in the frigid mantle of winter. From its position, Quebec is peculiarly liable to extremes of cold and heat: in the summer-time, the thermometer is not unfrequently for days at 100 degrees in the shade; whilst it sometimes descends, in the opposite season, as low as 40 degrees below zero, or 72 degrees below freezing-point, on Cape Diamond, which is the loftiest part of the Citadel. Some years ago, the Government-House fell a prey to the flames in the depth of winter. Numerous fire-engines were on the spot, but they were unavailable; for the water congealed into a solid mass in its passage through the hose-pipes: nor did it mend the matter that they were afterwards supplied with boiling water from the breweries.

Quebec, on the approach of winter, is as if in a partial state of siege. This is chiefly perceptible in the increase which generally takes place in the price of provisions and firewood. During the summer months, the town is abundantly supplied with the one, whilst it is only for culinary purposes that it is in want of the other. It is then plentifully supplied by the country on both sides of the river, a constant communication being kept up between both banks by means of horse boats, by which the bulkiest articles can be conveyed to and from either side. But early in November, winter lays his embargo upon the southern shore; and but for the means to which I shall presently advert, the city would be left, until the end of April, for its supplies to the poorer district, on the northern side of the St Lawrence.

Intense and protracted as are the rigours of a Canadian winter, it is seldom that they succeed in arresting the voluminous current of the St Lawrence. The depth of the stream and the strength of the current are, generally speaking, more than a match for even a Canadian frost. The river freezes, on an average, about once only every five years; and when it does so, the joyful event is announced by the booming of cannon and by extra issues of the newspapers.

It must not be supposed, however, that when not frozen across, the St Lawrence is unencumbered with ice. For the long dreary winter it is so burdened with it, that navigation is entirely interrupted; and for days at a time, it is sometimes impossible, as you cast your eye over its broad surface, to catch even a glimpse of its dark leaden waters. Its channel then presents to you nothing but one vast, moving, solid white mass, which glides rapidly past the city, up or down, at the will of the tide. This is caused by the conglomeration of dif-

ferent masses of ice, of all sizes and shapes, some of which are detached from the shores of the river; but the bulk of which, proceeding from the great and lesser lakes of the upper country, sometimes so chokes up the channel of the river, as to give rise to the most calamitous consequences.

It is not always, however, that its surface is completely covered with these frozen masses. Sometimes they form the exception to the deep dark tide which bears them, when they look like ornaments of frosted silver on a basis of steel. They are of all sizes, from several hundred acres in extent to a few feet in circumference; whilst in appearance they are singularly fantastic, their surfaces presenting a succession of spires and pyramids, interspersed amongst huge frozen billows, piled in some places in fragments, like the masses blocked from a quarry—here presenting the regular outlines of the cone, there an irregular complication of form, which the fancy may shape into the most fantastic images—smooth and glassy in some places, broken and rugged in others—with here and there deep patches of snow, flanked with frozen masses resembling splintered rocks; and others, in shape like colossal boards, standing upon end. In the bright sunshine of a clear frosty day, they present, as you thread your way over their billowy surfaces, a singularly beautiful appearance—in some places reflecting the hues of the rainbow, and shining in others with a dazzling whiteness, here and there relieved by the deep-green lustre of the emerald.

Throughout the winter, a species of communication is kept up between the two sides of the river, which qualifies, to some extent, the assertion that all intercourse is then suspended between its opposite shores. By means of canoes, which are adroitly managed by *habitans*, as the French Canadians are frequently styled, passengers and lighter goods are constantly conveyed from side to side. But as this is a mode of conveyance not common to the experiences of Europe, a brief description of it will not be amiss in this place. If, therefore, the reader will accompany me, we will cross together from Point Levy to Quebec.

It is low water, and our first business is to scramble to the river's edge over the broken fragments of ice which have been deposited by the retreating tide upon the beach. The river is profusely covered with ice, which is floating rapidly down with the current. Its huge glittering masses seem to interpose an insuperable barrier between us and the city, part of which is nestled along the foot of the dark frowning rock opposite the rut, struggling up its different clefts and crowning its summit, the impervious battlements of the Citadel rising high and grimly over all. The town is fully a mile from us, but it does not look half that distance in the clear crisp air. Look which way you will, the scene around you has but one wild wintry aspect to present: far as the eye can reach on either hand, there is but one monotonous succession of ice and snow, relieved only here and there by the dusky forms of precipices, to which snow cannot adhere, and the brown leafless woods, from which it has been shaken by the wind. Nevertheless, the scene has excitements which partially atone for its intrinsic cheerlessness. There is a pleasure in breathing through your furs the pure keen air; the blood, thoroughly oxygenated, courses rapidly through the system, and you experience an exhilaration of spirits which harmonises with the cold brilliant sunshine which is streaming around you; for, cold though it may be, it is seldom that the wintry sky of Canada is darkened by a frown, retaining, amid the intensest rigours of the season, the deep lustrous blue which characterises its summer glow.

Here we are at last, ready to embark with our crew and fellow-passengers. The latter, like ourselves, are well clad in furs and 'overall's'—a necessary protection against the intense cold. The former are all attired in the gray *capote* of the Canadian, with its hood thrown down with a careful fold upon the back, and which,

their heads, the variegated sash around their waists, and the well-greased moccasins which protect their feet and legs, impart to them an appearance decidedly picturesque. Our craft seems rather frail for the accommodation of so many, and for a voyage apparently perilous. It is a large canoe, neatly excavated from a single log, and calculated at twelve persons' burden. With passengers and crew, we have our complement; so now for embarkation.

The canoe, which was lying on the ice, having been carefully launched, and passengers and crew having got aboard, we push off for the opposite side: but how to make it is the question, for, within pistol-shot a-head of us, an enormous field of ice is moving past with the current. To double this at any point appears hopeless, for we seem hemmed in on all sides by floating masses. The difficulty is soon solved, for we are no sooner alongside the impediment in question, than our crew are landed upon it, whereupon the passengers are politely requested to disembark. Then follows the most striking peculiarity of this novel species of navigation. After some manœuvring, we get the canoe high and dry again upon the ice. Here we are, then, upon a veritable floating island, which it is now our business to cross, and launch again upon the water at its opposite side. So off we set, dragging our canoe after us, which is no easy matter, considering the precariousness of our foothold, and the uneven and rugged surface of the ice. We have to make many a detour to avoid confused heaps of the frozen matter, piled and jammed together by the force of the current. All this time we are being borne rapidly down by the tide, and must make up our leeway on nearing the opposite bank. By and by we reach the water, launch, and embark again as before.

Our journey across, with some slight variations, consists of several repetitions of what is here described: now on the water, then on the ice; now afloat in our tiny bark, then dragging it after us, until another opportunity offers of rendering it serviceable. Here and there a pool of water, tranquillised by its confinement between two large sheets of ice, has frozen on the surface, forming a slender link connecting them together. When not very thick, it is broken by the weight of the canoe, which the stout *habitans* paddle lustily through it, crunching it before them. Sometimes, however, it is too strong, and defies their efforts, in which case the crew alone disembark upon it, and pull the canoe, with the passengers in it, over the glassy new-formed ice, which not unfrequently, whilst they are so engaged, breaks beneath their feet, when they are only prevented from sinking by the hold which they have upon the sides of the canoe. These successive interruptions render the passage exceedingly tedious, particularly when the river is much encumbered with ice; and the cold is sometimes so intense, that the drops which the boatmen throw off from their paddles fall frozen globules into the bottom of the canoe. One would be apt to suppose that so novel a species of navigation would be attended with peculiar hazards; and so it is. When the tide is ebbing, and the wind strong from the west, the adventurous voyager is sometimes driven far out of his course. I once left Point Levy for the city, and was landed, after drifting for three hours and a half upon the ice, on the island of Orleans, at a point about eight miles below the town. The stream was then so choked up, that it was seldom we could find an opportunity of launching our canoe; the intermediate spaces between the larger fields of ice being filled up with pieces too small for us to venture upon with safety. Cases have occurred, too, in which a canoe has been crushed to atoms between two sheets, the passengers only saving themselves by springing upon them, and drifting up and down until rescued from their perilous situation. On one occasion, when this happened to a canoe with nine persons in it, six of them sprang upon one piece of ice, and three on the other. They soon parted company:

who desried them; but the three were lost sight of, and drifted the whole night up and down with the tide. In the morning the wind was fresh, and the piece of ice which bore them was being gradually broken by the agitation of the water. At length it severed into two parts, one of the parties being left alone upon the smaller fragment. The two who were together seized an opportunity which offered, and sprang upon a larger field, and were saved; but no such opportunity offered to the other, who was never afterwards heard of. It is proper, however, to remark, that, dangerous as this adventurous navigation may appear to be, it is seldom that any very serious accident occurs.

The following incident may serve to convey some idea of the position of Quebec, and of the aspect which it presents to the view. The back of the old Government-House formed part of the ramparts of the upper town overlooking the St Lawrence. It was my lot to be making a winter passage of the river when the pile was on fire, as already alluded to. The sight was inconceivably grand. It was dusk, and the burning mass, situated at a height of about two hundred feet above the river, threw a lurid glare over ice and snow, rock, spire, and battlement. At length the roof gave way amid a pyramid of flame and sparks, which rose high into the air, whilst some of the blazing rafters, tumbling over the precipice, fell on the roofs of the lower town, built at the foot of the rock. Had this occurred in summer, the result might have been most disastrous; but the houses below were plentifully covered with snow, which soon extinguished the falling brands, and otherwise protected the roofs from very serious injury. In other places the rock is not quite so precipitous, but even there sufficiently so to keep the inhabitants of the lower town in constant apprehension of land-slips, one of which occasioned such calamitous consequences but a few years ago.

For a considerable portion of each successive winter, the mode described is the only one by which Quebec can communicate with the extensive agricultural district on the southern side of the St Lawrence. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the frost constructs a temporary 'bridge,' as it is called, by fairly manœuvring the river in ice, when the isolated city is once more put in easy communication with the chief source of its supplies. When this occurs, it is generally attributable to the jamming up into one compact mass, extending the whole way across the river, of the immense fields of vagrant ice afloat upon the surface, in the attempt to force their way through the straitened channel opposite the city. Immediately above the city, the St Lawrence swells into the proportions of a miniature lake, in width about three miles. About nine miles up, its channel is again contracted, where little more than a mile of water separates Cape Rouge, or Carouge, as it is commonly designated, from the opposite side. Beyond this, again, its dimensions once more expand to a breadth of several miles. In this upper basin, the floating ice sometimes accumulates in such quantities, that, in attempting to force the narrow channel at Carouge, it chokes up the river, and gets arrested in its progress, when, by the strength of the current, it is piled up into one huge, compact, and immovable mass, its rugged surface presenting throughout an aspect of the most confused and fantastic character. Here and there the mighty tide seems to have forced masses together, until, by attrition, they have almost ground each other to fragments; whilst in other places it is piled, heap upon heap, high into the air. But it frequently happens that the accumulation takes place in the basin immediately contiguous to the town, where the phenomenon resulting in the bridge occurs directly opposite. This is certainly preferable to having it nine miles up the river, and is a great event in the winter experiences of Quebec, not only as affording additional means of recreation and amusement, but as occasioning a decided fall in the price of all the necessary articles of domestic consumption. The bridge thus formed, however, is of little use

to the beleaguered city, until a practicable road is laid out and constructed over its stormy and rugged surface. Some years ago, a bridge of this kind was formed, which continued for several months, and became notorious for its peripatetic propensities. Having taken but little hold of the ice, with which either shore was constantly incrustated, the consequence was, that with the flow of each successive tide, it moved slowly and majestically for many miles up the river, returning punctually with the ebb to its former place, where it remained until the succeeding tide again enticed it away. This was more singular than convenient, the citizens having the use of their bridge but for half the day; and, in addition to occasioning frequent delays, sometimes gave rise to the most awkward mischances. One of the most ludicrous of these occurred but a few years ago. A marriage party set out from Point Levy for Quebec. A gay procession of sleighs descended the beach, and the bells were ringing merrily in the city opposite, where the ceremony was to be performed. The bride, all blushes, was seated in the first sleigh, which was driven by a distant kinsman. They had scarcely passed the open rent which intervened between the bridge and the stationary ice, when the huge erratic mass suddenly started from its anchorage, and moved slowly up the stream. The astonished bridegroom, who was in the next vehicle, vainly endeavoured to urge his horse to spring upon the moving mass; the sagacious animal started back, enorting and affrighted. The bridegroom then sprang from the sleigh, and endeavoured to jump after the runaways; but he was too late, for more than six feet of deep, cold, leaden-looking water now intervened between him and his truant bride, and they stood gazing upon each other with looks of mingled astonishment and alarm. They had miscalculated their time; and the bridegroom realised that day, in his own experience, the truth of the maxim, that time and tide wait for no man. When the power of utterance was restored to him, he informed his beloved that he would wait there for her until she returned, all hopes of having the ceremony performed that day being at an end. But his troubles were not yet over: his fair one was as fickle as the ice, and her heart soon became, to him, every bit as cold. In her romantic voyage she was alone with her kinsman, already alluded to; and being thus thrown so singularly together, she was soon persuaded that there was no reason why they should ever separate. They accordingly made their way across to the other side of the wandering iceberg, and about six hours afterwards, when it had returned to its moorings, stepped from it into the city, whence they immediately started for Montreal, where they were married. Since that hour, the forsaken bridegroom has never ventured upon the ice without being reminded of how many a slip there is between the cup and the lip.

Great is the rejoicing in the city and in the country round when, instead of this rugged and chaotic bridge, the frost lays the current by the heels, and the river becomes fairly frozen across. To accomplish this, however, requires his mightiest efforts; and it is only, as already intimated, about once in five years that he is equal to the task. It was my good fortune to witness the magnificent result of a successful effort. To attain success, it is necessary to surprise the current in its weaker moments, about the turn of the tide, before the ebb commences, especially when it is high-water early in the morning, when the wind is lulled, and the cold is most intense. It requires as much adroitness thus to arrest the St Lawrence, as it does to catch the wild horse on the prairie. No sooner was it known, on the occasion referred to, that the river had 'taken,' than the population of Quebec poured down upon the wharfs to assure themselves of the fact. Much anxiety was expressed lest the new-formed ice should give way, ere it had attained sufficient firmness to resist the impetuosity of the current at its strongest point. The only class of the population to which its formation gave umbrage, was that which subsisted by ferrying passengers across

in canoes, a business with which the bridge would necessarily interfere. The canoe men were therefore busy at an early hour crossing and recrossing, and forcing their canoes in zig-zag lines, from side to side, through the yet thin ice, in the hope of inducing it to move away. A proclamation issued from the executive government warning them to desist; but continuing their selfish work on the Point Levy side, it was only when a gun had thundered at them from the Citadel, that they left the frost to do its work.

The ice had first formed about five in the morning, and by ten o'clock several sleighs had ventured across it. By mid-day, they were to be seen gliding over its glassy surface in all directions, and whilst it yet bent elastically under them, like an extended carpet waving to the wind. In the afternoon things wore a jubilee aspect on the surface of the captive river. The city seemed literally to have emptied itself upon the ice. Thousands of pedestrians promenaded, as they best could, over its slippery surface; whilst multitudes of skaters, of all ages, and of both sexes—and a graceful thing it is to see a lady skate well—flew about in all directions, as if, like Mercury, they had a pair of wings at their heels. Sleighs innumerable, from the ice-incrusted sledge of the waterman, to carriages of the finest finish, and others of the most fantastic form, dashed about on all sides—the devices of the buffalo robes, the trappings of the horses, and the myriad little bells which dangled from the harness, and jingled merrily in the clear keen air, imparting additional vivacity and gaiety to the scene. But the feature in the picture most novel to the stranger was the ice-boat, which, with its overloaded cargo of jovial holiday-makers, flitted swiftly by with extended canvas, like a powerful bird upon the wing. In all parts of Canada, the ice-boat is a favourite source of winter amusement. It is easily constructed, being mounted upon three skates, or small runners in the form of skates; two of which are in front and abreast, the third being behind, attached to the rudder, the purposes of which, indeed, it serves. A mast is then erected, together with such rigging as is necessary to support the sails; and thus equipped, they are capable, with a good wind, of performing long journeys in a very short space of time. They are frequently of the rudest form, at other times elegantly constructed; and sometimes consist of an actual boat, mounted upon a frame already fixed upon runners. The speed with which they fly before the wind is almost incredible, whilst it is dangerous, unless they are properly steered. Nor are they deficient in powers of tacking, for, when rightly managed, they beat well against the wind. To be aboard one of them affords the most exhilarating sport. I was engaged to dine one day with a gentleman at Etcham, about nine miles up, on the opposite side of the river; I was conveyed thither in twenty minutes by an ice-boat, and returned in the moonlight upon skates.

The ice affording excellent opportunity for artillery practice, the citizens are frequently, during the winter, treated to a spectacle of this nature. The track of the solid shot can then easily be traced by the eye; for, on every plunge which it makes on the now solid ice, it throws it up in a cloud of shivered fragments in the air.

The Quebeckians are fond of winter excursions to the environs of their city, which they frequently make in large parties; sometimes as many as a couple of dozen of sleighs, on such occasions, trotting merrily off together, either for Lorette, where the remnant of the Huron tribe of Indians have been settled by the government; or to the Fall of Montmorency, about ten miles down the northern bank of the river. At the latter place, an enormous cone of ice is formed by the spray, which rises gradually as winter advances, until at length it almost hides the cataract from view. When a bridge is formed, the points to which these excursions are made are of course multiplied, whilst the gaiety of the town is increased by the appearance within the

walls of 'country cousins' from the opposite side, to whom it was previously virtually forbidden.

Indeed winter is the season for gaiety in this ancient capital of the province. In summer, people are too busy for amusement; in winter, they are all idle, and think of nothing else. In the afternoon of a winter day, St John Street, the chief promenade of the upper town, is crowded with vehicles and pedestrians, presenting a picture of the most gay and lively description. Pedestrianism, by the by, is not always an easy matter in Quebec; the difficulty of keeping one's legs when the snow is beaten hard, in streets which lie at an angle of forty-five degrees, being sometimes great. To insure safety, many attach small spikes to their boots, removable at pleasure, as women in England put on pattens when it rains, to lift them out of the mud.

The snow which falls in Lower Canada attains each winter the average depth of five feet. But it is not allowed to accumulate in the streets of the city, each householder being obliged by law to prevent it from attaining, in front of his own premises, a greater depth than is necessary for sleighing purposes. What is left becomes beaten as hard as ice, resisting the action of the returning sun until the month of May, by the seventh day of which another municipal ordinance requires its removal. It has then to be literally hacked to pieces with axes, and carried away in sledges.

Cold as a Quebec winter undoubtedly is, there is an exaggerated notion abroad in this country respecting it. It is true that meat freezes so hard, that it has to be sawn like bone—that milk is sold in solid masses by the pound—that the carcasses of slaughtered sheep and hogs stand rigid and upright in the market places—that men are sometimes bedizened with pendant icicles from hair and whiskers, looking like ladies in their curl-papers—and that noses sometimes become frozen so hard, that it would be dangerous to pull them lest they should break off—but after all, notwithstanding these admitted horrors, a Quebec winter is not so very intolerable a thing. True it is, that whilst riding, it is always necessary to be well clad in furs and skins; but it is only at long intervals that the cold becomes so intense as to render extraordinary precautions of this kind necessary in walking. An old-country man endures the first winter better than any subsequent one; a six months' subjection to stove heat, in close rooms, with double windows to keep out the frost, followed by the intense heats of summer, so modifies his constitution, that his sensitiveness to cold increases. The worst feature of a Canadian winter is its protraction. Long before its close, the eye wearies for the sight of something green, which, when spring does come at last, clothes the landscape almost in a day. The citizens, too, are weary of their idleness; and it is with a delight which scarcely knows bounds, that, when the grass has once more taken possession of the fields, and the ice is fast forsaking the river, they rush down in crowds to the long-deserted wharfs, to hail with their shouts, and feast their eyes upon, the 'first ship from Europe.'

THE ONE-EYED WIDOW AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.

'He's an old savage that vile Monsieur Pascal Camus: he would do anything to destroy my peace.'

'She's an old one-eyed vixen that Madame Marengo: nothing makes her so happy as to find means of annoying me. I know she wishes to put me in my grave; but I scorn and pity her.'

Such was the nature of the criminations daily uttered by two parties in regard to each other—the one an aged schoolmaster, and the other the widow of a sergeant, both of whom lived in the same tenement in one of the back streets of Paris. Let us introduce them to the reader. Madame Marengo was a tall masculine sort of woman who had seen service. She had for years followed the *Grand Army* during Napoleon's wars, in which she had first lost an eye, and then lost her husband, a

gallant sergeant, who had assumed the name of Marengo, in honour of the battle in which he had been promoted from the ranks. For her long and faithful services in attending on the wounded at the different engagements, as well as for the deprivation of her husband, Bonaparte had presented her with a cross of the legion of honour, which she greatly prized, and constantly wore suspended from her neck. Now somewhat broken down, but still animated with much of the old fire, she subsisted by carding and renovating wool mattresses—a great trade among the humbler classes in Paris. She did not derive much from her occupation of *cardeuse*, as it is called; but this little, joined to the trifling pension which accompanied her 'cross,' was enough for all her wants in her lofty and solitary attic.

M. Pascal Camus, who lived on the ground-floor, where he conducted a small school, was equally a curiosity in his way. While the *cardeuse* was tall and bony, and a little rough in manner, the schoolmaster was short, dumpy, and pompous; while she was all for the Empire, and considered Napoleon to have been the greatest of earthly beings, he was fixed in his admiration of the Bourbons, detested Napoleon, and called him a usurper and a tyrant. There were here sufficient elements of discord; but more were not wanting. M. Camus hated the *cardeuse*, because she wore a cross of the legion of honour. The *cardeuse* hated M. Camus, because he persisted in wearing a queue and shoe-buckles—undeniable tokens of regard for the old régime. Differing in sentiment on so many things, these two personages had at least one point in common—they had respectively a very great notion of their own importance. Madame Marengo could never forget what she had seen and gone through. M. Pascal Camus secretly believed himself to be a genius. It is true that his genius had not been acknowledged by the world, but he rather liked that: great geniuses had all been unknown at some time or other; and even should his genius never be acknowledged during his lifetime, there was no small pleasure in reflecting how society would afterwards lament for not having encouraged and rewarded his merits. It was quite a feast to think how mankind would some day be sorry for having neglected him, and wish to do him honour when it was too late. 'Perhaps,' thought he—for the poor man was a widower—'my little daughter Annette may one day come in for a share of what can no longer benefit me.'

Every one who thought anything of the subject, observed that no two persons could be more opposite in their notions than the *cardeuse* and the schoolmaster; but nobody could understand why they should live on such terms of hostility. They did not necessarily require to interfere with each other; though dwelling under the same roof, six floors separated them, and they did not even need to know each other. Why, then, did they quarrel so frequently? Why utter such terrible things of each other to their neighbours? The truth is, the good people who lived in the vicinity of the belligerents did not exactly comprehend their character. Both were, in reality, not ill-disposed; under an external eccentricity, each had a kindly heart. They, however, equally required a certain homage, which, if granted, all well and good; but if denied, then there was nothing but mischief. With two such persons a collision was inevitable. It is impossible to say on what occasion a mutual huff was created: but a disagreement once having taken place, the bristles of both were up; and soon was proclaimed an everlasting and mutual war. Henceforth they exchanged scowling glances when they met on the staircase, and the mutual hatred was intense.

Did this blow-up render the two unhappy? No such thing. They were of course kept on the fret; but somehow this was what they liked. It was meat and drink to them to have somebody to be at war with—somebody who, they imagined, was constantly persecuting them. They, in fact, required to live in one of two conditions of feeling; that is, either to feel that they were

worshipped or hated. All who paid them any sort of respect, were the most amiable people possible; all who gave them any real or imaginary cause of offence, were demons. Having settled down in this voluntarily-embraced enmity towards each other, their tongues, on all suitable occasions, told of sufferings. Madame Marengo averred that M. Camus, whom she called an 'old savage,' an 'old Cossack,' and fifty other bad names, had no other earthly purpose in living but that of tormenting her. Some charitable persons wanted to persuade her that the good man might wish to live for his own sake, or perhaps for that of his little daughter Annette; but Madame Marengo only smiled incredulously: she knew better than that. It was a remarkable proof of the sympathy which will sometimes exist even between inveterate foes, that M. Camus was precisely of a similar opinion. He affected, however, to look upon Madame Marengo with calm contempt, and a certain degree of the heroic resignation which is generally found to characterise lofty spirits. It was not the *cardeuse*, he declared, who acted, but a hidden and mysterious power within her. He forgave her, for he knew she was not a free agent, but merely the instrument of that fatality which delights in persecuting genius. When people advised him to leave the house, he seemed to compassionate their ignorance, and informed them that Madame Marengo would follow him wherever he went; that he did not, however, blame her for this: she could not help herself. And he generally closed his remarks with a quotation from Corneille or Racine, in which the *cardeuse* was successively compared to Athalia, Agrippina, and Berenice, to all which poetical characters the one-eyed widow evidently bore a striking resemblance.

Thus it will be seen that the enmity of the *cardeuse* and the schoolmaster was rather a pleasant kind of affair after all. It was something to think of; and whenever they were afflicted with any little misfortune, they had the comfort of knowing that it must come from the enemy's quarter. Of course it never signified whether there was proof that such was the case or not; M. Camus and Madame Marengo left proofs to the vulgar.

The parties were in the full enjoyment of their hatred, when a young working-man, named Paul Simoneau, about seventeen years of age, came to lodge in the house, and took one of the attics on the same landing with Madame Marengo. He was one of those joyous contented-looking beings whose constant good-humour secures them universal good-will. The world, after all, is generally disposed to be friendly with those who seem to be at peace with their own hearts. Though Paul was without relations or near friends, and though he earned but little in comparison with his wants, he was not merely resigned to his fate, like so many people, but perfectly satisfied with it, which was perhaps better still, and certainly more pleasant to himself. He soon became a great favourite with Madame Marengo. She had resolved at first to be exceedingly reserved; not approving of intimacies between neighbours, as such affairs—witness herself and M. Camus—never ended well. But this philosophy would not do when applied to Paul. In the first place, he had one of those clear pleasant voices which are perfectly irresistible; so at least thought the sergeant's widow, when she heard him singing in the morning some popular strain of Béranger's, almost always referring to the *Grande Armée*, or to her darling Emperor. Then, in spite of herself, her heart yearned towards him; for he reminded her of her youth, and of a son about his own age, whom she had lost many years ago, and who sang the very same songs. Listening to him thus morning after morning, the *cardeuse* could not help occasionally opening the door of her room, and thrusting out her head just to give him a good-humoured nod as he went out to his work. Paul answered by taking off his cloth cap, and politely inquiring after her health. With all her roughness, Madame Marengo was a rigid formalist. She would have felt highly indignant had a man, no matter of

what degree, addressed her with his hat on; and she was the more exacting of such homage, that she knew it was no longer paid to her personal attractions, but to her sex and military service. When Paul, therefore, stood before her with his cap in his hand, the good dame, smiling on him with gratified pride, could not but inquire if there was anything she might do for him? Should she give a look to his room, or feed his bird whilst he was out, or do any little thing of the kind? Paul generally accepted of her kind services; for he saw that Madame Marengo was never happier than when she had made his little room quite neat, sewed a loose button on his coat; or rendered him any other trifling service. In this manner, from mere acquaintances, they soon became friends. She loved the young working-man for his never-failing good-humour, which seemed to her to gladden the whole of the gloomy house for the few hours he spent in it; and he liked the cardeuse for her quaint sayings, old stories of long-fought battles, and the genuine kindness which, notwithstanding her outward roughness, still lived at her heart.

It happened that M. Pascal Camus, who was, however, far more exclusive than even Madame Marengo, was, like her, unaccountably mollified by the cheerfulness and good-temper of Paul Simoneau. It was this worthy gentleman's habit, when his pupils had retired for the evening, to sit on a chair near the threshold of his school-room, and thence mark attentively who went up or came down the stairs. The portress, whose office he thus usurped, was highly indignant at his presumption, which she ascribed to overweening curiosity; but M. Pascal Camus, like all true philosophers, delighted to observe human nature, and he declared that he had learned more by sitting at his door, with his little Annette working by his side, than from the reading of heavy folios.

It was thus he first saw Paul Simoneau coming home from his work in the evening, with his bag of tools thrown on his shoulder, and ascending the steep staircase that led to his attic, with a step so free and elastic, that M. Camus, who averred he knew a man's temper from his tread, instantly saw that Paul was perfectly happy. The young man did not fail, on his part, to notice the schoolmaster's quaint and stumpy figure; but seeing him, evening after evening, in the same attitude—for either summer or winter, M. Camus was at his post—he began to think that he could not pass by him without some token of recognition. Not wishing, however, to make too free—there being nothing particularly inviting in M. Camus's solemn visage—he merely bowed as he passed the door of the school-room. Here was a proper concession. The schoolmaster acknowledged his bow by a condescending nod; but though it would not have looked dignified to be pleased, he was, to say the truth, exceedingly gratified. There must be something truly delightful in natural courtesy, for it seldom fails to conciliate: the most rugged and stern are softened by it, because they feel that it is not a mere empty form; they see that it comes from the heart.

M. Pascal Camus, though a wise and learned man, was not above being pleased with the deference of those whom he considered his inferiors. Paul's bow showed the secret but respectful admiration which he felt for his—M. Camus's—character; his not venturing on any undue familiarity, also spoke in his favour; in short, the schoolmaster was so well pleased with the young working-man, that his nod became more condescending every evening, until he at last, one day, actually asked him to walk in. This interview so heightened his good opinion of Paul, that he frequently renewed his invitation; and the young man, who found the schoolmaster's conversation improving, though somewhat pedantic, neglected no opportunity of being in his company. It was not long before Madame Marengo discovered that Paul Simoneau was on friendly terms with her enemy; she was indignant at the schoolmaster's impertinence in presuming to entice away a person in whom

she felt an interest, for she would never admit that M. Camus might love Paul for his own sake: everything was done to vex and annoy her. M. Camus entertained a similar opinion: 'if Madame Marengo paid the young man any little attentions, it was because she knew that this was offensive to him.' But they both agreed that such conduct was too contemptible to be worthy of the least attention, and determined to dis-appoint the enemy by taking no notice of this treacherous attack. Thus the two antagonists exulted in their imaginary triumph over each other, admiring their own wisdom, and pitying the blindness of their foe.

This dream, so soothing to the pride of the two antagonists, was unfortunately disturbed by Paul Simoneau: he did not, or would not, understand that their enmity was for them a very pleasant and comfortable feeling; and he actually took great pains to destroy it. In the first place, he completely undeceived them as to the belief each had so long entertained—that the other was always engaged in some dark plot against his or her welfare. He proved to M. Camus that Madame Marengo thought much more about her mattresses than about him; whilst he clearly showed her that she was of very secondary importance in the schoolmaster's opinion, by assuring her, when she wanted to know all the bitter things he had been saying of her, that M. Camus had not uttered her name to him for the last week. Of course madame could not believe this; it was said to spare her feelings: but Paul need not fear; she was accustomed to the 'old Cossack's' hatred, &c. When Paul, however, assured her this was actually the case, she felt exceedingly disappointed, and haughtily wondered whether M. Camus meant to insult her by such behaviour? M. Camus felt himself equally aggrieved on learning from the young man that he was not the first object of Madame Marengo's thoughts. The two enemies now began to discover that the charm of their hatred was rapidly vanishing away; and as this was evidently Paul's doing, they would have quarrelled with him had the thing been possible. But he looked so unconscious of harm, and seemed so pleased when he had been saying something likely to reconcile them!

Matters went on thus for some time, until gradually, and in spite of themselves, the feelings of the two antagonists began to mollify. Paul had the art—if that could be called art which was so natural to him—of setting things in their most pleasant and kindly aspect. There was not a good trait in the character of Madame Marengo which he did not repeat to M. Camus, and *vice versa*. This did not produce a very strong effect on the schoolmaster, whose heart was somewhat tough; but Madame Marengo's was of softer texture. Being what is termed a woman of strong affections, she could not remain in a state of indifference. Her hatred for the schoolmaster was fast melting away! evidently it would be replaced by a better feeling. All at once she began to discover that M. Camus was a remarkable man, and profoundly learned; then his daughter Annette was such a nice, pretty girl! in short, there were so many reasons for liking him upon the whole! One morning, when she was thus favourably disposed, the cardeuse chanced to perceive M. Pascal Camus standing at the door of his school-room: he looked so majestic, that her heart was touched; she could not resist the temptation of calling up an amiable smile on her weather-beaten features, gently nodding to him as she passed by. At first M. Camus was so much astonished, that, as he afterwards observed, he remained rooted to the spot; but as he knew nothing of Madame Marengo's favourable feelings, and considered her courtesy an audacious insult, he soon rallied, and eyeing the smiling cardeuse with a glance of unutterable scorn, he turned his back upon her with haughty contempt.

Madame Marengo was highly indignant to find her advances repulsed; her hatred now returned tenfold; and as she was going to work the very same day for a dyer's wife who lived next door, she did not neglect this opportunity of venting her spleen on M. Camus,

by giving him every fault which a human being could possibly possess. On the evening of the next day, when Paul began speaking to her of M. Camus, the cardeuse immediately declared she would hear nothing about him.

'Ah, madame,' deprecatingly observed Paul, 'he is so unhappy just now. You know that he has not many scholars. Well, the dyer's wife, who lives next door, had promised to send her little nephew to his school; he was to get fifteen francs a-month with him, and it would have just paid his next quarter's rent. If you were to know how glad he and Annette were about it—for though she is only thirteen, he tells her everything. As they were telling me of it this evening, the dyer's wife came in, and taking Monsieur Camus into the other room, told him that she could not think of sending her nephew to his school, as he was known to be such a shocking bad character; that she had good authority for what she said; but not liking to make mischief, would not name the person from whom she had learned this. She spoke so loud, that Annette and I could hear every word: poor Annette cried all the time. When the dyer's wife was gone—and she did not stay long—Monsieur Camus came out, looking so sad, that it made my heart ache. Poor man, he was thinking about his rent, and wondering what he should do!'

Every word that Paul uttered smote Madame Marengo to the heart. Instantly she underwent a revolution of feeling. Her hatred turned to compassion. She was evidently the cause of all this mischief, and bitterly did she repent ever having uttered a word against the schoolmaster. Whilst Paul remained with her, Madame Marengo laid her feelings under some restraint, but as soon as she was alone, she began wondering how she could repair the injury she had inflicted on M. Camus. This seemed difficult enough; but though hopeless of success, she resolved to speak to the dyer's wife the next morning. As she had expected, she failed; the boy had already been sent to another school; the dyer's wife was, besides, one of those persons who make it a rule never to retract a resolution, howsoever absurd or erroneous it may be. Madame Marengo came home with a heavy heart. What was she to do? To throw herself on the tender mercies of M. Camus, and tell him all! But besides that, the cardeuse wanted sufficient magnanimity for this, she knew that it would not restore the lost scholar. After mature deliberation, she at length resolved to make another effort to get reconciled to the schoolmaster, hoping to be able to render him some service, which might compensate for the harm of which she was the cause. The very same day Paul was charged to bear proposals of peace to M. Pascal Camus from Madame Marengo. In his present humbled condition, M. Camus found this exceedingly gratifying.

'You see, Paul,' he observed with calm dignity, 'the moral power of genius. I have at length compelled Madame Marengo to acknowledge, as she was bound to do, my superiority. I cannot, however, grant her request without certain restrictions. She has braved me too long for this, and it would not do to let people think they have only to ask my forgiveness in order to obtain it.'

Accordingly, M. Camus clogged his consent by so many vexatious and haughty clauses, that Paul declared Madame Marengo would never submit to them. 'I don't care, sir,' replied the inflexible schoolmaster: 'I did not make any friendly proposals to Madame Marengo; if she will not agree to the terms I offer, it is perfectly indifferent to me. But she will agree to them, depend upon it,' he added with a complacent smile; 'I saw it in her eye the last time she attempted to insult me: that woman's spirit is conquered, sir.'

Though Paul somewhat doubted this assertion, he mentioned to Madame Marengo the conditions on which the schoolmaster had agreed to receive her into his favour. To his great surprise, she agreed to every-

thing. But M. Camus was not astonished; he had predicted that it would be so. When it was understood in the house that Madame Marengo and M. Pascal Camus were on good terms, the news was heard with that suspicious astonishment which might have been felt of yore if peace had been proclaimed between Rome and Carthage. The portress declared, for her part, that it was only a hollow truce, and most of the lodgers shared in this belief. Matters went on, however, much better than these charitable individuals had anticipated. M. Pascal Camus was all condescending kindness, and Madame Marengo much more submissive and respectful than could have been anticipated; but the truth was, that her soul was burdened with remorse, and she longed to repair the mischief she had occasioned by rendering her former enemy some signal service. M. Camus, however, would give her no opportunity of doing this; he was so exceedingly dignified, so reserved, and placed so many impediments in her way, that Madame Marengo fretted and fumed in the excess of her impatience. 'This only increased,' as the schoolmaster expressed it, 'the strong necessity which existed for him to keep Madame Marengo at a proper distance. For you see, my dear sir,' he would observe to Paul—he was always wonderfully polite—'it would never do to allow such people to be familiar with me, merely because they happen to be a little good-natured, and all that. Madame Marengo has good points, I allow; but I must confess, that to me she always smells of the barracks.'

Matters had gone on thus for about a month, during which Madame Marengo had more than once been strongly tempted to quarrel with M. Camus for not allowing her to serve him in some way or other, when, luckily for her, but, as it proved, rather unfortunately for him, she found an opportunity of displaying her zeal. The schoolmaster fell dangerously ill; and as the doctor declared that he had a contagious fever, the school was deserted in no time. Annette attended on her father with the greatest devotedness, but in a few days she was laid up with the same disease. Now was the time for Madame Marengo to show her friendship. Paul was very willing to do everything in his power for the poor schoolmaster; but the cardeuse declared that he was only in the way, and so managed, that the whole burden of waiting on M. Camus and his daughter soon rested on herself. She did everything; cleaned the rooms, prepared the necessary *tisanes*, attended on the two patients with unwearied zeal, paid the rent and the doctor without saying anything about it; in short, she would even have given the lessons to the pupils, if they had not been all gone away. And her zeal was so exemplary, that every one admired it, excepting the portress, who declared, with a wink, that she was as knowing as Madame Marengo, and could see through her arts; which meant that the cardeuse entertained matrimonial designs on M. Camus. If such was indeed the case, Madame Marengo's expectations did not seem likely to be realised, for though Annette was soon out of danger, her father grew worse every day. His mind, however, was perfectly sound; and it is only just to say, that if his heart had long been obdurate, it now seemed to be entirely softened in favour of his kind nurse. Though Madame Marengo had lived amongst soldiers, and in barracks, and though her manners were not irreproachably genteel, she had a true and honest heart; and with all her outward roughness, none knew better than she did how to render a service in a delicate manner. The schoolmaster saw all this, and he now wondered why or how he had ever hated Madame Marengo.

One evening when the schoolmaster was revolving those thoughts in his mind, he suddenly turned towards the cardeuse, who was sitting at the head of his bed, and earnestly observed, 'Madame, if I die, I think I can intrust Annette to your care. I know,' he added, with a patronising air, which even now he could not quite cast away, 'that I might confide her to a more

educated and accomplished lady, but I doubt whether I could find one with a kinder heart.'

M. Pascal Camus spoke this in the tone of a man who confers a great favour; and though, after his death, Annette would be a portionless orphan, it did not occur to him to look on the matter in any other light. It will perhaps be saying more in Madame Marengo's praise than we might otherwise express, to state that she took precisely the same view of the subject. She only saw the moral trust reposed in her, and she was deeply affected. It was the first time, too, that the schoolmaster had ever addressed to her a word of praise: the tears rose to her eyes, and in the height of her emotion she begged M. Camus to forgive her all that she had ever done against him. Then she confessed to him that she had been the cause of his losing his pupil, and that numbers upon numbers of times she had called him, behind his back, 'an old Coassack.' This irreverent appellation rather shocked M. Camus; but he made a heroic effort, and as Madame Marengo was evidently deeply penitent, he declared that he forgave her. It was his duty, he said, as a Christian, for he felt his end approaching. Madame Marengo assured him that he was much better, but M. Pascal Camus persisted that he was dying. 'All men of genius,' said he solemnly, 'foretell the hour of their death: it is not therefore astonishing that I should be able to predict mine. I shall die,' added he, after a moment's pause, 'at seventy seconds past eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Mind, Madame Marengo, at seventy seconds past eight!'

'Well, do drink some of your tisane; there's a dear,' interposed Madame Marengo, rather alarmed at the sick man's excited look. M. Camus was the most docile of patients; he took the drink, and as it was of a soporific quality, he soon sank into a deep sleep. Madame Marengo was not very superstitious, but she had heard of such things as deathbed predictions, and she had strong faith in her own presentiments. Now she happened to feel a particular presentiment, which told her that M. Camus would really die at the appointed hour—great, therefore, was her anxiety during the night. M. Camus never wakened once: this looked extremely suspicious: morning came, and still the patient slept: eight o'clock struck, and Madame Marengo's heart beat high: she watched M. Camus with feverish anxiety: the seventy seconds passed, and still he did not waken: in short, M. Camus did not open his eyes until a quarter past ten. Though rather pleased to find himself alive and well, he was exceedingly surprised: there must be some mistake: the clock did not go right: this was the first prediction of his which had not proved correct. At this moment the doctor came in. He declared that the patient was much better; a favourable crisis had occurred during the night. M. Camus immediately brightened up: this explained everything: he was to have died at seventy seconds past eight, but a favourable crisis having occurred, the consequence was, &c. &c. Madame Marengo's presentiment admitted of a similar explanation, and both were perfectly satisfied.

M. Camus now recovered rapidly. In less than a month, he no longer needed Madame Marengo's assistance, and was able to attend to his pupils. He then discovered that they had all left him. Their parents declared, much in the same language which he had once applied to Madame Marengo, that both himself and his school-room smelt of the fever. This was a sad blow for the schoolmaster; but it happened that, at that very time, Paul ascertained that the savings' bank, in which he had deposited a few hundred francs, saved from his earnings, was a remarkably unsafe place for money. He immediately expressed a wish to invest it in some safe speculation. In short, though not without much pressing, Paul induced M. Camus to accept of a loan, part of which was to be applied to his immediate wants, whilst with the rest the school-room was to be fitted up in style. This produced a wonderful effect: pupils immediately

flocked in, the dyer's nephew among the rest; and in less than a year, M. Camus was able not only to return Paul's loan, but even to repay Madame Marengo the sums she had spent upon him during his illness.

Several years have passed away since the reconciliation of M. Pascal Camus and Madame Marengo. They have wisely abjured speaking on politics, and are now as staunch friends as they were formerly bitter enemies. They have learned, that though people may not agree on certain points, still there is no reason why they should be enemies. Though Paul was the instrument of their reconciliation, both the cardeuse and the schoolmaster declare that their friendship is simply owing to the excellent qualities which they have since then discovered in each other—qualities of which they could of course know nothing as long as they remained mutually hostile. It will serve to show the confidence which reigns between them to state, that they have lately agreed, but in secret, that a marriage between Paul and Annette would be a very eligible affair in a few years' time. But as both the parties are yet rather young, the elder ones have wisely determined, though they have long marked their secret attachment, to say nothing on the subject yet; and indeed it was premature to mention it even here.

There are a great many Madame Marengos and Monsieur Pascal Camuses in this world, who quarrel half their lives without knowing why. What a pity they will not try the other system, by way of change! They would find it much less troublesome, and ten times as pleasant, after all.

THE BLACKBIRD.

'I could not think so plain a bird
Could sing so fine a song.'

SOME birds, it is generally admitted, are among the most interesting portions of the animal creation, affording a copious and instructive study to the naturalist, and delighting the mere lover of nature with their matchless music, which adds a vocal charm to sylvan scenery. Among the warblers for which this country is celebrated, the blackbird is esteemed a universal favourite. The jetty songster may often be seen in the rural districts, whistling merrily in his wicker-cage suspended on a cottage wall, or the branch of a tree overhanging the garden path. Occasionally, too, his shrill and gladsome note may be heard ringing in the noisy streets of large and busy towns, imparting a touch of nature, and reminding the passer-by, who has a heart to feel, of the green country, its pleasant lanes, sunny fields, and shady woods.

The blackbird is a native of England, staying with us the whole year, and is the largest and earliest of our messengers of spring. It is the first of the seven tribes which constitute the *turdus* or thrush genus, and is found all over Europe, but appears to be less constant in Holland than in other places; in that country, though numerous in the autumn months, it is rare in winter. Blackbirds are found also in Northern Asia, as far down as Syria: a large portion of the earth's surface is thus enlivened by their song. In England, they commonly begin to sing in February: while the ground is covered with snow, before a leaf is to be seen, or other birds have commenced their warblings, they pour out their clear notes from some thick hedgerow or the corner of a wood.

Blackbirds couple early soon after beginning to sing, and lay twice in the season—the first time about the end of March; but this brood is seldom reared, owing to the general inclemency of the season, and the want of shelter. The first laying—five or six eggs—is always more numerous than the second; a fact noticed long ago by Aristotle, and verified by later observers. The birds are said to be shy and suspicious: the place, however, in which they build appears to be chosen without regard to concealment; for they often select bushes and low trees in gardens, or hedgerows by the side of much-

frequented walks. The nest is made of rushes, twigs, or coarse grass, cemented together with clay, and lined with wool, hay, or hair. According to some naturalists, the birds render the clay walls of their nest more secure by mixing in hogs' bristles, and leave a hole in the bottom for the escape of water, which, if April be showery, would fill the interior, and destroy the eggs. Sometimes, as if for greater stability, the materials of the nest will be made to embrace a branch of the bush in which it is built; the structure is, however, very rudely finished, and exhibits none of that neatness displayed by many smaller birds. The colour of the eggs is a bluish-green, clouded with deeper shades of the same hue, and dusky patches and veins.

In some parts of the country, particularly the north, the blackbird is still called the *merle*, from its Latin name *merula*. Scott tells us, in one of his spirited ballads—

'Tis good, 'tis good, in gay green wood,
When mavis and merle are singing.'

The bird's habit of flying *mera*, or solitary, is said by Varro to have gained it this appellation. The merle appears to have been a favourite among our older poets: Chaucer and Spenser make frequent mention of his musical name. He was also known as the *ousel*. Drayton uses both expressions—

'The ousel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had marked of purpose, 'let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For with their vocal sounds they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.'

Shakespeare, too, sings of

'The woodcock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.'

The blackbird, according to Buffon, is of a more decided black than the raven, its plumage being less affected by reflection. The bill of the young does not acquire the yellow tinge until they are a year old; the inside of the mouth, the heel, and soles of the feet, then become of the same colour, and a beautiful circle of gold forms round the eyes. The female is not so dark as the male, her feathers incline to a rusty black or brownish hue. During the period of incubation, the male will frequently sit on the eggs for four or five hours, while his mate

— 'Sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal.'

The sight of these birds is very acute, which enables them to detect an enemy from a great distance; their reputed shyness may probably arise from this cause, and their taking to flight on the first alarm. It is, however, certain, that if much watched or disturbed, they will abandon their nests, and on such occasions are said to break their eggs, or destroy the young.

Although the low position in which blackbirds generally place their nests exposes them to many casualties, they are slow to learn from experience. Gesner, however, relates an instance of two young broods having been eaten by a cat from a nest built at the foot of a hedge. After the second loss, the parent birds abandoned the old nest, and constructed another in an apple-tree, at a height of eight feet above the ground, out of reach of the enemy. On some occasions blackbirds seem to forget their habitual mistrust, and invite observation. A pair once built their nest among some dry thorns in a pile of fagots in a garden near Windsor, close to which men were passing the whole day with wheelbarrows. The nest was so near the ground as to be completely exposed to view, but the birds persevered and reared their young. Another pair built, a few years ago, in the camellia-house of the Messrs Lodges of Hackney, where the female was frequently seen sitting on the nest by the numerous visitors to the celebrated nursery. An instance is recorded among others, in Stanley's 'Birds,' of a blackbird's nest on the ground, in a tuft of grass or rushes, close to the

seat of a rabbit—the tail, in fact, of the rabbit being in contact with the nest. As the seat as well as the nest were both occupied, these two companions must have sat meditating together for many a day in perfect peace and good fellowship.

The old birds separate as soon as their offspring are able to live without aid, and never come together again until the next breeding time. Although attentive to their young, they take but little care of themselves, and in the winter are often found frozen to death in the hedges. They are very cleanly in their habits, and appear to derive much enjoyment from bathing and preening their feathers. They accommodate themselves easily to diversities of climate, and live to the age of seven or eight years; but from the attacks of birds of prey, and abandonment of nests, they are not so numerous as might be expected. They eat all sorts of berries, fruits, and insects, and display much cunning and ingenuity in hunting for snails in gardens during the winter, and breaking the shells against the wall or hard ground. The number of noxious creatures destroyed by these birds is surprising; but the good they do in this way is too often lost sight of by growers of fruit. Blackbirds, there is little doubt, have to answer for the misdeeds of other depredators. Their bright yellow bill and dark plumage cause them to be more easily detected than birds of the ordinary colour; they have, besides, the habit of uttering a quick shrill cry of alarm when suddenly disturbed, which naturally draws attention. They have thus come to be regarded as insatiable destroyers of fruit, and in many places a war of extermination is carried on against them. Others of the feathered race have suffered from the same prejudice, which arises entirely from a want of true knowledge. The best-informed naturalists agree that birds are more sinned against than sinning. A remarkable instance occurred about the middle of last century in New England: there was a general failure of the crops, and the inhabitants, attributing the deficiency to the depredations of jackdaws, turned out, and shot every bird of that tribe they could find. But for some years afterwards, such was the prodigious increase of insects and reptiles, that the crops were but little increased.

A grass plot attached to a country-house was once visited by a dozen or two of blackbirds for several days in succession; they ploughed it up so diligently with their bills, as to make the surface look rough and decayed. The owner of the property, unwilling to shoot the intruders, caused the grass plot to be dug up in several places, when it was found to be overrun with the larvæ of chafers. The birds were left in undisturbed possession; and although the walls were covered with ripe fruit, they left it for the grubs, which they effectually destroyed, and the grass plot soon resumed its original appearance. We can fancy the humane proprietor here spoken of acquainted with Tennyson's thoughtful lines—

'Oh, blackbird! sing me something well;
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,
I keep smooth plots of fruitful ground,
Where thou mayst warble, eat, and dwell.

* * *

Yet though I spared thee, kith and kin,
Thy sole delight is sitting still,
With that gold dagger of thy bill
To fret the summer jennet in.

A golden bill! the silver tongue
Cold February loved is dry;
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young.

* * *

Take warning! He that will not sing
While yon sun prospers in the blue,
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,
Caught in the frozen palms of spring.'

Amongst other freaks of nature, she sometimes produces a white blackbird; an instance occurs in Willoughby, together with this writer's explanation of the phenomenon. 'On the Alps,' he says, 'the Apennines,

and other high mountains, are sometimes found birds of this sort all over white. We ourselves saw one in a poulterer's shop at Rome, partly-coloured of black and white. But this we look upon as accidental: either the coldness of the region, or the constant intuition of snow, effecting this alteration of colour—as in crows, ravens, &c.—so that we do not think a white blackbird (pardon the seeming contradiction in *adjecto*) to differ specifically from a black one.' The same fact had not escaped the notice of older writers: Pliny believed the blackbird to turn red in winter. Le Vaillant describes an African blackbird, called, from its note, the 'John-Frederic,' and another, which seems to repeat the Dutch phrase, *Piet, myn vrouw*. There is also a blue blackbird, found in Gibraltar, the Pyrenees, and the islands of the Mediterranean: its singing very much resembles that of the nightingale. Instances of white blackbirds have been met with in this country: the *albino* is generally found in a nest with three or four others of the natural hue; sometimes the head only is white. There was one, about ten years since, in the Zoological Gardens at London, which had been taken in Northamptonshire; and a stuffed specimen, cream-coloured, is preserved at the British Museum. On the continent, the flesh of blackbirds is esteemed a great delicacy, particularly after the *vendange*, or grape-harvest—they are then fat and in good condition. Preference, however, is generally given to those which have fed on olives and myrtle berries. By ancient physicians the flesh was regarded as provocative of good-humour, and easy of digestion. They prescribed it as a remedy against dysentery and colic: the gall dissolved in vinegar was an excellent cosmetic for the skin. The oil contained in the body of the bird was applied for the cure of sciatica; and this oil, together with the volatile salt supposed to abound in the flesh, was said to render it a specific against the plague. Blackbirds, it is said, were once rare in the north of England; but now they are numerous, and in the neighbourhood of Newcastle have almost driven away the common thrush. In the Orkneys, the bird is called the *chucklet* from its winter note—chuck, chuck. The power of imitation is strong in the blackbird: one has been heard to give a respectable version of the nightingale's melody, and another to crow like a cock. The latter sat perched on a tree close to a mill where poultry were kept, and evidently enjoyed the imitations. Sometimes it broke off in the middle of the cock-a-d—, flapped its wings, and whistled its ordinary note. When kept in the house, the birds will imitate many sounds of the human voice, and may be taught little airs, which they seldom forget.

The natural song of blackbirds can only be heard in perfection when they are at liberty: it is too powerful to be listened to in-doors: in winter, their voice becomes hoarse and disagreeable. They begin to sing with the earliest dawn, and may still be heard when twilight is deepening into darkness, especially on the evenings of close, sultry days. Gilbert White enumerates the blackbird among others which are silent about July or August; the latter, he observes, is the mutest month of all the fine season. In September, when the woods begin to put on their autumnal tints, the blackbird may again be heard 'whistling from the thorny brake,' and he retains his musical voice until the cold weather has fairly set in. Different opinions prevail as to the character of the blackbird's music. Aristotle describes the bird as stammering and chattering in winter, but in summer growing darker in colour, and making a loud noise with open throat. 'The cocks,' says Willoughby, 'are very canorous, whistling and singing very pleasantly all the spring and summer-time, only their note is too loud and shrill near hand.' To some ears the note suggests nothing but melancholy—a chant of lamentation; the hearers, however, must have been in a melancholy mood, for the music is peculiarly cheerful and exhilarating. 'The male blackbird,' in the words of an intelligent observer, 'is one of our

most beautiful songsters: his song consists of many strophes, following at short intervals, among which are some more staid chirping hoarse notes, varied with clear whistles; but it is specially distinguished, and heard at a great distance, by a loud flute-like *tratac tratac*, which has also been compared to the sounds *dauid, hane dauid*.' According to Bechstein, 'the natural song of the blackbird is not destitute of melody; but it is broken by noisy tones, and is agreeable only in the open country. When wild, it sings only from March to July; but when caged, during the whole year, except when moulting. Its voice is so strong and clear, that in a city it may be heard from one end of a long street to the other. Its memory is so good, that it retains, without mixing them, several airs at once, and it will even repeat little sentences. It is a great favourite with the lovers of a plaintive, clear, and musical song.'

The blackbird's music has found responsive echo in many a heart; many a 'mute inglorious Milton' has been inspired by it, whose thought never expressed itself in words. The peasant poet Clare alludes repeatedly to the 'never-caring blackbird;' and we may conclude our notice of this interesting warbler with a sonnet in which the musical inspiration is happily conveyed—

'Methinks, methinks a happy life is thine,
Bird of the Jetty wing and golden bill!
Up in the clear fresh morning's dewy shine
Art thou, and singing at thine own sweet will:
Thy mellow voice floats over vale and hill,
Rich and mellifluous to the ears, as wine
Unto the taste: at noon we hear thee still;
And when gray shadows tell of *Sol's* decline.
Thou hast thy matin and thy vesper song;
Thou hast thy noontide canticle of praise
For Him who fashioned thee to dwell among
The orchard-grounds, and 'mid the pleasant ways
Where blooming hedges screen the rustic throng:
Thy life a ceaseless prayer, thy days all Sabbath days.'

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

LINGERING PREJUDICES AGAINST SCOTLAND.

In a recent trial before the Court of Queen's Bench, a barrister, wishing to show that a witness could not have been simple enough to sign a particular self-condemnatory document without reading it, thought it a good point to show that he was an attorney; but this was not enough—he was a Scotch attorney; as if nothing but the shrewdest regard to his own interest was to be expected from a person so describable. The nature of the individual case is nothing to the purpose; but in so far as a great body of people is reflected on, we think ourselves called on to protest against the climax of the learned counsel. It belongs to a class of prejudices which we thought had long been left to the most ignorant of our southern compatriots. It surely is unworthy of an educated person of our age thus to sanction and assist in keeping alive antipathies to which a legislative measure of a hundred and forty years' standing gave a practical *quietus*. We should have thought that the evils arising from such antipathies were exemplified in so strong a manner in another section of the empire, that any rational or considerate Englishman would hesitate to evoke even a dormant specimen of this most unhappy class of feelings. Fortunately, Scotland is so contented in the enjoyment of the well-earned fruits of her own honourable industry, that she can afford to smile at such poor shafts of wit. But the discredit of launching them is not on this account the less.

It occurs forcibly to a Scotchman on hearing of such pellets being thrown at his country, through the English journals or any other medium, that the conduct of the chief of the three nations to the Irish proceeds on a strikingly diverse principle. From Ireland—no matter from what cause—England has for many years experienced extreme annoyance. Ireland is the millstone round her neck. She spent seven millions upon Ireland

in one year. Listen to a private individual Englishman, and he tells you, beneath his breath, that he is sick of this murderous beggarly associate, in whom he finds no honour or truth, but an endless, thankless 'Give, give!' England, however, publicly treats this matter with signal tenderness—no jibe, such as that of our barrister, would be ventured on in either the Queen's Bench, or the House of Commons, or at any public meeting. England dare not use such terms towards Ireland. It is curious to see her less considerate sons so ready to venture on jokes to the discredit of Scotland, which for centuries has given no offence—but from which *nothing is dreaded*. How far the contrast is honourable to her, we need not stop to consider.

We have already given more lines to the subject than it is worth; but a general remark may yet be allowed. If England has any sympathies with the two associated kingdoms, they flow as six to one in favour of Ireland. How like this is to the way of the world in private life! Literature and common talk are full of the cant of a sentimental interest about unfortunate persons, however truly the authors of their own misfortunes, and even although some dash of criminality, romantic or otherwise, may attach to them. But the worthy, industrious, frugal man, who sees after his own affairs and troubles nobody—who fulfils all the great duties towards his family, his friends, and the public, not excepting an abundant but modest beneficence towards the meritorious poverty round about him—that is a kind of man of a different stamp. He is not picturesque. He does not excite benevolence. Perhaps his success in life rather provokes envy. No one has any sympathy for him. This is the case of Scotland. Of course, in the satisfaction arising from duties well performed, and aims wholly legitimate and praiseworthy, there is ample compensation for every injustice that may arise from prejudices so vulgar and so ridiculous.

WALKS TO OFFICE—CAPRICORNUS TO CANCER.

We have read of a man whose whole life was passed in London, and who, walking daily to and from his official duties during a period of forty years, never found anything worth jotting down in his diary except his dinners and the name of the house in which they were eaten. Just imagine an individual, after nearly half a century of active service, retiring on a 'superannuated allowance,' with no other record of the past than a big catalogue of masticatory achievements! What a resource on rainy days, when the newspaper was exhausted, and the customary stroll could not be taken, to bring out the heavy volume, and 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies' over its suggestive memoranda, which might run thus: Feb. 19, 1830—Dined in Butcher-hall Lane; almonde beef and college pudding; half-and-half; or, July 6, 1831—Lamb chops and asparagus at Pamphilon's; gooseberry tart; cheese; stout! It follows, of course, that the writer of such a journal must be a bachelor; a wife and children would have given him something better to do than keep a chronological account of eatings and drinkings. Were it possible to investigate motives, we should perhaps find nothing but the physical fact of a good digestion. That a man may never write anything is within belief; but that one who kept a diary, and walked about the streets of London for a lifetime, could never find an accident, or a foggy day to commemorate, staggers credibility. It is possible that the very greatness and multifariousness of the subject may make 'taking notes' difficult or impossible to an unpractised hand. A slight habit of observation will, however, detect a thousand things in the restless, roar-

ing streets, better worth recording than the items of departed dinners. How the continuous tide of human life pours on, hither and thither, in a resistless current, offering in itself a mighty range for contemplation! We know an old lady who shed tears as she stood and watched the multitudinous life of a busy thoroughfare; and truly is it impressive, presenting as it does every variety of human character. There are things to be seen and heard among the crowds that throng the streets of London, which can be seen and heard nowhere else, and which are as much a part of London as its parks and public buildings. The jibe and jest of folly—the hard sententiousness of business—the sneer of envy—the groan of misery—are strangely mingled in London.

We have lived for some years in London, and in our daily peregrinations through the streets, many objects have struck us as noteworthy, which may possess a general interest. Our residence is 'over the water,' which means on the Surrey side of the Thames, about three-quarters of an hour's walk from Blackfriars Bridge, away in what is at present debateable ground between smoke and sunshine. We are just out of one of the main thoroughfares, down a short lane, on one side of which is a real hedge, such as you see miles away in the country, and a goodly sprinkling of trees; and at night, all is as quiet as in a country village. We start in the morning at nine, and walk fast or leisurely according to the season; and if we have a few minutes to spare, can always dispose of them profitably at some book-stall on the way: many stray facts and valued volumes have we picked up by this means at little cost. In the winter, when the weather is fine, we step at once from our door on to a hard frozen path, that rings beneath our feet; the hedge and trees are white with a frosty incrustation; and on reaching the high road, we find its clean surface striped by countless wheel-tracks. But after the first furlong or two, the brightness and naturalness of surrounding objects deteriorate with every step of progress citywards, in a gradually-increasing uproar, gloom, and dinginess. Half a mile behind, all was clean and crisp; now the pavement begins to look as though it had been coated with damp ashes, which, a little farther on, are transformed into black slippery mud, trying to the pedestrian's patience, and provocative of ire in omnibus conductors and cab drivers. When you started, the sun was shining in a clear sky; but as you went on, he began to look a little tawny, then brown, and now he looms in lurid redness through the smoky atmosphere, which deposits itself in New Zealand tattoo lines round your eyes, nose, and mouth, makes your breath look as though it came from a coke-furnace, and half stifles you into the bargain. The white rime still clinging to the tilt-cover of wagons coming in from the country, is looked at with astonishment by people in the streets, nine out of ten of whom would hardly believe that the atmosphere is clear and exhilarating at a distance of two or three miles. The gloom deepens, and you are past all doubts as to its being one of the annually-recurring genuine London fogs. Gaslights are burning in the shops, flinging bewildering shadows across the streets, and making everything look strange and spectral. On crossing the bridge, the fog seems denser than ever—not a glimpse of the river is to be seen. Steamboats, however, are feeling their way along, and the murky fumes from their funnels remind you of smoke-vomiting monsters in some Dantean inferno. Sometimes the dismal pall lifts and floats away about the middle of the day, and the glad sun comes out (for it is mostly in clear weather that

the real metropolitan fog makes its visitation), and man and beast can breathe again. At other times, it clings all day, and creates a scene, on the approach of night, scarcely possible to describe. The gas lamps are of no more use than farthing rushlights; omnibus drivers lose their way in Fleet Street and the Strand, or mistake Temple-Bar for the Horse Guards, and shout to one another as mariners navigating an unknown sea. The habitual frequenter of the streets is as much at a loss as the veriest stranger: to walk is almost as adventurous an undertaking as travelling in the desert without a compass; and when, on nearing home, you emerge from the smoke, you draw a long breath with a feeling of having escaped some horrid calamity, and lost a day.

Such is one of London's phenomena: but the same walk presents other characteristics for consideration, moral as well as physical. Nowhere is the struggle for existence so apparent as in the suburbs of the huge city, and nowhere is it attempted under more hopeless circumstances. The effort may probably be more intense 'in town,' but it is more concealed, masked by the profusion of brass, blaze, and glitter. But here, in the outskirts, where there is as yet no neighbourhood, no back streets swarming with a poor population, always ready-money customers, the attempts to establish a business seem little better than frantic. In some, the fraudulent intention is palpable from the very outset; but others excite our sympathy. A newly-married couple come out, and take one of the 'run-up' houses, all shop and closets, for which the suburban approaches to London are famous. The husband is a respectable artisan, or clerk at a coal-wharf; his wife has learned dress-making, and incontinentally the window is filled with little frocks, coats, and caps for children, ticketed at foolishly low prices to tempt purchasers. 'FIRST FLOOR TO LET' stares you in the face from the central pane, day after day, as you go by; but the accommodation is too raw, and the rooms too small, for a respectable, quiet lodger; and they either stand empty, or, as the rent must be made up at all events, are let to a man employed at a neighbouring glue factory, who manages to squeeze his household gear, wife, and two children into them. Henceforth a dirty blind gives a squalid appearance to the first floor window: the struggle, however, goes on below: the trim and showy articles first exhibited disappear, and give place to others of a plainer style; and a glance at the interior shows you that the shop window contains the whole of the stock in trade. At last, on passing some morning, you see the shutters closed: the inmates have made a moonlight flitting of it, and gone to tempt fortune in another parish, or to hide their disappointment in a lodging close to the husband's place of business. The history of one is the history of a thousand—green-grocers, haberdashers, stationers, whatever may be the business. A few struggle on for a few years, until back streets are built, which drain them off from the main thoroughfare; better and larger shops spring up, and their places are taken by tradesmen with capital. What eventually becomes of all those who do not succeed, must remain matter for grave speculation.

The great human tide begins to flow citywards as early as six in the morning. A few scattered mechanics and porters are then hastening to their work. At seven, the number is augmented, with here and there an 'assistant,' or a bookseller's 'collector.' At eight, troops of merchants' and lawyers' clerks make their appearance; and from the hour at which their daily employment begins, are called the 'Nine-o'clock-men.' A few stragglers from this division fill up the next hour, when the 'Ten-o'clock-men' may be seen all going in one direction along the now busy thoroughfare. They are generally more advanced in life, and more staid in appearance, than those who preceded. Many are picked up by the omnibuses, which now come speeding on, crowded with passengers who must be in the city by ten. Not a few, however, prefer to walk. They fall in with acquaintances, by whose side they have paced the same

route for years, and their conversation, as you may hear in passing, is mostly of a hearty, cheerful tone—the inspiring effect of a good breakfast. With what generous pity is their hand often thrust into their coat pocket for stray halfpence to be dropped into the outstretched palm of some shivering beggar; and they seem to have a friendly word or nod for almost every one they meet. There is a contagious cheeriness in all this, but it is liable to fluctuation. We have watched those same individuals on their return from office, at four in the afternoon; their manner is then reserved, not unfrequently abrupt and somewhat snappish, which effectually keeps beggars at bay, and intimidates crossing-sweepers. We were long at a loss to account for this transformation of character, until a friend, well experienced in the phenomena of urban life, whispered that a Londoner going home to his dinner is always impatient and out of temper.

Now you meet a troop of German musicians, in round white hats, or slouching Italians with barrel pianos, on their way to the farthest suburban limit, from whence they play their way gradually homewards. Street music, compared with what it was a few years since, has undergone a great improvement. Young females occasionally pass you, coming from town, with a thin book or roll of music in their hand. How various are the characters they present!—some thoughtful and anxious, others mechanical and business-like, others, again, flippant and restless. They are governesses going to their daily task of teaching and training young children. You may read their qualifications at a glance, and discover those really fitted for their office. Some few who receive an adequate salary may be seen in the omnibuses; they are of the better sort: but for most, teaching is a weary duty, undertaken as a last resource. Here, too, you meet men with portfolios under their arms—artists who give lessons at a guinea a quarter. How sensitive they appear of being too closely scanned, for none but themselves know the trouble they have to retain a show of respectability about their threadbare garments! It is rare, even in the coldest weather, that you see them wearing a cloak or overcoat, and the attempt to brave it out is obvious. The struggle in many cases must be most painful and melancholy. How much more independent and contented appear the men hawking garden stuff in wheelbarrows, or bakers delivering their customers' bread! But it is of such that a large proportion of the necessitous world consists, which shrinks and suffers unseen within the greater world of London, all pleasure or business around them. The sparse traffic of the suburbs affords them no concealment, and the sight of them lets us into many a secret of the struggle for existence in the crowded metropolis.

How the cries and confusion increase as you approach the more crowded streets! The shops, too, have an air of business about them, and are less precariously supported than those you have hitherto passed. Here and there, however, you still see one whose existence depends on those of uncertain ways and means, where viands of most equivocal appearance are exposed for sale, while a scrawl on a black board announces, 'Hot sheep's heads every night from eight to eleven.' Another will be, 'Notorious halfpenny shaving-shop.' A third declares a 'Rise in bones, and old iron,' adding, by way of postscript, 'Any gentleman's black eye cured in five minutes for twopence.' A few yards farther, you read, 'Ball this evening at seven; tickets threepence each, refreshments included!'—facts pregnant with meaning, exhibiting the physical resources of a numerous class of the population.

When the suburban roads converge, and pour their traffic into one line of street, it is no longer easy to detect individual characteristics; groups must now be taken instead of units. You need no other warrant that Christmas is nigh than the grocers' shops. What a profusion of plums and currants, spices and candied fruits! In fact, you have only to look at a grocer's or linendraper's window, at any time of the year, to know

what mouth you are in. Cheap and bright sugar is displayed as a 'leading article': go in and buy a pound—it is kept ready weighed and papered—and on opening the packet at home, you will find the contents marvellously darker in colour than the sample exposed in the window. Call for a pound of butter at a provision shop, you will always see a weight left in one of the brightly-polished scales. If it be necessary to change it, the one required is always thrown in before the first is removed. This is so invariably the case, as to excite a suspicion of unequal balance. It is, however, regarded as one of the legitimate advantages of trade, arising out of the keenness of competition. Widely ramified, it descends to the lowest. Cast an eye into the measures of the vendors of nuts and gooseberries in the streets, you will see a false bottom placed so as to diminish the interior capacity by one-fourth. We once asked an old woman, whose stand has been for years on the approaches to Blackfriars Bridge, whether she felt no compunction for her daily frauds on the public. 'Sure,' was the retort, 'doesn't everybody do it, and could I get a living if I didn't do the same?'

On passing the cab-stands, you may observe that the drivers seem more than usually alert during the hours that business men are making their way into town. If you chance to turn your head, a dozen fingers are held up to answer what is considered a call, and as many voices cry out, 'Keb, sir?' It is puzzling at times to know how these men get a living, paying as they do fourteen shillings a day to the owner of the vehicle. They like to see the day begin fine, and come on rainy at ten or eleven in the forenoon, after people have been drawn from their homes. On the approach of a shower, every cab is off the stand in an instant, as if by magic; and the 'waterman' runs hither and thither hastily to collect from each driver his lawful fee of one halfpenny for every fare that leaves the stand. A shower clears the pavement rapidly: people who have no umbrellas shelter themselves forthwith under awnings, covered passages, or gateways, and watch the falling drops with manifest impatience, or quiz any unfortunate wight forced to abide the storm. The Londoners astonish their country friends who venture to town, by recommending an observance of a rule of town life, 'Always take your umbrella when it is fine; when it is wet, do as you like.'

But all this while the season is getting on: the lamps are no longer lighted at four in the afternoon; the smoke seems less dense, and patches of blue sky are occasionally visible; thick and heavy overcoats have gradually retreated in favour of the light wrapper or 'Tagioni,' and the latter will soon follow, as the sun acquires power; women come out in shawls and mantillas instead of furs and cloaks; enterprising painters have begun to 'decorate' house fronts in the suburban roads; grass plots and box edgings in the little front gardens are clipped; early flowers peep out, and newly-gravelled paths give a cheerful aspect to the diminutive enclosures; a tinge of green appears on the bare branches of the trees that border the road, and the ivy, that thrives in spite of the smoke, wears a brighter hue, refreshing to the eye after the dreary months of winter. By and by, the lilac and laburnum are in full bloom, and you may almost cheat yourself with the fancy that the first mile of road is a country walk. But it is singular to note the change on nearing the more densely-populated districts. It was a fine day when you started—casual acquaintances said so. A mile farther on, where everything is deadened by a damp haze, it is also a 'fine day'; and as you go on, and find mud and murkiness, people still say a 'fine day.' Anything short of down-right rain is a fine day in London.

Steamboats that had been laid up for the winter are now swarming on the river, in all the pride of new paint; and for a halfpenny, we may often enjoy the breeze for a mile or so on our way to office. Pleasure vans, too, filled with glad parties for Hampton Court, resume their trips, most numerous on a Monday—Saint

or Blue Monday being more perseveringly kept than any other holiday in the London working-man's calendar.

WANT OF LABOURERS IN AUSTRALIA.

ATTENTION has been lately drawn to the deficiency of labourers, more especially shepherds, in the Australian colonies, and New South Wales in particular. Probably the want has been immediately felt in consequence of the recent stoppage of the stream of convict exiles which long poured into these distant settlements. Be this, however, as it may, the demand for labourers is at present unusually great.

In lately conversing with a gentleman, a large stock-farmer from Australia, we found him speak with earnest solicitude on this subject. 'Things,' said he, 'have taken a great change for the better with us. From our vast pasturages we can produce any imaginable quantity of wool and tallow, articles always sure of a market; but of what use are these great sheep-walks, unless we can get shepherds?' 'What kind of men would best answer?' we inquired. The reply was—'Any man of active habits and trustworthy character would answer: in fact, I have known first-rate shepherds who were once London cabmen: we don't expect professional shepherds who are well off at home to come out to us.' As corroborative of this general demand for labourers, this person brought under our notice the case of his relation, Mr Boyd, who had chanced to visit Australia at the time when sheep were at their lowest value, and had been tempted to embark largely in wool-growing. Finding himself, however, greatly embarrassed for want of assistance, he resorted to the novel and hazardous experiment of introducing natives from the not very distant islands in the Pacific. Having procured a vessel for the purpose, he instructed its commander to call at as many inhabited islands as possible, so that he might satisfy himself not only as to the people best fitted for the wants of the colonists, but also as to the number likely to be procured. 'In due time,' to adopt the language of the *Times* in its account of the expedition, 'the vessel returned with sixty-five of the natives of the New Hebrides group (distant about three weeks' sail from Sydney), of various ages, from fourteen to twenty-five; while the general accounts given of the cruise were such as to warrant an expectation of satisfactory and extensive results. Mr Boyd's wish was, that in the first instance only fifty should be engaged; but so eager were these people to be taken on board, that it was only through the authority of their chiefs that the number could be limited; the explanation of this desire for removal being, that the inhabitants of all the Coral Islands are in a condition, during upwards of eight months of the year, little short of starvation. With respect to the habits of the people, and their fitness for the occupations of civilised life, it is stated that although cannibalism and infanticide prevail amongst them to a fearful extent, they manifest in their intercourse with strangers a very great degree of tractability and intelligence; and hence it is considered that their vices may be attributed rather to the influence of the sufferings to which they are periodically exposed, than to any ineradicable peculiarity. The expense of introducing them is about £8 per man, and Mr Boyd's intention is to employ them as shepherds. At the same time, from the description given of them, it would seem that they might easily be instructed for other services. Regarding the conduct of the party during their three weeks' voyage, the master of the vessel reports as follows:—

"My first care on getting to sea was to limit the quantity of food for each person, particularly salt meat; to have the hold well aired and constantly cleaned, &c.; and so successful have I been in my endeavours to preserve all in a healthy state, that I landed them all at Twofold Bay, with only one slight case of dysentery having occurred during the passage. And I cannot refrain

from mentioning the grateful attachment they have all shown to me, as it exhibits a trait in their characters rarely found amongst savages, and one which will contribute in no small degree to render them manageable during their residence in the colony; but on this score I have no doubt: as short as the time is that they have been with me in the *Velocity*, they have already learned to make themselves useful, and the alacrity with which they endeavoured to obey any order I gave, fully proves their inclination to work."

'With reference to the numbers to be procured, he adds—"I have no hesitation in assuring you, that from the various groups in the vicinity of New Holland, this vast island, now nearly uninhabited, may be supplied with an almost unlimited number; for as the miseries of an over-population are removed by emigration, the crime of infanticide will cease, and the desolating effects of perpetual warfare—not only carried on for the purpose of eating the slain enemies, but also in the hope of plundering the enemy's country of the fruit and roots produced in it—will end when the principal cause is removed."

'Perhaps the chief danger to be apprehended is the common one in all these cases, of the temptation of intoxicating drinks. It must also be remarked that the number imported by Mr Boyd consists entirely of males; and that if this practice be persevered in, there can be no doubt of a repetition of the evils which not many years back were denounced in the first attempts at Coolie emigration to the Mauritius.'

In this latter remark we cordially agree, and trust that Mr Boyd will find it to his interest, as it is certainly his duty, to maintain something like an equality of the sexes in his importations. By the last accounts, the New Hebrideans employed by Mr Boyd on the Murray River were so well satisfied with their treatment, and so zealously and conscientiously have they worked for their employer, that it has been deemed expedient to return three of them, that they may make a correct report to their fellow-islanders, and induce a more general emigration. All are represented to be an intelligent body of men; and, what is rather remarkable, possessing great powers of calculation by a system of decimals.

However advantageous and humane it may be to remove from their famished homes these poor islanders, it is surely in every respect a more incumbent duty to remember that there is famine among ourselves, and that we could very well spare many who cannot earn their bread at home. But the colonists cannot be expected to be the importers of our spare citizens, at the great distance at which they are situated from us. Emigration on a considerable scale, and under proper precautions, would require to be carried on by the government as a public duty. We subjoin on the subject an extract from a private letter, dated Melbourne, May 2, 1847, which a correspondent hands us for insertion:—

'In late English papers I have read most harrowing details of the sufferings and positive state of starvation of large masses of the Irish people; and I believe the poor-rates are pressing heavily upon the middle and lower classes in England. At the same time a complete check is put to the advance and prosperity of the whole of the Australian colonies from a deficiency of labour, which has already existed some years, retarding their progress, and has now reached a point which will shortly put a complete stop to their advance. It is distressing to reflect that, whilst such misery exists in the United Kingdom, thousands upon thousands of oxen and sheep, scarcely surpassed in quality in any part of the globe, are being slaughtered with us to supply the soap-boiler and the steam-engine—being melted down for the tallow alone. We have already, I may say, a redundancy of food: meat is from three-halfpence to two-pence per pound, and must soon come lower still, unless the population be materially increased, or an outlet found for fat stock by an extensive system of salting for exportation. Of bread, and other sorts of food, the

supply is only limited by the scarcity of labour and the small demand. With an abundant supply of labour, the capacity of the colony for production is almost without limit.

'Such is the scarcity of labour at the present time, and such are the apprehensions in consequence felt, that many influential men have memorialised the government for the renewal of transportation to New South Wales. I may observe, however, that this step has been strongly reprobated by a large majority of the community. The pressure of high wages is so great, however, that the emancipists and ticket-of-leave holders from Van Diemen's Land are brought here by societies formed with that object. These importations are loudly denounced by the townspeople, who are great sufferers by the increase of robberies thereby occasioned—the police being sadly deficient in numbers and honesty. There is no doubt that the influx of these Vandemonians has eased the labour market greatly, as the men are generally expert in shearing, splitting, and farm-work, and, if they turn out well, are more useful, and are under better control, than free emigrants, who give themselves all sorts of airs, and are never satisfied. The most useful man, and by far the hardest worker we have yet had in our employment, is an emancipated convict. But on the other hand, the greatest rogue that my brother was ever troubled with was also one.

'The majority of the colonists are very strongly opposed to the introduction of these Pentonville exiles (Penton Villains, or Patent Villains, as they are called). Several of them have already figured at the police courts. In the early days, the importation of these very doubtful characters would have raised a clamour through the whole length and breadth of our virtuous and unpolluted colony; but the fear of contamination, once so strongly urged, has given way before the pressure of high wages, and the self-interest of individuals; and the introduction of any sort of labour, whether penitent villains, or double distilled rogues from Van Diemen's Land, is not only reluctantly submitted to, but openly encouraged. The last batch of Pentonvilles included two lawyers, a clergyman of the Scotch church, and a lieutenant in the army. The most amusing stories are related of these gentlemen. One left his card at all the mercantile houses in town, with an intimation that he would accept a situation as managing clerk, with a salary to commence at L300 the first year, to be increased subsequently. Another wished to engage as a private tutor. Some one suggested that he would do well to take a situation in the bush, to serve out stores, and to combine teaching with other duties. His indignant reply was, as he turned upon his heel, that "that was an amalgamation of professions of which he did not at all approve." A third advertised for board and residence with a genteel family! But almost all of them hold themselves in the highest estimation, and scorn any but the highest rate of wages. Meanwhile house robberies are becoming of nightly occurrence, and the streets may scarcely be pronounced safe after dark. The town presents the finest field imaginable for burglary, and the bush an equally good one for cattle-stealing—accordingly, while one branch of the profession cleared out the country-house of a magistrate, the country thieves, not to be outdone, swept above two hundred head of cattle off a run, brought them into the public market, and sold them by auction. Whilst the lead is taken with such spirit, of course there are numerous humble imitators.

'Shepherds' wages are from L.26 to L.30, according to the experience of the men; farm servants, L.30; female house-servants, L.22 to L.25; married couples, L.45 to L.55; and I have known boys of twelve years of age to get L.16. These wages are of course accompanied with ample rations. I find our servants to be very wasteful; they have such an abundance of good food at their command, that they become careless and dainty, and throw to their dogs as much meat and bread as would support at least one person.

We pronounce no opinion on the credibility of the above, further than that we received it from a respectable quarter; and this suggests to us the repetition of a former advice to colonists, as to the proper steps to be taken for making their wants properly known at home. They must not trust to the people of England hearing anything of them through the colonial papers; for these papers are seen only by a few persons. Neither ought they to trust to a mere statement of their grievances to the colonial office. They should draw up a memorial, duly authorised, and have it published in the principal newspapers of Great Britain, so as to bring it directly under the eyes, and within the sympathies, of their fellow-subjects. It is not too late to adopt this practical measure as respects the demand for labourers.

MOTTOES.

PROVERBS are a condensation of common experiences adapted to universal comprehension; mottoes are a concentration of individual thought or feeling in one point; and consequently both mottoes and proverbs are worthy the attention of the student of human nature, as indicating much more than they express. A 'motto,' the Italian for 'word,' though now understood to be a short phrase full of meaning, was at first an expressive exclamation, accompanying those heraldic devices used by our ancestors as emblems of their piety, their anger, or their love; or to commemorate any extraordinary adventure into which those passions had led them. Most of such mottoes were in Latin or French, because those languages were almost exclusively used by the two learned and warlike orders who ruled over society in what we now call the dark ages. Shortly, the motto of the baron or knight who led his vassals to the crusade, or to the still more reprehensible attack on his next neighbour, became their slogan, war-cry, or watchword; and, when well chosen, often contributed to success in battle. What power and extent of territory were acquired by the Dukes of Normandy while they led on their followers, shouting their famous war-cry, 'Dieu aide!'—'God helps us!' which, to believe, was better for a man in the fierce struggle with his fellow-man, than breastplate, or helmet, or two-edged blade. In fact, so much did these war-cries foster the spirit of partisanship, that it became necessary in our own island, when the wars of the 'Roses' were terminated by the marriage of Henry VII. to Elizabeth of York, to pass an especial act of parliament for their suppression, making it penal for nobles or their followers to use any cry but that of 'St George for England!' or 'The King!'

The motto of the royal arms of England, 'Dieu et mon droit!' has a disputed origin; some writers attribute it to Richard I., who adopted it to imply that he held his crown from no other sovereign, but only by Divine permission and hereditary right; others affirm that it was first used by Edward III. when he laid claim to the French crown in right of his mother Isabella. Certainly it is from his reign that we date the existence of the Order of the Garter, with its famous motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense!'—literally, 'Evil be to him who thinks evil of it!' as well as the adoption of mottoes on seals. One of the earliest impressions of a seal with a motto is one affixed to a deed executed by an ancestor of the Byron family, dated in the twentieth year of Edward III.; it is, 'Crede Be-runt!' The present motto of the family is, 'Crede Byron!'—'Believe or trust in Byron!' From this period the use of seals was rapidly extended; and not only were large sums of money given for gems, for the purpose of converting them into seals, but the newly-awakened arts of design and engraving were eagerly employed to make them at once ornamental and expressive.

The three feathers of the Prince of Wales, with the German motto, 'Ich dien!'—'I serve!' are supposed to

have been the arms of that king of Bohemia who was conquered on the field of Crécy by Edward the Black Prince, and were therefore adopted by him; other heraldic writers assert that they were borne by the Princes of Wales who first paid tribute to the crown of England, though still independent princes. However they may have originated, these mottoes have been used successively by the monarchs of England and their eldest sons from that time down to the present day; excepting that William III. took for his, 'Je maintiendrai!'—'I will maintain!' and Queen Anne for hers, 'Semper eadem!'—'Always the same!' a sort of admission, on their parts, that their right to the throne of England was not indisputable.

The kings of France have for their arms three fleurs de lis, or lilies, which were sent, says an old tradition, 'by an angel from Heaven; and the flowers being in manner of spears, were given to the king of France in sign of everlasting trouble, that he and his successors all way with battle and swords should be punished.' With such a prophecy hanging over them, and such a retrospect as the Revolution, the house of Bourbon do well to take 'Espérance!'—'Hope!' for their motto.

It is a gratifying fact, that when mottoes fell into disuse as war-cries, they were adopted for another and far more interesting purpose. Printing was just invented, and rose, if not rapidly, at least certainly, to be the most important art that the mind of man could devise, or his hand could practise. Learning, hitherto confined to the college or the cloister, was now diffused among mankind, visiting the court, the camp, and the city, and humanising all who owned her influence. Printed books superseded the rare and costly manuscripts heretofore in use, and found such eager and numerous purchasers, that spurious and imperfect editions of the more celebrated works began to be circulated. To remedy this evil, and to give security and protection to those printers whose publications combined great literary merit with rare typographical excellence, princes and potentates granted them permission to use on the title-page some symbol and motto, to counterfeit which was legally as well as morally criminal. Thus Aldus Manutius, who established the famous Aldine press at Venice, and was the inventor of the type called Italic, adopted for his sign on his title-pages a dolphin and anchor. Henry Stephens, the founder of the celebrated family of printers of that name, when established at Paris, took for his symbol an olive-tree, which long continued to be used by his sons, particularly by Robert, the most eminent of them, who was equally noted for virtue, learning, and skill in his occupation. It is of him that an anecdote is recorded, worthy to be coupled with that of Charles V. picking up the pencil of Titian, for it took place about the same period, and is as honourable to Francis I. as is the better-known condescension of his famous rival. Everybody knows that Charles patronised Titian; that our Henry VIII., rude and brutal as he was, protected Holbein; and that Leonardo da Vinci died in the arms of Francis: few know that the same Francis, going, as was his custom, to the printing-office of Stephens, found him engaged in reading a proof. The courtiers in his train would have required the instant attendance of the printer; but Francis, ever high-minded and chivalrous, would not allow the interruption, but waited until he had finished—a small enough condescension, it may perhaps be thought, but a great one in the then state of society. For this monarch, who was a judicious promoter of learning and the fine arts, books were first ornamentally bound, having the edges of the leaves gilt, and the arms and motto of the owner impressed on the covers.

One of the earliest printers, of much celebrity in England, was Henry Day, who enjoyed the favour of Queen Elizabeth. Upwards of two hundred works issued from his press, all distinguished by his symbol—the rising sun, with a boy awaking his companion, with the words, 'Arise, for it is day!' in allusion to the dawning day of Protestant reformation, which was much pro-

moted by the dissemination of tracts, now first printed and published. Day was the inventor of the Saxon letter. Christopher Plantin, of Antwerp, adopted for his emblem and motto a hand and pair of compasses, with 'Labore et constantia!'—'By labour and perseverance!' And by rigid adherence to this motto, he became rich and eminent: who indeed, let his station in life be what it may, can fail to improve it by acting in like manner? Juan de la Cuesta of Madrid, the printer and publisher of the first edition of Don Quixote, took for his device a stork, surrounded by the words, 'Post tenebras, spero lucem!'—'After the darkness, I expect light!' He was the intimate friend of Cervantes, and was well acquainted with all his struggles and difficulties, so that we, who now know how much sorrow and suffering made up the story of his life, ought to appreciate the touching appeal thus made to the heart of posterity. From his gloomy confinement in the narrow dungeon where he passed so long a period, through the jealousy of the litigious Mancheyans, this inimitable but persecuted man looked forward to a period when the light of fame should surround him. Nor was he mistaken. Some fame was his in life; but, as too often happens, it was not until the darkness of death had settled on his eyes that his great merit was fully acknowledged. Let us hope that the hopefulness so strongly expressed in his motto never deserted him, but that he felt the full force of the fine Spanish proverb that he puts, on the occasion of some disaster, into the mouth of Don Quixote, 'There is yet sunshine on the wall.'

From the mottoes of printers to those of men of letters the transition is easy. That adopted by the celebrated Erasmus, 'Festina lente!'—'Hasten slowly!' was considered by him to convey so much meaning, that he wished it might be carved in stone on public buildings, as well as printed in books. Less paradoxical is that used by an ingenious countryman of Erasmus, Tulp, or Tulpius, a physician of Rotterdam, who, besides being eminent in his profession, encouraged his fellow-citizens to resist the attacks of Louis Quatorze on their freedom. He took for his symbol a lamp burning, with the motto, 'Aliis inserviendo consumo!'—'I consume myself for the advantage of others!' And if, among the many occupations pursued by men of talent for the benefit of their fellow-men, there be one more self-sacrificing, more truly useful than another, it is that of the clever and conscientious practitioner of medicine—he who 'wounds to heal' when it is necessary, but who also knows how to administer the balm of sympathy to the worn and sinking sufferer.

The virtuous and learned Selden wrote in all his books, 'Freedom above everything!' Yet this freedom, so highly valued, was sacrificed by him to his still greater love of truth and consistency. During his illegal imprisonment by James I., being debarred the use of his books and papers, he declared that his mind had been undefiled by any wish to purchase liberty by a compromise of his opinions: in fact, he had the best freedom—that of the mind. Dr Robertson, the famous historian, commenced at fourteen to take notes of what he read, and he wrote in all the books so used for this purpose, 'Vita sine litteris mors!'—'Life without learning is death!'—and to the spirit of this motto he adhered throughout life. 'He devoted himself to study,' says Lord Brougham in his Lives of Men of Letters, 'examining and revolving the facts of history, contemplating ethical and theological truths, amusing his fancy with the strains of Greek and Roman poetry, or warming it at the fire of ancient eloquence, so congenial to his mind, at once argumentative and rhetorical.' To choose a motto so early in life, to retain it so long, and to act up to it with such persevering industry, seems to indicate a firmness and consistency of character worthy of imitation.

An amusing instance of the influence over Lord Eldon of a motto on the panels of a stage-coach, is related in Twiss's life of that eminent lawyer. When

he was plain John Scott, he went to London in search of fortune, in one of the stage-coaches known to our fathers, but of which our children will have no recollection: the motto on the doors of the vehicle was, 'Bis dat, qui cito dat!' on whose meaning, 'Twice done, if done quickly!' he ruminated all the journey. To everything that occurred, whether serious or ludicrous, he applied it; it remained fixed in his mind through life; and when he himself relates the anecdote, after having attained the highest honours of his profession, and realising a splendid fortune, he doubts, very characteristically, and very justly also, whether it would not have been wiser on his part to have more frequently made it the rule of his own conduct.

In closing the subject of mottoes, let us refer to that engraved on a sun-dial in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris: 'Horas non numero nisi serenas!'—'I count none but sunny hours!' the only course for a sun-dial, but neither the only nor the wisest one for man. They have little true knowledge who have never felt that the darkness which alternates with the daylight has benefits as great, if not as glorious—that the storm which sweeps over, and even threatens to destroy us, may, in fact, save us from unseen or specious danger. In the human heart, as in the bosom of the earth, there are seeds which can only germinate in the winter of adversity, which yet may have an after-growth of beauty and utility sufficient to repay the patience which has endured trustfully, and counted carefully, the dark and chilly hours.

ART OF MAKING MEN HAPPY.

There is an art in making a man happy which very few understand. It is not always by putting the hand in the pocket that we remove afflictions; there must be something more. There must be advice, and labour, and activity; we must bestir ourselves, leave our arm-chairs, throw off our slippers, and go abroad, if we would effectually serve our fellow-creatures. When to this active and effectual benevolence the more prompt efficacy of money is added, how great and how lasting may not the good be! Few, however, possess this quality of philanthropy; for it costs less to give a guinea than to give an hour.—*Five Nights of St Albans.*

THE OLD BACHELOR'S BRIDE.

LITTLE BESSY—pretty Bessy—vainly I have tried,
From 'midst the idle, fluttering throngs, to find a fitting bride;
And now a steady bachelor of two score years and one,
I'm almost in despair that I—must end my days alone;
So I will train a wife to suit my wishes, or I'll none!

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—thou shalt be my wife
When fifteen years are added to thy present three years' life;
In modest, meek humility, a model for thy sex—
A temper cheerful, tranquil, kind, which nothing e'er can vex—
Refined and courtly bearing too, with learning quite complex!

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—life is full of care,
And I must not expect to be exempted from my share;
But music hath the magic power of dissipating gloom,
And soft old songs you'll carol forth in our warm, cosy room,
Amid the perfumed wreathing clouds of my dear meerschaum's fume.

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—thy white fingers trim
Must mould confections to the taste of epicurean whim;
No Berlin wool, no silken twist, with beads of gold or steel,
Shalt thou weave into mystic gems from many a shining reel;
No—rather would I list the hum of thrifty spinning-wheel.

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—thou must stay at home;
All gossip parlance hating, nor ever wish to roam;
Simplicity's adornment thy attiring must display,
Avoiding all profusion, but moderately gay,
And ready always to be seen from dawn to close of day.

Little Bessy—pretty Bessy—sure I ask not much;
Although I own my private doubts—I shan't meet many such;
So, if you'll promise me to wed—a rich old man and kind,
And to his fallings and his age to be for ever blind—
I'll marry you in fifteen years—if then thou'rt to my mind!

C. A. M. W.

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THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

In a former paper, it was shown that the foundation of knowledge is simply Curiosity. I now venture, with perhaps a little more originality, to suggest that the moral reform and social improvement for which the present age is remarkable have had their basis in—TEA. The bulk of mankind, according to the testimony of all travellers, require something in the nature of a stimulant. Wherever this stimulant is tea, there is to be found, as will presently be shown, the spirit of civilisation in full activity. Where it is wanting, or used in small quantity, barbarous manners are still predominant. I therefore propound that tea and the discontinuance of barbarism are connected in the way of cause and effect.

The original country of tea had arrived, at the date when history began to be written in Europe, at a stage of refinement which was unknown in the west for many centuries after. When the wandering shepherds who migrated from the table-land of Thibet, or the slopes of the Himalaya, or, as other writers will have it, from the Tartarian mountains of the north-east, reached the banks of the great Chinese rivers, they were engaged for a certain time in the slow struggles of barbarism. Even the luxury to which they were gradually led by wealth and ease had something savage in its character. One of their early princes, for instance (who flourished at some trifling distance of time from the Mosaic deluge), giving a great banquet, set his guests to swim in a tank of rice wine, with the meats arranged within reach round the brink. But the great agent of refinement was in the midst of them, though unknown and unheeded at the time; and as the uses of the tea-plant were discovered, and its civilising juice disseminated throughout the land, the Chinese, from some hordes of barbarians, became a great and polished nation. This revolution, be it observed, did not take place, as at a later period in Europe, through the collision of races. The Chinese were shut up, with their tea, between the desert and the ocean; and when visited at the end of many centuries by Europeans, who crossed the deep, or penetrated through a cordon of savage nations for the purpose, they were found to possess the political and social institutions, the manners, and even the frivolities peculiar to civilised life.

Tea is suggestive of a thousand wants, from which spring the decencies and luxuries of society. The savage may drink water out of his calabash till doomsday; but give him tea, and he straightway exercises his faculties in the invention of a cup worthy of such a beverage. Tea was thus the inventor, I have little doubt, of that rich porcelain called china, from which arose numberless ideas of elegance in form, and beauty

in colouring. A single piece, before it is finished, employs forty hands, from the pounder of the flint (usually a blind or lame person), who earns half-a-crown a-month, up to the artist who sketches the design, while another fills in the colouring.

Is it going too far to inquire whether tea may not have borne an important part in the formation of that gentleness and tractability of character which keeps the Chinese calm and orderly even in the midst of political revolutions? Leave them alone to their ceaseless industry, to present offerings to the manes of their grandfathers, to read and write ever new romances, and they care not a straw what dynasty occupies the throne. Why, then, do we find any vestiges at all of barbarism among the Chinese, the very meanest of whom are educated, and may rise to the highest dignity of a subject? Because the poor have no tea. Tea is cheap in China, but still beyond the reach of the lowest classes, who have recourse to decoctions of all sorts of plants, which spoil the taste of the water, without adding to its virtue. Another reason is, that rice wine (if it should not rather be called rice beer), although a very weak beverage, is frequently drunk in such quantities as to intoxicate, and that, in the northern parts of the country more especially, the consumption of spirits and opium is very considerable. Opium-smoking, however, is by no means an imported vice, as it is commonly imagined to be. The English found the people besotted with the drug, which whitened the fields of the richest departments of the country; and they supplied their craving, just as they would have done had its object been cottons or woollens. In order to accomplish this, they were guilty of the political crime (for commerce may be said to have no moral sense) of leaguering themselves with the masses and the functionaries against the autocratical government of Peking, whose powerless edicts had been fulminated against the native cultivation of the poppy, when as yet the 'demons' of Europe had hardly entered the field.

The Japanese are perhaps still greater tea-drinkers than the Chinese; and they afford a more striking instance than the latter of the union of this custom with a high state of refinement and politeness. The first absolute emperor of Japan is said to have been a Chinese warrior, who commenced his reign in the year 640 B. C.—just thirty years after the invention of porcelain in China. Before the middle of the seventeenth century of our era, disgusted with the religious quarrels of the Dutch and Portuguese, and annoyed by the eager selfishness of the traders of various other nations, the Japanese grew tired of the world, and sealed themselves up hermitically in their own islands, where a population, as some say, of 45,000,000 remain to this day in a state of utter isolation. But luckily the tea-plant continued, and continues, to flourish among them; and

they permit a farther supply of the manufactured article from China. The Japanese are therefore polite and refined recluses. Every individual among them is taught reading, writing, and the history of his own country; but all beyond the lowest classes go through a regular educational curriculum for many years. The girls, in addition to literary instruction, are taught needlework, useful and ornamental, and the discharge of household duties. Morning calls and dinners are as common as in Europe, but more especially grand tea-drinkings, at which the matrons amuse themselves with ornamental work, and the others with singing and dancing. 'Chess and draughts,' says a recent work, 'are the sedentary games; but when forfeits are introduced, the polite, dignified, and gorgeously-dressed company throw ceremony out of the window, become rank philosophers on a sudden, and play with might and main like so many boys and girls.*' There is no country in the world where tea leads more directly than in Japan to the study of the comforts and elegancies of society. The exhibition of porcelain and lacquered ware is magnificent; but in the ornaments—or rather the ornament—of the room, there are displayed a taste and refinement that are absolutely unique. There can hardly be said to be anything we would call furniture, the carpet serving for chair, table, sofa, and bed, in one. Neither are there jars, statuettes, or nicknacks suitable for an old curiosity-shop; but in a recess, at one end of the drawing-room, stands a single picture, with a vase of flowers before it; and this picture being always changed to suit the peculiar occasion, addresses itself in a direct manner to the hearts and imaginations of the guests. Rural parties and water excursions are another grand resource of the polite hermits. 'The rivers, the lakes, the innumerable bays of the coast, are thronged with gilded barges, which lie mute and motionless under some shady bank during the heat of the day, but when the bland evening comes, shoot like stars through the water, tracked by many-coloured lanterns, and the silvery laugh and buoyant songs of women.' In a state of society like this, it need hardly be mentioned that the theatre is a principal source of amusement; although there the ladies are themselves the principal performers, being accompanied to the boxes by their attendants loaded with dresses, the effect of which they pass their time in trying upon the audience.

It is only necessary to add, that the Japanese are fond of poetry, and that tea-drinking gives rise there, as elsewhere, to abundance of love-making. The following verses, extracted from the book referred to, but coming to us through the medium of a Dutch translation, would pass very well in an English annual. They are supposed to proceed from a young lady who has set her heart upon an inferior in station—for there is nothing more dreaded, or more dreadful, in Japan, than a *mésalliance* :—

'To hear thy deep but gentle voice,
Thy calm and radiant brow to see,
Oh how it would my heart rejoice!
But that is too much bliss for me.

One look of thine, by others known
To thrill me to my bosom's core—
One word not heard by me alone,
And I were lost for evermore !'

Tea has not as yet made much impression upon the Tartars; and the reason may be, that it is only the coarser part of the leaves that falls to their share. This is beaten up, and moulded into what are called

bricks, and in this form sent into the desert. When the Tartars, however, come into China, and drink fine tea out of porcelain cups, they lose their distinctive character in a very short time, and behave as if to the manner born. So far from conquering China, as is commonly supposed, they yielded to its tea. They annexed their vast territory to the empire, and while nominally reigning, submitted to the government, laws, and customs of the country—in fact, became Chinese.

The fine tea of China passes through the Mongolian desert, and is delivered to the Russians at the southern frontier of Siberia. Here a couple of posts mark the boundaries of the two great empires, with the little town of Kiahkta on the Russian side, and that of Maimai-tchin on the Chinese. The tea travels through the whole breadth of Siberia, and at length arriving in Europe, is distributed at the fair of Nishni. This lengthened land transit adds so heavily to the price, that only the wealthy in Russia can afford to drink it. The article is not to be seen on any respectable table at a less cost than half-a-guinea a pound, and I have myself partaken of tea in Moscow which cost twice that sum. The consequence is, that only the noble and mercantile class drink it, while the peasants, or great body of the people, flood themselves with the abominable small-beer called quass, or brutalise themselves with votki, the Russian gin. Tea civilises, so far as it goes, the mercantile class; but hemmed in as they are by the nobles on one side, and the serfs on the other (for all three are castes as inexorable as those of India), they cannot be expected to receive its full benefit. Still, the merchants are an amiable, good-natured tribe, and their wives and daughters are decidedly ladylike, and dressed in magnificent silks and satins. They have a great value for tea, and pride themselves on its quality. I remember having the pleasure of falling in once with a Russian merchant—a princely-looking fellow, in his fine beard and flowing kaftan—who scorned the tea we met with at the roadside inns, and invariably made use of his own private store, sharing it liberally with his fellow-travellers. As for the nobles, they drink so copiously of other beverages, that it is hard to distinguish the effect of tea upon them. The quantity of French champagne they consume is almost incredible, although they have an excellent champagne of their own, made in the Caucasian provinces, at little more than a third of the price.

In another direction the tea of China finds its way into the empire of Annam, Siam, and the adjacent countries. The Cochinchinese have already begun to shake off their Oriental apathy, and purchase steam-vessels; but as yet the farther races have only received the civilising beverage concentrated in the form of lozenges, which they melt into tea. Indeed, in some parts of the Burman empire, the animals use it as a kind of pickle preserved in oil; just as in the Highlands at home, it was at first looked upon as a culinary vegetable, and presented at table in the form of greens. Tea has hitherto done little or nothing for the neighbouring Archipelago; but in Australia beyond, its operation is distinctly visible. In a former paper, I described the dreadful state of intemperance in which our settlements in that valuable country grew up, and which was in a great degree attributable to the monstrous practice of government paying its labourers in spirits. Since this was discontinued, and tea introduced in greater quantities, a remarkable change has taken place. The cheap luxury (for it is not burdened with the duties it bears at home) carries comfort and refinement into places which

* The British World in the East.

before were distinguished only for the squalor and brutality of drunkenness. In the bush, it is of course vain to look for the elegancies of the tea-table; but it is something even to find the lonely stock-keeper, instead of drowning the sense of his hardships in intoxication, infusing his enlivening tea in a kettle, and drinking it out of a quart-pot. That temperance still prevails to a considerable extent, cannot be denied; but the crisis, thank God, is past, and the reign of tea has fairly commenced.

Passing over the attempts made to naturalise the tea-plant in Java, British Malacca, and Brazil, and to turn to account the wild plants of the kind found in Assam and other parts of India, more especially the British provinces in the north-west, I may now come to the introduction of the magical beverage into Europe, and its result.

Tea was hardly known at all in this country till after the middle of the seventeenth century. We at first received it in trifling quantities, through the medium of the Dutch East India Company; and it seems to have been chased commercially with intoxicating drinks, a duty of eightpence per gallon being imposed on the decoction. In 1689, this mode of rating was discontinued, and a duty of five shillings per pound charged on the leaves. In 1711, the quantity returned for home consumption in Great Britain was 142,000 pounds; in 1786, it was 14,000,000 pounds; and before the end of the century, it had reached 20,000,000. At present, we require an annual supply averaging 35,000,000 pounds. Russia consumes about 9,000,000 pounds; Holland 3,000,000 pounds; Germany 2,000,000; and the United States 16,000,000 pounds a-year.* The consumption of France and Italy is not worth mentioning: so that Great Britain drinks considerably more tea than all the rest of the western hemisphere together.

It would not be easy to trace, in a direct manner, the operation of this new agent in civilisation; for tea does its spiriting gently. It is no vulgar conjurer, whose aim it is to make people stare. It insinuates itself into the mind, stimulates the imagination, disarms the thoughts of their coarseness, and brings up dancing to the surface a thousand beautiful and enlivening ideas. It is a bond of family love; it is the ally of woman in the work of refinement; it throws down the conventional barrier between the two sexes, taming the rude strength of the one, and ennobling the graceful weakness of the other. At the dinner-table, there is something repulsive in the idea that we are met for the purpose of satisfying the animal necessities of our nature; and our attempts to gild over this awkwardness by a gorgeous display of plate, crystal, and porcelain, only serve to superinduce an air of stiffness and formality. At the tea-table, on the other hand, although one may likewise eat, he does so without the gross sensation of hunger, while he who has no appetite at all, is spared the smell of smoking viands. In drinking, his excitement is seen, not in the flushed face, extravagant laugh, and confused ratiocination, but in an unconscious buoyancy of spirits, a rapid but clear flow of ideas, and a kindness, amounting to warmth of regard, for all around him.

Tea, however, philosophically considered, is merely a rival of alcohol. The desire for an agreeable and exhilarating drink is natural to man, for it exists in all states of society; and the new beverage, gratifying the taste, as it does, without injuring the health or maddening the brain, must be considered a blessing to the human race. We are apt to look with disgust at such statistics as I have ventured to introduce, though sparingly, into this article; but if we consider the moral consequences attending the consumption of a few additional million pounds of tea, the arithmetical figures will be invested with more than romantic interest.

A story is told of our gigantic neighbour, the western metropolis of Scotland, which illustrates amusingly, and with but little exaggeration, the state of manners in that city within the recollection of us middle-aged men. An Edinburgh gentleman, then young, and not yet sixty, being at dinner with a merchant of Glasgow, and finding the company inclined to sit longer over their wine than he liked, rose from table without ceremony, and made his way up stairs to the drawing-room, to take a cup of tea with his hostess. The large and elegant room was almost dark, for only a single candle burned on the table, and Mrs. — was alone, and sat cowering over the fire. When the visitor entered, the lady started up in some alarm, and rang the bell. Presently recognising the intruder, she apologised, by telling him that he was the first person during her married life, now of some years' duration, who had entered her drawing-room after dinner!

Glasgow, I need hardly say, is now in this respect like other places; and, in fact, the change in the manners of the country at large is quite as striking. The gentlemen never fail to take tea, and for that reason they never fail to enter the drawing-room in a state of gentlemanly sobriety. I may be told that it is not the tea that has effected this, but that other influences have driven them to tea. Be it so. But I must still be permitted to think it odd that such influences should *always* exist in connection with tea, and that tea throughout the world should be found to accompany civilisation. I have a strong notion that the atrocities of the French Revolution were owing to the want of tea; and likewise that the kennels of Paris, during the three famous days of July, ran wine as well as blood. The Italian states would at this moment be greatly the better of settling their new constitutions over a cup of tea; and by the aid of the same elixir, Austria would be sure to see at once the absurdity of her pretensions. A few million pounds of tea thrown into Switzerland (and paid for by the sale of the arms and ammunition of the belligerents), would greatly facilitate the work of mediation. In Germany, I would recommend the Protestants and Catholics to empty their filthy beer casks into the Rhine, and hold a general tea-drinking for the settlement of their disputes.

But if Great Britain is so large a consumer of tea, why do crime and ignorance still prevail among the body of the people? Because the poorer classes still drink bad tea, imitation tea, or no tea at all. The tea that is sold in bond at tennepence pays a duty of *two shillings and a penny*, while the tea which is sold in bond at several shillings pays no more. Thus the poor are charged at least three times more, according to value, than the rich. This fact would be almost incredible; but the duty on paper presents quite as wild an anomaly. The publishers of an expensive book, with a circulation of 500 or 750 copies, pay a few halfpence of duty on the paper per copy, while the publishers of a cheap publication, which could only exist through a circulation of scores of thousands, are mulcted by government in the greater part of their entire profits! The consequence as regards tea is, that the consumption, though immense, is really restricted, as is proved by the great quantities of adulterated or imitative tea constantly in the market; that the horrible massacres perpetrated by the English in China, for the sake of trade, have been in vain, since tea is the only Chinese staple capable of unlimited extension; and that an almost insurmountable obstacle is opposed to the complete triumph of temperance at home, by the virtual denial of the genuine beverage to those classes which most require its civilising influence. With regard to paper, the duty has little or no effect upon expensive publications, but it closes in a great measure the door of legitimate speculation against those who, in pursuing business, would fain strive to enlighten the masses of their fellow-countrymen; while it induces persons of an opposite character to pander to vice and folly, in order to secure that enormous circulation without which a cheap

* This was a few years ago; but the republic having had the wisdom to abolish the heavy tax on tea, the consumption is probably much increased.

publication could not exist. There is a connection between the two subjects which I would fain enter upon, if I had left myself room; but any one may see that tea and literature are the two great agents of civilisation, and that it is the duty of all good citizens to insist upon the free circulation of both.

GENEVÈVE GALLIOT.

THE name of Louis Stanislaus de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe, is familiar to our ears as a household word, in consequence of the untimely end of his beautiful and noble-minded widow, who was one of the earliest victims of revolutionary fury in France; but the personal history of the prince is comparatively unknown, although some of its details are so romantic, as to merit at least a share of our passing interest. He was the only son of the Duke de Penthièvre, a nobleman whose rare and distinguished virtues made him worthy of the illustrious name he bore, and whose blood now flows in the veins of the royal family of France, through the union of his only daughter with that Duke of Orleans who, at a later period, became so painfully conspicuous in the annals of his country.

The Duke de Penthièvre, during the greater part of his life, was united in the closest bonds of friendship with a lady, who, by her kindred qualities, fully merited the esteem of so excellent a man; nor was the Marquise de Créquy (the lady alluded to) less beloved by the duke's children, both of whom were wont occasionally to address her by the name of mother. It is from her pen that we gather the following details of the Prince de Lamballe's early love and its unhappy results. She tells us in her memoirs, that the artist Greuze having brought her some of his paintings to look at, she observed amongst them the portrait of a young girl, whose beauty was so naïve, and yet of so elevated a cast, that she desired to purchase it for her oratory, as a type of ascetic loveliness. Greuze, however, declined selling it to her, and excused himself by saying that it belonged to an eminent individual, for whom it had been expressly done, so that it was no longer his property; but the Duke de Penthièvre happening to enter at the moment, intreated the artist with such persevering courtesy to make a copy of the painting for him, that before a fortnight had elapsed, this angelic image was placed in Madame de Créquy's apartment, as a *cadeau* from her friend. Before fixing it in her oratory, she resolved to leave it for a while in her saloon, that others might share in the admiration with which she viewed this beautiful portrait.

'Two or three days afterwards,' she writes, 'I was reading in my oratory, when a visitor was announced, whom I understood to be the Marquis de Pombal. After a few minutes' delay, I entered my saloon, and found there, not the Portuguese ambassador, but the Prince de Lamballe, who was standing before my cherished picture, upon which he gazed with so strange an expression.

"Dear mamma, who gave you this portrait? How does it happen to be here?"

"It was given to me by the Duke de Penthièvre, monseigneur."

"By my father! Is it my father?" and in another moment he fell senseless at my feet.

'His swoon terminated in a violent hæmorrhage, which left him in a state of utter exhaustion. As he wished to pass the remainder of the day with me, I refused admittance to all other visitors, and did my best to comfort and reassure him. Poor young man! I loved him as if he were my own son. In the course of the evening, he confided to me the following details:—

"You know that my childhood and early youth were chiefly spent at my father's château d'Armst, whose neighbourhood was full of charms for me, because of the boyish freedom I enjoyed there. Many a time I escaped from my tutor, and wandered alone through our wide Vexin foresta. There I would sit dreaming away my mid-day hours on the banks of some shady rivulet, or go and eat brown bread and milk with the dwellers in some lonely cottage. Or perhaps I would follow to the grave a

peasant's funeral cortège, or go and say my evening prayers with the hermit of Chesnaye.

"One day I overheard my father saying to the Abbé de Florian, 'Let him alone, and do not torment him, or else he may perhaps go so far away that we shall not know where to find him. He seems impelled by a spirit of restlessness, which he does not know how to repress; but he never makes a bad use of his liberty—so watch him, my dear abbé, but do not, I pray you, punish him.'

"I was about twelve or thirteen when these words of my father met my ear, and they were uttered in that tender and affectionate tone with which you are so well acquainted. I was smitten with sorrow for having disquieted so good a father; my rambles became less frequent; and I never indulged my passion for freedom, without lamenting it afterwards as a sort of lesser crime towards him.

"On my way home one summer's evening from an excursion of this kind, I paused a while on the summit of a craggy rock, just outside the bounds of our park, to gaze at the setting sun. At the same moment there passed close to me a charming little girl, who was leading along a goat. She was not strong enough to control its movements, and yet would not relinquish her hold of the rope, by which she was endeavouring to guide it; so that the animal dragged her among the rocks, where she fell down bruised and wounded. I ran to her assistance, and wiped her bleeding forehead with my handkerchief; but even in the midst of her tears, she smiled sweetly upon me, and assured me with the most silvery voice that it was nothing—nothing at all. I insisted on leading the stubborn goat home, and the rope breaking, I untied my scarf, fringed with gold, and fastening it around the creature's neck, was bearing off my prize in triumph, when I met my father on horseback with a numerous retinue. At first I felt confused at the rencontre, but told him simply all that had passed. My father desired one of his gentlemen to accompany me. 'I will not scold you to-day,' said he smiling. 'Monsieur de Fenelon was far your superior, and I have seen him, in his episcopal habit, driving home a cow which had escaped from the stable of a poor widow. Go! my son.'

"The little girl had stood timidly at a distance all this while, so that she heard not a word of our conversation. The mother of Geneviève Galliot was suffering from a pulmonary complaint. Poor young woman!... She was the widow of a carter on one of our farms, and her husband had been gored to death by a bull. He was spoken of among his neighbours as a worthy good fellow, and one of the finest young men in the principality. The widow of Remy Galliot had no earthly possessions save her cottage, a small garden stocked with fruit-trees, some hives, and an acre of land sown with barley and rye. She would have gained a livelihood for herself and her daughter with her distaff, but that her illness incapacitated her from working... Pardon all these little details concerning Geneviève's family, and do not be surprised, dear madame, at my dwelling on them. The merest trifles, you know, become important when they concern those we love.

"I told Baudesson, our gentleman, that I was weary, and that if he would go and order my carriage, I would meet him at the end of the lane leading to Fresnoy—so was the little hamlet called wherein stood the Widow Galliot's cottage. As soon as Baudesson was gone, I presented to Geneviève's mother the only louis-d'or I had about me, telling her (from an instinct of respectful love to her daughter) that my own mother had sent it to her, and that she would take care she should want for nothing during her illness. After invoking many blessings on our heads, she inquired who was my mother. This simple question filled me with perplexity. I felt that the answer to it might raise an insuperable barrier between these poor people and me; so I replied, with some embarrassment, that my mother's name was Madène, whereon the invalid rejoined languidly, 'There are so many gentlefolk in these parts whom we know nothing about!' The young girl thanked me with an expression of grateful friendliness that filled me with joy.

"Geneviève Galliot came daily, as was her wont, to the Thymale rocks in quest of pasturage for her goat; and a day rarely passed throughout the summer without my meeting her there. We used to make rustic bowers among the interwoven branches of the trees, and would weave garlands of wild flowers, or pluck nosegays of them for each other. One day, while giving Geneviève money for her mother, I told her that her present should be a gold cross.

'With a silver heart!' inquired she in a tone of innocent delight.

'With a gold heart like the cross! . . . I love thee so much, my Geneviève, that I would gladly give thee all I have, or ever hope to have!'

'And so would I too, Monsieur Louis. . . . But I have nothing to offer you,' continued she, with an air of sadness, and yet of gentle, trustful resignation.

'I remember one day her bringing me a bunch of pale-yellow primroses, which she had gathered in the hedges for me. I have always preserved this nosegay: it is in a casket where I keep all that is most precious to me—a prayer written by St Louis; a letter of our ancestor's, Henry IV.; a relic of the true cross; a pearl bracelet of my mother's, with her picture; and the primroses of my poor little friend, my first friend, my sweet Geneviève!

"One day towards the end of October she did not come to the rocks, where I waited in vain for her till evening. I returned home in a state of feverish excitement, undressed myself as usual, and let my two *valets-de-garde* retire, under the impression that I was going to bed. It was ten o'clock; my parents were absent at Rambouillet; my governor playing at trictrac in a distant apartment with the Abbé Florian; so that I resolved to open my window, and to escape out of it in quest of Geneviève. This was speedily accomplished, and in a few minutes I found myself beyond the limits of the park, and bounding over the Thymale rocks like a young roe. I soon found myself close to the low hedge which separated the Widow Galliot's garden from the road. I stood there about half an hour, with my eyes fixed upon the door of the cottage. I did not dare to approach it; but I knew that she was there—that I was near her; and the painful, troubled feelings that had oppressed me, were stilled: and truly I had need of this inward repose, for the heart of a man had beat within my boyish breast, and its power was too mighty for my frame. . . . It seemed as if nothing more were wanting to my happiness than to watch there until the morning, when she assuredly would come forth and relieve my anxiety.

"After a while, however, the door was opened, and an aged woman, holding in her hand a small lamp, came out. She approached the hedge, cut off the slender twig from a tree close to which I was standing, and returned to the house. Some strange indefinite fear took possession of my soul. I followed her into the cottage. Geneviève was kneeling by the bedside of her mother, to whom the old curate of Rouvres was administering extreme unction. I knelt down by her side, but she seemed scarcely sensible of my presence. Her eyes were mournfully fixed upon her dying mother. The good old priest began the prayers for the dying, and while he was pronouncing the last solemn absolution, the spirit fled from its earthly tenement.

'Depart Christian soul! return to thy Creator,' were the old man's closing words; to which I responded a hearty amen! The curate, who had not before observed me, turned his head and exclaimed, 'Is it you, monsieur!'

'Yes, good sir, it is I; and pressing his hand cordially, I begged of him not to leave Geneviève in this house of mourning, but to take her home with him, and that I would pay all her expenses.

"This charitable pastor at once accepted the charge, adding, however, that he would accept of no remuneration for his care of the orphan; thanking me the while for having suggested to him a duty, which otherwise he might not have thought of fulfilling.

"Geneviève smiled gratefully upon me in the midst of

her tears. She did not seem either surprised or pleased on hearing of my high rank: she had always known me to be a gentleman, and my title of prince did not appear a whit more exalted in her eyes.

"She was so anxious to remain near her mother's body, that there was some difficulty in prevailing on her to leave the cottage; but I expressed my desire for her removal with so much gravity and decision, that she yielded the point at once; looking at me, however, with an air of astonishment, as if struck by the difference in my tone and manner from what she had previously been accustomed to. A revolution had, in fact, taken place in my existence: I had the charge of Geneviève, and although only fifteen years old, I was become a man; one who must exercise his own will, and form his own plans; and from that moment I have never had a single childish thought.

"The curate being obliged to visit a sick person at the other end of his parish, Geneviève departed under the care of the old woman, and I was left alone with the pale and lifeless body of her mother. I attempted to pray, but another sacred duty seemed present to me. I knelt by the bedside, and addressing the remains of Susan Galliot, I swore to respect and to watch over her child. 'I will marry her. Yes! Geneviève Galliot shall be my wife. I swear it in the presence of Him who is your judge and mine.' So saying, I imprinted a filial kiss on the cold hand of the deceased. . . . And I have kept my word to thee, Susan Galliot; for thy daughter's husband is Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe and Co-rentin. Nor do I repent of my choice, for I love all things in my Geneviève, even the inferiority of her birth. All that concerns her family is become dear to me for her sake: you may imagine how dear, when I tell you that I have even removed the ashes of her parents from their humble burial-place, and interred them in the church of Dreux, between the mausoleum of the Duchess Diana and the cenotaph of Henry II. You may infer from thence, madame, how I love and honour my own inestimable Geneviève."

"M. de Lamballe had expected happiness, but he did not find it. It is almost needless to say that his marriage had been a private one. He knew that it would be impossible to gain his father's consent to so unequal an alliance, therefore he resolved to keep his union with Geneviève a profound secret, being painfully anxious not to wound the feelings of so beloved and revered a parent. The lovely Geneviève could not be established in Paris without attracting some degree of public attention, so it was decided that she should live in the country. Accordingly, her husband had purchased a charming little residence near Clamont sous Meudon, not far from his father's château at Susaux Penthievre, where he contrived to spend as much of his time as possible.

"Madame de Saint Paër (this was the name bestowed on Geneviève, being derived from a fief of the principality of Lamballe)—Madame de Saint Paër began by believing herself happy; and if the fondest love could have secured happiness to her, then she would have been blest indeed. But however poets or romancers may extol the sweetness of stolen pleasures, yet, to a well-constituted mind, they involve more or less the consciousness of guilt, and consequently of fear and disappointment.

"The prince was obliged, by the duties of his station, to pass much of his time in Paris, and occasionally his visits to Madame de Saint Paër could not be prolonged beyond a few brief minutes. In those days the country posts were irregular and slow in their progress; and among the whole bevy of livery servants at the Hôtel de Penthievre, there was but one to whom the prince could intrust a letter for his wife. By way of avoiding any unfavourable suspicions concerning his beloved Geneviève, he confided to this man the secret of their union, and also to his brother, who was valet-de-chambre to Madame de Saint Paër. If this confidence was imprudent, it at least indicated a generous and noble heart, willing rather to incur a risk than to injure an innocent and helpless being.

"The gentle Geneviève now found herself too often a solitary being, and many a tedious day passed without

her seeing or hearing from her beloved. Disquietude soon succeeded to ennui. A noble and handsome young man!—an irritated father!—a powerful and perhaps vindictive family! What might she not anticipate! . . . Tempting offers for him; severities for her; and then desertion—forgetfulness! . . . Yes; these were the images which continually floated across her mind, until her life became a prey to tears and melancholy. The prince, during his visits, endeavoured to reassure and console her; but all in vain. Then he grew impatient at her suspicions; and his irritability added tenfold to the burden of her misery. He would occasionally come and pour out in my ear the tale of his sorrows and his difficulties.

"Suffer, and be patient," was my advice; "for never are we allowed to despise the obligations and duties of our position with impunity; that is for you, my dear prince; and as for Geneviève, innocent creature, whom you have made me love without knowing her, she too, alas! must suffer, for it is impossible to occupy a false position without disquietude and trouble. But I beseech you to remember that it is you who have brought her into this state of perplexity; for if you had truly loved, you would have carefully avoided her, instead of making her the unfortunate offer of your hand and heart. The fact is, that you are a man, a true man; so you thought of yourself alone, my prince: you believed yourself a generous lover when you married a country girl, whereas you committed only an act of egotism. But do not add to your error by being unjust to her who is the victim of it. I pray you to bear with her fears and complaints, remembering that she is a tender, lonely woman, and has no other earthly stay or counsellor but yourself."

About this time it happened, unfortunately, that the Prince de Lamballe, who had for a long while been estranged from his brother-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, was induced to become reconciled to him, and in an evil hour was prevailed upon to share in the Orleans revelries at Mousseux, from whence he was carried home in a state of insensibility, which was followed by so severe an illness, that the Duke de Penthièvre became alarmed for his safety, and came to communicate to me his fears and anxieties. He told me that his son seemed overwhelmed with melancholy, and was continually inquiring for his favourite valet, Champagne, who, like himself, was in a most deplorable state since his return from the banquet at Mousseux, whither he had attended his master, and where, it would appear, they had both partaken of drugged potations. The Duke de Penthièvre added, that his son had received several letters stamped with the post-mark of Suaux, and that the perusal of them seemed greatly to increase his feverish agitation.

"It was very painful to me not to respond to the confidence thus placed in me by my excellent friend; but my lips were sealed by the promise of secrecy imposed on me by his son; so I could only assure him of my truest sympathy, and promise that I would go and visit the young prince on the following day.

"On entering his apartment at the Hôtel de Penthièvre, I found him consumed by the most gloomy sadness. He was too ill to go to Clamont; and Madame de Saint Paër, not having seen him for a fortnight, had written to him in a delirium of jealous agony, saying that she could no longer endure the torments of suspense, and that she would, without delay, come and see him at the Hôtel de Penthièvre! . . . He had replied with severity—"Madame, I command you not to come here. My honour is concerned in the matter!"

"Ah! what have you done?" cried I. "You are wonderfully careful of your princely honour. But poor Madame de Saint Paër!—methinks you might consider her a little. . . . And what fearful surmises must your conduct excite in her mind!"

"At this moment we were interrupted by the entrance of the Duchess of Bourbon, and soon afterwards I returned home, oppressed by the forebodings of coming woe.

"Two days afterwards, the Duke de Penthièvre wrote to tell me that he could not call at my hotel, because the state of his son's health required his unceasing watchfulness. The prince had, during the preceding day, suffered

from brain fever, and he was then lying in a lethargic stupor, which alarmed his medical attendants. The duke ended by saying that his door was closed to every one but his daughter and myself. I had scarcely finished reading his note, when the trusty Dupont entered my saloon, telling me, with a disturbed look, that there was in the antechamber an elder brother of Champagne (the Prince de Lamballe's confidential valet), who earnestly desired to see me for a moment on a matter of life or death!

"It was the valet-de-chambre of Madame de Saint Paër, who, bursting into tears, told me that his mistress was poisoned—that he had vainly endeavoured to see the prince—and that, knowing I was his intimate friend, he thought it best to seek an interview with me. . . . "You have done right," said I to him; and sending off instantly for my surgeon Baudret, before another hour had elapsed, we were at Clamont, by the bedside of Geneviève. Her femme-de-chambre having almost lost her senses from fright, had called in the whole village to her mistress' aid, so that the apartment was filled with a crowd of idle lookers-on. They were a little abashed at my presence, but could not be induced to leave me alone with Madame de Saint Paër, until my servants imposed silence by telling them that I was the Marquise de Créquy, whereupon they submissively retired.

"Ah, madame, is it you! . . . What excessive goodness! . . . Ah, madame!"—and these were the only words to which the lovely Geneviève could give utterance—she whose days I would gladly have prolonged at the expense of my own! . . . Alas! it was too late; for the poison was doing its deadly work so effectually, that Baudret told me she could not live beyond seven or eight hours longer, and that her present convulsive state would speedily be followed by one of languid torpor.

"With earnest cries she called for her confessor, the Vicar of Suaux; but he could not be found. . . . "Your husband," said I to her, "has great confidence in one of the priests of this parish."

"My husband!" she cried out with a bewildered look. . . . "You know, then, that he is my husband! He told you. . . . Ah, pardon me, merciful God! pardon my crime! . . . Ah, if I could only have known that he had acknowledged me. . . . And I have doubted thy goodness, gracious Lord! Oh, pardon my blindness—my want of trustfulness in Thee!" Then turning round to me—"Alas, madame, can you not get me cured? Or at least do not, I beseech you, let my poor body be buried on the highway! Every one knows I have taken poison. Alas! alas!"

"My poor child," I replied, "do not let your thoughts dwell on such a painful idea. But rather repent of the great sin, the crime you have committed, and leave the rest in God's hand."

"And monseigneur! . . . my husband?"

"He is as ill as you are."

"Ah," said she with a faint gleam of joy upon her pallid countenance—"ah, then, we may soon meet one another again. . . . Look at these, madame," continued she, presenting to me two letters which had been concealed beneath her pillow; "read them, and judge of my misery."

"These infamous letters bore the Parisian post-mark, and their contents curdled my blood with horror and indignation. The writer, while addressing "the adorable Madame de Saint Paër" in the most adulatory strain, hinted that a certain young prince, in whom she was deeply interested, was pursuing a most unworthy career; and that she must prepare herself for a speedy rupture with him, as he was about to form an alliance with one of the princesses of the royal family. Too well I could guess the quarter from whence this tale of calumny had sprung; but Geneviève, ignorant of the world and its wicked devices, almost a child in years, passionately attached to her husband, and left alone without friend or counsellor, had been crushed by the weight of miserable thoughts which beset her; and on receiving the prince's severe letter (already alluded to), her reason gave way, and she swallowed the deadly draught which was now consuming her vital powers.

"The vicar of Suaux arrived; and on my preparing to quit the room, Geneviève besought me not to abandon her. "Stay, madame, I beseech you! Leave me not to die alone! You may hear my confession."

"I must leave you for a while, my poor child; but you may depend on my speedy return, and I hope not to come alone."

"Geneviève! Geneviève! do you not hear my voice? (This was after an hour and a-half's absence, and the patient, just after receiving absolution, had sunk into a narcotic stupor.) Here is the Duke de Penthièvre. He is come to Clamont to see the wife of his beloved and only son."

"Wife!" she articulated almost inaudibly. "His wife!"

"Perceiving that she was not yet insensible, and wishing to impart a consolation which, even at that moment, would, I knew, be precious to her, "It is the Duke de Penthièvre," repeated I in her ear. "He is by your side."

"She opened her eyes with difficulty, and her languid glance resting on the order set in brilliants which sparkled on the duke's breast, she smiled with ineffable sweetness, saying, "How have I—deserved! Pardon me, monseigneur—your son!"

"These were the last words breathed by the expiring Geneviève."

"My son had chosen you for his wife in the presence of God! you have received the blessing of our universal Father—of our Father in heaven; and now I am come to bless you, and to pray with you, my daughter!"

"Before his prayer was ended, she had yielded up her spirit; and there she lay, with an aspect of such pure and lovely serenity, that it seemed as if joy, rather than sorrow, had hovered over her departing moments."

"Geneviève Galliot is inhumed in the vaults of the collegiate church of Dreux, by the side of Marie Thérèse Félicie d'Est de Modène, the mother of her beloved husband. I never go to Montfaucon* without stopping at Dreux to offer up within the church of St Stephen a prayer on her behalf."

"M. de Lamballe had a long and serious illness, from whence he came forth purified as gold from the heated furnace; and amid his deep affliction he appeared calm and resigned."

"Two years later, he was induced to marry Mademoiselle de Savoie-Carignan. Inauspicious marriage! Never shall I forget his pallid countenance in the chapel of the Hôtel de Toulouse, where he was surrounded by brilliant lights, and fragrant flowers, and glowing draperies; while his young and beautiful bride looked dismayed at the mournful aspect of her betrothed. He scarcely looked more deathlike after his decease, which occurred within a brief period after his second marriage."

"The Princess de Lamballe was beauty, amiability, and virtue personified; but her fate in marriage was by no means a happy one; and it need not be told here how fearfully tragic was her end."

THE NEW SANITARY COMMISSION.

If an excuse were required for recurring once more to the sanitary question, it might be found in the fact, that society is too apt to be forgetful of matters even of vital importance, when not brought repeatedly under notice. To some readers the subject will have become wearisome, if not repulsive; but as there appears now to be a real desire to go to work in earnest upon remedial measures, we can do no less on our part than direct attention to them.

The new Commission appointed by her majesty in September last have just published their first Report. It relates exclusively to London, their duty being 'to inquire whether any, and what several means may be requisite for the improvement of the health of the Metropolis;' and they have pushed forward this portion of their task with much spirit and comprehensive-

ness of purpose, so as to have it ready for the early meeting of parliament.

The great increase during the past year in the rate of mortality, and the impending visitation of the cholera, have led the Commission to direct their attention, more especially in this stage of the proceedings, to cleansing, draining, and paving, in conjunction with an efficient water supply. Cholera, fever, or any other disease to which large numbers of individuals are liable, must be either set at defiance, or rendered harmless. The Commission, we find, recapitulate the instructions issued by the London Board of Health in 1831, on the best means for checking the progress of the disease. 'At that time,' however, to quote the words of the Report, 'not only had no knowledge been acquired by experience of the true character of this disease, but nothing was known of the real condition of the classes which proved to be its first and easy victims, nor of the state of, the localities in which they lived. The official inquiries which have since been made into the sanitary condition of the districts inhabited by the poorer classes, have disclosed a state of things which must expose, as is now universally admitted, the vast masses that are crowded into them to the ravages of every epidemic that may chance to prevail; and if this be true of epidemic diseases in general, it is emphatically true of the special disease under consideration.'

We have then a statement showing that the breaking out and spread of the cholera occurred under similar circumstances all over Europe. In the cities and towns attacked, it invariably made its first appearance near the water side, by muddy shores, along rank ditches, or at the outlets of foul drains. Whether in Petersburg, Moscow, Dantzic, Berlin, Paris, or London, the first victims were always found in the localities above specified. Fever is seldom or never absent from such places as these; and as we have frequently shown in our notices of the sanitary reports, there is scarcely a town in this country in which these pestilential hotbeds of fever are not to be met with: dirt, damp, and darkness, are three mighty affluents of cholera, or of disease of any kind. And it is a fact worthy of record, that notwithstanding the humid atmosphere of Holland, the Dutch, owing to their general scrupulous cleanliness, were remarkably exempt from cholera.

It is now pretty satisfactorily ascertained that cholera is not contagious; attempts made to communicate it from one person to another by mere contact signally failed. A knowledge of this fact must tend very materially to establish confidence, and prevent that neglect of persons attacked by the disease, many painful cases of which were brought under notice on a former occasion. Something appears to depend on geographical position: the cholera committed great ravages in Paris and London, while Lyons and Birmingham escaped unharmed. The latter town is not remarkable for cleanliness, but it lies high,* on a dry, absorbent, red sandstone. Among other physical conditions which promote epidemics, are instanced impure air, unsuitable food, and deficient clothing; the Commission consider the second of these conditions more likely to be a predisposing cause than real want of means—'amidst a population in which upwards of L24,000,000 per annum, or more than five times the amount of the poor's rates, is spent in ardent spirits alone, and nearly an equal amount in tobacco and fermented liquors. . . . The want of sufficient and proper food,' continues the Report, 'by diminishing the vital energy, and thereby the power of resisting external noxious influences, renders the body the easy prey of whatever causes of disease

* Birmingham, being between 300 and 400 feet above the level of the sea, may be considered as singular in this respect among the large towns of England. Probably, however, the exemption from cholera in 1831, and the small amount of fever at all times, for which this town is remarkable, are in a greater measure owing to the number of separate dwellings used by the middle and lower classes, and the great quantity of ground which the town consequently covers.—Ed.

* One of the baronial residences of the De Créquy family.

may surround it. In the present state of most towns and cities, the number of persons whose constitution is enfeebled by want of food, compared with the number whose vital energy is depressed by want of pure air, is found to be an exceedingly small minority. We have little power to deal with the former class of predisposing causes; but we have complete power, by arrangements which are known, and which involve large and manifold economies, to remove from the Metropolis, and from every lane, court, and alley of every town, the sources that poison the air. Here, then, is the true field for exertion.'

The Commission lay great stress upon the fact, that cholera invariably follows the track of typhus. The *habitat* of the latter is unfortunately but too well known: it is in the unpaved, undrained streets and alleys, saturated with the fætor of cesspools, shocking the senses with filth and squalor. Incredible as it may seem, we learn from the Report that little or nothing has been done towards abating the evils signalised. Even where drains and sewers have been made, the condition of the neighbourhood has been altogether unimproved, from imperfect discharge of the sewers, and want of a proper supply of water. The evils of a deficient supply of the indispensable element are forcibly urged. Some districts, it is stated, are not only not improved, but are in a worse condition than in 1832; fever, according to the evidence, is never absent from them; in fact, the fever generated daily and hourly in these wretched localities is proved, in some instances, to be more fatal than cholera. On a comparison of three of the metropolitan districts, taking 1838, the first year of the registration—'in the first case the deaths from fever were more than double the deaths from cholera; in the second case more than treble; and in the latter case they were nearly five times the number.... The whole difference between the mortality produced by cholera and that produced by fever is under eight per cent.' For several years, the rate of death from fever has been steadily progressive in the Metropolis; in 1846 it was double that of the preceding year, and in the year just expired it has been still more in excess.

The Commission suggest alleviative measures, which apply equally to the prevalent unhealthiness and to cholera. In case of an attack of the latter disease, they discountenance removal to an hospital, and 'recommend that the best provision practicable should be made for rendering effectual assistance to the individuals who may need it at their own houses. 'This,' they continue, 'in our opinion, would be best effected by the selection of proper persons, who may be instructed as nurses, and engaged to devote their whole time to attendance on the sick at their own habitations, under the directions of the medical officer. Prompt assistance might thus be given to the patient, without subjecting him to any risk from bodily fatigue, and without anything being done calculated to excite apprehension or alarm.'

A perfect system of draining and cleansing is insisted on as the only effectual preventive means. Let this be well and thoroughly carried into effect; and although it is not contended that disease will become altogether innocuous, yet there will be no longer ground of reproach for neglect of duty.

The modes of drainage are next discussed, together with the relative advantages and expense of various forms and dimensions of sewers. The folly of making sewers without house-drains leading into them, forms an especial subject of notice, combined with an exposure of the present utterly inefficient mode of constructing these drains. Instead of being square, and made of common bricks, they are to be of glazed earthenware circular tubes, which are not only cheaper, but much more effectual for the purpose. 'Thus,' says the Report, 'whilst a twelve-inch drain, which is required by the Kent and Surrey, and the Tower Hamlets, and the City Commissioners, accumulates deposit, and generates noxious gases, a tubular earthenware drain, of nine times less capacity, or of four inches in diameter, or

proportional to the house, of from three to six inches, keeps perfectly clear. Even three-inch drains convey away the refuse from middle-sized houses, and keep perfectly clear, whilst the layer permeable brick drains, which are usually charged three times the price, are choked up.'

It is impossible that there can be effectual drainage without a constant and abundant supply of water; in some instances the construction of drains has only made the atmosphere of houses more poisonous than it was before. According to the inspector of sewers, there is nearly always a current of air setting from the sewer into the drain, so that they become 'as retorts with necks carried into the houses for the conveyance of the gases there.' A recent case of death in Langley Court, Long Acre, is clearly traced to impure air generated in a foul sewer. This sewer was five feet six inches high, and three feet wide. The filth had accumulated in it to a depth of three feet, and remained stagnant—an instance of useless and wasteful expenditure, combined with entire inefficiency. A six-inch tubular drain would, without stoppage, have carried off the whole drainage of the court, while the saving in expense would have been L.5, 17s. 6d. per house. Mr Phillips, the witness examined on this point, observes—'The sewers of this sort are only elongated cesspools; and not only is almost every house infested with one or more cesspools, somewhere within or about the premises, but probably the inhabitants, and the public generally, are not aware of the existence of such enormous cesspools under the streets. If the whole of the sewers of this description could be uncovered and seen, their horrible condition, I feel assured, would almost stagger belief that such a state of things could be, and that the authorities having control over them could allow them to continue so even for a single day longer.' Other witnesses speak of huge sewers being constructed for mere dribbles of water; nearly the whole sewage of London, in fact, is a subterranean monument of 'vested' shortsightedness and ignorance. The surveyor for the Tower Hamlets states that no provision was made in his division for the draining of courts, no estimates contemplated for this object, or the draining of private houses, no consideration of future utility or water supply; and yet the Commission of Sewers for that district were about to apply to parliament for an extension of powers and privileges. From the evidence adduced, the Sanitary Commission 'have confident assurances that cesspools may be abolished, and a complete system of house drainage maintained in houses of the poorer class for a rate of twopence-halfpenny per week, including a constant supply of water carried into each house.'

Without a complete system of levelling, it is obvious that a perfect system of sewage cannot be combined. The Commission believed that complete levels might be obtained from the existing materials, the bit-by-bit surveys of each district; but the ordinance officer applied to on the subject denounced the whole as utterly worthless—affording another proof that nothing useful or effectual in regard to so great a work can be accomplished, unless combined under one vigorous system of management. In summing up, the Commission state that, 'for the prevention of disease, and the saving of health and life, by early carrying out efficient works of drainage, and diminishing the mass of atmospheric impurities by which the public health is depressed, and for the prevention of expenditure upon inefficient works, we feel it our duty to recommend an immediate exercise of the powers of the crown; and that the several commissions appointed under its authority in the Metropolis be recalled with the least possible delay; that the law of sewers, now administered by numerous persons in these separate districts, be confided to one body of commissioners for the whole of the Metropolis.'

This recommendation has already produced some good effects: the Heptarchy of Sewage Commissions, as they were called, for the Metropolis, have been super-

acted by writs issued by the Lord Chancellor; and the whole management of the work of drainage, &c. is confided to a new Commission, composed of twenty-two gentlemen of known ability and earnestness in the cause of sanitary reform. London, which should be a model to the whole kingdom, has, generally speaking, been slow to bestir itself in questions of immediate vital importance. The inhabitants of the great city will often contend stoutly for the perpetuation of old abuses or worn-out prejudices; let them now show equal spirit, in promoting the views of the new Commission, and the Metropolis will become a centre from which the most beneficial influences will extend over the whole country. The point of the wedge is now fairly inserted, and it is to be hoped that the work will go steadily on to a successful accomplishment.

The inquiry, which is still going on, has brought to light many abuses under the old system of management. Among others that have come to our knowledge, we may mention a case of a sewer paved with granite. The employment of so expensive a material naturally led to investigation, when it was ascertained that the chief promoter of the measure—a person occupying an official situation in the city—traded in the article, and had supplied the granite. Not least among the benefits of the new system will be the prevention of wasteful expenditure. The Report, which, as we have shown, is entirely to the purpose, has the further merit of being short: we commend it to the careful attention of municipal authorities all over the country.

HISTORY OF A DESERTED SAILOR.

On the morning of Saturday, the 5th of May, upwards of a century ago, a ship belonging to the Dutch squadron came in sight of Ascension Island. Anchoring at some distance off shore, she put off a boat, which, under the efforts of an active crew, made rapidly for the island. The boat contained, besides the crew, an individual heavily manacled, and a guard. The prisoner, seated at the stern between the two soldiers who guarded him, sat with his head buried in his hands; but gave no further sign of emotion until he was disturbed from his position by the sound of the boat grating on the white shore of Ascension: when, with an agonised look at his comrades, and at the vessel, he silently rose, and in company with his guard, left the boat, and stepped on to the beach of his prison. A sailor's chest, some bedding, and sundry other articles, were taken from the boat; the prisoner's chains were removed in silence, and the crew and guard re-embarked, leaving him alone on the beach; and nothing moved by his now frantic intreaties to them to return and take him with them, they pulled hard to the ship, apparently anxious to take leave of a scene so painful. Arriving on board, the anchor was presently heaved, all sail set, and the vessel stood out to sea, leaving the unhappy man sunk on the sand in the most abject despair. Before noon, she was out of sight; and in every direction nothing was visible but the blue and desolate waters tossing up their heads to the sky. The nature of the crime which was visited by this dreadful punishment we are not permitted to divulge; but that it was of great heinousness, may be gathered from his own confessions. Some mercy mingled with the sentence, as was manifest in the numerous little articles which were left for him on the shore. Among these was a limited supply of provisions, consisting of a little rice, onions, peas, and meal. He had also a cask of water, two buckets, an old fryingpan, and a fowlingpiece, but no ammunition. Some paper, a Bible, a few clothes, and some unimportant sundries, completed the list of his possessions.

The island itself was of a nature so savage and repulsive, as was well calculated to impress with horror and despair the stoutest heart condemned to so vast a dungeon. Being of volcanic origin, its surface was strewed with broken rocks, ashes, and pumice; here

and there a little red soil, scorched and sterile, peeped from between masses of rock upon which the traces of fire yet existed. Its shores on one side were frightful to approach: horrid precipices of black lava seemed to fringe the island with mourning, and threaten intrusion with death, while at their base were deep chasms, eaten out by the insatiable wave. Farther on, the wildest confusion of rocks, whose jagged summits added to the desolation of the spot, was occasionally relieved by small patches of a glittering, naked beach, white like snow, composed of fragile coral, and flatter shells ground to dust against the iron bulwarks of the island. The other side of the island was more hospitable, possessing a less frowning coast, a good bay, and a tamer sea-shore. Inland, a few acres of plain stretched away between the gloomy-looking hills; but even these were either wholly barren, or scantily covered with a weak growth of innutritious plants, such as grass, ferns, purslain, a few thistles, and a convolvulus. Not a shrub was there on the whole island; and the only spot refreshing to the eye wearied with so long a glance at desolation, was a tall mountain called the Green Mountain, whose verdant sides gave the promise, which they did not fulfil in reality, of supplying something that might support the outcast during his stay there. The spot was, on the whole, somewhat like a vast cinder, spotted here and there indeed with green, but otherwise as dry and burnt as if it had just been vomited from the depths of some vast volcano. Yet the place was the habitation of a legion of wild goats, and populous nations of rats and mice over-scrampered it; and one or two tribes of melancholy insects awoke with its morning sun, and went to sleep at an early hour in the afternoon. Its shores, fierce looking though they were, were more lively: flocks of 'boobies' strutted along its glittering sands in all the impertinent independence consequent upon unacquaintance with mankind; a vast turtle or two, six or seven hundred pounders now and then, crawled from the blue waters, and after taking a short walk for the benefit of their health, crawled in again, walking over possibly hundreds of enraged crabs on their way back; and the waters themselves were livelier still, for they abounded in eels, old wives, and rock-cod. The extreme length of the island was a little more than seven miles, its extreme breadth about six, and its general form was oval.

Such were the miserable and most unpromising circumstances under which this unhappy man was left to take his chance of perishing utterly, or the more remote one of being discovered and rescued by some passing vessel. As his journal, which he regularly kept from the first day of his landing, has been preserved, we are able to proceed with the rest of his history. After recovering in some measure from the shock of being left alone, and after watching with an aching heart the ship's snowy topsail sink beneath the waves of the horizon, he addressed himself to his first labour, which was the construction of a tent. The spot he selected for its site was sufficiently gloomy, for it was beneath one of the dismal overhanging black rocks of which mention has been made; but it assisted to cover his tent from the weather, and it was close to the beach upon which he, and all he possessed, had been left. By the close of the first long and weary day, a temporary tent was raised, into which he brought his chest, bedding, and all his other chattels; and here, heavy and sick of heart, he spent the first night. Rising early the following morning, after partaking of his lonely meal, he set forth to explore the island. It was the Sabbath, and around was more than the stillness of that sacred day—it was the silence of the grave. No 'church-going bell,' no faint notes of a village hymn, no quiet tumult of a departing congregation, came to the outcast's ear—the wind was asleep, the waters were at peace; but in his heart there was no peace, and he himself was alone unquiet amid surrounding quietude. He searched in vain for some green thing which might promise him food; he then returned

to his tent, and, to beguile the dull hours, set about some alterations in its arrangements; he also covered it with a tarpaulin, which he fastened down with stones, thus securing himself from rain. Towards evening, the solitude of the beach was broken by bustling flocks of boobies; on approaching them, he found them so tame, as to permit him easily to seize several, which he afterwards killed, skinned, and salted, laying them in the sun to dry. His eyes were ceaselessly directed to the horizon; but viewed from whatever eminence, it revealed nothing but the same hopeless, unbroken blue line. Hoping it might catch the notice of some distant vessel which might escape his eyes while searching for food, he made a white flag with a portion of his linen; and fastening it to his almost useless fowling-piece, he planted it in the most conspicuous position he could descry. Sauntering afterwards along the beach, he had the good fortune to overtake a fine turtle, which he killed by beating it on the head; and this supplied him with provision for a little time. As the terrors of his lonely situation grew upon him, he began to fear lest the threatening overhanging rock, under which he had placed his tent, should suddenly fall and overwhelm him: he therefore removed his dwelling to a less alarming position. He was by this time in a very miserable and disconsolate state of mind: often, after a long day's fruitless search for water and food, returning home with torn feet and an aching heart, he would pray, with one of old, that he might die. But he would by no means be accessory to his own death, as, in the constancy of hope, he still looked to his signal being seen, and himself delivered out of 'that terrible place.' Conceiving it singular that he had met as yet with no beasts upon the island, he searched carefully for footmarks on the beach and inland; but without success; the unbroken surface declared to him, again and again, that he was alone. The contents of his water-cask also daily reminded him that, unless he shortly succeeded in finding water, the most terrible fate awaited him. On one of his excursions he met with a little purlain, which he boiled with the boobies, and thus made a tolerably palatable dish for one in his condition. The few other herbs which that niggard desert afforded he was afraid to eat, nor were they sufficiently inviting to induce him to make the attempt. Every day saw him now anxious and careworn leave his tent, bucket in hand, seeking for water; and every day saw him return in the evening almost fainting, and with an empty vessel. His supplies of food also grew short; boobies became scarce—turtle were not seen. He then used to boil a little rice in a little water, of which he made most of his meals. Many, many times, and with a gaze made intense by the struggle in his mind between hope and despair, were his eyes bent upon the lonely waters, but no ship appeared. It was fortunate that, as yet, his bodily health continued good. Thus were his days spent at this time: in the morning, the spring of hope poured its assuaging waters over his soul, and he set forth fully expecting success of some sort; in the evening, those waters were cut off, and he beguiled some of the tedium of the night by reading until his eyes were weary, and then, as a diversion, he would set to mending his clothes. Finding no promise of native esculents, he thought to increase his stock by planting a few of those he had with him. He therefore set some onions and peas in a patch of soil near his tent. Finding a number of nests of sea-fowl, many containing eggs, he plundered them, and made his principal food of their contents. He was for some time much at a loss for a light at night; at length he hit upon the expedient of melting down some of the turtles' fat; and thus, with a saucer for his lamp, and a bit of rag for the wick, he had a tolerable light, which he used to keep burning all night. Thus passed a fortnight of his life in this great prison.

All his search for water had proved unavailing, and he was under the painful necessity of daily diminish-

ing his stock, without the means or the prospect of being able to replenish it. He explored the island in a new direction, looking narrowly into every cranny of the rock, and searching every spot covered with a little fresher-looking herbage than the rest; but no bubbling waters appeared. Bethinking him, then, of his fishing-tackle, he repaired to the rocks to try his fortune in a fresh direction; he spent several hours in this employment in vain, which was somewhat remarkable, as the waters were unusually prolific of fish. Meanwhile a sad accident had occurred. Turning homewards, what was his surprise to behold a dense volume of smoke rising up to the skies in the direction of his tent! Deeply alarmed, and dreading the worst, he flew with the utmost speed to the spot: he found the presage too true: his tent was on fire! Hastily snatching up his buckets, he ran to the sea; and thus, by considerable efforts, he was enabled to quench the consuming element. It appears that the origin of the fire was attributable to his having carelessly left his tinder-box, with some lighted tinder in it, upon his quilt. By this calamity he lost a shirt, a handkerchief, and a part of his quilt; and his Bible was much singed. Yet he felt thankful to God for what he had saved. He then knelt down, and earnestly intreated God to 'give him the patience of holy Job' under his accumulating sufferings. The spirit of his journal at this time is one which betokens a degree of humble acceptance of his punishment, severe as it was, and of patient submission to the Supreme Will. Thus the month of May passed away—his provisions diminishing, his barrel of water failing, his hopes growing fainter, and the future full of the gloomiest anticipations, in consequence of the rapidly-increasing heat of the weather.

On the 1st of June, there is this touching entry in the journal:—'It would be needless to write how often my eyes are cast upon the sea to look for shipping; and every little atom in the sky I take for a sail; then I look till my eyes dazzle, and immediately the object disappears. When I was put on shore, the captain told me it was the time of year for shipping to pass this way, which makes me look out the more diligently.' At the end of the first week in this month, he had but two quarts of water left in his cask, and this was so muddy, as only to be drinkable after straining through a handkerchief. He then thought of digging for water. After digging to the depth of seven feet, he found not so much as a trace of moisture, and he desisted from his labour with feelings easier conceived than described. At this time deep considerations of his apparently approaching death filled his mind, and he spent many hours in prayer and in solemn meditations upon a future state. On the morning of the 10th of June, faint and sick with thirst, he drank his last portion of water to the very dregs, and in the strength of it he went out on a fresh search for some of this precious fluid. After four hours' tedious walking under a burning sun, he at length became so weary and faint, as to be unable to proceed any farther, and he lay down wishing he might die. His situation was that of the fainting Hagar in the wilderness, and his deliverance was to prove as signal. Rising at length from the earth, he walked slowly over the rocks towards his tent, as he thought, to die. But not so: his eye was led to a hollow place in a rock, toward which he eagerly sprang. Who can paint his joy, or describe his gratitude, on finding that it contained a little silver rill of water, pure, cool, and fresh! The poor fellow cast himself on the earth, and drank most immoderately of the delicious fluid. In the intoxication of his joy he sat down by its side, and drank again and again of its life-giving draught. The treasures of the whole earth were poor and mean in comparison with that tiny streamlet. Evening was closing in, and taking care to mark well its position, he returned to his tent with a step more elastic than he had yet known, and a heart brimful of gratitude and joy. Thus one source of his deepest anxiety was, for the time at least, diminished. He was now

able to use the water freely; but whether from previous excessive over-fatigue, or as the consequence of a long disappointed hope, cannot be said, but it is evident that now symptoms of delirium began to appear, and of these he was himself conscious. Strange fancies filled his mind at times, which disappeared at other times. At this period there occurs the following remark in his journal:—'It makes me very melancholy to think that I have no hopes of getting off this unhappy island.' The sharp volcanic rocks, which were like so many broken glass bottles, cut his shoes to pieces, and wounded his feet so severely, that he was scarcely able to stand upright. Now also a terrible adventure befell him. Awaking from sleep, he heard a dreadful noise around his tent. Listening more attentively, he recognised the voices of either men or evil spirits in loud conversation close to him. This continued all night, so that he awoke in the morning unrefreshed. The next day, and for several days subsequently, he speaks of having been repeatedly accosted by an apparition, which assumed the form of one of his old comrades. Greatly to his relief, it at length departed. Although it is manifest the unhappy man firmly believed all these supernatural events, we are safe in ascribing one and all to the inroads of delirium upon his understanding. Possibly, from the free use of water, these symptoms, which might have taken a part of their origin in the want of that fluid, disappeared; and the entries in the journal resume their usual simple character. For some time past his supply of wood for fuel had failed him, and, as we have before mentioned, that not so much as a shrub existed in the island, he began to despair of again tasting cooked food, when one day, as he paced along the beach, a good-sized tree was cast ashore. This he cut in half, and was thus resupplied with fire materials for a little time. Another difficulty then opposed him: he was quite unable to procure any fresh food; and with a 'raging hunger' preying upon him, he wandered about the island seeking it in vain. As if to heap misfortunes on his devoted head, the increased power of the sun, the heat of which blistered his face, dried up his well. Previously to this he had filled his cask, and, for convenience' sake, had removed most of his things to a cave near to the well. Thus were all his first anxieties renewed again, while there remained to him less energy of body and mind to struggle against them. One day as he wandered along the shore, he was startled at the appearance of a rude cross in the distance. On approaching it, he found it the grave-mark, as he conjectured, of some one buried in that spot. This was the first token, he had perceived in the island of a previous visit by his fellow-men; and while it kindled hope, it was also full of melancholy promptings upon his own condition. He, too, appeared to be cast there as one dead, yet with this difference—as one deserted in his death. This brings us to the close of another month. In spite of the most diligent search, water was not to be found. On the last day in June he writes with mournful brevity, 'There is now not one drop!'

July opened upon this miserable man with all the intense heat of the season in that latitude. In one of his water-seeking expeditions, he saw, for the first time, large flocks of goats, to the amount of several hundreds. He vainly endeavoured to pursue them; but they proved far too swift for his decaying strength, and bounded away, leaving him in his desolation. Great flocks of sea-fowl were often visible in the strand, in such numbers, that, when they took wing at his approach, they appeared like a dense cloud, which, coming between him and the sun, completely intercepted the light. Once he found a brush on the shore, and early in August he discovered other traces of the visits of previous voyagers, finding in a rock—which, at a distance, looked something like a rude cottage—some old nails, and pieces of broken glass bottles, and also a piece of a broken oar. He now called to mind his early

attempt at horticulture, and set out for the spot where he had planted his peas and onions, near to the place where he had first pitched his tent. He saw from a little distance, to his joy, that some green plants appeared on the spot, and on drawing near, he found that a few had sprung up; but as if the withering hand was upon him in all things, the rest had been utterly devoured by vermin. For the period of three months there had not fallen a half hour's rain on the island. At this period of his history, with his miseries increasing upon him, he thus writes:—'My heart is so full, that my pen cannot utter it. I now and then find a little water, which the goats have left me. I always scoop it up to the last drop, and use it very sparingly.' On one of his visits to his old tent, while inside it, he was much alarmed at hearing a great noise, as if a 'hundred coppersmiths were at work.' His alarm continued until he resolved to search for the cause of this commotion, and ascending a hill, he discovered its origin in the chattering of a vast flock of birds, which whirled into the air as soon as they perceived him. This little discovery greatly relieved his mind, which, under the horrors of his situation, was become much enfeebled. He measured the contents of his water-cask, and found he had but six gallons left. He drank by measure, and eked out his allowance as much as he could, abstaining from boiling his food. The entries in his journal preserve a melancholy monotony—'Went out to search for water, but in vain,' is the only memorandum for many days. How earnestly he now lifted up his prayers and his eyes to the heavens, may well be imagined! But that saying was true of them which had its primary reference to another race, 'The heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron.' 'I looked up,' he writes, 'to the heavens all round me, to see if the sky was overcast, that I might have some hopes of rain; but all, to my sorrow, was very clear.' He was now frequently out until evening looking for water, and many times was far from home as the shades of night approached. On one of these occasions, the sun having set, he was compelled to sleep away from his cave: having lain down, his slumbers were soon disturbed by new tormentors; such a prodigious number of rats surrounded him, as put him in considerable jeopardy of being devoured alive. He took good care after this to return to his cave before dark. Despair was now rapidly seizing his mind, resisted only by a few feeble struggles of expiring hope: he had now 'given up all hopes of finding any water,' and wandered on the strand lost in distraction. Here he espied a turtle, which he succeeded in killing; and he slaked his burning thirst with the greatest avidity in the creature's blood. At a later period, he found some relief in drinking the fluid contents of the eggs of the sea-fowl; but both proved ill substitutes for water, and he was seized with an illness, which he ardently hoped might end his sufferings. His head swelled, he became dizzy, and was frequently delirious: he could no longer walk, and could only crawl from place to place. He often crawled up to a turtle, which, with his razor, he killed, and then the poor fellow lay by its side quenching his thirst in its life-blood. And now approaches the close of this mournful history. Burnt up with thirst, he drank, in desperation, a quantity of salt water; but this had nearly proved immediately fatal to him. Now, in a few affecting words, he scrawls, 'I am so much decayed, that I am a perfect skeleton, and cannot write the particulars, my hand shakes so.' Further on—'My wood is all gone!' 'I hope the Lord will have mercy upon my soul.' The last entry is on the 14th of October, when the unhappy outcast records the short and simple words, 'All as before!'

Thus perished the deserted sailor, after the endurance of bodily and mental agonies, for upwards of five months, a part of which only would have sufficed to unseat the reason of many men. (We believe the facts here narrated may be considered genuine and authen-

tic. They are contained in a tract preserved in the Harleian collection, which states, in addition, that some months after the poor fellow's death, a ship touched at Ascension, and found his journal, and his body, and possessions there. Yet this unhappy man need not have died: a little knowledge of the first principles of chemistry would have saved him. We were struck recently with the expedient of some sailors in procuring fresh water from salt, which, though perfectly familiar to us before, deserves notice. The apparatus was an iron pot, a wooden lid, and a musket barrel. By this means a good supply of pure fresh water was obtained by distilling the salt water. So might our outcast have saved himself from death. How easy to make a still of the teakettle which he had, and a worm of the musket barrel! Two or three hours thus spent every day, might have supplied him with sufficient fresh water for all his necessities, and preserved him from the dreadful death which overcame him. Not knowing into whose hands these pages may fall, we have thought it worth while repeating this homely suggestion here. How different now is the aspect of this once melancholy island! Many acres of the Green Mountain are under cultivation; esculents of all kinds grow in abundance; roads have been made; a plentiful spring of water has been discovered, whose contents are conveyed by iron pipes to a large tank in the English fort. Cattle, and sheep, and livestock enliven the hills, where wild goats still wander in immense numbers. An importation of terriers has exterminated the rats. Fruits of various kinds adorn and enrich the gardens. A safe anchorage has been found, in which many a gallant ship has ridden; and a government establishment gives Ascension its laws and orders. Thus have the united efforts of men caused this 'wilderness to smile and blossom as the rose,' where all the energies of one unhappy individual proved insufficient to deliver himself from the combined terrors of thirst and hunger.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THERE is an assumption of offence being meant, which is almost as bad as to give offence. It strikes us that this is eminently the case as between nation and nation. For one of these aggregations of humanity to express an apprehension of danger from another, is assuredly an unfriendly demonstration on its own part, and we can readily imagine such a thing leading, through a brief process, to a diminished inclination for peace on both sides. Thus to increase the likelihood of war, merely by a false imputation of bad dispositions in a neighbour, is surely much to be deprecated. It becomes an obvious duty of nations, living peaceably side by side, to be careful of adopting any erroneous views as to each other's inclinations in this respect, lest they precipitate the very evil they would guard against.

Entertaining these views, we cannot but think the present an unsuitable time for raising an alarm about the means of national defence; that is to say, supposing that these means are not sensibly less in magnitude and force than they have been at any time during the past thirty years—which we believe to be the case. The tendency to war was certainly never less than it is now among any European people. There is no feature in the state of foreign nations to give the least increase of apprehension. On the contrary, we are at the commencement of the experience of a great change in international economy, which manifestly has a tendency to create a community of interests among nations; while increased means of personal communication are everywhere making them better acquainted with each other, and thus diminishing mutual antipathy, and increasing mutual affection. This is rather a time for putting on the smile of kindly good-feeling towards our neighbours, than the sullen scowl of suspicion. We are no more advocates for a Quixotic benevolence, than for an irrational jealousy; but we do think that it would

have been more appropriate, at the present crisis, to hold out some additional signals of friendly regard and generous fellow-feeling towards other states, than to get up a cry that we are not in a fit state to defy them to do their worst. When will the time come for states to assume in their relations to each other the looks and language which give sweetness to the relations of private life—those demonstrations, for example, which will cause natives of different countries, when they meet and travel together for a few days, to become attached and friendly, and to regret the approach of the hour which must part them? Odd as it may sound—from the mere novelty of the idea—there is nothing in the relation of man to man more than in that of state to state; and France and England have at this moment as little reason to fall out with each other, as a Frenchman and an Englishman have to get into a quarrel on meeting at a table d'hôte in Brussels. To render a little service to a fellow-creature, or even to express sympathy with him on the occurrence of a domestic affliction, makes him a friend. Suppose that, when an opportunity of obliging the French were to occur, we were to take it. Suppose, on an occasion of famine in France, we were to offer them aid in the language of unmistakable good-feeling: might we not expect the same results as we find in similar cases in private life? Undoubtedly. Hours of time and pounds of money devoted in this way would go as far as years and millions in any other way spent. One sentence of honest good-feeling spoken with little ceremony, were worth whole bureaux of the most elaborate diplomacy conducted in that style of cunning and dexterity which has come down from old times as the style proper to international affairs, but which is only devil's wisdom at the best, and necessarily unavailing to any good purpose.

Some years ago, there was a district in the Highlands of Scotland which was in such a state of Arcadian simplicity, that the locking of doors by night had fallen into desuetude. An Englishman came to take a situation of trust in the place, one long accustomed to all the rogues and sharperisms of London. His discourse was full of references to clever expedients for detecting and defeating frauds, and, as a matter of course, he locked his door. The suspiciousness expressed by his words, and, in particular, by this deed, made him decidedly unpopular. So may nations, which are meaning no offence, be provoked by the arming and defending of a wrong-witted associate. No doubt, if there were any very strong and decided ground for apprehension, it would be proper to arm nevertheless. But this ought to be very clearly ascertained before the provoking policy is entered upon. We do not scruple to avow our belief that there is no real appearance of materials for a war against England in any part of the earth, though we can imagine serious thoughts of it arising in some places if we should show, by the proposed defences, that our thoughts are not turned on peace.

Should we be told that peace-breathing sentiments are all very well, but that they will be unavailing against the attack of a bellicose neighbour—vain as it would be to coax a Hyrcanian tiger, or preach morality to a highwayman—we reply that we are not so ill prepared for defence as necessarily, on an exigency, to have only such soft expedients to look to. England found herself safe during the last war, when an amount of hostility was mustered against her such as scarcely any nation ever had to contend with. She is not weaker now in proportion to the force that might be brought against her, but probably much stronger. The fact is, that the difficulties of landing a large force in a populous island, possessing anything like decent means of resistance, are next to insuperable. There is also such a thing as the cheap defence of nations, of which we have abundance. We have a defence in that wealth which gives us the readiest command of the means of war. Peace and all its attendant circumstances, so far from disqualifying us for war, if the monster should come, are constantly adding to our best power for fight-

ing and resisting, in as far as they are constantly increasing our wealth, and enabling us to effect those social reforms which, by extinguishing grounds of complaint, are strengthening the fidelity of the people to their own common cause. In these considerations, it seems as if we had sufficient grounds for resting satisfied with the present amount of our tangible means of defence; and we earnestly hope that such will be the judgment of the nation, if the question of increased defences should be further pressed.

'IT IS ONLY A FORM.'

The recent trial for selling a commission in the East India Company's service is full of instruction. Two gentlemen are found guilty of this offence, and subjected to all the ignominy usually associated with criminality; while no one pretends to doubt that such commissions have been all but regular matter of barter for many years. In one country town known to us, the genteel residents who had sons to provide for, were accustomed to consider the giving of eight or nine hundred pounds for a commission in the Company's service as a matter of course. A clergyman had agreed to advance a son in this way; but when the papers were presented, and he found that he was expected to sign one declaring that he had given no money for the commission, he drew back, and refused, for conscientious reasons, to ratify the bargain. A gentleman of our acquaintance once took some steps with a view to obtaining such a situation by favour for a friend's son. He found it was set down to provincial simplicity that he should think of obtaining by favour or good-will what brought several hundred pounds in the market! Such being the case, the actual culpability of the two condemned gentlemen becomes somewhat different from the apparent, though we certainly should not like to become their advocates.

It seems at first a little difficult to understand how men moving in a respectable sphere of society should have been able to get over the difficulty of making a declaration directly contrary to the truth. We suspect that, after all, this is but little of a marvel. In public affairs, there are so many things merely formal, and not real, that men's sense of rectitude as to what they say and sign is apt to be much confounded. For example, a cathedral chapter is called on to elect a meet person to be a bishop, as if it would be an error on their part to elect one who is unmeet; but there is no real choice in the matter. They would break a somewhat terrible law if they were to fail to elect the particular person pointed out. Continually such things occur, 'You sign this; it is only a form.' It may be an attestation of something you know nothing about; but it is only a form. Hesitation would look like Quakerism or imbecility, and you sign accordingly. The effect of such things must be demoralising, by reason that they accustom men to treat the semblances of solemn affirmations with levity. While they are so rife around us, we suspect that declarations like those given on obtaining a commission for a son in the East India Company's service, will be but a slight protection against a breaking of the law, even though one culprit out of a thousand be now and then detected and exposed.

MIDSUMMER EVE.*

A FAIRY tale of love, bearing the date of the year of grace 1848, and not specially intended for good boys and girls, but likewise for grown men and women! This is an odd fashion; but it must be owned it is the fashion; and, moreover, that the genius of one of the most graceful of the female writers of our day, never looked more graceful than when arrayed in its phantasy. The chief fault of the volume is—and we like to get out the critical growl at once, and have done with it—that Mrs Hall, aware of having seized upon a capital idea, has

made somewhat too much of it: that her fairies appeer too often, say too much, do too little, and are not sufficiently distinct in their character and feelings for human beings. But such objections are neutralised by the fact, that the story would be very beautiful and interesting even without the aid of the supernatural machinery at all; and the candid reader accepts this adjunct as something intended to soften and refine the common incidents of life—and, above all things, to admit of a store of pictorial illustrations and ornaments, such as few works of the kind can boast of.

The substance of the literature, and most of the illustrations, appeared originally in the 'Art-Union Journal,' which in itself is sufficient evidence of the value of both; but the names of the fair author, of Maclellan Stanfield, Landseer, Paton, Creswick, and numerous other artists of distinction, afford an additional guarantee. This origin, however, has been productive of another peculiarity—that the hero of the tale is a artist; and although we concede to certain critics, that the people of this country have not sufficient familiarity with art to feel any deep interest in the recorded tunes of its followers, still it should be observed, that Mrs Hall has had too much tact to treat the young gentleman before us as a professor. It is not the incidents of an artist's life which delight not the millior but the prosing about art itself, the æsthetic mysteries which they can neither comprehend nor enjoy and in 'Midsummer Eve,' all this is either avoided entirely, or touched upon so lightly, as to give refinement to the narrative without weariness.

The story is founded upon the popular belief in Ireland, that a child whose father has died before its birth if born on a midsummer's eve, becomes the rightful property of the fairies; and the esoteric purpose of the work is to describe the conflict of good and evil influences to which the individual is so delivered. But setting these aside, the tale, as we have hinted, is capital tale in itself, and the child in question grows up into a glorious girl and a heroic woman, as naturally as if there were no such beings as fairies in all Ireland. We must not detain the reader longer, however; but proceed to lay before him a specimen of both kind of interest—the supernatural and the natural.

While the mother-expectant was in her last exigence on a certain midsummer eve—and a fearful eve it was,

On which a child might understand,
The devil had business on his hand—

an old nurse was watching anxiously for the arrival of assistance.

'A certain wise man—known as Randy the Wood cutter—had been sent off for the doctor; and while she waited his return, she had, she thought, frequently heard him "whisperin' and cosherin' at the door;" and yet he came not. At length, however, his well-known step was distinctly audible.

"Is all right, Randy?" she asked from within.

"All will be right when I knock," he answered, "and then open quickly."

"Is he on the road?" inquired the nurse, heedless of the warning; but before he could reply, a sharp blast rushed inward, and extinguished the flickering light of the lean candle she held with a trembling hand.

"A cross and a blessing about us, Kitty Kelly!" exclaimed Randy, falling on his knees. "God, he knows I couldn't help it. Why did you open the door before I knocked? I done all for the best, as the en will prove. Oh murder! Why don't you shut the door, instead of standing there like a rock in the lake there's something more than the wind passed in now!—bless yourself, woman, dear! Oh, then, sure it's impossible to tell what would be on the wings of the win this midsummer eve!"

Kitty is in great consternation; and the rather the Randy (who, the reader must know, is a celebrate seer), instead of bolting out the wind, stands staring and bowing to the rafters.

* Midsummer Eve, a Fairy Tale of Love. By Mrs S. C. Hall. Longman, London. 1848.

"Kitty Kelly, you're not altogether of this country!" exclaimed Randy in a low tone: "you've only been two hundred years in it—for you came in with couth Oliver Cromwell; so give way to your prayers—it's no wind that we're trembling in: of the three we're watching, one came in with me—the mistress will thank me for that; there was a second—and there will be a third. You may strive against them; I dare not!"

"I dare!" replied Kitty, whose courage had in part returned; and then she started, for she fancied she heard shouts of ironical laughter; but, little daunted, she attempted to close the door violently. In this, however, she did not succeed; the wind pushed against her, and not only had the best of it, but flung her to the other end of the kitchen.

"Make the blessed sign," said Randy, yet without moving to her assistance.

"I can't," she replied; "my hand's weighed down by a ton weight." She had hardly uttered the words, when a gust of wind, freighted with most extraordinary noises—sighs, and snatches of music, atoms of laughter, and fragments of old songs, mingled with the sound of rushing waters—entered the cottage, and filled it as with an atmosphere.

"It will shut aisy enough now," observed the woodcutter, rising from his knees, and wiping his brow. "Air, earth, and water! Oh, I'm not afraid to say my say about the good people, day or night; they never did me an ill turn, and never will; quiet, and kindly, and good they are, and mane nothing but good to the dear lady;" and his huge head nodded, and his long limbs bent and twisted, in a peculiar sort of homage to something invisible to all eyes but his own. The nurse thought it probable that Randy made the speech, and performed his gesticulations, in the hope of propitiating the good offices of the company whom she now knew had come to the birth. It was currently believed that he could see and understand more than be seemed an honest man; and yet Randy was an honest man, and had the unbought happiness of being more loved than feared. * * * The door was now easily closed, and the candle relit at the kitchen fire; the woodcutter threw upon it an additional heap of bog-fir: the old cat's hair stood out like porcupines' quills; every now and then she opened her mouth to hiss, but closed it again without a sound; she would lift a paw, and stretch it forth, bristling with claws; then draw it back again, each claw returning to its downy sheath.

"Sit down, Randy, and don't be showldering the chimney, as if there wasn't a chair in the place," said the nurse through her chattering teeth.

"I know better manners than to disturb any one from their sate," he answered, bowing round respectfully.

"The nurse crossed herself with the thumb of her right hand, and retreated to the bedroom of her mistress. The fire burned brightly, yet the cat took no pleasure in its blaze, but kept moving uneasily from one side to the other, "wrinkling" up her coat, as if water had been thrown upon it, her tail twitching and bristling in restless discomfort.

"It's hard on you, pusheen gra!" said Randy, addressing the cat; "but you can't help yourself. They'll neither hurt nor harm you, pusheen. They've got possession now, and they'll keep it," he thought to himself.

"They will!" whispered a soft voice in his ear.

This may be taken as an introduction to the supernatural parts of the story; but as for the fairies themselves, we dare not meddle with them, because, tiny as they are, they would take up too much room.

We must now turn to scenes of natural interest. The heroine, with her husband, a high-born but poor artist, is struggling for bread in London.

'But Eva had stern realities to deal with. Like all persons of great talent, Sidney was discontented with his own labours. He had "looked" at the old mighty ones—not to imitate, but to emulate; and it might be

that their strength was beyond his grasp, though not beyond his aim. This frequently dispirited the artist; and so intent was he on bringing up his picture to the ideal of his conception, that he would destroy the labour of a week, if any new thought—or a thought fresh set—suggested a better working out of his subject. As the spring advanced, Sidney became more abstracted, more nervous, lest his great labour should not be completed in time. He ceased to concern himself about the necessities of life, and then Eva rejoiced at being able to labour unobserved. She gloried in the great privilege of shielding him she loved from petty anxieties—the frets of life. She endured all things patiently, save the terror which arose from an idea that his mind was at times confused—overwrought, overburdened. He could not endure noise; the very gentlest tap of the lame boy's finger at the door would make him start, and render his hand unsteady. As the time approached when, finished or unfinished, his picture must claim admission, he could neither sleep nor eat. In the dead hour of night she would awake, and hear him pacing in the darkness, or see him through the gloom, leaning his head, at intervals, upon the frosted glass of the window to cool its burning. It was at these times—in these dark-thinking hours—that Sidney struggled bravely—as great men do not only with the hard and knotted world, but with themselves—against apprehensions which Eva never felt; but for her, the picture he laboured at would never have left the easel: he thought it unworthy of his better genius: he had neither space nor light for his great conception; commencing his figures on so large a scale, he had worked upon too small a canvas: the praise Eva bestowed upon it at times sounded like reproach, while at others it reconciled him to all contingencies. She looked upon his talent as certain of triumph; and, secure in that, was able to combat what, after all was achieved, would serve but as shadows to the great brightness of the future.' But in the meantime their necessities grew more and more urgent, till 'every trinket, every small luxury, had disappeared; but Eva did not murmur, for Sidney never missed them. Sometimes he would talk wildly about his hopes; at others sink down beside his easel in a sleep so unrefreshing and disturbed, that his wife would abridge it. The picture was his great stimulus, and he revived to fresh exertion. At length it was sent to the Academy, not finished as he intended it should have been, for painting in and painting out retarded his great purpose. But Eva thought, notwithstanding, that it would attract the world. Poverty in England was then denied all access to high works of art; but she would look at the pictures in the shop windows, and return with increased faith in the greatness of her husband's conceptions.'

The interval of suspense after the picture was sent to the Academy, and before the painter knew whether it would be received or not, was terrific. Sidney, however, poor Eva thought, 'would care little for his threadbare coat when Fame heralded him to the world, and wealth followed in her footsteps; and so they went on from one long day to another—the poor painter and his wife!—he fancying that she paled daily, she knowing that he was gradually wasting—until at last they divided crusts with Keeldar!—their faithful dog.

They are rescued both from illness and starvation by a good physician; and the exhibition being at length opened, the painter, more receiving support from his wife than giving it, took his way towards Somerset House.

'Eva and Sidney walked quickly along Oxford Street, but were obliged to pause at the crossing to let a pompous funeral go past. It moved slowly; the hearse heavy with plumes, the mourners in trappings of the deepest wo—all except their features! They expressed no sadness; the eloquence of death made no impression on them; they kept time to the horses' tread, and that was all. Some private and mourning carriages followed.

"We shall not be among the first," exclaimed the impatient Sidney. They crossed: another mourning carriage was passing: they were recognised by one of its inmates—it was the physician. He thrust his arm out of the window. "God bless you!" he said, and every feature of his kind face was lit up with pleasure; "I give you joy with all my heart."

"I daresay," whispered Eva to her husband—"I daresay he has heard the picture is well hung."

"You speak, dearest, as if you were certain it was admitted."

"A light, light laugh, such a one as had often echoed through the Dovecote, followed this observation. On they went."

"You are looking pale, dearest," said Eva; "shall we call a coach?"

"You require it more than I do, my own kind love," he answered; "but I fear we cannot spare so much."

"I have three shillings."

"The admission two, and the catalogue one."

"But you will get in free—have your card for the season, Sidney."

"He beckoned to a passing carriage, and the manner in which he threw his wearied frame upon the cushions, proved how much he needed rest."

"They alighted in the Strand; crowds of persons were hurrying forward; the joy-bells of the churches were ringing merrily; every person seemed to them in holiday dress. Together they passed beneath the portal of the once palace of the proud Somerset, pausing for a moment, and looking at each other. Eva fancied Sidney became paler than usual, but she could not be certain. Her head swam round, and motes, strange tiny forms, floated between her and him. She could not have defined her feelings: they were already of mingled hope and despair. She saw clearly enough that the "elect" walked confidently in, knowing they were "well hung." They had touched upon their pictures—a grace only accorded to those whose station and knowledge in art ought not to require such a privilege. She rejoiced in the happiness of others; but she wished that Sidney had the same certainty! She pressed his arm more closely to her side. He did not tremble, but she felt that he breathed earnestly, as if nerved for trial, and she dared not look at him again. Numbers who pressed forward were haggard and careworn: brows of noble mould, wrinkled by anxiety, not age, contracted over eyes filled with fire—blazing it out in discontent. Some, again, with compressed mouth, so rarely defeated—men who shape their own fortunes; others whose frank features were changed into recklessness by disappointment; numbers, bitter thinkers, who mistook a desire to paint for the power to do so; all these mingled with the visitors—some loving art for its holy self, others for its fashion, others, again, because the exhibition passed away time, that great material of the skilful workman!"

Unable to obtain a catalogue, they traversed the picture-rooms in an agony of suspense. "She felt that her powers of sustaining such a trial were passing away. In a whirlwind of conflicting emotions, she talked, hardly knowing what she said. She sprang to the next flight of stairs after her husband; but eager as she was, she could not equal the rapidity of his movements. "You see, you see; it is not here—nor here!" he repeated. Then in a hoarse voice he added, "Let us go down for a catalogue." Eva followed him breathlessly, but she felt as if her heart was breaking. When they were opposite the principal rooms, he paused, drew her hand beneath his arm, and bending down, whispered, "Do not sink now, my own heroic wife. You have sustained me through much worse than this, when all earthly friendship was far from us. It is not so now. I am, you see, calm—calm! There may be some mistake. Bear up, Eva! He who gave me such a treasure, will give me strength to keep it! Bear up, my darling; you always hoped more from this picture than I did! Bear up!"

"Gaining strength from his, Eva muffled her face in her veil, and clinging to his arm, they descended."

"A shilling," said the porter, as he handed the catalogue.

"Sidney could not say he had it not, but he turned away."

"Pay me next time," added the man, whose generous heart was in his kindly countenance. How their fingers trembled among the leaves, as a bird rustles amid the foliage that surrounds its rifled nest: eagerly they glanced over it.

"H—H—H—No Sidney Herbert!"

"Sad want of room, sir; some of the very finest pictures rejected for want of room. A fine exhibition could be made of the rejected pictures," explained the kind porter, who comprehended the scene at once.

"Sidney returned the catalogue."

"The gentleman looks tired," persisted the man; "better go and sit down in the sculpture-room."

"Neither replied, but Eva's look thanked him."

"There it is again," he muttered, looking after them. "I often wonder how I have stood it so long—poor things!"

"You hear, Sidney; some of the finest pictures have been rejected for want of room," said Eva.

"Oh, what agony was in the answering smile! What power—what eloquence—what anguish! too earnest, too intense for words! Heart understood heart. Never—never—never, in their long course of love, had each loved the other with such entireness of devotion as at that moment!"

"My Eva!" he said. She felt him tremble: she hurried him to the open door. There, rushing forward, came the physician. Although the mourning crape was still on his hat, his face was charged with tidings of great good. He was too full of it to impute their changed looks to more than ordinary fatigue. "I am delighted to have found you," he exclaimed; "such true homage as you have received!" Before the sentence was concluded, Sidney fell on his shoulder, to all appearance lifeless.

All this is admirable, and worth scores of fairies; but having now shown what kind of interest there is of both kinds, we must conclude, but not without assuring the reader that Sidney did not die this bout, but succeeded to a fine estate, where he and his high-minded wife, as is necessary in fairy tales, lived happily all the days of their life.

LOOK FORWARDS.

What, we ask, is the secret of British success?—Looking forwards. There are but few men in this country, we had almost said in any class of life, who have not been wronged and injured—we might say ruined—and all but annihilated over and over again, they and their fathers before them. Time after time we have begun life again, and rejoiced in a fresh start. Who cannot remember, if not in his own history, at least in that of his family, the greatest vicissitudes? We could point to men who, twenty years ago, swept shops and slept under counters, who were cast on the world orphans or homeless, or who, after a youth of toil, were strip of their all by dishonest partners or needy friends, who were ruined by commercial crises and financial uncertainties, who might have sat down and wept themselves to death at the sight of the misery around them, but who speedily wiped the tears from their eyes, and smoothed the wrinkle from their brow, who found hope at the bottom of their empty wallets, and set to work as if the world was before them, who have thus won from the future a revenge on the past, and remember what they have gone through only as a foil to their present prosperity. Such is the case not merely in the classes in which fortunes are lost and won, but even still more so the great industrial staple of the British population. Nineteen labourers or artisans out of every twenty could tell, if they chose, how they were buffeted in youth, how they were starved at home, slaved by their first masters, insulted, turned off, cast adrift, wanderers on the face of the earth. They could tell of cottages from which they were ousted, and commons of which they were defrauded; how

often they had to begin the world afresh, how often they were penniless and friendless. But they did not turn rebels and murderers. They did not even sit down to make a catalogue of their wrongs. They forgave what they could, and forgot the rest. They buried their grievances, and so put them out of sight. They looked before them for employment, and above them for aid. So they set to work, and built their nests again. Such is the story of that Saxon whom we are accustomed to hear so much beholden to fortune, to position, and to successful ascendancy. The secret of his success is in himself, as it is in every one who chooses to look forwards instead of sitting down to brood upon the past.—*Times*.

THE LARK.

BY W. MOY THOMAS.

PRITHEE, from thy topmost height,
Canst thou see the lazy night
Creeping up the western wave?
Or a peeping foresight have,
O'er the roundness of the world,
Of any thunder-storm upfurled?
If thou hast, 'tis wondrous rare,
For the day is bright and fair;
And thy little eyes must be
Dazed with blue serenity,
In that upper heaven where thou
Never dar'st be high enow;
Whence thy diamond music falls,
Faint and loud at intervals,
Like the intermitting light
From a trembling star by night—
One sweet note, and then a long
Waveless rivulet of song;
Then that note caught up again,
As if thou with sudden strain
Sought'st to gain two steps for one,
Dropped from what thy wings had won.

Fainter, fainter, fainter still!
Oh, till I have had my fill,
Rain thy voluble melody
Down upon me from the sky.

Thou art gone; and this fair day
Now may quickly pass away,
For I was but listening
Unto thee as thou didst sing;
Nor on aught else did bestow
A single loving glance, although
Well I felt the day was fair
With thy music everywhere.

Hark! most surely did I hear
Far off, but for a moment clear,
Half a note dropped gently down;
Yet must I for truth's sake own,
That I may not half believe
What my ears do seem to give;
But that thy mellifluous
Hanging still upon the sense,
In this grassy loneliness
That so lately thou didst bless,
Passeth for reality—
A fresh and recent memory.

But I hear thee, hear thee, hear thee!
As if earth were drawing near thee;
And I now behold thee too
Making circlelets in the blue;
And a new song doest thou sing,
Timing to thy fluttering:
Then dead-heavy, as a stone
Shot from Etna's flaming cone
Dropping on a land afar,
Or more like a falling star
From the sameness of the sky,
Down thou comest wearily:
Only with a gradual swerve,
Cutting out a gentle curve,
Just to come upon thy feet
In amongst the unripened wheat.
And so well I mark the place,
That I might thy cover trace,
Keeping still my eyes there resting,
Find where thou art warmly nesting.

But I leave thee to thy sleep,
And when morning from the deep
Kills the eastern stars, and wan
Grow their brethren every one,
Hither will I come again,
Through the deep grass wet with rain,
Or with heavy summer dew,
Ripping all the meadow through,
Once again to hear thy song
Like the morning fresh and strong,
Flung about so prodigal,
Caring not where it may fall,
Just as if 'twere nothing worth;
Heeding not though all the earth
Sleep unconscious of thy lay,
So that thou canst give away
Joy, which not o'erflowing there
Would become too keen to bear.

Singers are there on the ground
To this tyrant planet bound;
Poets, whose sweet song to hear,
Men forget their daily care;
But like thee they cannot be—
With no selfish vanity—
Some must hear them, 'or they die.'

ECONOMIC PREPARATION OF FOOD.

A short time ago, No. 201, we presented a brief account of the method suggested by Liebig for preparing food economically, and are gratified to find that it has been practically and advantageously put to the test. In a letter written to us by Mr Leach, of Vernon House (a Retreat for Mental Invalids), Breton-Ferry, near Neath, South Wales, the following passages occur:—

'Permit me to thank you for calling attention to the very valuable work of Baron Liebig on animal chemistry. In consequence of reading your paper on the subject, I have had the meat, soup, &c. of this large establishment (about 160 inmates) cooked according to Liebig's directions; the result is, that the waste in cooking is lessened 50 per cent., while the quality of the food is greatly improved. Were all the animal food in the whole kingdom cooked in this manner, an immense national saving would be obtained; and what is even of more importance, the national health would be greatly benefited—thanks to you and Liebig!'

We of course disclaim all title to thanks: we have only performed a duty to the public in disseminating the knowledge of a fact likely to prove generally advantageous.

THE PULQUE OF MEXICO.

The maguey, American aloe—Agave Americana—is cultivated over an extent of country embracing 50,000 square miles. In the city of Mexico alone, the consumption of pulque amounts to the enormous quantity of eleven millions of gallons per annum, and a considerable revenue from its sale is derived by government. The plant attains maturity in a period varying from eight to fourteen years, when it flowers; and it is during the stage of inflorescence only that the saccharine juice is extracted. The central stem which encloses the incipient flower is then cut off near the bottom, and a cavity or basin is discovered, over which the surrounding leaves are drawn close and tied. Into this reservoir the juice distils, which otherwise would have risen to nourish and support the flower. It is removed three or four times during the twenty-four hours, yielding a quantity of liquor varying from a quart to a gallon and a half. The juice is extracted by means of a syphon, made of a species of gourd called *acajote*, one end of which is placed in the liquor, the other in the mouth of a person, who by suction draws up the fluid into the pipe, and deposits it in the bowls he has with him for the purpose. It is then placed in earthen jars, and a little old pulque—madre de pulque—is added, when it soon ferments, and is immediately ready for use. The fermentation occupies two or three days, and when it ceases, the pulque is in fine order. Old pulque has a slightly unpleasant odour; but when fresh, is brisk and sparkling, and the most cooling, refreshing, and delicious drink that ever was invented for thirsty mortal.—*Adventures in Mexico*.

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SOCIAL OUTLAWRY.

In almost every ancient and modern state assuming to be civilised, there has sprung up a class of persons deprived of the usual privileges of citizens, and in a sense outlaws. The commission of crimes, or other violations of the law, has of course been in all ages a common cause of expulsion from society; but history and experience too surely demonstrate that misfortune of birth, as in the flagrant case of the Pariah tribes of India, has been a greatly more prevalent source of this monstrous evil. The truth seems to be, that a disposition to do even-handed justice to the whole of its denizens irrespectively, is about the last concession made by any state—such being the force of inveterate prejudice and interest which requires to be overcome. Curiously enough, this dislike of justice is not exclusively or most frequently manifested by nations of a monarchical or aristocratic character. It happens in this, as in some other cases, that the aristocratic in name is perhaps the least aristocratic or exclusive in practice, and that the form of injury and injustice we speak of is most strongly maintained by people who themselves have suffered under a similar oppression. Let us select a few of the more flagrant instances of social outlawry.

Switzerland is reputed to be the *freest* country in Europe. This is an error, arising most likely from the common notion that the country is a confederacy of republics, which wrested its freedom from surrounding despotisms. It is one thing to throw off a foreign yoke, and another to establish internal freedom. Switzerland at the present day, with all its wonderful industry and spirit of liberality in matters of international trade, is, in point of fact, a cluster of little despotisms, the despots in each case being a majority of the population which oppresses the minority—oppression on the score of religion and of birth. Ignorance, and selfishness—which is only a manifestation of ignorance—are conjointly the cause of this discreditable state of affairs. Under the common name of Swiss, three great European races meet and nestle about the heart of the Alps—the French from the west, the German from the north and east, and the Italian from the south; and the want of communication, till of late years, has kept these races apart and ignorant of each other. Nowhere, also, is the distinction of religion more marked. Two-thirds of the Swiss are Protestant, and the remaining one-third Catholic; and the Protestant and Catholic cantons, as the recent civil war has shown, hate each other as the hostile clans in the Highlands hated each other two hundred years ago. Besides, though Switzerland, compared with most countries, is a land of mountains, the greater part of it is composed of plains amidst the stupendous Alps. Two hours' stiff climbing suffices to change from

the neat-trimmed flower-garden and stuccoed cottage of the industrious artisan of Zurich, into the lofty hill-country of Schweitz, where the mountaineer leads a half-vagabond existence, tending his numerous goats among storms and mist, while his children run ragged and barefooted along the road, begging from travellers. Between people so variously situated there can be little sympathy.

A consequence of this national disintegration has been, that the rights of citizenship possessed in one canton have always been good for nothing in another. The citizen of Geneva, who was driven to settle in the Valais, was allowed toleration; but neither he nor his posterity could, by any length of residence, become denizens of their adopted country. A Roman Catholic at Lucerne who turned Protestant, lost all his property, and was liable to banishment; a Protestant at Berne turning Roman Catholic, was punished in like manner. Several of the present cantons continued, up to the time of the French Revolution, to be vassals to the larger ones. Thus the canton of Berne was sovereign lord of the present cantons of Vaud, Uri, and Tessin, which it crushed with taxation, without admitting its subjects to any political rights whatever. Thus, in process of time, it came to pass that all over Switzerland there grew up a distinct body of men, the descendants of individuals who had lost their civil rights in their respective cantons, either in consequence of change of religion, or of misdemeanours for which they were sentenced to banishment, or of illegal marriages, or lastly, as foreigners settled in Switzerland. The stigma thus cast upon the fathers descended upon the children to the last generation. They formed a separate class called *Heimathlosen*—literally, the homeless—people to whom the law allowed nothing—involuntary outlaws. They exist at the present moment in steadily-increasing numbers; and as injustice always reacts on itself, the parties so degraded form an organised body of mendicants, hucksters, pilferers, and often robbers, like the gipsies of other countries, but much more numerous, compact, and formidable to the society which has cast them out.

Some years ago, these *Heimathlosen* were become so troublesome, that their state was forced upon the attention of the Swiss diet, which instituted inquiries accordingly, the result of which is now before us. The report stated the *Heimathlosen* to amount to many thousands in number in all the central cantons, from the Lake of Geneva to the Grisons, beginning at the *Hanenstein* in canton *Soleure* on the west, and extending on the east beyond the Rhine into the Austrian principality of *Lichtenstein*. None of these thousands had any fixed trade, or were allowed by the law to possess a permanent house or lodging. When they ventured into the towns, they assumed, for the time, the characters of

thread-twisters, match-sellers, bird-catchers, and menders of pots and kettles. Whenever they might, they lived by choice in the woods and mountains, supporting themselves by all kinds of thievery. At night, they creep into caves, or sleep round a fire in the open air; and this through the depth of winter. Marriage is unknown among them; none of those examined could tell their own age, and very few knew who were their fathers and mothers. As soon as the children can walk, they are sent into the towns to beg and steal, and bring their plunder at night to the elder vagrants, who remain meantime encamped in the forests. They have still a voluntary government, and their leader at this time was a noted housebreaker named Krušikana, subsequently executed. Wherever and whenever discovered, they are liable to be imprisoned without cause assigned; and formerly, when the prisons were overcrowded, many were executed without even the formality of a trial. They are now, as soon as seized, escorted by troops to the boundaries of the canton, and thrust into the next, by which they are expelled in like manner, unless they can meantime escape. The report recommended various plans for absorbing this unwholesome population, which have been frequently since discussed; but nothing has been done, and the troubled state of the country renders any improvement now less likely than ever.

Vaud was a few years ago the scene of some enormities on the score of religion, and while we now write, intelligence has reached England that the council of state of that canton, which is Presbyterian, has enacted that all religious meetings of parties, not in connexion with the authorised church, are illegal; public worship of all such bodies is accordingly put down by military force, and ministers are in danger of their lives. A more startling instance of the tyranny of a majority over a minority could scarcely be found in modern times.

Let us proceed to another example. The West Indian Islands, during the last century, were troubled with a race of outlaws, whose existence is a curious corollary upon the working of the slave system. In all times and lands, one inevitable consequence of a legalised slavery is the constant tendency among the slaves to escape out of the pale of the society through which they are slaves, and thereby, as it frequently proves, to get beyond all laws whatsoever, the good as well as the bad. The timid suffer; and the bold, if they cannot throw off the yoke, fly from it as far as may be; and thus, by allowing freedom to none, the slave system generates a race of outlaws who subsist by war upon the body which has cast them out. It very rarely happens that a slaveholding country exists side by side with a free one, which may receive the refugee into its bosom, and under the guardianship of its institutions. Slavery, besides, in a productive point of view, is only worth keeping up in a thin population where labour is dear, both from the want of competition and the ease of acquiring land. Among populations like these, the superior land only is tilled; the mountains, marshes, and forests subsist as nature made them, offering a ready refuge and an impregnable fortress in which the fugitives may collect and grow apart.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, almost every West Indian island had its organised outlaws; hunters and robbers by turns, who, when game failed them, or prompted by revenge, stole into the cultivated flats, fired the canes, drove off the cattle, and often consummated their inroad with the massacre of the planter

and his family. So dreadful a scourge were they, that the early West India records treat of nothing else. In the smaller islands, where the cover was less, they were hunted down and exterminated like so many wild beasts: in the larger, they lasted longer. In all alike they bore the same title of Maroons, which some derive from a native word signifying 'wanderer,' and others from 'marrow,' the Spanish name for the wild hog, on which they principally lived.

There is a very full and curious account of the Jamaica Maroons in the works of Dallas and Bryan Edwards—the one a soldier, and the other a civilian—who look at their subject very differently, yet agree in most of their details. The year 1733 was the end of a lengthy, troublesome warfare, stained with much bloodshed on both sides, in which the damage done by the Maroons was roughly reckoned at £240,000 sterling, besides a loss of from three to four thousand lives. For the next sixty years both parties lived at peace. A large tract was assigned to the Maroons, on which they hunted undisturbed, and where they built three small towns, or rather villages, the chief one called Trelawny Town. It would seem that a very few years of kindness, and attention to the introduction among them of humanising habits, would have sufficed to absorb them peacefully among the free black population; but to take any trouble for a negro, never entered a planter's head in those days. The Maroons lived on hunting, as if in the middle of Africa—a kind of Pariahs, dreaded and neglected; and the planters lived on, heedless of the past and the coming peril, though Trelawny Town was only eighteen miles either way from the principal ports of Falmouth and Mondeggo Bay; and it needed but a three hours' march of the Maroons, as the event proved, to burn down half the sugar plantations in the island.

The slave emancipation act would have effectually dissolved this strange society, by destroying the causes which led to its existence; but it was destined to come to a more speedy and violent end. In 1794, the negro insurrection broke out in St Domingo, and produced a great effect among the blacks throughout the West Indies. In the following year the Maroons were in full revolt. The war which ensued lasted for a year and a half, and cost the island in direct expenditure more than half a million sterling; and all the plantations were burned to ashes. Cultivation was at a stand, the courts of justice were shut up, the whole male white population was drafted into the militia, and the island at large became one entire garrison. We have no intention to go into the details of this miserable conflict. The Maroons were not six hundred in number; the regular infantry employed against them alone amounted to fifteen hundred, with eight thousand militia; but the nature of the country and warfare made this disparity of numbers of little effect. From the precarious life which these savages had led, their powers of sight and hearing were incredibly acute; with their bare feet and hands they could climb trees and cliffs like monkeys; and their aim was deadly: it was a common thing among them to strike a dollar with a bullet at one hundred yards. The whole country was a mass of forest and underwood, impassable except to the Maroons, who cut narrow paths through it known only to themselves, and would crawl for miles on hands and knees through the tracks made by the wild hogs, till, coming to an opening, their unerring muskets picked off our sentries, while the marksman was unseen. Driven at length from their towns, they retreated to a range of narrow glens in the interior, walled in by cliffs two hundred feet high, in which they continued as safe as in a fortress, till the English, by cutting a road, were enabled to bring up their heavy guns, and throw shells with effect from the upper ground, when the Maroons escaped at night through the cordon of troops, broke into small parties, and carried fire and sword through the island.

At last the Assembly, in the month of September,

utterly despairing of success, resorted to an expedient which no extremity could justify: they determined to send to Cuba for bloodhounds. The employment, according to Edwards, to which these dogs are generally put by the Spaniards, is the pursuit of wild bullocks, which they slaughter for the hides; and the great use of the dogs is to drive the cattle from such heights and recesses in the mountainous parts of the country as are least accessible to the hunters. Much opposition was made to the plan, as cruel and dastardly, reviving the worst atrocities of the Spaniards, and disgraceful to the British troops; but at length, on the 14th of December, a commissioner landed at Montego Bay with forty chasseurs, or Spanish hunters, and about a hundred dogs.

When these new allies were landed, the wild and formidable appearance of the men and dogs spread terror through the place. The streets were cleared, the doors were shut, not a negro ventured to stir forth, as the muzzled dogs, ferociously making at every object, and dragging forward the chasseurs, who with heavy rattling chains hardly held them in, proceeded onwards.

Dallas, in his history, gives the following account of their first appearance before the commander-in-chief:—'Anxious to review the chasseurs, General Walpole left headquarters, the morning after they were landed, before daybreak, and arrived in a postchaise at Seven Rivers, accompanied by Colonel Skinner, whom he appointed to conduct the intended attack. Notice of his coming having preceded him, a parade of the chasseurs was ordered, and they were taken to a distance from the house, in order to be advanced when the general alighted. The Spaniards soon appeared at the end of a gentle acclivity, drawn out in a line containing upwards of forty men, with their dogs in front, and muzzled, and held by cotton ropes. On receiving the command "fire," they discharged their guns, and advanced as upon a real attack. This was intended to ascertain what effect would be produced on the dogs if engaged under the fire of the Maroons. The volley was no sooner discharged, than the dogs rushed forward with the greatest fury, amid the shouts of the Spaniards, who were dragged on by them with irresistible fury. Some of the dogs, maddened by the shouts of attack, while held back by the ropes, seized on the stocks of the guns in the hands of their keepers, and tore pieces out of them. Their impetuosity was so great, that they were with difficulty stopped before they reached the general, who found it necessary to get expeditiously into the chaise from which he had alighted; and if the most strenuous exertions had not been made to stop them, they would most certainly have seized upon his horses.'

This scene was well got up, and it had its effect. General Walpole was ordered to advance on the 14th of January following, with his Spanish dogs in the rear. Their fame, however, had reached the Maroons, and the general had penetrated but a short way into the woods, when a supplication for mercy was brought from the enemy, and 260 of them soon after surrendered, on no other condition than a promise of their lives. 'It is pleasing to observe,' adds Edwards, 'that not a drop of blood was spilt after the dogs arrived in the island.' Those who had actually borne arms were soon after transported to Halifax in North America, and ultimately to Sierra Leone, where it is believed their descendants are still to be found. A portion had sided throughout with the English. These have continued a separate people, employed by the authorities as local police, for which their perfect acquaintance with the woods, and capacity of endurance, completely fitted them; but partially civilised, and few in numbers, they differ in little from the rest of the free black population. In the British West Indies, the Maroons may be considered extinct.

France, which assumes to herself the leadership of European civilisation, still upholds slavery in her colonies; but these are too few and scanty to have much effect upon the progress of the emancipation struggle.

The largest of the French West Indian Islands (Guadeloupe) consists, in fact, of two islands, respectively called Grandterre and Guadeloupe, separated by a salt-water channel, some thirty yards broad. Grandterre is flat, cultivated, and thickly peopled, almost clear of wood, and without cover. Guadeloupe is one mass of rugged volcanic mountains, rising steeply from the sea, and rent by subterranean fires. In the midst towers the Soufrière, or Sulphur Mountain, to a height of 5500 feet above the sea, which is constantly smoking. There are ravines and caves enough to hide a dozen armies. The whole island is a maze of thickets, in which Columbus with his sailors were bewildered three centuries ago, and which remain in the same state at present.

Many years ago, a slave ship from Africa, in attempting to beat up to Basseterre harbour, during the hurricane months, came ashore on this coast. The crew took to their boats, and the slaves found no difficulty in knocking off their fetters and hiding themselves in the mountains. Once there, they were safe. Other runaways joined them; the negroes deserted by wholesale; and the united body took the name of Kellers—it is not known from what. The planters, for whom a neighbourhood like this was a continual peril, assembled in force to hunt them down, but did not even succeed in coming in sight of their light-footed foes. The same night the Kellers made a descent on the plain, and set fire to the sugar-canes. The wind was strong, and spread the flame, and nearly a half of the magnificent plantations were reduced to ashes. When daylight came, the incendiaries were invisible. Pursuit was impossible, and it was resolved to treat. A treaty was made accordingly, which, with few exceptions, has been kept steadily to the present time. The Kellers were allowed the free possession of their mountains, and on their side pledged themselves to commit no farther depredations. Matters remain on this footing at the present day. One half the island is populous, richly cultivated, and reflects across the Atlantic the civilisation of France, while the other half is a howling wilderness, in which the persistence of a nation calling itself Christian, in a system forbidden alike by Christianity and common sense, perpetuates on a smaller scale the barbarism of interior Africa, which will here, as in Jamaica, assuredly one day work out its own retribution.

It would be easy to multiply instances of social out-lawry, or at least deprivation of social privilege. The unhappy coloured races throughout the greater part of the American continent offer the more flagrant examples; but others of lesser note haunt our own and other countries. In France, with all its revolutions and code-Napoleons, justice is denied to parties not naturalised; in other words, if one Englishman plunder another Englishman in France, the law admits of no redress. Some years ago, an Englishman who died in France bequeathed his property by will to the Phrenological Society of Edinburgh. The society claimed the money from the trustee, an Englishman in Paris. He resisted payment: the society brought the case into the French courts, and these finally determined that they could not interfere between foreigners! The trustee keeps the property, amounting to several thousand pounds! How different the law of Scotland! A Parisian tradesman sued Charles X. while at Edinburgh, before the Scottish Supreme Court, and the case was determined as if between two British subjects.

It appears to us that the privileges still claimed by royal burghs, and to the *freedom* of which they occasionally admit strangers, is a relic of the past, which it is time should be swept away. It amounts to this—that certain inhabitants, called *burghesses* or *freemen*, claim some kind of superiority of privilege over neighbours less fortunately situated. Think of an advocate of free trade being, by way of compliment to his principles, presented with the *freedom of a city*! If the presenters really love freedom, they ought long since to have de-

nuded themselves of privileges partial in their operation, and which require to be bought or given away. The whole thing is an inconsistency. It is a lingering token of social outlawry.

HANNAH WHITE;

A SKETCH OF IRISH HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FATHER THE LAIRD,' &c.

HANNAH WHITE had been for many years the confidential nursery-maid of an officer and his wife, whose fortunes she had faithfully followed into different quarters of the globe. She was an Irish girl; one of an unfortunately numerous class, abandoned from their birth to the care of strangers, called amongst her country-people a 'nurse-child.' Her parents, whom she had never seen, were servants in different gentlemen's families in Dublin. Her mother, on the approach of her hour of delivery, had repaired to the lying-in hospital, where she had been carefully attended for the regulated fortnight, and on leaving which, she had parted with her baby to one of the many healthy young women from the country who crowd the gates of the institution, in the hope of receiving, with the charge of a new-born child, the welcome five pounds, which is to repay them, they fancy at least, tenfold for the additional burden to their family. The little creature was fortunate in her nurse—a decent farmer's wife in the mountains, who had lost her own first baby; and not being worn out with one twelvemonth's cares before undertaking a second of equal fatigue, was able to do justice to her nursing; and having the comfort of a cow, and other land privileges, the home she carried it to was comparatively respectable.

Here Hannah for some years acted the part of an only child—eating as much potatoes and buttermilk as she could conveniently pack within her little sturdy person, sharing at festivals in the dinner of bacon with greens or *calecannon*, and on Sunday mornings having her bit of griddle bread and butter, and her cup of tea; and free at all times to roam the wilds she lived in unconfined. At the end of the first year, her mother made a new bargain with her nurse: three pounds a year was to be the future payment for her board, but there were large promises of advances, and presents, and clothing, a good bundle of which, new and old, some neatly made for the child, the rest useful to the nurse, was readily handed over as earnest. It was the last transaction between the parties. The following year, Hannah's mother could not be found. She had quitted her place, engaged with another family, gone to England, left no traces. The father had never brought himself prominently forward; there was no clue to him. The child was in truth deserted. But the nurse, and indeed her husband also, had become attached to their charge, and they brought back the poor baby to their home and hearts, well knowing they would be never a penny the better for her. Nor did they neglect her after children of their own were born to them. She had her share of what was going, at least after younger pets were served. She was useful among the little crew; and as she grew older, she went the messages, and did the work long, long before her strength was fully equal to it. But she knew that she was a nurse-child, that no money was coming for her, and that she had no right to consider herself as quite a daughter of the house.

When she was about twelve years of age, the comforts of her mountain home became considerably reduced. A season or two of failing crops, the loss of a cow, and the increase of children, were all pressing heavily upon the parents who had adopted her. To replace the cow, her foster-mother determined to take another nurse-child, undeterred by the questionable success of her former attempt in that line: the five pounds in hand was of such importance in the eyes of both wife and husband, that they overlooked all future uncertainty; so a little Biddy, and the highly-valued cow, were added to

the family. The two foster-children very naturally became much attached to each other. Hannah was put in immediate charge of the baby, and as they grew, they still clung together—the little one seeking sympathy, the elder one affording protection, attracted to each other by the indefinable bar which seemed to separate them from the rest. Little Biddy's quarterly payments were made regularly for some time, contributing in no small degree to her wellbeing. They came through the hands of a humble dealer in groceries in the Liberties in Dublin, who acted for invisible parents, and always required the child to be shown to her on these matter-of-business occasions; but at last, on nurse and nursing making their usual visit, the shop was changed, the mistress of it had disappeared—she was bankrupt. A shoemaker was established in the premises, and little Biddy never heard more of her early protector. She did not suffer much from the disappointment. She was a very pretty and a lively child, and none having been born in the house since her babyhood, she remained a sort of pet in it. Poor Hannah had to bear the rubs: early and late the little hardy body worked. Out and in—rain, snow, or wind—Hannah did every one's bidding: she was used to it, and she hardly minded. Her business of messenger took her at least six times a week on errands to the minister's, where she carried butter, eggs, fowl, and such things, and brought back help in sickness, yarn for knitting, and many a bundle of old clothes for the children. It was in this house that she found her friends—made by herself, by her good-humour, her activity, her steadiness, and perhaps her rage; for her scanty raiment, and her bare, red feet, had early attracted the pitying notice of her future mistress. The sister of the minister's wife was married to the officer in whose family Hannah passed her many happy years of service. Under the careful superintendence of these kind masters, she improved quickly in all good qualities, rewarding the pains bestowed upon her by her increased intelligence and ever-anxious zeal for the interests of her kind employers.

She was what is called a middle-aged woman when she returned to Ireland. Her master and mistress had come to settle for their old age in their own country—not near the hills where she was reared. The minister who had been so kind to her in her childhood had removed to a better living, and had engaged a house for his connexions in his new neighbourhood. She had thus for some time back lost traces of her early home. While he had remained in his first glebe, she had often heard of what she called her family; but after he left it, she had received little news of them. All she exactly understood was, that her foster-father had become very feeble, her foster-mother was dead, the children dispersed, and little Biddy married. She determined, however, to look after them all. She had saved money. She was in a way to reflect credit on them—to help them, not to require help from them. She knew that though she had worked hard enough for it, she had always got her share of what was going with them, and she had a grateful remembrance of what had been done for her. Her heart warmed also to poor Biddy, to whom she had often sent substantial marks of affection through the minister. In short, she was resolved to visit the home of her childhood. She set out on a fine autumn morning, on an outside jaunting-car, with her trunk and her carpet-bag, her heavy cloak and her hand-basket, in company with five other travellers, well protected by frieze coats and duffel cloaks from the weather. The day was pleasant, the company sociable, the car not very crazy, nor the horse quite lame. He was changed once or twice upon the road for twin brothers apparently, so like are the individuals of his wretched class. Towards the afternoon, Hannah recognised her former neighbourhood, little changed from what she remembered it: all the great features remained, and all the little ones were as yet indistinct to her. She was set down at the end of a lane leading up to the mountain farm where she was reared. A solitary cabin stood by

the roadside, where she was told she would get help in the transport of her luggage, as it was a sort of house-of-call for wayfarers, in evidence of which a tidy-looking old woman came forward from it, to receive her bag and basket, as also several small parcels consigned to her care by the carman. The old woman's face, though lengthened and sharpened, was familiar to Hannah. She soon recognised the wife of the herd whom she remembered in the service of her early friend the minister, one of whose last kind acts, before leaving the district, had been to establish this old couple in a small cabin, with a bit of potato garden attached to it, the rent of which he paid for them to the gentleman in whose shrubberies the old man worked. They were decent and industrious, and so more comfortable than many could have contrived to be in their station. The old woman gave Hannah a most cordial 'welcome home,' putting on the kettle in preparation for the cup of tea, which is the usual refreshment offered where both parties are above a certain humble grade.

Much conversation passed of course upon the topics naturally interesting both to guest and hostess. Hannah mentioned her intention of seeking out her foster-mother's family, of visiting her foster-father at his little farm, but first establishing herself with Biddy, whose cabin she meant to make her abode while remaining in the country. The old woman heard her very quietly. For an off-handed people, as they are said to be, it is singular how very cautious the Irish are in committing themselves by advice, or opinion, or information. She replied dryly, that the morrow would be time enough for the walk to the hill farm: as it was some miles off, and the night coming on, her visitor had best take her bed where she was; she would find it clean, and she would be obliging an old friend; and as she had a fortnight's leave, there was no need to hurry. But Biddy was at no great distance, Hannah said. Biddy, she knew, lived in the village close at hand, on the road to the bog, a little piece beyond the turn at the end of the lane, convenient to the old highway. She must go on at once to Biddy: she would take her basket with her, leave her cloak and bag, and send Biddy's husband up for them and her trunk either that night or the next morning. The old woman merely coughed, promised to take all care of the luggage left with her; and seeing her friend determined on proceeding to the village, offered no farther discussions, only adding, as she bade her 'God speed,' that if she found Biddy had no way of putting her up comfortably, she hoped she would return where she would be certain of the best of welcomes. Hannah bade the old woman a kind farewell, and set out, walking briskly down the lane, every object she encountered beginning to return to her faithful recollection with a familiarity almost unbroken. At the turn, she came, as she expected, within sight of the village. A strange collection of hovels it appeared to her now; and as she approached it, the street looked dirtier, the cottages more ruinous, the air of desolation more apparent. The cabins were principally built of mud, and had been whitewashed at some time or other, thatched at an equally uncertain period either with straw or rushes, overgrown now by moss, and grass, and various lichens, and in sad need in many places of repair. Windows were some built up, some half-filled up; others with only a broken shutter to the opening where a window should have been; while in some walls any means for the admittance of light had been altogether forgotten. Doors were such as suited the style of windows; doorways were in perfect keeping with the condition of the road they bordered; heaps of manure lay beside each threshold; fowl, and pigs, and dirty children lay about, or wandered amongst the filthy riches of the place; and as Hannah walked along, a dirty cap, over bronzed features and matted hair, peeped at her from every wretched dwelling, in wonder at the decent stranger. Her heart sank within her: Biddy reduced to this: she felt unwilling to ask for her amidst such evidences of misery. A stone-and-

lime house, neatly thatched, and newly whitewashed, encouraged her a little; she stopped at the door to make inquiries, and seeing a decent-looking woman in the act of filling a trough, just *inside* her door, with potato peelings for her pig, she half hoped to recognise the features of her foster-sister, as the woman raised her head to reply—'Is it Larry* Quin's? Sure he has no cabin: it's only lodging he is in a little room at Luke Brady's, on the side of the big pool there beyant, as ye turn to go on to the chapel: he has the kitchen part: that cabin there with the big stone again' the chimley wall.'

Hannah walked on along the road to the big pool, round the corner of the muddy pond, over to the house she had been directed to; several children were within, seated quietly on the mud floor, dabbling with hands and feet in the dirt around them. She stood a moment to pick her way through the offensive draining from the dung-heap against the wall, by means of two or three large stones placed for the purpose.

'God save all here!' said she on stooping to enter, for she had not in all her travels forgotten the touching salutation of her country. 'Whose house is this?' asked she: she could not bring herself to frame her question more assuredly.

'Larry Quin's,' cried a quick, sharp voice from beside a wooden cradle, which the speaker, a lanky boy of eight years old or so, was rocking lazily.

'Larry Quin's!' repeated Hannah. 'Is he your father?'

'He is,' screamed the lanky boy.

'Where is your mother?'

'Gone to the well for a sup of water to bile the praties.'

'Where's your father?'

'Binding there above at Bryan Casey's, on the commons, where he does be working.'

Hannah looked round: seat there was none; light very little; bare walls, smoky rafters, a wet clay floor; fire, furniture, all wanting; no bed. A large pot, two broken teacups on the window sill, a tin teapot, and three or four tin porringers, were all that she could discover in the room, except the five half-naked and very dirty children. The old woman's cautious cough recurred to her. It seemed very likely that she should not find her foster-sister in a way to put her up comfortably.

'Get out o' that now, at wanst!' said rather a coarse voice outside to the little dirty squad that blockaded the doorway; and in a second the naked feet of the mistress of this Irish labourer's home appeared inside the threshold.

Biddy Quin was a young and very handsome woman. She would have excited general admiration could her person have been seen to advantage in decent clothing, and her features have been distinguished instead of being concealed by dirt. Even as she was, tattered, and soiled, and careworn, at a distance, with her piggish water on her head, the natural grace of her figure would have delighted a painter. But to tidy Hannah, in her clean gown and spotless shawl, the near approach of any being so little familiar with the use of soap gave any feeling but one of pleasure. The recognition was therefore a different sort of scene from what had been expected. Hannah was almost as much annoyed as she was distressed. Her manner was reserved in consequence. Biddy showed some surprise; a little mortification; not any particular affection; while there was a sort of hope in her look and her voice, and her words even, of benefit to be reaped from this visit of her foster-sister, which, though natural in their circumstances, and indeed prepared for as well as expected, jarred somewhat against the feelings of the presumed benefactor.

After a few introductory exclamations, a little nervous chiding of the children, and many blessings scattered

over the world at large, and on Hannah in particular—'I am greatly tоссicated to-day, Hannah, honey,' proceeded Mrs Quin, seating herself, baby in lap, on a slab of stone that ran along against the wall inside of the large chimney. 'Them childer keeps me for ever on the fret; my heart's a'most broke with them—strivin' to keep the life in them, and to gather a bit of firing—and has just the praties an' a sup of milk at odd times according as I can rache on it. Jim, fetch the stool out from under the straw there for your aunty—she'll be a good one to you. That's our bed, Hannah, jewel,' continued Biddy, pointing to a bundle of straw that was heaped up in a corner; 'and that's our blanket,' taking up the end of a long black-looking rag, which had been doubled up over the baby.

Hannah searched for a clean, that is, a dry spot, on which to place the stool which had been produced for her; and finding the neighbourhood of the hearth looked best, she there seated herself, carefully drawing up her gown, and gathering her petticoats so close round about her, that as little of the hems rested on the clay floor as might be. Her reply to her foster-sister consisted of a string of questions concerning the absence of such necessary articles of plain furniture as she had hitherto been used to consider indispensable to the poorest household.

'Bedstead!' exclaimed Biddy; 'orra one—bed, nor bedstead, nor bedclothes, nor an individual happ'orth of one thing nor another owns this, but just what you see: nor manes to get one.'—'Small rint! bedad, and it's sixpence a week we should pay for these four bare walls, an' they falling, an' glad to get it: sure cabins' scarce, lodgin's itself hard to meet with these times.'—'Arn! an' what signifies his arnin'?'—'fivepence a-day, an' diet! Hannah, jewel, it's a folly to talk: take the tobaccy out o' that, an' it's little comes to our share whin the rint's paid. He *does* smoke, then, now an' agin,' continued she; 'but,' she added in a tone of decision, a little proud and a little sulky, 'he don't drink—orra a drop.'

There is no need to continue the conversation between the prosperous and the destitute foster-sisters. Hannah ascertained that the misery of Biddy and her husband was extreme; that he lazily served a hard master, and had little wish to occupy his spare hours in any extra work that would benefit his family, generally throwing himself down upon the straw when he returned from his day's labour, after the coarse but plentiful supper he had been supplied with by the farmer. On the wife fell the burden of providing for the wants of the family—all that she and her children required beyond the potatoes, which indeed formed almost their only food. To use her own expressive phrase, she seldom had the 'handling of a shilling.' The few pence her eggs procured her was all the coin that ordinarily 'came her way.' Her housekeeping consisted in running here for milk, or salt, or soap, and there for firing, tearing her ragged petticoat into still longer tatters while grubbing among the furze hedges for the green prickly whins that filled the house with smoke while heating the potful of potatoes. The husband's earning was nearly absorbed by the potato rent, which was managed for him by his master, on what is called the con-acre system—seed, and tillage, and ground, set against his labour and the 'trifle' of manure collected at his cabin door. If there were as much over as provided him with shoes and a new suit, hat included, once in two years, he was fortunate: for all else they depended on the pig and the few hens Hannah had on her first survey overlooked, perched over her head on the rafters. To attain anything like comfort from such elements of bare subsistence, would have been beyond the powers of a better manager than poor Biddy, who, a spoiled and idle child, had married to please herself against the advice of all who were interested in her. Unable to struggle with her poverty, she had completely sunk under it, consoling herself, young as she was, with 'a blast of the pipe' she saw so necessary to all around her. This Hannah heard from her old

woman, to whose tidy cabin she returned to pass the night, after leaving with her foster-sister what would procure for her and her children a better supper than they often ate. Biddy received the money with many thanks, but no surprise, remarking, too, that Hannah 'need hardly be troubling herself: Mrs Riley, good luck to her! was a very good one to give score whin there was any reasonable dependence for repayment.'

The introduction next day to the husband was as little satisfactory as had been the interview with the wife. Larry Quin had a 'jaunty' air; he was a good-looking, stout-made man, with his old hat set on one side, his ragged coat flying open, and a straw in his mouth, which he twisted in all directions while vapouring on with a torrent of apologies for his household deficiencies. He 'had been intending to git a little dresser;' and he 'had laid out to procure an iligant bedstead,' that had belonged to somebody, and been for sale at some time; and he 'was determined, please God to lave him his health, to do' all that was sight and desirable at some indefinite period. But 'being in lodgin's, and greatly tоссicated this while back by'—in plain truth, neither the will nor the way to do better, there he was to the full as spiritless as the wife—almost contented with his low condition. 'In regard of the little pig, too,' he had never happened to have been without one before. 'It chanced, very unlucky,' that a friend should happen to come just when they were worst prepared to receive her; but, 'with the blessing of God and *Aer Aehy*, things would soon be better than ever with them;' and very easily, for, by the old woman's account, things had never been very well.

Larry was a nurse-child too; abandoned, like the rest of this unhappy class, by his natural protectors, and thrown upon the charity of his foster-parents as soon as habit was supposed to have endeared him to them. Though not much worse used than the rest of the children, he grew up fully conscious that he had no legal claim to the affection of those who had reared him; that he had no right to look for careful tendance; to murmur at privations shared unequally by him, with extra labours, and sometimes cruel words. He early felt that he belonged to nobody, and he soon began to act as if nobody belonged to him. To live, therefore, for himself alone became his rule of conduct. Without a hope, without an aim, without a tie, till he fell in love with Biddy, what had he to care for in a world to him so cold? Naturally of a lively temper, his position made him neither sad nor sulky—merely reckless. He was noted as a pleasant companion, but he had no reputation as a steady workman. He had therefore never kept his place as a labourer with the gentry or the larger farmers, who could afford to pay him a sitting hire. Instead of tenpence or a shilling a day, with perhaps a house and bit of ground, milk at times, help in fuel, with many useful occasional presents from the ladies of such superior families, to say nothing of a kind superintendence, maybe of more consequence to a servant's well-doing than all the rest, he had been obliged to content himself with jobbing at busy seasons, or serving the little farmers, who, hardly able themselves to pay their rent, and meet their current expenses, make the hardest possible bargain with their unhappy labourers. They give the lowest wages—as little as they can contrive in cash, and the commonest of frugal diet. It is, however, the certainty of this diet that insures the unfailing supply of strong bodies, able for better things. The husband, thus secure of victuals, is content to let the wife and children make it out as they best can at home; seldom without food, indeed, but rarely able to supply themselves with any other necessaries, neither parent seeming ever to have a thought how they were to manage to bring up their children. 'Should the potatoes fail!' This passed often through careful Hannah's mind, but never through her foster-sister's. The present was enough for Biddy, and all she seemed to heed in that was food in plenty—the best she could get, whatever her means were. Satisfied

with the large quantity she deemed sufficient of the cheapest fare, she could not resist expensive provisions when she had the money in her hand to buy them. Perhaps, had she had more experience in the laying of it out—understood its value better—she would better have comprehended the worth of what it could procure her. As it was, to save for another day, or for clothes, or for fuel, or for furniture, was quite beyond her powers of control over the little sum her foster-sister had given her. While it lasted, tea, sugar, white bread, butter, herrings, bacon, were lavished upon herself and on her children, among whom, sharing in all the vicissitudes of this miserable family, there was actually another abandoned nurse-child. The present thus provided for, Biddy contentedly resigned the future to fate, or luck rather, to which she quietly attributed every event of her life.

Hannah found that to trust to such a character for any family improvements was altogether out of the question. Whatever was to be done for them, must be done by herself, as she should judge best for their future comfort. She, with a little trouble, got the husband, who was much more manageable than the wife, to remove the manure to the end of the cabin, fill up the gutter with stones, and spread some gravel before the door. She mended the thatch, dashed the walls within and without, glazed the window, levelled the floor, purchased a few articles of common furniture, washed, and mended, and made clothing essential to decency. Biddy was delighted, but she could not help—her habit of wandering about for water, and for furze for firing, and for milk, was so inveterate; the many gossiping meetings with her numerous acquaintance, who were all abroad on the same errands, appeared to be so necessary to her getting through the day, that Hannah could never keep her ten minutes together at any regular work. Then she had nothing to do anything with—no more had her neighbours. A system of lending and borrowing pervaded the village, completely defying the attempt to make any individual family independent or comfortable. There was but one pair of scissors in the whole row of houses to which Larry Quin's belonged. When one neighbour had a washing, she borrowed her tub here, her smoothing-iron there, and, in Biddy's case, her table elsewhere. Very few had an even set of knitting-wires; they were eternally bartering an odd thick one against an equally odd slender one. Even their wardrobes seemed to be in common. The possessor of a decent cloak very seldom had it much at home; any one in want of respectable covering for some extraordinary occasion 'borrowed the loan of it' without ceremony. Bonnets, gowns, shawls, all seemed to be public property. Any effort, then, to raise the condition of one amongst the set must fail, unless the whole could be simultaneously supplied with an equal amount of property. And how, or where, to begin, would have been a problem difficult to solve by more reflecting heads than Hannah's. The village had no liege lord; it straggled over 'three lairds' lands'—'bonnet lairds,' too, very nearly. A few cabins on this holding, a few on that, mere patches, all of them belonging to those who had never set foot on the sod within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The little farmers who rented these neglected fields had, for L.1 in hand, permitted any one to erect a hovel anywhere; for which shoddy—when built, like beavers' dams, with mud and sticks—they exacted an annual rent; not according to the value of the dwelling, but according to the means of payment possessed by the dweller. He, again, in a troubled time, to meet his rent, sacrificed one room to a lodger. The lodger, for the same reason, frequently let his corners; and thus these most destitute creatures struggled on through a life of little enjoyment, yearly adding to the sum of wretchedness, unequal to the attempt of improving their condition—many of them, indeed, unconscious of their degradation. With the wasteful habits common to the miserable, the scanty means they had they squandered. They boiled many

more potatoes than even their large appetites required, throwing out the remainder to the pig and fowl. An overplus of buttermilk was even sometimes thus disposed of. Truly they 'took little thought for the morrow.' The pig, however, fattened, and in due time was sold, and the money he brought procured one of his lean brethren, and cleared scores with the huckster, the decent woman, the Widow Riley, owner of the only respectable-looking house. There was generally a long arrear to settle with her, for the borrowing system was extensively pursued in all its branches. How Biddy had carried on matters with her was a marvel, for she was no manager, had seldom made much of her pig, and had often been without one. The begging system had hitherto relieved her. She had trusted to remittances from her foster-sister, or to help from her foster-father, who had never quite cast her off, though she had married so much to displease him.

Little effectual relief could be given to a pair so reckless, so indolent, so low in feelings, as Larry and Biddy Quin. All that it was possible to do Hannah did. She made the possession of a pig a certainty, arranging with her friend, the old herd, that twice every year a store-pig should be bought for them, the proceeds of which, unencumbered by any claim, Biddy was to have to spend as pleased her. For this generous gift both husband and wife overwhelmed her with gratitude; the blessings of Heaven were called down plentifully upon her; yet each had a trifling favour to ask in addition—'A grain of tea, now and again, or a taste of sugar, or any old rag of covering that was past another body's wearing,' was the modest request of Biddy, while Larry put in for 'the next cast shute of the general's.'

Thus ended Hannah's dream of comfort in little Biddy and her husband; one pair out of thousands similarly circumstanced, equally ignorant and helpless, who, now that the days of pigs and potatoes are done, have been crushed down into the mass of utter pauperism by which the sister island is overwhelmed. Can we lament over the sum the 'three lairds' have to pay in poor-rates?

Next week we shall show the results of her experience in another department of the microcosm of Irish life.

OKEN'S PHYSIOPHILOSOPHY.*

PHYSIOPHILOSOPHY is the name for what is otherwise more familiarly called the philosophy of matter, as distinguished from the philosophy of mind: it comprehends the whole system of our knowledge of the material universe—heavenly bodies, earth, minerals, vegetables, animals, man—up to the confines of the human soul, which is the starting-point of a new circle of subjects, such as metaphysics, logic, rhetoric, ethics, and theology. The reader is aware that the different departments of material nature have given birth to a number of distinct sciences; and that, in the present day, each of these is so extensive, as to occupy large and voluminous treatises, and to require years of study to be completely mastered. Thus mathematics, astronomy, physics or natural philosophy, chemistry, physiology, and anatomy, the various branches of natural history, geography, and many other sciences growing out of these, contain individually such a mass of important truths, so many explanations of natural appearances, and so wide a range of practical applications, that no small labour is required to grasp completely any one of them; and it is generally reckoned enough for a single book to concern itself with only one, or even a fraction of one, at a time. But now and then works are published with the view of grasping the whole at once, or of exhibiting the most concentrated essence of each in connection with the essences of all the rest, forming a

* Elements of Physiophilosophy. By Lorenz Oken, M.D., Professor of Natural History at the University of Zurich, &c. &c. From the German, by Alfred Tulk, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. Printed for the Ray Society, 1847.

world-science, or a comprehensive survey of the entire universe. Such productions have a distinct value of their own when competently executed. They have this peculiar fascination, that they embrace a vast and imposing subject; they are to other books what a mountain prospect is to a cabinet of minerals, or a case of birds. The author speaks little in proportion to the greatness and extent of his subject matter; he has the advantage of a modest position; by the nature of his enterprise, he is compelled into the virtue of suggesting many ideas by few words.

But if the position of such an author is in one respect modest, his pretensions are not always so. There is a temptation to hazard explanations of obscure phenomena at a venture, or by a stroke of fancy, instead of pursuing the laborious process of studying each point in detail, and at the expense of multiplied observations, experiments, and reasonings. It is so delightful to grasp the whole universe in thought, or to possess ourselves of the laws of its most hidden workings, that human nature must be excused for prematurely making the attempt. It is quite true that no ideas which we possess at the present day can comprehend the whole processes of vegetable and animal life; and, moreover, these mysteries may not be unriddled when the whole generation of living men shall have passed away. But we are not, for that reason, to be prohibited from running over our chain of connection through the departments of nature, and of forming our own conception of the unity that prevails in the world. There is a certain license of speculation or imagination allowable, before the consummation of that perfect knowledge which is to mark out the latter-day glory of the human reason. This is the justification of the theories of the universe, formed in all ages to suit an irrepressible craving in the mind of man to view the world in unity, or as a compact and connected whole.

Oken's 'Physiophilosophy' is an attempt to relate the various sciences to each other, and to reduce the whole of nature to a very few simple principles. It has been translated and printed in this country by the Ray Society, which was formed for the purpose of diffusing rare works on natural history. This fact shows at once what is the real value of Oken's book, although it does not indicate the limits of the field over which he ranges. Professing to expound the first principles of all the sciences, and to advance new and comprehensive doctrines in each, his success is strictly confined within the subjects of the vegetable and animal kingdom. As a naturalist, he is great and original; if he had only known to stop there, the feelings excited in his readers would have been very different from what they are. Preachers and lecturers have sometimes remarked, that by cutting out a part of a discourse, they improved all the rest. Never would this maxim have been so well applied as in the present work. The first hundred and fifty pages—which are devoted to the inorganic world, or to the subjects of mathematics, astronomy, motion, gravity, light, ether, mineralogy, and geology—present a succession of absurdities, extravagance, and wild day-dreams, that could scarcely be matched anywhere out of Bedlam. Something approaching to the author's treatment of these subjects may perhaps be found in the earliest speculations of the Greeks, or in the cosmogony of the Hindoos. But there are few sane men in modern ages, still less men of powerful intellect and extensive knowledge, that have allowed themselves to publish to the world such a bewildering tissue of night and chaos.

The doctrines that Professor Oken thinks self-evident and unimpeachable, are often made of very surprising stuff. Take, as the first example, his idea of certainty itself. 'If anything be certain, it can only be *one* in number:' or this, 'the whole science of mathematics depends upon zero (a mathematical name for "nothing" in the sense of the commencement of a series); consequently, mathematics is based upon nothing.' But nothing being eternal, the principle of mathematics is

therefore eternal. In short, 'the Eternal is one and the same with the zero of mathematics.' 'The Eternal is the *nothing* of Nature. As the whole of mathematics emerges out of zero, so must everything which is a singular have emerged from the Eternal, or nothing of Nature.' Now, by the creation of mathematics in this simple way out of a very narrow original, a great step is gained, and the rest of creation is comparatively easy. For mathematics includes length, breadth, space, solidity, circles, and spheres, with numbers, and all that they handle; and thus, by the first act of creation, a considerable stock of things is produced to begin with. For instance, what is man but 'the whole of arithmetic compacted out of all numbers,' whereby 'he can produce numbers out of himself?' Again, a vast deal may be made out of the sphere: 'God manifesting is an infinite sphere. The sphere, therefore, is the most perfect form; for it is the primary, the divine form. Angular forms are imperfect. The more spherical a thing is in form, by so much the more perfect and divine is it. The inorganic is angular, the organic is spherical.' Unfortunately, however, for Professor Oken's originality, this is the very doctrine of Aristotle, which was so thoroughly ridiculed by Galileo in the seventeenth century, that it was thought to have been obliged to hide its head from that day forthwith. Most readers know the basis of the fictions of cycles and epicycles for the planetary motions that were maintained in the middle ages, till they were destroyed by Galileo, Kepler, and their contemporaries: it was no other than this—that such dignified bodies as the planets could move only in *perfect* figures: that is to say, *circles*; there being no other form perfect but the circular.

But to pass from the subject of mathematics, it may be interesting to hear the professor's account of some of the physical agencies. Take, therefore, the following sketch of electricity, which is related to the spherical form in this manner:—'Electricity is a merely peripheric antagonism, without centre, thus without union: an eternally disintegrated without rest.' As to gravity: 'Gravity is a weighty nothing, a heavy essence, ~~striking~~ ing to a centre; a realisation of the first divine idea.' The reader is also welcome to the following very simple explanation of perhaps the greatest mystery in nature—the constitution of the sun. 'The sun can never be extinguished, never become dark; for it gives out light, not as fire, but *simply by reason of standing in the midst*; its simple position, its enchainment to the planets, is light.'

As he advances into other regions, the professor prepares fresh surprises for the reader, whom, however, we must refer to the work itself for the demonstration of such propositions as, that 'self-consciousness is a living ellipse'; 'the earth is an oxyde of carbon'; 'the mean tension of ether, or light mingled with darkness, is called *colour*.' 'Red is fire, love—Father: *blue* is air, truth, and belief—Son: *green* is water, formation, hope—Ghost. These are the three cardinal virtues. Yellow is earth, the immovable, inexorable, falsity the only vice—Satan. There are three virtues, but only one vice.'

All this madness has its method. It is easy to discover the ruling principles of Oken's intellect: we see in it great native power running into a wild profusion of analogies, which are restrained by no law or motive, or maxim of sound thinking. There are certain common ideas that he carries out into every region of thought, without examining whether nature herself has really employed them to such an extent. For example, the notions of point, line, surface, solid, have a very great range of application; but with all their range, it is possible to find things to which they do not apply. Thus, who but our author could define and discriminate the four forces of crystallisation, magnetism, electricism, chemism, by saying that the first is *point*, the second *line*, the third *surface*, the fourth *cube*? There would be about as much propriety in expounding our political constitution as containing the sovereign, which is a point; the House of Lords, or a line; the House of Commons, or a surface;

the ten-pound electors, or a solid. The professor, in like manner, is never done with applying the sun and planet relation; and the idea of combustion in his hands elucidates an infinity of things. But perhaps the stock idea of the book is the four elements—earth, water, air, fire; withdraw these from the fabric, and it would crumble into fragments. Now, the distinction of the four elements has been shown by modern science to be accidental, and not fundamental. The three states of matter are distinguished by nothing but the possession of more or less heat, and the physical and chemical laws apply alike to solids, liquids, and gases.

The introduction to the biology is not encouraging. 'Galvanism is the principle of life.' Every part of organised beings is formed from mucus; and 'the primary mucus is the sea mucus.' Accordingly, the creation of organised beings takes place as follows (there being water and light to begin with):—'*Light shines upon the water, and it is salted; light shines upon the salt sea, and, it lives.*' 'Man also is a child of the warm and shallow parts of the sea in the neighbourhood of the land.'

The four elements are our author's key to all mysteries; behold how they serve to divide the animal organism! 1. The nutrient, earth; 2. The digestive, water; 3. The respiring, air; 4. The motive, fire. 'It is impossible for more than these to be developed in an organism; impossible for anything else but what is in nature to originate therein; impossible that anything new be born by it. How could,' exclaims the professor with warmth, 'the organism be aught else—how aught else than the focus of the four elements?' When, however, we come to the structure of plants and animals, his fertile analogical genius suggests many very striking comparisons between the different parts of the organisms; and probably in a good many cases he is right in his suppositions. If he is correct, at an average, once in every five analogies (and we do not say he is not), his book is probably the most original work on natural history that has appeared for half a century. We shall present the reader with a few specimens of these ingenious comparisons.

In plants, he says, 'the leaf is the table of contents or index of the stem.' And he goes on to show how the varieties of leaf-structure are uniformly accompanied with corresponding varieties in the stem-structure, thus indicating a unity of organism throughout the plant. And the flower, in like manner, he considers as originating out of the leaf. The whole of the development of this idea, as he goes through the various tribes of plants, is very interesting, and contains a great deal of probability. Still, the reader must lay his account with such declarations as the following:—'In impregnation, the heaven is married to the earth; for then the spirit descends, and does not esteem itself too highly to become flesh.'

In order to come at a few of the suggestive comparisons that the professor makes in the animal system, we must pass over a good deal of this character: 'The animal is a whole solar system, the plant only a planet.' In comparing the animal with the plant in detail, he remarks that the *lung* is analogous to the *leaves*; and the likeness undoubtedly holds in many points; but according to his logic, 'this is sufficient ground for assuming also the parallelism of the other organs;' which therefore he boldly carries out.

Within the animal system itself, the professor suggested one analogy, which has had the good fortune to be proved by Professor Owen—namely, that the bones of the head are an expansion of four vertebrae; so that the head, although not identical with, is analogous to, a portion of the trunk. He follows out the similarity in the detail as follows:—

'If the bones of the head are the repetition of those of the trunk, so also must the flesh of the head be a repetition of that of the trunk. Pectoral and abdominal muscles are ennobled in the muscles of the face.

'The face must have been principally formed by the orifice of the intestine—the mouth, and by the opening

of the lungs—the nose, and by the apex of the vascular system—the members which are repeated in the jaws. The mouth is the stomach in the head; the nose, the lung; the jaws, the arms and feet.

'The salivary glands are the liver in the head, as the mouth is its stomach. The liver, which was originally also symmetrical in form, has become wholly symmetric in the higher organised head, and forms two glands.

'The tongue is the oesophagus elongated upon the anterior side, because in front there is more flesh. The tongue is the extremity of the intestine converted into muscle.

'The nose includes pectoral muscles, the mouth includes the muscles of the limbs.

'If pectoral and abdominal muscles are repeated in the face, so also must the anterior bones, ribs, and limbs be repeated. It will be shown that the nose is a vertebra, the jaws members, and their muscles those of the limbs. The brain is the spinal marrow; the skull, the vertebral column; the mouth, intestine and abdomen; the nose, lung and thorax; the jaws are members. The whole osseous system is nothing but a vertebra repeated.'

Then, with regard to the muscular system in general, Oken gives the *heart* as the prototype. 'An entire layer of flexors and extensors is the pattern of the heart;' even a bone is an ossified heart.

Another of the professor's analogies that has been admitted to be successful, is the comparison of the *wings of insects*; not to the wings of birds, but to the *lungs* of the mammalia. Although their mechanical use is the same as that of the birds' wings, their structure and functions in supporting the system refer to the aëration of the blood. His explanation of epidermis or outer skin, nails, hairs, and feathers, relates them all to the branching filaments of the lungs.

The ribs are the bony envelope of the lungs: and arms and legs are considered as expanded ribs. The professor becomes very touching on this head. 'The arms, when clasped together by the fingers, are a thorax without viscera, without heart and lungs. They are destined to enclose a whole body in the embrace.' 'By an embrace, that which has been embraced has been made our *vicus*; it has been adopted as our animal heart, and as our animal vital organ—our lung. The embrace has an exalted physiological signification, and precisely that which it unconsciously possesses in the state of pure love. Nature always thinks more nobly than we do. We follow her beautiful regulations, and she rejoices in the sport.'

The head being reckoned analogous to a portion of the trunk, the jaw corresponds to the limbs. 'Each jaw consists of the same bony divisions as the limbs of the trunk, of scapula, humerus, and forearm; or of pelvis, femur, and tibia. This is easy to be demonstrated in birds, reptiles, and fishes. The digits are repeated in the teeth. The teeth are claws.' Again, the movements of the muscles of the face correspond to the movements of the muscles of the limbs. 'Upon this depends the interpretation of dumb-show, or the art of physiognomy.' 'The oral cavity also consists, properly speaking, of mere tactile organs, which have been repeated in the head. Thus there are tactile organs which are subservient to the gustatory sense, in biting, chewing, and swallowing.'

This theory of the analogy of head and trunk serves to explain the well-known fact of the tendency of all the members of the body to act together, and in the same way. The child's movements involve legs, arms, and face in one kind of motion; and it demands express training to make an arm move one way and the leg in some different way at the same instant, just as it requires training to make the two hands perform different processes at once. According to Oken, there is the same foundation in the animal system for the concurring motions of head, arms, and legs, as for the simultaneous action of a pair of limbs. 'Sympathy is the result of parallel systems.'

With all the merits that there may be in the latter portions of this book, we hope we shall never meet its like again. It is lamentable to see a man of so much mental grasp utterly destitute of the power of distinguishing between truth and falsehood. Professor Oken never seems to have adverted to the possibility of starting a hypothesis not strictly in accordance with nature in all its details: the process of verification has never occurred to him as either necessary or useful. Upon everything he gives us the first thoughts of an inaccurate thinker. One would suppose that he felt himself called upon, within his own lifetime, to explain all nature somehow; so that, above all things, it was needful for him to get on. Except in natural history, his actual knowledge of science is very trifling; his grand analogies in physics and chemistry could not have occurred to a mind knowing the facts. Even his valuable suggestions rarely amount to discoveries. For one thing, they are never proved; and the discoverer of a truth is, properly speaking, the man that proves it, and shows its full range and meaning. Gross injustice is often committed by people who find in old books something like the statement of a truth that has been established by scientific investigation, and on that ground ascribe the merit to a man in whose hands the doctrine was a dead letter. A loose talker, like Oken, will hit upon a truth, and rest it upon such flimsy reasons, and put it in such bad company, that the world takes no heed of it, till it is again announced by somebody that has laboriously wrought it out, and settled it for ever upon adequate evidence. The ravings of a madman, or the revelations of a clairvoyant, may contain new truths, but mankind can never learn them from such sources. Truth must always bring its authority with it: by its evidence do we know it. A well-informed man may gain much by reading such a book as the 'Physiophilosophy'; by his knowledge he will distinguish what is absurd, and sometimes he will be able to supply to what is true the needful demonstration; but the world at large can believe nothing that is said in it from beginning to end, till it first passes through more trustworthy hands.

WALKS TO OFFICE.

LEO TO CAPRICORNUS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the noise, dirt, and discomforts of London, there are thousands of its population who prefer it to all other places. We have known some of these town-worshippers: when, after much deliberation, they visit a country friend, they are always miserable until they get back again. Charles Lamb, who

—'Ranged the crowded streets
With a keen eye,'

affords a memorable instance of love of urban life, amounting almost to a devout feeling. We have another example in Dr Johnson: his attachment to London breaks out in many parts of his writings. In one place he says: 'The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom.' And Davy, speaking of the Metropolis, observes: 'It was to me as the grand theatre of intellectual activity, the field of every species of enterprise and exertion, the metropolis of the world of business, thought, and action. . . . There society of the most refined kind offered daily its banquets to the mind, with such variety, that satiety had no place in them, and new objects of interest and ambition were constantly exciting attention, either in politics, literature, or science.' To multitudes, however, London is a place to be inhabited only from necessity, which compels them to a weary and monotonous course of task-work. How many of those you meet during a walk to office are mere machines, who have outlived all desire to go and look upon a green field! Their holidays are

spent in lounging at the corners of streets, or in the dingy parlours of out-of-the-way taverns. Stand for a few minutes on any one of the bridges, and watch the human tide as it goes by. You shall see objects of misery such as can be seen nowhere but in London. Not mere penury or destitution, but hopeless misery, that stamps a wolfish expression on the victim's features, and kindles a fiery madness in the eyes. They move with the throng, but are not of it. Notice, too, how some men's trade tells upon their physical constitution: the one now approaching, with one shoulder higher than the other, head inclining a little to the right, the left hand always carried in advance, while the right, with bent fingers, is held back—he is a filer in some engine factory. The next, in threadbare coat, with a slight stoop, curved legs, slouching gait, and right arm swinging in uneasy jerks—is a tailor: you cannot mistake him. Here is another with a dirty canvas apron twisted round his waist; he takes long, slow steps, and turns in his left foot—he is a cabinet-maker: and in the same way might we go on reading off each one's calling or character for a whole day. The peculiar expression, however, varies in different quarters of the town. 'Let any one,' says the Tatler, 'even below the skill of an astrologer, behold the turn of faces he meets as soon as he passes Chesapeake Conduit, and you see a deep attention and a certain unthinking sharpness in every countenance. They look attentive, but their thoughts are engaged on mean purposes. To me it is apparent, when I see a citizen pass by, whether his head is upon woollens, silks, iron, sugar, indigo, or stocks. Now this trace of thought appears to lie hid in the race for two or three generations.'

In the daily walks to office much may be seen of the petty trades of London—the under-current of its commercial activity. Things are turned to account here. In front of patten and clog makers' shops, stand small baskets filled with the little lumps of beech sawn off the ends of the sole pieces—'only a penny.' A little farther on, at a place half shop, half shed, a man and two or three boys are busy sawing and splitting firewood. One saws the blocks to the required length, a second splits them, and a third, with the aid of a small lever and a strong loop, ties them up into bundles with marvellous accuracy and celerity. This, though classed among petty trades, requires the employment of large capital. We have seen a wood yard, half an acre in extent, by the side of the Surrey Canal, completely filled, and piled to the height of thirty or forty feet with the 'chunks' of pine brought from Canada, to be split up and sold four bundles a penny, to kindle fires in London. A few of the old cobblers' stalls, little dens, half in the cellar, and half in the street, are still to be seen. Pass when you will, their occupants are always busy; it does not appear, however, that any of them ever remove into a shop or more roomy premises. A parallel class of out-of-door workers, are the men who go from one butcher's shop to another to sharpen and set the saws. Half-a-dozen files, a hammer, and 'saw-set,' a wooden stand with screw-clamps, constitute their stock in trade. The stand is generally painted the professional blue; and the fliers appear to be merry fellows, for they whistle blithely while at their work, generally performed at the edge of the pavement. Another form of petty trade is presented by butchers' and provision shops: the latter with pennyworths of bacon and scraps of cheese; and the former with fragments—cuttings and trimmings of mutton and beef—of most repulsive appearance. Yet nothing is lost: however indifferent the article offered for sale, there is always a purchaser for it. The New Cut, in Lambeth, the upper extremity of White Cross Street, and Clare Market, offer a spectacle fraught with profound instruction about the animal food supplied to the humbler classes of London.

'Garret masters,' as they are called, represent a considerable amount of petty trade. They are turners, carvers, cabinet and chair makers, and almost every

other business that can be mentioned. How often, on a Monday or Tuesday morning, you meet the wife or boys of one of these small traders, with a plank and cane for chairs, or veneer for workboxes—material for another week's struggle! On Saturdays you will see the man with tea-caddies, a table, or half-a-dozen chairs upon his shoulder, panting along with hungry and anxious look to find a purchaser. Poor creatures! many of them are to be pitied; for very often the price they obtain does not exceed the cost of the materials on which they have expended six days' labour. Several of the large advertising houses derive their supplies of goods from these sources. Boys, looking keen and experienced as grown-up men, are seen both morning and evening delivering and vending newspapers—how they collect round the doors of newspaper offices on the announcement of a 'second edition,' waiting for news as jackals for carrion! A singular fact connected with these boys is, that they go 'on 'Change.' Turn up Catherine Street any afternoon about four, and there, within hearing of the Strand, you will find them congregated, and with a perfect Babel of cries exchanging papers. 'Times' for 'Herald'—'Standard' for 'Chronicle'—who wants 'Globe?'—who wants 'Daily News?' are calls kept up for the better part of an hour with vociferous iteration. Watch the group for a few minutes, and you will see that the newsboy is as great an adept in turning a penny as the stockbroker farther east. Our present purpose is to describe only the more obvious of what presents itself to the eye in a walk to or from office; much more might be written, were we inquiring into the multiplied resources for gaining a livelihood to be found only in great cities. One more instance, and we must leave this part of our subject. Every day, 'except Sundays and holidays,' two rather grim-faced, weather-beaten men may be seen walking up and down under the portico of Somerset House. For years have they taken up their position in this place, from ten to four, and will probably continue to do so until incapacitated by age or infirmities. They look like man-of-war's men 'in shore-going toggery'; and their business is to stop the sailors, great numbers of whom are continually calling at the Admiralty Office, within the quadrangle of the building, and advise them how to proceed in making their inquiries. With the proverbial generosity of seamen, the applicants, on leaving the office, hand over a fee to their two informants, or invite them to drink at a neighbouring tavern. It is only in such a place as London that it would be worth any one's while to come out in all weathers, with clean polished shoes, and well-brushed though threadbare coat, to watch for the chances of a living from such an apparently uncertain source.

It sometimes happens that the routine of official duty is disturbed by some unexpected stroke of business; on such occasions, a brief interval is allowed for refreshment at a coffee-house—a half hour, in which some of the peculiarities of London life may be studied. How the disposition to avoid all unnecessary expenditure of words appears in the short, technical orders issued to the attendants! With some customers it borders on slang: 'Coffee and a thin un!' or, 'Dab o' grease and ball o' pipeclay!' may be heard from some remote corner; the speakers' requirements being a cup of coffee and a thin slice of bread and butter, or a pat of butter with an egg. You may observe, too, how the demand for bread serves as an index to the season. In cold weather, brown and cottage loaves are most in request; but in warm weather, nothing will go down but light French rolls and tea-cakes. London coffee-houses would be nearly all that could be wished, if their arrangements included ventilation, and real coffee for the fluid supplied to customers.

Should it happen to be a Saturday on which the unexpected detention occurs, the walk home late in the evening reveals many new features of life in the great city. The people who now crowd the streets are quite of a different class to those seen during the day: la-

bourers, operatives, and artisans with their wives and children, are making their purchases for the week or the next day. This is the time to see the infinitesimal system of dealing carried out at butchers 'and grocers,' or any place where food is sold. Petty dealers, never seen at any other time, now station themselves at the entrances of alleys and corners of streets, offering skewers, meat-hooks, penny roasting-jacks, cabbage-nets; in short, a complete *batterie de cuisine*. They invite purchasers in most vociferous tones, and it is hard to say whether they or the beggars are the more importunate; the latter have to provide for a blank day on the morrow, and make most moving appeals to the charity of bystanders. Presently you come to a ready-made clothes warehouse, flaring and flashy, in front of which half-a-dozen musicians, engaged by the proprietor, have been blowing away most lustily ever since noon, and will keep on till midnight. This is a frequent mode of advertising in the transpontine regions, and is often adopted by enterprising bakers, when the usual 'glass of gin,' or 'penny returned with every loaf purchased,' fail to attract. So bewildering are the noise and confusion, that you feel a sensible relief as the walk homewards carries you into a quieter neighbourhood.

It is pleasant to note the succession of flowers, from the crocuses and violets of early spring to the roses and carnations of summer, offered for sale in the streets. The taste for flowers has increased of late years; some persons you will see never walk to town without a flower in their button-hole during the fine season. From the markets, as centres, they are carried in hand-carts, barrows, or baskets, into every quarter of the town: even back streets and dismal alleys are visited by hawkers of flowers; and is it too much to expect that the sweet-scented things may have a humanising influence? Another pleasure of the summer season, is the opportunity for varying the daily walk by a trip in one of the cheap steamboats. You make for the nearest bridge, walk on board, and for a halfpenny, are set down close to your place of business. These river omnibuses are admirable places for observation; here you may detect many peculiar characteristics of the Londoner. Rather than wait two minutes and a half for the next boat, they overcrowd the deck until the little vessel is top heavy, and stand wedged together, half suffocated, without the possibility of changing their position. They will land at all sorts of inconvenient wharfs, with imminent risk of life and limb, week after week, and month after month, or until it may please the proprietors to provide better accommodation. Extremes meet: and London is at once the fastest and slowest of cities. The man who cannot stay to answer your salute in the street, will live with exemplary patience close to some horrid nuisance for ten or twenty years. He wonders what people can possibly find to do with themselves in the country, and goes night after night to the same parlour, in the same tavern, to hear the same rapid talk that he already knows by heart.

You walk home leisurely on summer afternoons, resting a while to contemplate the animated view from the bridge you may choose to cross, or halting at some of the frequent book-stalls. All the world is thirsty: the benches in front of public-houses are crowded with porter drinkers, who imbibe the contents of pewter pots with infinite relish; and venders of ginger beer offer their cooling draught at every hundred yards. Frequent parties of strangers are now met on the shady side of the street, gazing with wondering delight on all they see. Among these some have evidently come to settle in London: you may see them cheapening furniture at the brokers' shops; perhaps a widow with two or three children, eking out a scanty income to the utmost. According to Johnson, whom we have before quoted, 'there is no place where economy can be so well practised as in London: more can be had here for the money, even by ladies, than everywhere else. You cannot play tricks with your fortune in a small place: you must make a uniform appearance. Here a lady

may have well-furnished apartments, and elegant dress, without any meat in her kitchen.'

If the weather be at all rainy, the approaches to the bridges are beset by retailers of second-hand umbrellas: 'Only one shilling each!'—'Save a shower for a shilling!' It is a better business than would at first sight appear; for, apart from those who can afford only a shilling for an umbrella, there is many a well-to-do citizen who would rather lay out that sum than get wet to the skin. Day after day, as your eye glances along the line of clerks and men in office walking homewards, you are sure to see one carrying a blue bag. A blue bag is considered respectable; it has an official look about it; it suggests ideas of papers and parchments tied up with red tape. But appearances are often deceptive: if that young clerk there, who has not yet reached his first promotion, would show you the contents of his bag, you would see a leg of mutton, a bargain from Leaden-hall or Newgate market. We have known oysters, ox-tails for soup, onions, crockery, to be carried home in a blue bag. The bag enables many to economise, who otherwise would be ashamed to do so.

But the days begin to draw in: by and by both sides of the street are shady; and those who look for sunshine as they walk home, see it only on the gilded weathercocks of church steeples, or slanting through the opening of some side street in long sickly-looking rays. And then, before you are aware of it, the return walk is all by lamplight; and the long suburban roads, with their lines of flame on either side, remind you, as you look down them, of the avenues described in the 'Arabian Nights,' brilliant with lights, but ending at last in a gloomy void. Butchers and grocers are decorating their shops again with holly, which reminds us that our Walks to Office have made the round of the seasons.

A SECOND WORD ON THE ROADS.

NEARLY three years ago, we took occasion to notice a plan for reforming the public road managements throughout the United Kingdom, projected by Mr W. Pagan, a Scottish country solicitor. Since that period, the subject has attracted the attention of divers road-trusts, town-councils, and other public bodies, and been received in a generally favourable manner, without, however, any practical result being attained.

The present method of maintaining the principal roads by means of exactions at toll-bars is universally agreed to be most objectionable. It is interruptive of intercourse, annoying to travellers, distracts traffic into wrong channels, is a severe and clumsily-levied tax, and, worst of all, not more than from 50 to 60 per cent., on an average, of the money so levied, goes to the support of the roads—the remainder being swallowed up in the erection and maintenance of toll-bars, the paying of turnpike-men, legislation, and jobbery. To keep the principal roads of England in repair, nearly five thousand toll-bars are put in operation, and the expense of the acts of parliament to sustain the system in vigour, has been stated to be £100 per mile. The cost of collection alone is said to amount to £800,000 per annum. Besides the charge for maintaining the principal roads, large expenses are incurred for cross or parish roads, which are usually supported by rates. Mr Pagan's plan points to the entire abolition of toll-bars, the consolidation of trusts, and the levying of an annual rate on horses, as the sole means of supporting the roads and liquidating the debts which the trusts have generally incurred. In the first edition of the work in which this projected reform is explained, the writer presents tabular statements showing the extent of saving that might thus be effected within two counties—Fife and Kinross. Rating all the horses in the district at 30s. each per annum, £18,000 would be raised—a sum which, compared with that levied by the existing methods of exaction by toll-bars and otherwise, would effect a

saving of £15,000. The second edition of Mr Pagan's work,* and some other tracts he has issued on the same subject, make several revelations equally worthy of remark. It appears from a statement respecting the above district, that an annual rate of 27s. 6d. per horse would be sufficient. Of this rate 19s. 6d. per horse would maintain the roads, 5s. 6d. would go to the payment of interest and redemption of the debt, and 2s. 6d. be taken for management. In this way the management would cost only a twelfth part, or $\frac{1}{12}$ per cent., instead of 44 per cent., as at present! The debt, he calculates, would be paid off in thirty years; and accordingly, the rate per horse would ultimately sink to 22s. From some investigations that have been made, it appears that farmers, the class most opposed to the change, would generally save by the adoption of this plan. Among twenty-nine of the leading agriculturists in Fife, there would be a gross saving of £186, 4s., or about 27 per cent. per annum. A farmer in one of the southern counties of Scotland lately mentioned to us that the lime he laid upon his land cost him at the rate of sixteen shillings per acre for toll-bars!

Having been invited to state his plans at a meeting of the county of Forfar, Mr Pagan showed, by a statement before us, that he could effect an annual saving of nearly £4000 on the road system of the county. The aggregate sums levied from the public annually by toll-bars, and statute-labour, and bridge-rates, amounted to £18,332. This he proposed to reduce to £14,500, raised by a rate of 29s. per horse—of which there would be applicable to road repair, 18s. 6d.; to expense of management, 2s. 6d.; and to payment of interest and redemption of debt, 8s. By the extinction of the debt in thirty-one years, the rate would ultimately fall to 22s. But there was a likelihood that, by the diminished wear and tear of roads, arising from absorption of traffic by railways, as well as from an increase in the number of horses, the rate might be lowered much sooner. In all probability, the rate would ultimately be only 14s. 6d. per horse!

From statements brought forward at meetings in Haddingtonshire and other places, similar inferences are drawn. Scarcely a voice is lifted in defence of what is now admitted to be a great abuse. The only parties who attempt a vindication of the toll-bar and statute-labour exactions, are the functionaries whom a change would dispossess—lessees of bars, turnpike-men, and a host of clerks and collectors. Nevertheless, it cannot be said that there is as yet any overt attempt at reform. The trusts, composed exclusively of the landed gentry, who are unfortunately not men of business, seem to be in a sense paralysed. They almost everywhere acknowledge their existing condition to be bad, but they hesitate as to the means of improvement. It would be well that they proceeded to fix on some determinate policy. In all the central and populous districts of the kingdom, the roads are already deprived of their thorough traffic by railways, and nothing is left them but local intercourse; in other words, the roads now depend for support chiefly on the rural population, the tolls upon many of them are scarcely worth collecting, and the trusts, burdened with heavy debts, cannot meet their obligations. In this state of things, toll-bars are increased in number, to the grievance of rural tenants and villagers; but all will not do; and from forty-four per cent. for collection, the ratio of expenditure rises to sixty, eighty, and even a hundred per cent. We happen to know the case of a toll-bar in a rural district which yields only £4 annually. To gather this sum, £2 and a free house are given to a female keeper. As the house and bar undoubtedly cost £120, the annual interest of which sum is £6, it is evident that the road-trust loses £4 by the transaction. This deficiency, however, really falls on the public, which incurs an expenditure altogether of £10, no more than £2 of which actually goes

* A pamphlet of 120 pages. Blackwood, London and Edinburgh.

to the maintenance of the road. The cost of collection in this instance is five hundred per cent. ! Ere long, in many quarters, turnpikes will not draw sufficient to pay their keepers. Then will begin the end of toll-bar exaction. Except in remote localities, and in the close vicinity of towns, it will perish from mere natural decay, and no one will pity its fall !

Foreseeing these consequences, the apathy of turnpike trusts seems like an infatuation. It surely cannot escape their notice that the loss, falling first on the rural population, will come ultimately on land. The question, therefore, as to toll-bars and no toll-bars, is one which greatly more concerns landlords and their tenants than the people of towns ; and on this account, except from a wish to see an end put to a social barbarism, the subject is not likely to excite much popular commotion. We are sorry to observe that, in some districts where the question has been agitated, the tenant farmers, while not objecting to the removal of toll-bars, have opposed Mr Pagan's plan of reform, on the score that the proposed rate levied on horses would bear unduly on them, in relation to others who make use of the roads. Although it is our belief that farmers generally would be relieved by the principle of a uniform rating of horses, as compared with their present condition, it may be admitted that the reverse would possibly be the case in a number of instances. The degree of rating, however, is a matter of detail ; and Mr Pagan does not press for an exact uniformity in all circumstances. The horses, for example, which are employed pretty continuously in stage-coaches, and omnibuses, and in carriers' wagons, might properly enough be subject to a higher rate than horses engaged almost exclusively in agricultural operations, or in carting rural produce. Some parties, we know, incline to government management and taxation for the roads ; but this we hope never to see. Local managements, though sometimes defective in their operation, are of the highest value in cultivating a practical knowledge of affairs, and preserving constitutional freedom. Let local trusts and taxations, therefore, continue, but organised on better models, and in most instances consolidated over districts irrespective of county divisions.

We are not without a hope that some individual will step out of the ranks to master this important subject, and distinguish himself as a leader in road reform. Thanks to Mr Pagan, the way is open before him.

VINTAGE AT BORDEAUX.

We had spent the greater part of the summer of 18— in wandering among the Pyrenees, whose then unsophisticated small watering-places had greatly delighted us ; their simple, and in some cases rather rough accommodations, and the absence of all the ordinary idle appliances for killing time, being amply compensated by the society of a relation long settled in that region, whose sporting propensities, as well as his taste for the natural beauties of this magnificent region, had made him thoroughly acquainted with every nook and corner which a hunter after a bear, ibard, or the picturesque, could desire to reach. Many a delightful expedition to the higher parts of the mountains, or to some spot out of the beaten regular 'guide' track, did we accomplish under his experienced direction ; always rendered more interesting, from his knowledge of the Bearnais dialect enabling him to give us information on the peculiar habits of this people, which we could not have obtained under ordinary circumstances. There was a cheerfulness also given to these mountain rambles, from his being able to converse with any of the country folks overtaken on the road, or who were busy about the cabins we chanced to pass, and many local tales and traditions of that district became ours through his means. In some of our shorter evening strolls, husbandry, cultivation of land in general, wine-making, &c. used occasionally to be discussed by the gentlemen of our party ; and as the summer closed in, and the season of the 'vendange' approached,

we all wished it were possible to witness that busy scene. Our longings were destined to be gratified, for a kind invitation from the Comte de — to one of our party opened the way for the whole inundation of us ; and we set forth not only to view the vintage, but with the prospect of a residence, at that interesting period, in a veritable French château. We reached Bordeaux in the evening, where a letter awaited us from the Comte de —, full of friendly welcome, and pointing out all the necessary steps for our safely and expeditiously reaching his place on the following day.

At eight o'clock the next morning, we were accordingly on board the steam-vessel which was to carry us down the Garonne. Its banks in this direction do not long continue to bear the beautiful *riant* character which so delighted us in the upper part of this noble river ; and I could not help reverting to the change since I had sat on its banks in Spain, enjoying a rural luncheon, carried with us to the edge of the narrow, gently-flowing stream, in which the olive-complexioned women of the village were washing their linen, and the children, half-clothed, picturesque little objects, were dabbling and crossing over it partly on stepping-stones !

The weather was not bright ; but there was a large, cheerful, and amusingly mixed company on the deck ; and a most excellent breakfast was soon served, which drew us all much nearer to our associates, among whom were families going to their country-seats, whose names, connected with mercantile affairs, I had heard, when a girl, mentioned in England. The time was agreeably spent in hearing their accounts of the many villages we passed, and in watching for the meeting of the rushing Dordogne, which comes very boisterously down upon its more dignified brother the Garonne ; occasioning the same sort of contest which occurs in the Shannon, and which is called in England a 'bore.' About two o'clock we reached the landing-place, and found the carriage of Monsieur le Comte, driven by a cocked-hatted coachman in full livery, in waiting to convey us to the château, distant about three miles. The roomy old coach soon carried us to the mansion ; and before we could alight, our host was on the flight of steps, which he descended to meet me, who had the good fortune to be on that side of the carriage. I was immediately taken by the hand in the most courtier-like manner, handed through the ante-rooms, &c. and finally seated in one of the fauteuils, at the side of a large old-fashioned chimney corner ; my young companion, with equal deference, being similarly escorted by the eldest son to the corresponding seat of honour. There we sat for a while, like the two supporters of a heraldic shield !

The two elder daughters of our host, unluckily, were absent, but the honours of the house were kindly and gracefully performed by his son's wife ; and there were also many agreeable intelligent men staying in the château, a very curious rambling old concern, full of faded grandeur. The 'salon,' into which we were first ushered, had that formal bare appearance which was usual in the days of our grandmothers, when no one thought of moving, or perhaps had the strength to move, the massive seats from their allotted places, or of deranging the order in which two rows of yellow damask gilt chairs were placed against the wainscot, round the room, as in the present case. The apartment was lighted by many very lofty windows, composed of small panes of glass ; and the large old trees immediately overhanging them, gave the room, with its uncarpeted polished oak floor, a very sombre air, quite in keeping, however, with the appearance of the old comte and the 'ancien régime' tone of things in general ; and we soon discovered that we were in one of the strongholds of 'conservatism' and 'legitimacy'—Don Carlos and Henry V. being there objects of profound and respectful interest. The former had been actively seconded by one of the family in his secret journey to Spain ; and the mother of the young prince, not having at that time played all her 'fantastic tricks before high Heaven,' was the heroine of their romantic loyalty. A pair of superb Sèvres jars, many feet high, standing in corners of the salon, gifts from her, were pointed out to us with a proud pleasure

by these devoted adherents to her son's cause. I could not but think of one of Sir Walter Scott's old cavaliers when listening to the fearless remarks of our venerable host on present times. His details of bygone days were likewise curious, when one of his ancestors, whose portrait hung over the drawing-room mantelpiece, formed part of the cortège that accompanied the infants from Spain to France, and whose château was one of the resting-places for the betrothed princess before proceeding to meet her future husband Louis XIV.

The first difficulties of introduction among persons with whom we had no common tie or subject of interest, were soon got over by this truly well-bred family; still we were glad when there was a move to prepare for dinner. This repast was most elegant as to the cuisine, though in some of the appointments the table might, in these luxurious modern days, be considered slightly deficient; but then it was in matters that made the whole affair less commonplace; and the attentions of our high-bred, kind-hearted host made us all forget, long before we rose from table, that our acquaintance was of only a few hours' standing. We all quitted the dining-room at the same time, as is usual abroad, the two lady-visitors being led by the hand to the drawing-room, as on their first arrival. Some strolled into the gardens, others to the billiard-table; and on my return from my room, after the lights were brought, I was amused to find my young companion engaged at piquet with one of the gentlemen, quite fearless of the difficulties of new terms, &c. in this her debut at card-playing in France, and in full flow of French conversation with her agreeable adversary. He had been many years a prisoner in England, and having lived in very good society (on his parole, I suppose), was full of inquiry concerning many persons, mutual acquaintances, as well as about customs, places, and things which had changed in various ways since his liberation. He understood and wrote English extremely well, and gave her even some very pretty poetry written in our language, making the most polite efforts at speaking it likewise, though he had lost his fluency. A small round waiter was brought in, and placed on a little table at the end of the room; and there tea was poured out of a small china teapot into diminutive but beautiful cups, such as would have excited greedy longings in a china-fancier. This beverage was evidently served in compliment to 'les dames Anglaises,' so my young companion and I partook of it; the rest of the family helped themselves at their pleasure from the 'carafe' of cold water, to which they added sugar and 'fleur d'orange,' a bottle of which favourite preparation stood beside the tea equiptage.

The bedchamber was as singular-looking as our love of novelty could desire—lofty, with many large windows and several doors. None of these fitted very closely, and we were on the ground-floor; so that, with the occasional startling from their noise, the sighing of the wind through the overhanging trees, and our own thoughts on the novelty of our position, it was some time before we sunk to rest. There were no blinds to keep the sun from shining through the boughs into our room, gladdening us with the assurance of a brilliant morning having succeeded the dull unpromising evening; and while considering whether, by stirring at this early hour, I might cause some commotion among the household, one of the doors was gently opened, and Mademoiselle Julie, the pretty *femme-de-chambre* to Madame de —, glided softly up to the bedside, having a small tray in her hand, on which were two delicate little cups of green tea, with the necessary accompaniments, and a plate of biscuit. While presenting these to each of us, her graceful manner, her costume, and the singularity of being thus awakened, made my young companion fancy she had opened her eyes on a scene at the 'Gaieté' or 'Vaudeville.' This refreshment was considerably provided before making our toilettes, lest we should be exhausted by waiting for the regular *déjeuner*, which would not take place for some time. We found that most of the family had gone to mass, *early*, at the neighbouring village, in order to be free to give us their company during the remainder of the day; but we assembled between ten and eleven at

a most *recherché* meal, served *sans* tablecloth, which omission deprived it in our eyes of all the elegance belonging to choice fruit, fine fish, game, and every article that could form a tempting repast. The conversation was lively and agreeable, ending by a proposal to walk through all the vineyards of our host, who accompanied us. He was full of information concerning the different growths of the surrounding lands; for the varieties in the size and appearance of the grape, and consequently in the quality of the wine produced, are in many instances extraordinary—a narrow lane only sometimes intervening, on one side of which there will be a first-class production, while its opposite neighbour has hardly a *name* with the wine-buyers. The same mode of cultivation will not remedy this caprice of nature; and even in one instance, where a trifling slope of the ground a little varied the exposure of a plant, there was a perceptible difference in the flavour of the fruit. In the afternoon, we completed our course of examination by a visit to the Lafitte and Monton vineyards, and to the village of Cost, famous for the St Esteppe wine. Our delightful old comte accompanied us, and enlivened by his agreeable intelligent conversation this classic drive through a pretty though somewhat flat country; most interesting, however, when one considers what is the produce of so vast an extent of plants, more insignificant in appearance than our currant bushes, for none are suffered to grow to more than three feet in height. On our way home, we stopped at the church where the family had gone in the morning to mass, that we might see a picture of the 'Crucifixion' by Mademoiselle —; and though this specimen of amateur art was far above mediocrity, it was less interesting to us to behold than the good old man's delight in showing us this sample of his daughter's talent and piety. The evening was delightful; and after dinner, I had a long and charming walk with the comte, who greatly interested me with the particulars he gave concerning the mode of managing the vines, &c. They furnish constant occupation all the year round to families who live close by, and who have each certain portions intrusted to their superintendence, which is required *day and night* at particular seasons. These crops were all of the black grape; but the colour of the fruit does not affect that of the wine. At a certain stage, there are assistants also required to give additional turning to the ground about the roots of the plants, or to thin the leaves; and this last is a most delicate operation, as a little too much of exposure, or exposure not timed to the moment when the grape requires it, may be its ruin! When I add, that the vines are subject to a plague, in the shape of a *fly*, and another in the shape of a snail, to a terrible extent, it will appear that these precious productions cause as much anxiety as our own useful and far more beautiful hop, before they attain to full and perfect maturity. There was a small tower-looking building raised very high in the midst of the crops, where at this time I was amused to see a man *watching* from a little wooden balcony, recalling to my mind allusions to such things in the Scriptures. Busy preparations had been going on all this day, by men bringing out casks, which had been stored away somewhere in the château, not far from our room on the ground-floor; for we had been awakened by the unusual rumbling noise made by rolling them close by our windows. People were busy likewise in putting in order the yard and 'ouvrier,' or great wine-house; and thus everything we saw and heard increased the interest with which we anticipated the 'gathering,' which was to begin on the following morning.

The sun shone out gloriously; and long before we were dressed, the merry voices of women and children were heard, who are principally the 'cutters.' One hundred of these are employed, besides the numbers of men required for the more heavy work of lifting the wooden sort of basket, two of which, when filled with grapes, are put on a low sort of cart, to be driven away to the crier. In this merciless toiling to and fro, all bloom and beauty of the fruit, alas! soon disappears. The whole band of labourers assemble at sunrise, when breakfast, consisting of bread, onions, and grapes, is served out in the great

yard. We were not, however, up early enough to witness this performance; but when our own more delicate meal was finished, we accompanied our venerable host to the scene, and on his appearance, there was such a lighting up of the rough countenances around us, and so pleasing a buzz among the workmen, as showed their delight at the kindly general sort of greeting given by their old master, whose arrival at the cuvier is considered to begin the 'vintage.' The cuvier is much like a very capacious barn; and the good old comte pointed out to us a large, simple wicker-chair, in which, for sixty years, his mother regularly took her seat on the first day, and which had never been moved since her death. An equally precious relic was the old fiddler, who for above fifty years had, on these occasions, stood on the same precise spot where he now received his beloved patron's special notice with a sort of proud gratitude. The comte gives the signal, and now the music strikes up, and the first cart tumbles its precious load, through a wide sort of arched window, into the great cistern, which stretches along just below the level of its sill. There were three of these openings in the length of the building; and each cistern was manned by sixteen men in merely their white shirts and short breeches tucked up above the knee, showing the brawny legs and bare feet which were soon to 'tread a measure' to the old fiddler's lively melodies. A strange effect it had to our English eyes when these rough-looking beings, taking their places opposite to each other, began a set of quadrilles in a most decorous manner, at every step crushing down the once beautiful fruit, whose juice runs out at an aperture in one corner into tubs, beside which a man watches lest they should overflow. I ought to have mentioned, that before the ball commences, there is a very large wire-frame or cullender placed over the shallow cisterns, in which the men rapidly separate the stalks from the fruit; the latter falling through, and the stalks being carried to another cistern, where a man with a small kind of rake picks off any grapes remaining on them. These stalks are then piled up in a press, and the liquor they yield makes an inferior drink for the lower classes. As the juice streaming from the pressers' cisterns filled the tubs, they were borne away on poles between two men staggering under their loads, like Caleb and his companions bearing away their bunch of grapes from Eshcol. I was surprised to hear that the *skins* of the grape are thrown with the juice into the great vats, where all is left to ferment, during which process they rise to the top of the 'must' (as the liquor is then called), and are easily skimmed off afterwards. At twelve o'clock symptoms reached our ears of fresh bustle, and we were soon summoned out to the great yard, where a temporary wooden kitchen had been erected, and where the large, cheerful body of labourers—men, women, and children—were assembled, divided into moderate-sized groups, engaged in merry chat, till it came to their turn to be served with dinner. This consisted of *bouillon*, with plenty of good bread in it, followed by an excellent dish of meat and potatoes, much like our unmentionable Irish stew. We were much interested in watching them, all polite to each other, and in full enjoyment of their rest and this excellent fare. A supper of bread and grapes finishes the day, throughout which there are casks of small wine near at hand for general refreshment; and assuredly, most necessary was some such beverage, for the heat was so intense, that, towards the latter part of the afternoon, the *dancers* had much slackened their movements; and many told us that, but for the inspiring tones of the violin, they should not be able to get through their labour. I was amused to see the old *Orpheus*, too, nodding most vehemently now and then—and not surprised, for besides his indefatigable exertions, something might be ascribed to the fumes arising from this quantity of grape juice (beginning soon to ferment), which had a perceptible effect upon my own head during the comparatively short time I was exposed to their influence. Besides this liberal board, the men were all to have a franc a day; but the money wages vary with the season.

The concluding day of the vintage is distinguished like

our own harvest-home, and is quite a festival, dancing and a supper winding up the whole; but unluckily our plans did not allow of our remaining to witness the gay scene. Most sorrowfully did we ladies especially see the carriage drawn up soon after our last breakfast with these kind people, who neglected nothing that could make our stay or our going away agreeable. They did 'welcome the coming and speed the parting guest' in the truest spirit of kindness; and we took our leave as if they had been the friends of many years, instead of recently-made acquaintances, with real regret that the distance between us, and the great age of our venerable host, made it so little probable that we should ever meet again. There was another painful feeling accompanying our departure from this hospitable mansion—we were now to consider our holiday as drawing to a close, and on reaching Bordeaux, were to commence our long journey to England. In those days there were no railways on the continent; and when we reached the Dordogne, which could be crossed only by an immense *ferry boat*, we were told, to our great astonishment, that the current was running too strongly for it to cross. For above an hour, on a miserably rainy morning, did we sit in our carriage till the turbulent waves subsided, when our vehicle, and the *malle poste*, whose patience had been put to the same test, were shipped on board of an enormous barge, moved by a horse in a mill; and this primitive, uncouth-looking vehicle was the medium of communication between the two greatest cities of France! A suspension-bridge was about to be constructed; and when the projected railway, too, is finished, travellers of the present day, who skim rapidly in all directions without hindrance or adventure, will view as 'old women's tales' the singular shifts, diverting *contre-temps*, and entertaining incidents which were to be enjoyed by those who could keep their tempers, and open their eyes and ears wide enough, in a journey performed at the rate of five miles an hour, and in a quarter where the English were still stared at. We never met, however, with anything to annoy us seriously; and though no thoroughgoing conservative, I look back with thankfulness to my lot in having made this delightful journey as in the 'good old times,' with four stout steeds to our own luxurious travelling-carriage. But here we must part. Vines and grapes met our eyes for many days, but with them we had no friendly associations, and my little narrative is therefore at an end.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The following are selected from a great variety of interesting anecdotes of dogs in Captain Brown's 'Popular Natural History,' just published:—

An English gentleman some time ago went to Vauxhall Gardens (France) with a large mastiff, which was refused admittance, and the gentleman left him in the care of the body-guards, who are placed there. The Englishman, some time after he had entered, returned to the gate and informed the guards that he had lost his watch, telling the sergeant, that if he would permit him to take in the dog, he would soon discover the thief. His request being granted, the gentleman made motions to the dog of what he had lost, which immediately ran about amongst the company, and traversed the gardens, till at last he laid hold of a man. The gentleman insisted that this person had got his watch; and on being searched, not only his watch, but six others were discovered in his pockets. What is more remarkable, the dog possessed such a perfection of instinct, as to take his master's watch from the other six, and carry it to him!

Of the alertness of the dog in recovering the lost property of its master, we shall give one other instance. M. Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St Denis, Paris, offered to lay a wager with a friend, that if he were to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When they had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, while his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St Denis. Meanwhile a traveller, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money, which his horse had kicked from its hiding-

place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in Rue Pont-aux-Choux, and Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveller. Having scented out the coin, which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The gentleman, supposing him to be some dog that had been lost or left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his clothes, than they were seized by the dog; the owner conceiving he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveller opened, under the idea that he wanted to go out. Caniche instantly snatched up an article of dress, and away he flew. The stranger posted after him with his nightcap on, and literally *sans-culottes*. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of double Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived in a moment afterwards, breathing and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. 'Sir,' said the master, 'my dog is a very faithful creature, and if he has run away with your clothes, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you.' The traveller became still more exasperated. 'Compose yourself, sir,' rejoined the other smiling; 'without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece with such and such marks, which you picked up in the Boulevard St Antoine, and which I threw down there with a firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you!' The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness and such an unpleasant chase.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES.

From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good-will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy—from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast, for example, in America has been given, 'Our country, right or wrong!' which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, 'That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern.' An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a Deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, 'Myself, right or wrong!' Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham*.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

In a quarter of the town of Hingham, known as Rockynook, there is a pond where a little girl, not six years old, who resides near the bank, has tamed the fishes to a remarkable degree. She began by throwing crumbs in the water. Gradually the fishes learned to distinguish her footsteps, and darted to the edge whenever she approached; and now they will actually feed out of her hand, and allow her to touch their scaly sides! A venerable turtle is among her regular pensioners. The control of Van Amburgh over his wild beasts is not more surprising than that which this little girl has attained over her finny playmates. The fishes will have nothing to do with any but their tried friend. They will trust no one else, let him come with provender ever so tempting. Even fishes are not so cold-blooded but they will recognise the law of kindness, and yield to its all-embracing power.—*Boston Transcript, United States*.

THE OLD AND NEW-YEAR.

Crossing last night a dreary moor,
Where deeply lay the snow,
I overtook at midnight hour
An old man creeping slow.
'Twas the Old-Year! with age subdued,
Tottering, and cold, and lean,
And seeking mid the solitude
Some place to die unseen.
He had brought me many happy days—
I would not on his ending gaze.

Scarce had I passed the touching sight,
When a deep stillness fell;
I heard an old voice say 'Good-night!'
And a young one chime 'All's well!'
I turned me: the Old-Year was gone!
And lo! a beautiful child
With silvery laugh came dancing on,
And ever sweetly smiled;
And prattled with such gulleless art—
I clasped the New-Year to my heart!

So 'tis with life! when midst the gloom
Of the soul's night, we see
A loved joy sink into the tomb,
Some young Hope comes with glee,
And sings so sweetly in our ear
Of gladness aye to last,
That mid our grief, we cease to hear
The music of the past—
And long as much for joys unknown,
As e'er we prized the blessing flown.

MAXIMS ON MONEY.

The art of living easily as to money, is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependent upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale. Guard against false associations of pleasure with expenditure—the notion that because pleasure can be purchased with money, therefore money cannot be spent without enjoyment. What a thing costs a man is no true measure of what it is worth to him; and yet how often is his appreciation governed by no other standard, as if there were a pleasure in expenditure *per se*. Let yourself feel a want before you provide against it. You are more assured that it is real want; and it is worth while to feel it a little, in order to feel the relief from it. When you are undecided as to which of two courses you would like best, choose the cheapest. This rule will not only save money, but save also a good deal of trifling indecision. Too much leisure leads to expense; because when a man is in want of objects, it occurs to him that they are to be had for money, and he invents expenditures in order to pass the time.—*Taylor's Notes from Life*.

CONSUMPTION.

Sir James Clark, physician to the Queen, enumerates, as the exciting causes of consumption, 'long confinement in close ill-ventilated rooms, whether nurseries, school-rooms, or manufactories;' he also says, 'if an infant, born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia'—the beginning of consumption. Persons engaged in confined close rooms, or workshops, are the chief sufferers from consumption: thus, of the 233 tailors who died in one district in London, in 1839, 123 died of diseases of the lungs, of whom ninety-two died of consumption. Of fifty-two milliners, dying in the same year, thirty-three died from diseases of the lungs, of whom twenty-eight died from consumption. Dr Guy reports, that in a close printers' room, he found seventeen men at work, of whom three had spitting of blood, two had affections of the lungs, and five had constant and severe colds. After reading these sad facts, who can deny that the chief cause of consumption is the respiration of bad air?—*Ventilation Illustrated*.

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SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

STUTTGARD, AUGSBURG, MUNICH.

ONE may now very nearly make the tour of Europe by steam—steamboats by sea and river, and steam-impelled locomotives by land! A man may go from Edinburgh to Vienna, and not have more than a few hours of ordinary vehicular travel. Last summer I had a run of this kind through Germany, and the pleasantest thing about it was, that almost the whole time was spent in viewing interesting towns; the transit from place to place occupying a very brief, and, for its briefness, a very agreeable space. Having probably tired the reader with detailed accounts of former continental tours, I propose to devote but a very few papers to this excursion. The truth is, one loses the relish for novelty after seeing the continent several times, and leaves himself but little to glean. After the first sight of Calais, says a traveller, nothing surprises.

My route on this occasion was across Belgium to Cologne by railway, and thence up the Rhine by steamer to a point near Frankfort, whence I had the railway to Karlsruhe. Here, in crossing a hilly tract to Stuttgart, I entered on new ground: it was the first time I had gone any distance eastwards from the valley of the Rhine. Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg, lying embosomed in a fertile valley, and built of stone, in a regular and tasteful manner, formed a point of interest for a day's leisurely observation. After seeing a good deal of Germany, I think it is one of the handsomest of its towns—the long rows of white and tall houses having a cleanly and pleasing effect. The town is evidently literary—a centre for printing and bookselling. I had the fortune to light upon a young and enterprising publisher, who, strangely enough, has entered on plans of publication similar to our own, and with the present Journal, as he acknowledged, as his model. I saw some of my own articles in German in his paper—one of them, 'A Day in Manchester,' which had conveyed an account of the Manchester Athenæum and soirée of 1846 to his readers. Nothing could exceed the attention of this ingenious publisher, on learning who it was that had dropped in upon him. A round of visits to remarkable lions was at once proposed and agreed to. The place most interesting to which we were conducted was a large edifice employed as a Public Museum and Library. The museum, containing the usual variety of stuffed beasts, birds, and fishes, reptiles in bottles, insects stuck on pins, and fossils, I pass over. I daresay it was a very good collection; but my feelings led me to take more interest in the library, which abounded in bibliographical curiosities. The greatest curiosity of all is a large room containing nothing but bibles. It seems that a late professor of the university of Tubingen had an extra-

ordinary fancy for collecting bibles. It was a mania. He devoted his means and his life to the pursuit. His object was to have a bible in every language in which the Scriptures had been written or printed, from the most remote times till the present. Accordingly, he accumulated bibles to the number of eight thousand five hundred, and at his death, bequeathed them to this institution in Stuttgart. The bibles are of all sizes. A large number are in folio and quarto, many in octavo and duodecimo. Going from shelf to shelf, our attention is drawn to ancient tomes, in dingy vellum, or faded leather and gold—bibles in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Sanscrit, Latin, all the modern tongues of Europe, Indian, African, Celtic—in all, I believe, sixty languages. Some were written with a pen on vellum, others were rare copies of printed editions. One was written with great elegance by a nun; and a curiosity equally valuable was a copy of the first printed bible of the illustrious Guttenberg.

Another room in the museum was devoted to missals and psalters, most of them beautifully illuminated; and here we saw a greater curiosity still. This consisted of several large volumes of costumes, the execution of a nun, and about three hundred years old. On each page was a figure, whose face and hands were painted in water colours; but the whole of the dress was in the actual materials employed in the garments of the original, every part being stuck on with the most surprising neatness. The labour must have been immense; most probably the work of a lifetime, and undertaken to lighten the solitude of a cell. We were informed that the volumes embraced the costume of every religious order, male and female; also of most of the kings of Europe, soldiers, and civil functionaries of distinction at the time. Adjoining this apartment was shown a room devoted entirely to manuscripts, some of them said to be valuable. I need hardly explain that the museum owes many of these acquisitions to the dissolution of monastic establishments, and their careful sequestration by the state.

From Stuttgart, the ride up the valley of the Neckar was charming. It was the 21st of May, and the whole country was white with the blossom of fruit-trees. Some of the hill-sides appeared at a distance as if covered with snow, such was the density and brilliance of the blossoms. The country was fertile and beautiful; but it betrayed all the evidences of poverty. The land in Wurtemberg is alleged to be too much subdivided, and there are swarms of people with the scantiest means of subsistence. On the roads, and in the fields, women wrought along with men, and, what was more new to us, they were labouring in gangs on a railway which is designed to connect the valley of the Rhine with that of the Danube. This railway pursues the valley of the Neckar to its summit, and there ascends

and crosses the mountains to Ulm. It seems to be cut without tunnels, and effects a most daring ascent by long winding gradients, which occasionally approach the brink of the precipitous banks. All the way to the top, the female labourers clustered like bees, their severe bodily toil, and skinny brown faces, imparting an unpleasant effect to what would have been otherwise an agreeable scene.

After crossing the bleak mountain tops, we found ourselves descending into the great broad valley of the Danube, and passing some fortifications in the course of construction, we entered Ulm. Hemmed within walls, badly paved, and with crooked narrow streets, Ulm has nothing to interest strangers but its ancient cathedral. It was a great relief, in a desperately hot afternoon, to take refuge in this grand old edifice, which, besides being as cool as a cellar, is attractive for some fine sculptures in wood and stone, and several painted windows of ancient date. The town being Protestant, we found a portion of the building fitted up with pews. The view from the summit of the lofty tower rewards the fatigue of climbing, by at once bringing under our eye the scene of several important battles, including that of Blenheim, which lies within the verge of horizon on the east. In the foreground, the Danube is seen pursuing its way through a flat country in an easterly direction, and here dividing Wurtemberg from Bavaria.

Descending from the tower, we enjoyed a pleasant walk along the long line of ramparts which hem in the town on the side of the river. It was my first interview with the Danube, and I was correspondingly interested. Coming apparently out of a hilly region on the west, the stream, in this its upper part, was already as large as the Clyde at Glasgow, but of a dingy white colour, and too rapid for any other navigation than the floating of rafts of wood to the low country. A steamer some time ago was attempted in vain. The fierceness of the current, and shifting character of the sandy bottom, have prevented steamers carrying on a trade higher up than Donauworth, a day's journey below Ulm; and I would recommend no one trying to steam down the Danube before reaching Ratisbon, whence the boats are large and commodious. Next day, in crossing the bridge into Bavaria, we could not help looking back on Ulm with a degree of compassion. Considered as the key of Austria, it may be said to be at present the furnace of military operations—its beautiful environs becoming dotted over with fortresses, and its fine river shut out by an odious thick wall. So, in order that the cabinet of Vienna may sleep in peace, the poor Ulmese must be confined to a species of prison, and breathe a foul atmosphere instead of the free breezes of heaven!

There was no stoppage to examine passports or baggage in entering Bavaria; and we jogged on in our voiture to Augsburg—country undulating, and well cultured and wooded—the peasantry, men and boys, dressed in long coats and ample jack boots, as if there was a scarcity in neither cloth nor leather. At a glance, on entering Augsburg, as we wheeled through a decayed portal, at which a Bavarian soldier stood sentry, we saw we had got into a curious old city, and the oddity was not diminished on acquaintance. We of course took up our quarters at the Three Moors, a hotel of princely dimensions, in the Maximilian Strasse, one of the most ancient and princely streets in Europe. An inn of the same name had been on the spot five hundred years ago, and, from all appearance, the present edifice is from two to three centuries old. Pertaining to the establishment in its original state, is the room which accommodated Charles V. Our apartment, large and lofty, commanded a view of the great long street, ever dull and solemn, with its windows universally closed with jealousies in defence against a sun of overpowering brilliance. It is only justice to say that the Three Moors is one of the very best inns on the continent.

We were several days in Augsburg, and had the pleasure of driving out daily under the guidance of an

old Chelsea pensioner, a German, who had been a sergeant in the British service. By this chatty veteran we were introduced to a knowledge of the place, and hauled into a variety of odd holes and corners—churches, convents, and places of historical note. Augsburg is evidently but the ghost of what it was—a town of the middle ages, kept up, as it were, to satisfy archaeological curiosity. Once a free city, with a reputation for artistic talent, and the great emporium for the interior of Germany, it suffered a decline, along with Nuremberg, and various other cities, owing to the discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope. This discovery threw Venice out of the richest trade in the world, and Augsburg and her other depôts fell in consequence. To the religious wars of Germany it also owes some of its misfortunes; and Bonaparte terminated its independence—at the time very little worth—by constituting it a provincial town of Bavaria. It has still a few manufactures, but its chief attractions as a place of residence seem to be its perfect silence and the cheapness of living. The houses are generally huge in size, exhibiting marks of faded grandeur. The fronts of several have at one time been covered with frescoes representing historical subjects; and these paintings, partially obliterated by the weather, testify the former wealth of the city, and the vicissitudes to which it has unfortunately been subject. The town is spoken of as having still some influence in money dealing; though, if this be the case, the trade is carried on in anything but that open and liberal manner we are accustomed to in England. The principal banking establishment, which I had occasion to visit, more resembled a prison than a place of business. The money-room was a gloomy vault, in which, within a railing of iron bars, in the midst of dark iron-bound chests, each garnished with a padlock as large as the crown of my hat, ministered the genius of the place with a gravity and importance worthy of Pluto. My business was to relieve him of twenty pounds, which I carried away in the form of a sackful of florins—gold not being obtainable for love or money! After visiting such terror-struck concerns as this, one feels wonderfully pleased with the spectacle of bank interiors in England—a row of affable tellers behind mahogany counters, with great heaps of notes and sovereigns laid fearlessly before them, as if there was no such thing as covetousness in the world.

One of the chief lions of Augsburg is a long white-washed house of no great mark, bounding the extremity of an open space, in which stands the cathedral. This house, once the palace of the bishop, now used for government purposes, is that in which the celebrated Confession of Augsburg was presented to Charles V. Some other spots, interesting from their connection with the Reformation, are pointed out in the neighbourhood. The town is now pretty equally divided into Roman Catholic and Protestant; but I am glad to say, on the faith of our conductor, that exasperation on the subject of religion has long since disappeared. Perhaps the religious wars and other misfortunes of the country had the good effect of inspiring mutual respect and toleration. In a back street near the cathedral, we visited the printing-office of the famous 'Allgemeine Zeitung,' or Augsburg Gazette, and had an interview with one of the editors. The paper, which has a circulation of about fourteen thousand, and is the most popular journal in Germany, is printed by several smart steam presses.

Augsburg will by and by be connected with the principal cities of Germany by railway; but at the time of our visit, the line was completed only to Munich, a distance of rather more than forty miles, across a flatish country. The whole mechanic of the line seemed excellent, and the fares about one half of what they would be in England or Scotland. The price charged for a place in a superb first-class carriage is equal to four shillings—baggage a few pence additional. The fuel employed by the locomotives is peat, of which we saw large quantities preparing in the line of route.

It is hopeless to give an account of Munich, such as it deserves, in a less compass than a volume. I can point only to a few of its leading features and objects of interest. Situated on a plain on the banks of the Isar, it consists partly of an old and little-improved town, and partly of modern erections. The newer part, which stretches away from one side of the old, is mostly the creation of the last thirty years, and has been the work of the present king, Ludwig (Louis) I. The expense lavished on buildings and embellishments has been immense, but a large portion, I was informed, has been defrayed from the private revenues of the king. There can be no doubt whatever that Ludwig is the most munificent patron of art in the world; and his taste equals his munificence. A walk through the newer part of the city overwhelms one with the variety and costliness of the creations which have sprung up at his bidding; and we feel that to his principal architect, Von Klenze, the highest merit of a designer and adapter is due. The streets are mostly arranged in long lines at right angles to each other, and are lined with public and private buildings of a lofty and imposing character. The style of the private houses is chiefly the Italian (families living in floors); while that of the public edifices is more varied; but the Byzantine, modified in many agreeable ways, prevails. There cannot, indeed, be said to be any originality. Greece and Italy have given models for almost everything in Munich; yet it would be unjust to say that this diminishes the pleasure which is derived from seeing so fine an assemblage of works of art. A number of the buildings are of sandstone, but the greater proportion are faced with cement. The centre of attraction is the Ludwig's Strasse—a long street of noble width, in which are many of the finest public buildings—palaces, churches, the Library, Blind Asylum, the University, &c. The interiors of the churches are superbly decorated with gilding and frescoes; the latter exquisitely beautiful, representing Scripture subjects. Cornelius has been the principal painter of these frescoes. In the church of St Lewis is one of his productions, a fresco painting of the Last Judgment, of the enormous height of sixty-four feet. The Basilica of St Bonafacius, a church (red brick, of fanciful arrangement) in the Karl Strasse, was finishing at the time of our visit—its seventy-two marble columns supporting a roof of blue, dotted over with gold stars; its marble floor, its frescoes, and other decorations, transcending in splendour all that had previously been attempted.

This and other churches we took in our way to two edifices which constitute the glory of Munich—the Pinacothec and Glyptothec. The Pinacothec, so called from a Greek word signifying repository of paintings, may be styled the national gallery of Bavaria, for it contains the largest and most select collection of works of pictorial art in the country, and, like everything else, has been given to the nation by the king. It is open to the public without fee or inquiry. The building is a large and beautiful edifice of sandstone, isolated on all sides; and the interior, one floor up, consists of nine magnificent halls, lighted from the roof, with twenty smaller side-apartments for cabinet pictures, lighted by ordinary windows. The pictures in the great halls are arranged according to schools. We have first the hall of the royal founders, with pictures of the present king and his predecessors; then we enter, second, a hall devoted to pictures of the German school; the third, the same; the fourth is devoted to the Dutch school; the fifth, which is about double the size of the others, is the hall of Rubens; the fifth is also the Dutch school; the sixth the French and Spanish schools; and the seventh, eighth, and ninth, the Italian schools. The paintings in the side-cabinets are likewise arranged according to styles and eras, but they do not require to be particularised.

A walk through the Pinacothec cannot fail to have an inspiring effect on all lovers of the fine arts. Large and small, we have presented to us a selection of fifteen

hundred pictures, the productions of the first masters of their craft; while the very taste with which they are accommodated, is in itself a thing commanding our admiration. As is well known, the collection is rich in the works of Rubens; but those which gave us the greatest pleasure were some of the pictures of Murillo, of which there are a few of great value. We visited this magnificent institution several times during our stay in Munich, on each occasion loitering for hours on the seats scattered about for the accommodation of visitors, and discovering new beauties in the collection.

The Glyptothec is a similar establishment for sculpture, ancient and modern. Its elegant Ionic portico of white marble; its highly-finished scagliola walls; the roofs of its halls green, white, and gold; its marble floors—all must be left to the imagination of the reader. It is divided into twelve halls, each devoted to a distinct class of sculptures; as, for example, the halls of Egyptian and Etruscan antiquities, the hall of Grecian sculptures of the era of Phidias, the hall of Heros, the hall of Roman sculptures, and the hall of modern masters. Inferior in extent or in value to the collection in the British Museum, there is nevertheless here much to delight, from the great care and expense lavished in making the exhibition commodious, classic, and therefore unexceptionable, in point of taste. Many of the ancient figures have been restored in part by Thorwaldsen; and after having seen some most objectionable mendings of this kind at Dresden, I cannot but give the greatest praise to the artist who has performed this delicate duty for the Glyptothec. In the hall of modern sculptures are some exquisite pieces by Canova, Thorwaldsen, Schadow, and Rauch—the latter at present the greatest sculptor in Germany, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak on arriving at Berlin.

After paying visits to the foregoing lions, the stranger usually proceeds to the palace of the late Duke of Leuchtenberg (Eugene Beauharnois), where there is a gallery of paintings, and also some sculptures of considerable value, which are shown to the public. On the occasion of our visit, the crowd here was much greater than at any place where we had yet been. Instead, however, of noticing the beautiful works of art in this collection, I shall cross the broad Ludwig's Strasse, and conduct the reader to the precincts of the royal palace. Here, on one side of the king's residence, is the Hofgarten, a large square enclosure, plentifully dotted over with trees, under whose shade, and also in an arcade, which runs along two sides of the ground, is the great daily lounge of the inhabitants. The arcade, in its whole extent, is decorated in the inner side with frescoes illustrative of Bavarian history, and other subjects. This method of telling a nation's history by the pencils of the most eminent artists, is surely one of the best means of cultivating popular feelings: we have, in fact, here a long series of pictures of high art in an open public promenade, but protected from the weather by the roof overhead. The king has been the presiding genius of this novel gallery, and some of the frescoes are adorned with poetical mottoes from his pen. Adjoining the Hofgarten is the entrance to the English Garden, a large park laid out with wood and water. This was one of the useful works of the celebrated Count Rumford during his residence in Munich.

On the opposite side of the Hofgarten is the new royal palace, an edifice of fine sandstone, presenting a Grecian front of eight hundred feet. Behind, and partly in connection with it, is the old palace. We made two several visits to this extensive suite of buildings, in which German art has done its utmost to unite the classic style of Pompeii to that of modern Italy. The state apartments are a succession of superb halls, for the greater part painted in fresco, or with walls of scagliola, and having floors of the finest inlaid wood, of divers colours. The throne-room may be considered the grandest thing which human art can reach—floor of polished marble, from each side of which rises a row of twelve lofty columns with gilded capitals. Between

these columns are placed colossal statues in bronze, but gilded all over, representing the most illustrious ancestors of the reigning monarch, and after models by Schwanthaler. This magnificent saloon, which is in length 112 feet by 75 feet in breadth, and 57 feet high, is further enriched by frescoes picturing incidents in the works of the Grecian poets, surrounded by Romanesque borders. A gorgeous throne, draped with crimson-velvet hangings and gold, occupies the upper extremity of the floor.

Adjoining the new palace stands the chapel-royal, for which likewise marble, gold, frescoes, and scagliola, have done their utmost. The encaustic paintings on the roofs of the different compartments are among the finest things I have ever seen—that of Christ blessing little children leaving an impression on the mind every way becoming the subject. In this, as in all the other places of worship visited by us in Munich, we observed persons of the poorest class in attitudes of devotion—women of the humblest rank in life, with their children about them, being seen kneeling in the midst of splendours such as are reserved exclusively in England for individuals occupying the highest stations. Without drawing the slightest inference unfavourable to the religion of our own country from this circumstance, I feel impelled to remark, after some experience in church-seeing, that the perfectly free entrance, at nearly all hours, to highly-embellished places of worship on the continent, must have in itself, and apart altogether from any question as to devotion, a useful effect in cultivating habits of veneration and respect—respect for works of art, and a love of what is beautiful. The absence of all means, secular or religious, for exciting into activity a similar class of emotions in the humbler orders in England, and most of all in Scotland, has produced fruits which it is unnecessary to particularise.

Magnificent as was this chapel, and the halls of the palace of which it forms a part, we had reason to be more interested in what was still in reserve—a visit to the old, or, as it is called, the *Rich* chapel, which is reached by a gallery from the more ancient part of the royal residence. Apparently unused for any religious service in the present day, this little old chapel, which consists of one apartment, about fourteen feet square, and which could not well hold more than a dozen people, was founded by the Elector Maximilian I. It may be described as one entire gem, consisting of a combination of precious stones, pearls, gold, silver, ebony, ivory, and other costly articles—a treasury to which each successive prince has given a contribution. The roof is of lapis-lazuli, the floor of marble, and the walls Florentine mosaic. At the entrance are a few antique seats, and on the left-hand side a small organ with silver pipes. The objects to which attention is drawn by the exhibitor are six cupboards of ebony, adorned with coloured stones. One by one these are opened; and their contents, consisting chiefly of vessels in gold and silver, and reliquaries, are explained. In one were the skulls of four popes, set in velvet and pearls; also the hands of four saints, dried and brown like shrivelled mummies. Another reliquary contained a bone set with precious stones, and another a circular piece of skull as large as a crown-piece. The contents of five presses having been exhibited, each article involving curious points in personal history, we came at last to the sixth press, adjoining the entrance. The objects brought into view on opening the doors, were described as of the greatest interest, and the spectators, with eager eyes, crowded closely round the exhibitor. Taking from one of the shelves a small article of about four inches long, three inches broad, and half an inch in thickness, resembling a lady's card-case, the general interest became quite impassioned. Removing the exterior case, which was of ebony, we held in our hands the altar-piece used by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution. This great curiosity, which had come into the possession of the Bavarian family, and whose history is of undoubted authenticity, is of

silver gilt, enamelled with green and other colours. Nearly square in form, it opens in leaves, so as to form two side-wings, with a part above the centre, making three leaves in all. Thus expanded, it presents miniature paintings of Scripture subjects in the style of the fifteenth century—the last things on earth, it may be supposed, on which had rested the eyes of the unfortunate Mary Stuart.

W. C.

HANNAH WHITE;

A SKETCH OF IRISH HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MY FATHER THE LAIRD,' &c.

It was an agreeable change to Hannah White, after the scene of discomfort in poor Biddy's desolate cabin—described in our last number—to pay an occasional visit to her foster-father's 'snug little piece of a farm,' which lay all along down the sunny slope of a low hill. It was a narrow strip, descending pretty equally, between well-marked double ditches, from the furzy summit to the meadow by the river side. Old Luke White, or rather Terry* White, old Luke's son, held about three-and-twenty Irish acres of good land, ill cultivated, neither weeded, nor drained, nor rightly fenced, nor properly cropped, yet profitable, even under his untidy management, from the small rent he paid for it, and the light burdens it was taxed with. He would have made more of it had he possessed it unencumbered; but there were several roods, and even half-acres, and an acre each patch, with a ruinous cabin belonging to it, which he had sublet to different paupers, or in a few cases had, more correctly speaking, suffered to remain with the original tenant of a larger proportion, who had been at some fitting opportunity 'bought out of his holding.' In Hannah's time, her foster-father had never owned above six or seven acres, on which he had contrived to bring up a large family very creditably; for he had been an active man, of frugal habits in his working days, and a 'simple' man, busied merely with his own small affairs in all honesty. The English hardly understand the Irish interpretation of this 'simple' word, although Miss Edgeworth has done her best to explain it to them in one of her delightful children's tales. The son, Terry, exemplified the converse of the meaning given to it by his countrymen to perfection. He was a very different character from the father—people said he had 'a strong dash of the mother in him.' Lounging through the world in the most sleepy way, with his eyes apparently half-shut, no one saw more clearly all that was going on around him; no one knew better how to 'bide his time,' and act at the fitting moment for his own advantage. He was greatly admired by his neighbours for his quiet abilities. To be as 'cute an' knowin' a'most as Terry White,' was high praise of any 'endeavouring' young man. He had thus, in his own easy way, nearly tripled the size of his holding, gaining credit all the while for helping the distressed, by coming forward at the critical hour when the wonderfully-enduring powers of his race could bear no more. While he relieved the unfortunate both of land and difficulties by means of his closely-kept purse, he spared himself the odium of removing the family of the outcasts. He had permitted them always to remain in the cabin built by themselves, and given a bit of ground adjoining, charging for the same, however, a rent that nobody talked about, and which was generally taken out in labour.

Terry White's most ardent admirer was his wife; for he had married, though not early, a woman made expressly for himself, young, but not young-looking, quiet, managing, home-keeping, an adept in getting one drop more out of what he imagined he had already squeezed dry. She had brought him money too—money and stock—otherwise it is more than probable she would not have been solicited to come herself. She brought a

* Short for Terence.

cow, a heifer, a sow, a store-pig, two turkey hens, a piece of frieze, a fur-tippet (which she wore on Sundays over a real cloth cloak, all the year round, summer and winter alike), and forty sovereigns wrapped up in the heel of an old stocking. She was quite a mountain heiress, although, in her frequent allusions to her fortune, not an item of which she ever neglected to enumerate, she always modestly summed up its amount as a 'trifle.' This managing couple had, by imperceptible degrees, while accumulating stock and acres, contrived to get rid of all encroachments on either. Sisters and younger brothers had passed out from their childhood's home to struggle with the crowd of necessitous around them, leaving only the old man behind. In their place, a set of fine healthy grandchildren filled the house, recalling by name and features those of a former generation at their age.

Hannah's first visit impressed her favourably with all she found. Terry and Terry's wife vied in their attentions to her. The old man said little, but he looked on her with much affection as he rose from the comfortable settle within the large open chimney, of the kitchen, displacing a baby from each knee, that he might reach to shake hands with her. The place looked very much as it used to do. The entrance was at once into the kitchen; it would have been into the fire, but for a wall that was run out at right angles from the chimney back some feet on along the floor, facing the door, and cutting it off, in fact, from the room, forming a small square lobby, which would have caused nearly total darkness at the fireplace, had it not been avoided by a window of a single pane made in this bit of wall, close above old Luke White's head, as he sat on his usual seat within. The floor was clay, hardened by a slight mixture of lime and sand. The thatched roof was unceiled; but all was tight, and dry, and clean, and the walls were neatly whitewashed. The old plain furniture was there: nothing having, to all appearance, been added to it. A turned-up table leaf was near the fire, let down for every meal, as in long past days. The dresser stood opposite, well filled with crockery of all shapes and sizes. Along its lower shelf was ranged a whole row of wooden bowls and platters; and on the upper shelf still shone, what had been the pride of Hannah's foster-mother's heart, pewter-ware, which had descended to her from a long line of ancestors. A long ironing-table followed, before which Hannah had many a day stood till her strong back ached; bright tin-cans hung on the wall behind it; an eight-day clock faced the small window; a settle bed, a large wheel for spinning wool, some stools, tubs, and a turf basket, bottom upwards, under which a hen was hatching, completed the furniture of this 'small farmer's' comfortable kitchen. At either end of the house was a room, clay-floored, and unceiled like the kitchen, from which one of them, indeed, was only partitioned off by the dresser. In this more open apartment slept the old man, the maid-servant, and the elder children. In the other private retreat, with the chimney-stalk and the lobby to separate it from the rest of the house, slept Terry, his wife, and the babies. The old man's room contained nothing but two bedsteads: his son's not much more—only a cradle, a press, and a very dingy mahogany table, and a chair or two to match; extra with sundry boxes, bags, band-boxes, and bundles, heaped on the top of the bed and the red-painted press. Nothing more in sight, we should have said; for Mrs White, when doing the hours of her house, by showing off to her husband's friend all its treasures, drew out, with no little pride, from underneath the bed a small barrel full of eggs, and a large tub half full of beautiful butter. She was very particular, she said, in her dairy management, butter being in these times as good as gold. She had seven cows, and no right dairy; no dairy with a right lock: she therefore kept her butter where no fingers but her own could reach it. Our Scotch and English readers might suppose the cream to have been in equal

danger; but in the dairy husbandry of the part of Ireland we are describing, they do not deal in cream—the milk is all strained at once into a large churn-shaped vat, warm as it comes from the cow: the operation is repeated at every milking, till the vat is full, when two men relieve each other in churning the ripened milk into butter. The buttermilk sells readily in the neighbourhood; the butter is packed for market. Mrs White's milk-vat stood in a dark corner partitioned off from the barn, which barn being partly open, served occasionally as a cart-shed and general tool-house, when it occurred to Mr White to shelter articles of such value from the weather. The partition was merely brushwood closely wattled, and overhead some yards of calico were nailed across the rafters, to prevent rubbish from falling below. The brick floor, the white walls, the shaded window, the cool shelves, loaded with pans of richly-coated milk, the curd, the cheese, the beauty, the profits of a British dairy, when will they be universal in the sister isle, where, of all farming, dairy-farming should best thrive, from the quality of the pastures, and the short mild winters of the country?

Unknowning of these better things, Mrs White was quite content; vain even of her untidy premises, her pigs ranging over the fields, her fowl laying their eggs under the haystacks, her garden as full of weeds as of vegetables, the bawn* ankle deep on wet days, and miry at the driest of times, from the constant tread of the cattle on the refuse thrown there for the purpose of being thus prepared for the manure heap. She grieved, indeed, over her many troubles—her 'slaving life, her crosses, losses, great expenses, little profits, heavy rent, and heavy cess, and more than all, her difficulties with Terry, who was entirely too good-natured, failed in bargain-making, was for ever giving to this brother and to that sister, Biddy included, and showed himself in many ways too innocent for the world he lived in. These complaints required no redress, scarce even a reply: they were a habit rather than a necessity; not called forth by any real evils, merely adjuncts to the dignity of her station as a prosperous farmer's wife. That there was any merit wanting in herself, had never occurred to her, nor was it in the nature of things that it ever should. Though she admired the character of her husband, she did not by 'any manes consider him her equals.' Her father held forty acres of land, and her mother went to chapel in her jaunting car, and her brother rode his own horse at the steeple-chases. Terry could pretend to no such high doings; but he was 'snug,' and good-looking, and 'cute,' and the best match that offered for her at the time her parents judged it fit she should be disposed of; and 'she had never repented, thanks be to God for that and all his other mercies! She did not fault him (the husband), nor complain of him, nor any one, but Hannah herself must have the sinse to see that he was by no manes her equals.' Terry seemed to see it, and to feel it too, for her word was law to him. He paid her implicit obedience, and readily, as if her commanding thus was an honour to him; and in his private conversations with his foster-sister, he dilated warmly on his wife's perfections: 'The best of creatures!—the finest housekeeping woman!—the hardest† woman in all Ireland!—the nicest‡ hand at a bargain! They would need to be 'cute indeed that offered to have dealings with the like of her!' He was evidently delighted with his prize, lived but to serve her, came and went as she ordered, lounged after his lounging workmen when she sent him, or indolently, at her bidding, set half to rights what they had wholly neglected. He bought and sold only by her directions; and being both of one mind as to spending nothing they could spare, and pocketing all they could contrive to make, they got on very comfortably together; except at an odd time of a fair day, when Terry, not having

* Yard before the door. † A good bargain-maker.

‡ Shaving close.

taken the temperance pledge, had been 'after' refresh-
ing himself too frequently. They were really decent,
well-doing people after their lights; paid priests' dues,
cess, rent, and rent charge—'kept themselves,' as they
said, 'to themselves, and had no call to nobody.'

Subsequent visits hardly kept up these agreeable im-
pressions: a more intimate acquaintance with the ways
of the house revealed a style of management ill calcu-
lated to satisfy the judgment of the active little woman,
who had been disciplined by many years' service, under
conscientious employers, into the most perfect regula-
tion of her time, and the most faithful discharge of her
duties. Terry White cultivated his farm at no great
expense of labour: his cabin tenants did his work 'ac-
cording as he happened to want 'em'; no man had his
particular business, no hour its allotted task; the whole
concern went on at haphazard; the pay, poor as it
was, was very grudgingly given—the work returned
for it was very lazily done: conscience seemed to be
wanting on both sides: the men could hardly be trusted
out of their master's sight a moment: his time, indeed,
was principally occupied in watching their doings, for
suspicion dwelt ever among them all. He gave better
wages than some of his neighbours—a fact on which he
sufficiently prided himself: he gave sixpence a day and
diet; but there was a long per contra account, so long,
that little money passed between them—there was cabin
rent, garden rent, potato rent, and cartage of fuel, for the
husband's share; and the wife and Mrs White had their
separate account for buttermilk. This being, by the
custom of the country, the perquisite of the farmer's
wife—part of her private fund for the purchase of such
luxuries as tea and clothing—she reckoned her quarts
very carefully. They were paid for either by a few
days' work in harvest, or in copper, as they were got—
the copper being earned by the sale of eggs from the
fowl, permitted to pick about over the fields at will,
except when they ventured near the corn. Yet with
all their carefulness, all their hard dealings, Terry and
Mrs White were about this time beginning to feel that
they were not rich. The fund in the stocking heel
had diminished, for they had been obliged to apply to
it once or twice in seasons of difficulty; their children
were increasing in age and numbers, and not being
brought up to help in any industrious way the business
of the family, they were an annually additional charge,
instead of becoming an assistance. Terry scraped and
shaved closer than ever; the parings and pinchings
of Mrs White were felt to the heart's core by every
member of the household; still matters mended little.
That they had themselves to blame, that for want of
outgoings, they could hardly expect incomings, never
crossed the thoughts of this self-satisfied pair: self-
blame never does cross the thoughts of Irishman or
Irishwoman. The times, the seasons, landlord, agent,
master, mistress, friends, neighbours, anybody, any-
thing, everybody, everything, deserves high blame, and
gets it, all but those only who are in fault—the in-
dividuals whose indolence prevents their making the
slightest exertion of mind or body to better their own
condition.

Hannah ventured to suggest that a little more ac-
tivity, a little regularity, some attention to order and
tidiness, some improvements on the methods of farming
pursued by Terry, would be rewarded by increased pro-
ductiveness, and would lessen the necessity for much of
the niggardly proceedings which so exceedingly dimi-
nished the comforts of his family. But she found her
hints far from kindly taken. So far from having ne-
glected a proper outlay on his 'little piece of a farm—
the worst bit of land, take it all out, that he would en-
gage to say would be to be found in the country'—her
foster-brother assured her 'that he had done a power.
Ne'er a man in all Ireland would have done as much,
or could, had he been willing.' He had 'bought three
pounds of powder, and blasted two astonishin' rocks in
one field;' he had 'drawn forty barrels of lime three
miles—'crass the river, up the hill—and put them all out'

on another field; he had 'sowed dales,* fine three-year
oulds, five score o' them'—all along in a row, down the
top of the double ditch he had made betwixt himself and
his next neighbour, 'the contrariest man was ever seen,
for ever poundin' an' annoyin'. What man alive could
do more, or as much? But the times bate him intirely.
He was shuck with 'em, and sure it was no use strivin'
agin' 'em.' Mrs White had been equally distinguished
on her side. She watched, and she worried, and she
scrimped herself and every one. She turned away a
good, strong, active maid-servant, 'an' took up wid jist
a slip of a girl' in her stead, the daughter of one of
their cabin tenants, to whom she gave no wages, and
from whom, in return, she got no work. She withdrew
her two eldest children from the school she had hitherto
sent them to, 'an' striv' to tache them herself on an
evening.' She had no idea of making money but by
sparing it—inflicting really a course of privations on
herself and all belonging to her as her only resource in
these 'stroogling' times. 'My dear life,' said she, ad-
dressing the foster-sister—'my dear jewel, it's little
you know. What with the roads contractin', and them
wars, and one thing and another, it was asieer to make
a guinea in the ould times than a penny now.' The
conclusion to which this unpromising condition of
their affairs had brought this contriving couple was,
that Hannah, with her grand friends, and her fine
place, and her 'hapes of savings,' was to take it upon
herself to provide for all their children. It would
be unnatural to expect otherwise, for who else had
she to look to? Them that 'raired her had a right
to dipind upon her;' and she had equal 'right' to
afford her best assistance to them. Hannah had no
wish indeed to deny it. She had never forgotten the
care taken of her childhood, never omitted to send
many useful remembrances to the only home she could
look back to; nay, she had come now to the country
for the express purpose of seeing what could best be
done to advance the fortunes of her foster-mother's
family; but she did not exactly incline to be their sole
dependence; and she also began to fear that they might
not all perfectly agree as to the means to be adopted.
Her wish was, to educate the children, and by enlighten-
ing the parents, endeavour to elevate the condition of
Terry and his family. Mrs White had no notion that
either she or her husband had anything to learn;
for they were, in fact, in some respects rather in ad-
vance of their neighbours: no intention of making
herself, or encouraging her husband to make, the very
least exertion to further their object; still less did she
purpose to spend a farthing of their hard-won money
on it; neither did she imagine that their children could
require aught but the 'help of a friend' to fit them for
every sort of creditable employment. She therefore
expected Hannah to use her interest to provide them
all with such situations as she had fixed on for them,
'accordin' as they grew to years.' She had 'laid out'
to get places in the police or the Excise for her sons,
and to make ladies-maids and dressmakers of her
daughters, without further trouble to her or their
father. She did not mean them to be 'kilt with work:'
she was come of 'dacent' people—Terry was come of
'dacent' people too; their children had had 'the best of
rairin'—' never let out with the common sort,' &c. &c.;
and when she found that Hannah was sceptical on
their merits, dissatisfied with their idle habits, their
insubordination, and their lack of the most ordinary
instruction, and was resolute not to importune her
master and mistress for their patronage in favour of
connexions not previously fitted to deserve it, her
manner changed entirely to the friend she had up to
that moment made so much of. She did not cool—she
heated; words, actions increased in vehemence as she
worked herself up to resent this unnatural indifference:
all former kindnesses were obliterated. Hannah was
thankful to escape from the house with a whole skin,

and to leave the future welfare of the family to time, and the changes time would bring.

Thus ended Miss White's visit to the scene of her early days. She felt that she could be of as little use to her comfortable foster-brother as to her miserable foster-sister; that were she to continue any close connection with either, she might herself be ruined between them, brought down to Biddy's level, another pauper among the crowd of wretched, without a hope of ever raising them to her own position. She therefore determined on restricting her intercourse with Mr and Mrs White to little occasional civilities, as better in the end for them, and essential to herself for her own respectability. Her heart was hardly as light on her homeward journey as when the hope she brought with her to the hills had filled it; but she was content with the feeling of having done her duty: she had satisfied herself that she had shewn herself not ungrateful for the home given to her childhood; and for the rest, forty years in this struggling world had inured her to disappointment.

THE IPSWICH MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY FOR THE WORKING-CLASSES.

SOME months since,* we abridged from the 'Manchester Guardian' a very interesting memoir of James Crowther of that place, a naturalist in humble life, including notices of some of his companions who had united with him to form a society of about forty weavers and mechanics, who met occasionally to exhibit and compare their acquisitions of plants and insects; and we added some observations as to the great desirableness of similar tastes being more widely imparted to the working-classes by making natural history a branch of their education. A step in this direction has since been made by the adoption of Mr Patterson's 'Introduction to Zoology' in the schools under the National Board of Ireland, and in several public and private seminaries in England and Scotland; and we are now happy to add, that a Museum of Natural History, of handsome architecture, lately erected, of which the professed object is to communicate a knowledge of this science to working-men, was opened at Ipswich on Wednesday, December 15th, by eloquent speeches from the Bishop of Norwich, the Dean of Westminster, Sir J. P. Boileau, Bart., &c. addressed to a large auditory, comprising some of the principal gentry of Suffolk, the members of parliament for Ipswich, and numbers of the inhabitants of the town of all ranks. The president of the Museum, the Rev. W. Kirby, rector of Barham, near Ipswich, now in his eighty-ninth year, was present; but in consequence of his great age, the Bishop of Norwich officiated as president in his stead, and moved, at the conclusion of the meeting, a vote of thanks to him for the valuable services he has rendered to natural history during his long life, to which the venerable father of entomology in this country replied in a brief and most affecting valedictory address, which brought tears into the eyes of most of those present. This Museum, as stated in the 'Suffolk Chronicle,' now before us, owes its origin chiefly to the indefatigable zeal and unwearied exertions of George Ransome, Esq., of Ipswich, proving, as in so many other instances on record, how much may be effected by a single individual; and as the Messrs Ransome of that place, who employ many hundred men in their extensive manufactory of agricultural implements, &c. will use their influence to induce them to attend the lectures meant to be given, there is every prospect that this institution will succeed in its great object of introducing the working-classes of Ipswich to what is yet so great a desideratum in all plans for their advantage—a new description of out-of-door recreation, at once healthy and rationally exciting in a very high degree. For how intense must have been the delight derived from their

pursuits, which, as we learn from the memoir of Crowther above referred to, could lead him and his comrades, after a hard day's work, to walk ten or fifteen miles in search of a rare plant or insect! To many even well-informed minds, the idea of directing the attention of working-men to such pursuits seems absurd and impracticable; and so it would be, if the aim were to make them profound naturalists. But this is not the intention. It is simply to give them such a taste for, and general knowledge of the subject, as may lead them to take an interest in observing and collecting the natural objects which present themselves so profusely in every walk, and comparing them with similar ones deposited in the museum or described in books, and thus ascertaining their names and properties, and being able to explain them to their children. Every one remembers Mrs Barbauld's charming tale of *Eyes and no Eyes* in 'Evenings at Home,' containing the history of two boys taking the same walk, in which one found nothing to observe, while the other was attracted by novelties at every step. And so it is with working-men. The great mass of them never having been taught 'the art of seeing,' find nothing but barrenness and weariness, where instructed men, like Crowther, are in ecstasies of delight. Such is the force of the principle of imitation in man, that let but one or two in a place acquire a taste for any branch of natural history, and numbers will be sure to follow their example; nor will the scientific naturalist quarrel with these humble disciples, if, stopping far short of his knowledge of the subject, they content themselves with merely collecting and admiring the objects with which nature presents them. No botanist, however profound, refuses to smile with complacency at the rapture with which the critical eye of a Norwich weaver hangs over the points of beauty and perfection in the flowers of his auriculas and polyanthus; and no ornithologist would disdain to enter into the feelings of the Spitalfields weaver, who pointed out to him, with exultation, his matchless 'croppers' and carrier-pigeons, which he had reared with such anxious pains and skill. Nor does the entomologist refuse to sympathise with his brethren of the same locality, whose great ambition in collecting insects is to arrange them so as to form a symmetrical 'picture,' in a glazed frame, to hang up in their parlour. These humble collectors of insects often find species not before known; and many of the rarer ones of Mr Haworth's 'Lepidoptera Britannica' were obtained by him from the Spitalfields weavers, to whom he paid frequent visits.

But independently of this consideration, however restricted may be the views of naturalists in humble life, what can be more desirable than to direct their attention to objects which, apart from their beauty and marvellous structure, as the works of a Divine hand—works which, if He thought it worth while to create and adorn, must be worthy of our study and admiration—must even merely, as presenting matter for constant interest, largely promote their happiness? Gray the poet well observed, that the enjoyment of life depends on our 'having always something going forward,' exclaiming, 'Happy they who can create a rose-tree or erect a honeysuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water!' And it is precisely thus 'having always something going forward,' that constitutes the charm of their pursuits to the humble florist, who fosters with assiduous care the growth of his seedling auriculas, and watches with intense eagerness the first expansion of the hoped-for prize-flower; and to the butterfly and moth collector, who daily feeds his rare caterpillars for weeks with their appropriate food, sees them at length with joy change into their chrysalis state, and then impatiently expects their transformation into the perfect insect. No man knew better than Crabbe (himself, by the way, like Gray, an entomologist) how largely the happiness of the working-classes, with whose wants and feelings he was so well acquainted, can be increased by giving them a taste for even the humbler depart-

* Journal, No. 170, p. 215.

ments of natural history—a conviction strikingly conveyed in the lines in his 'Borough,' which run—

'There is my friend the weaver; strong desires
Reign in his breast; 'his beauty he admires:
See, to the shady grove he wings his way,
And feels in hope the rapture of the day—
Eager he looks, and soon, to glad his eyes,
From the sweet bower by nature formed arise
Bright troops of virgin moths, and fresh-born butterflies.

* * * * *
He fears no balliff's wrath, no baron's blame;
His is untaxed and undisputed game.'

But though the Ipswich Museum will render no small service to the working-classes, if it should merely convert hundreds of them who now saunter in the fields, uninterested and without object, and to relieve the vacuity of their eye and mind, adjourn to the alehouse, into cultivators of flowers, rearers of pigeons, or collectors of insects, it by no means follows that much more important results will not follow from its establishment. Though the bulk of the Messrs Ransome's workmen may go no further, some of them, like Joseph Fox, the Norwich weaver, recorded by Sir J. E. Smith as the first grower of a lycopodium from seed, or Hugh Miller, the stone-mason, author of the excellent geological work on the 'Old Red Sandstone,' may render high services to science: and if this should prove the case in only one instance in a hundred of those to whom the Ipswich Museum gives a taste for natural history, and if the same result should follow from other similar institutions, which it is to be hoped its example will cause to be formed in all our towns, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly the large accession of enjoyment which will be conferred on the working-classes, and of advantage to natural history from enlisting them among its cultivators.*

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

THIS is the somewhat poetical name of a book† published for the purpose of rationalising the ancient, though of late exploded belief in prophetic dreams, spiritual appearances, and other mysterious things. What first strikes the 'candid reader,' is the amazing moral courage of the author: she, a novelist of some reputation, and a woman of the world, to come boldly out with the profession of a belief in what the intelligent public has long condemned as only fit matter for vulgar wonderment—even though she profess a philosophical object and a wish to fortify the conviction of the spirituality of our nature, and to elevate thereby our moral life—it must be acknowledged to be no common phenomenon in literature. A second feeling, on dipping into the book, will be surprise at the ripeness of such matters in these cool, unpondering days—so contrary to the common notion that they have disappeared along with the disposition to believe in them. It appears as if, while scepticism is the general profession, a vast number of persons had yet experiences which they could not resolve into accordance with the admitted course of nature, and which they are willing to disclose in certain circumstances, but always with an injunction as to concealment of names, lest they be suspected of a secret leaning to an unfashionable belief. These Mrs Crowe has determined to collect and arrange, with the view of endeavouring to bring them within the domain of science. 'Because, in the seventeenth century,' she re-

* When in our concluding remarks on Crowther's memoir, we observed, 'The common soldier, if acquainted in even a small measure with botany or entomology, would have at command a means of enjoyment which would make the dreariest of hours in foreign stations to him a paradise' (p. 217), we little thought how soon, and on how large and fearful a scale, our position would be verified by the fatal consequences of the want of some such recreation in the case of our troops in India, whose late general insubordination, and the consequent sad execution of several of them, is attributed by the editor of the 'Times' newspaper (Dec. 27, 1847), solely to the insupportable wearisomeness and ennui of being obliged to live in remote quarters, without any object to interest or occupy their attention.

† By Catherine Crowe. 2 vols. London: Newby. 1848.

marks, 'credulity outran reason and discretion, the eighteenth century, by a natural reaction, threw itself into an opposite extreme. Whoever closely observes the signs of the times, will be aware that another change is approaching. The contemptuous scepticism of the last age is yielding to a more humble spirit of inquiry; and there is a large class of persons amongst the most enlightened of the present, who are beginning to believe that much which they had been taught to reject as fable, has been, in reality, ill-understood truth.' If such a reaction be actually in progress, it is a fact of obvious importance. Perhaps the reception of the 'Night Side of Nature' will in some degree be a test how far it is a fact.

Our author starts with a chapter of speculation on the ideas which have been entertained regarding the inner spiritual nature of man. Adopting the doctrine of there being a spiritual as well as a fleshly body, she seeks to show how some faint gleams of its attributes may at times shoot up through the clay in which it has taken up its temporary abode; through this medium, she thinks, we may, under certain perhaps abnormal conditions, have communication with the spiritual world, so as to become cognisant of things above the apprehension of the bodily senses. Disease often supplies these conditions; mesmerism supplies them to some extent; so does common sleep; often, however, the communication takes place without any extraordinary conditions being observable.

Revelations by dreaming she takes up first, as being the simplest class of phenomena; and of these she presents a number of curious examples. Take as a specimen the following:—'Mr S—— was the son of an Irish bishop, who set somewhat more value on the things of this world than became his function. He had always told his son that there was but one thing he could not forgive, and that was a bad marriage—meaning by a bad marriage, a poor one. As cautions of this sort do not always prevent young people falling in love, Mr S—— fixed his affections on Lady O——, a fair young widow, without any fortune; and, aware that it would be useless to apply for his father's consent, he married her without asking it. They were consequently exceedingly poor; and indeed nearly all they had to live on was a small sinecure of forty pounds per annum, which Dean Swift procured for him. Whilst in this situation, Mr S—— dreamt one night that he was in the cathedral in which he had formerly been accustomed to attend service; that he saw a stranger, habited as a bishop, occupying his father's throne; and that, on applying to the verger for an explanation, the man said that the bishop was dead, and that he had expired just as he was adding a codicil to his will in his son's favour. The impression made by the dream was so strong, that Mr S—— felt that he should have no repose till he had obtained news from home; and as the most speedy way of doing so was to go there himself, he started on horseback, much against the advice of his wife, who attached no importance whatever to the circumstance. He had scarcely accomplished half his journey, when he met a courier, bearing the intelligence of his father's death; and when he reached home, he found that there was a codicil attached to the will, of the greatest importance to his own future prospects; but the old gentleman had expired with the pen in his hand, just as he was about to sign it.

'In this unhappy position, reduced to hopeless indigence, the friends of the young man proposed that he should present himself at the vice-regal palace on the next levee day, in hopes that some interest might be excited in his favour; to which, with reluctance, he consented. As he was ascending the stairs, he was met by a gentleman whose dress indicated that he belonged to the church.

"Good heavens!" said he to the friend who accompanied him, "who is that?"

"That is Mr ——, of so and so."

"Then he will be Bishop of L——," returned Mr

S—; "for that is the man I saw occupying my father's throne."

"Impossible!" replied the other. "He has no interest whatever, and has no more chance of being a bishop than I have."

"You will see," replied Mr S—. "I am certain he will."

They had made their obeisance above, and were returning, when there was a great cry without, and everybody rushed to the doors and windows to inquire what had happened. The horses attached to the carriage of a young nobleman had become restive, and were endangering the life of their master, when Mr — rushed forward, and, at the peril of his own, seized their heads, and afforded Lord C— time to descend before they broke through all restraint and dashed away. Through the interest of this nobleman and his friends, to whom Mr — had been previously quite unknown, he obtained the see of L—. These circumstances were related to me by a member of the family.

Akin to such cases are presentiments, a class of phenomena exemplified also in the lower animals. Many of these prove to be warnings against danger, and an instruction as to the means of avoiding it. For example—A few years ago, Dr W—, now residing in Glasgow, dreamt that he received a summons to attend a patient at a place some miles from where he was living; that he started on horseback; and that, as he was crossing a moor, he saw a bull making furiously at him, whose horns he only escaped by taking refuge on a spot inaccessible to the animal, where he waited a long time, till some people, observing his situation, came to his assistance, and released him. Whilst at breakfast on the following morning, the summons came; and, smiling at the odd coincidence, he started on horseback. He was quite ignorant of the road he had to go; but by and by he arrived at the moor, which he recognised, and presently the bull appeared, coming full tilt towards him. But his dream had shown him the place of refuge, for which he instantly made; and there he spent three or four hours, besieged by the animal, till the country people set him free. Dr W— declares that, but for the dream, he should not have known in what direction to run for safety. Mrs Crowe thinks that there is no need to suppose supernatural intervention in such cases. It may be only from some cause connected with the condition of the individual that the apprehension takes place—"an accident in the sense that an illness is an accident; that is, not without a cause, but without a cause that we can penetrate."

Mesmerism has some pretensions to throw light upon these mysteries, as will appear from the following anecdote in connection with one ensuing upon it. Two ladies, a mother and daughter, are asleep at Cheltenham, occupying the same bed. The mother, Mrs C—, dreamt "that her brother-in-law, then in Ireland, had sent for her; that she entered his room, and saw him in bed, apparently dying. He requested her to kiss him; but, owing to his livid appearance, she shrunk from doing so, and awoke with the horror of the scene upon her. The daughter awoke at the same moment, saying, "Oh, I have had such a frightful dream!" "Oh, so have I!" returned the mother: "I have been dreaming of my brother-in-law." "My dream was about him too," added Miss C—. "I thought I was sitting in the drawing-room, and that he came in, wearing a shroud trimmed with black ribbons, and approaching me, he said, 'My dear niece, your mother has refused to kiss me, but I am sure you will not be so unkind.'"

As these ladies were not in habits of regular correspondence with their relative, they knew that the earliest intelligence likely to reach them, if he were actually dead, would be by means of the Irish papers; and they waited anxiously for the following Wednesday, which was the day these journals were received in Cheltenham. When that morning arrived, Miss C— hastened at an early hour to the reading-room, and

there she learnt what the dreams had led them to expect: their friend was dead, and they afterwards ascertained that his decease had taken place on that night.

The magnetic illustration was related to the author by Mr W. W—, a gentleman well known in the north of England. This gentleman 'had been cured by mesmerism of a very distressing malady. During part of the process of cure, after the *rapport* had been well established, the operations were carried on whilst he was at Malvern and his magnetiser at Cheltenham, under which circumstances the existence of this extraordinary dependence was frequently exhibited in a manner that left no possibility of doubt. On one occasion, I remember, that Mr W. W— being in the magnetic sleep, he suddenly started from his seat, clasping his hands as if startled, and presently afterwards burst into a violent fit of laughter. As, on waking, he could give no account of these impulses, his family wrote to the magnetiser, to inquire if he had sought to excite any particular manifestations in his patient, as the sleep had been somewhat disturbed. The answer was, that no such intention had been entertained, but that the disturbance might possibly have arisen from one to which he had himself been subjected. "Whilst my mind was concentrated on you," said he, "I was suddenly so much startled by a violent knock at the door, that I actually jumped off my seat, clasping my hands with affright. I had a hearty laugh at my own folly, but am sorry if you were made uncomfortable by it."

The question will of course arise—What is this *rapport* or relation between the parties, and how is it established? Even admitting the facts, who can answer this question?

We are told, in ensuing chapters, of persons who had the power of entrancing themselves, in which state their spirits were free to roam abroad to any determinate place, and for determinate purposes. 'One of the most remarkable cases of this kind is that recorded by Jung Stilling, of a man who, about the year 1740, resided in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, in the United States. His habits were retired, and he spoke little: he was grave, benevolent, and pious; and nothing was known against his character, except that he had the reputation of possessing some secrets that were not altogether lawful. Many extraordinary stories were told of him, and amongst the rest the following:—The wife of a ship captain, whose husband was on a voyage to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had forgotten her; and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aperture, and to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he were dead. She of course did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons, but that he was then in a coffee-house in London, and would very shortly be home again. Accordingly he arrived; and as the lady learnt from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information; and in this she was gratified; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician, than he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him; and that he, the captain, had thereon mentioned how he had been prevented writing; adding, that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger amongst the throng, and knew nothing more about him.

'I have no authority for this story,' says Mrs Crowe,

'but that of Jung Stilling; and if it stood alone, it might appear very incredible; but it is supported by so many parallel examples of information given by people in somnambulist states, that we are not entitled to reject it on the score of impossibility.'

This leads to the class of phenomena called in Scotland *wraiths*—that is, appearances of persons whose bodily they were not. This, says our author, sometimes occurs at the time of death, but often at an indefinite period before it, and sometimes where no such calamity is impending. 'In some of these cases, an earnest desire seems to be the cause of the phenomenon.' Maria Goffe of Rochester, dying at a distance from home, said she could not die happy till she had seen her children. 'By and by, she fell into a state of coma, which left them uncertain whether she was dead or alive. Her eyes were open and fixed, her jaw fallen, and there was no perceptible respiration. When she revived, she told her mother, who attended her, that she had been home and seen her children; which the other said was impossible, since she had been lying there in the bed the whole time. "Yes," replied the dying woman, "but I was there in my sleep." A widow woman, called Alexander, who had the care of these children, declared herself ready to take oath upon the sacrament, that during this period she had seen the form of Maria Goffe come out of the room, where the eldest child slept, and approach the bed where she herself lay with the younger beside her. The figure had stood there nearly a quarter of an hour, as far as she could judge; and she remarked that the eyes and the mouth moved, though she heard no sound.'

There is nothing remarkable in the following wraith anecdote; but it recommends itself, because of the parties being well known in Scotland. 'Mrs K——, the sister of Provost B—— of Aberdeen, was sitting one day with her husband, Dr K——, in the parlour of the manse, when she suddenly said, "Oh, there's my brother come; he has just passed the window!" and, followed by her husband, she hastened to the door to meet the visitor. He was, however, not there. "He is gone round to the back door," said she; and thither they went; but neither was he there, nor had the servants seen anything of him. Dr K—— said she must be mistaken; but she laughed at the idea: her brother had passed the window and looked in; he must have gone somewhere, and would doubtless be back directly. But he came not; and the intelligence shortly arrived from Aberdeen, that at that precise time, as nearly as they could compare circumstances, he had died quite suddenly at his own place of residence. I have heard this story from connexions of the family, and also from an eminent professor of Glasgow, who told me that he had once asked Dr K—— whether he believed in these appearances. "I cannot choose but believe," returned Dr K——; and then he accounted for his conviction by narrating the above particulars.

'I have met with three instances,' says Mrs Crowe, 'of persons who are so much the subjects of this phenomenon, that they see the wraith of most persons that die belonging to them, and frequently of those who are merely acquaintance. They see the person as if he were alive; and unless they know him positively to be elsewhere, they have no suspicion but that it is himself, in the flesh, that is before them, till the sudden disappearance of the figure brings the conviction.' We happen to know that one of these persons is an eminent man of science in Scotland. So familiar are his family with the circumstance, that one of them has been known to express apprehensions as to the early death of a distant friend, 'because — has seen him.'

One curious circumstance in many such narratives, is the irrelativeness of many of them to a useful or dignified object. 'Some few years ago, a Mrs H——, residing in Limerick, had a servant whom she much esteemed, called Nelly Hanlon. Nelly was a very steady person, who seldom asked for a holiday, and

consequently Mrs H—— was the less disposed to refuse her when she requested a day's leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a fair that was to take place a few miles off. The petition was therefore favourably heard; but when Mr H—— came home, and was informed of Nelly's proposed excursion, he said she could not be spared, as he had invited some people to dinner for that day, and he had nobody he could trust with the keys of the cellar except Nelly; adding, that it was not likely his business would allow him to get home time enough to bring up the wine himself.

'Unwilling, however, after giving her consent, to disappoint the girl, Mrs H—— said that she would herself undertake the cellar department on the day in question; so, when the wished-for morning arrived, Nelly departed in great spirits, having faithfully promised to return that night, if possible, or, at the latest, the following morning.

'The day passed as usual, and nothing was thought about Nelly till the time arrived for fetching up the wine, when Mrs H—— proceeded to the cellar stairs with the key, followed by a servant carrying a bottle-basket. She had, however, scarcely begun to descend, when she uttered a loud scream, and dropped down in a state of insensibility. She was carried up stairs and laid upon the bed, whilst, to the amazement of the other servants, the girl who had accompanied her said that they had seen Nelly Hanlon, dripping with water, standing at the bottom of the stairs. Mr H—— being sent for, or coming home at the moment, this story was repeated to him, whereupon he reproved the woman for her folly; and proper restoratives being applied, Mrs H—— at length began to revive. As she opened her eyes, she heaved a deep sigh, saying, "Oh, Nelly Hanlon!" and as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to speak, she corroborated what the girl had said—she had seen Nelly at the foot of the cellar stairs, dripping as if she had just come out of the water. Mr H—— used his utmost efforts to persuade his wife out of what he looked upon to be an illusion; but in vain. "Nelly, said he, "will come home by and by, and laugh at you;" whilst she, on the contrary, felt sure that Nelly was dead.

'The night came, and the morning came, but there was no Nelly. When two or three days had passed, inquiries were made; and it was ascertained that she had been seen at the fair, and had started to return home in the evening; but from that moment all traces of her were lost, till her body was ultimately found in the river. How she came by her death was never known.' Here, it will be observed, there is an element of triviality. To appear at a cellar door seems below the dignity of a spiritual existence. Yet, it may be said, what is it inconsistent with, but only our sense of taste—that sense under which we select incidents for fiction? We are not necessarily to expect that there is any such law presiding over these phenomena. On the theory, moreover, of an earnest desire being concerned in the case, it was natural for Nelly, at the moment of danger or death, to think of the duty which she would have been performing if she had not that day left her home.

Nearly akin to wraiths are what the Germans call *doppel-gangers* (double-goers), or self-seers—that is, appearances of a second self, sometimes seen by the individual as if it were a reflection of his own person, and sometimes only by others, either in his presence or at a distance. Catherine of Russia saw a figure of herself sitting on her throne, and ordered her guards to fire at it. Dr Kerner states the case of a Madame Dillenius, who was lying in bed when her sister saw her also walking about the room. No particular incident followed this event. 'Becker, professor of mathematics at Rostock, having fallen into an argument with some friends regarding a disputed point of theology, on going to his library to fetch a book which he wished to refer to, saw himself sitting at the table in the seat he usually occupied. He approached the figure, which appeared to be reading, and looking over its shoulder,

dow are as white as snow, and the staircase, an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter, is always dry and shining.

'The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to almost intolerable oppression—'

MEMOIR OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

It is usual to trace the origin of great families to some gallant exploit, or some lucky accident, which suddenly raised the ancestor of the house from obscurity, and provided him at the same time with a legend to his coat of arms. The representatives of such families are born personages of history; their name, title, and estate—their position in the country—descending to them by inheritance, and so continuing from generation to generation, till war or revolution damages or removes the old landmarks of society. But there are other origins which it would be vain to endeavour to arrive at by a similar process: the origins of houses that rise steadily, not suddenly, in their peculiar career, and the success of which is not secured by a single incident, but distributed evenly over the lifetime of one or more generations. In such cases, the germ of prosperity must be sought for in the family mind—in the idiosyncrasy of the race—in the theory by which their conduct in the world is governed; and the first accident, which attracts the attention of the vulgar as the origin of their fortune, is merely a *point d'appui* selected by forethought and resolution. The rise of the house of ROTHSCHILD presents a very remarkable illustration of this view of a question which will never cease to be interesting, and affords a striking instance of the natural and simple means by which those vast results are obtained which it is customary to ascribe to chance or miracle.

In the middle of the last century there lived, in the town of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a husband and wife of the Hebrew persuasion, who lavished all their cares upon a son, whom they destined for the profession of a schoolmaster. The boy, whose name was Meyer Anselm Rothschild, and who was born at Frankfort in the year 1743, exhibited such tokens of capacity, that his parents made every effort in their power to give him the advantage of a good education; and with this view he spent some years at Fürth, going through such a curriculum of study as appeared to be proper. The youth, however, had a natural bent towards the study of antiquities; and this led him more especially to the examination of ancient coins, in the knowledge of which he attained to considerable proficiency. Here was one step onwards in the world; for, in after years, his antiquarian researches proved the means of extending and ramifying his connections in society, as well as of opening out to him a source of immediate support. His parents, however, who were noted as pious and upright characters, died when he was yet a boy, in his eleventh year; and on his return to Frankfort, he set himself to learn practically the routine of the counting-house.

After this we find him in Hanover, in the employment of a wealthy banking-house, whose affairs he conducted for several years with care and fidelity; and then we see opening out under his auspices, in his native city, the germ of that mighty business which was destined to act so powerfully upon the governments of Europe. Before establishing his little banking-house, Meyer Anselm Rothschild prepared himself for the adventure by marrying; and his prudent choice, there is no doubt, contributed greatly to his eventual success in the world.

About this time a circumstance is said to have occurred, to which the rise of the Rothschilds from obscurity is ascribed by those who find it necessary to trace such brilliant effects to romantic and wonderful causes. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel, it seems, in flying from the approach of the republican armies, desired, as he passed through Frankfort, to get rid of a large amount in gold and jewels, in such a way as might leave him a chance of its recovery after the storm had passed by. With this view he sought out the humble money-

changer, who consented reluctantly to take charge of the treasure, burying it in a corner of his garden just at the moment when the republican troops entered the gates of the city. His *own* property he did not conceal, for this would have occasioned a search; and cheerfully sacrificing the less for the preservation of the greater, he reopened his office as soon as the town was quiet again, and recommenced his daily routine of calm and steady industry. But he knew too well the value of money to allow the gold to lie idle in his garden. He dug it forth from time to time as he could use it to advantage; and, in fine, made such handsome profits upon his capital, that on the duke's return in 1802, he offered to refund the whole, with five per cent. interest. This of course was not accepted. The money was left to fructify for twenty years longer, at the almost nominal interest of two per cent.; and the duke's influence was used, besides, with the allied sovereigns in 1814 to obtain business for 'the honest Jew' in the way of raising public loans.

The 'honest Jew,' unfortunately, died two years before this date, in 1812; but the whole story would appear to be either entirely a romance, or greatly exaggerated. Rothschild must have already been eminent as a banker, or he would hardly have been selected by the Prince of Hesse-Cassel as the depository of a sum amounting, it is said, to L.50,000, exclusively of the jewels. At anyrate, it was in the year 1801 he was appointed agent to the landgrave, afterwards Elector of Hesse; and in the next year (indicated in the story as that of the prince's return), a loan of ten millions was contracted with the Danish court through the House of Rothschild. Before this—and necessarily so no doubt—his knowledge, and the tried rectitude of his conduct, had gained him general confidence; his wealth had increased, and an enormous extension of the field of his operations had taken place. The fact appears to be, that by this time the banker of Frankfort was more in the habit of rendering assistance than of requiring it; and the Grand Duke of the day, to whom the Israelites owed their civic and political rights, nominated him a member of the electoral college, expressly as a reward for his generous services to his fellow-citizens.

The personal character of Meyer Anselm Rothschild is not of small consequence in the history of the house—for their dead father may be said to direct to this hour the operations of his children! In every important crisis he is called into their counsels; in every difficult question his judgment is invoked; and when the brothers meet in consultation, the paternal spirit seems to act as president. The explanation of this well-known and most remarkable trait in the family, is not difficult to those who are in the habit of penetrating through the veil of the romantic, in order to arrive at the simple realities of life. The elder Rothschild was obviously a man of comprehensive intellect, who did not act on the spur of chance or necessity, but after mature reflection, and on rules distinctly laid down; and he must have brought up his children in a certain theory, which survived his mortal part, and became identified with his memory. This is the only *idolum* conjured by the piety of his descendants. His bearing, we are told, was tranquil and unassuming; and although a devout man, according to his views of religion, his devotion was so completely untinged with bigotry, that in his charities he made no distinction between the Jew and the Christian.

In 1812, Rothschild left to the mighty fortunes, of which his wisdom had laid the foundation, ten children—five sons and five daughters; laying upon them, with his last breath, the injunction of an inviolable union. This is one of the grand principles to which the success of the family may be traced. The command was kept by the sons with religious fidelity. The copartnership in which they were left, remained uninterrupted; and from the moment of their father's death, every proposal of moment was submitted to their joint discussion, and carried out upon an agreed plan, each of the brothers

sharing equally in the results. The other great principle of their conduct is one which actuates all prudent men, and is only deserving of special remark in them, from the almost mechanical regularity with which it was acted upon—this was the determination never to run the slightest risk in pursuit of great profits. Their grand object was to see clearly each transaction to its termination, to secure themselves from all accidents that human forethought could avert, and to be satisfied with a reasonable and ordinary reward. The plan acted in a twofold manner. By husbanding their capital, they were enabled to take advantage of a thousand recurring commissions, so as to extend their connection day by day; while their habitual caution earned for them a reputation of solidity, which, united with their real wealth, carried their credit to a pitch which would have been dangerous, if not fatal, to less steady intellects. Credit, however, was no snare to them. They affected no master-strokes—no *coups d'état*. They would have used the lamp of Aladdin, not to summon genii, but to light their steps as they toiled on in the path of genii. The only secrets by which they obtained their choice of innumerable offers of business, were the moderation of their demands—the punctual fulfilment of their engagements—and the simplicity and clearness of their system. In short, the House of Rothschild became great, because its affairs were conducted upon the most perfect system of mercantile tactics, and because the character of its members, partaking largely of that of the original banker of Frankfort, combined many of those amiable qualities which secure popularity without forfeiting respect. They sought to make money by skill and industry, not parsimony; they gave a liberal share of their profits to all whose services were of use in attaining them; and their hand—

'Open as day to melting charity'—

doubled the value of the gift by the grace with which it was presented—the grace impressed upon the external manner by a simple and kindly heart.

We may now mention another circumstance which, on various occasions, must have contributed largely to the mercantile success of the family. Although their real union continued indissoluble, their places of residence were far asunder, each member of the house domiciling himself in a different country. At this moment, for instance, Anselm, born in 1773, resides at Frankfort; Solomon, born in 1774, chiefly at Vienna; Charles, born in 1778, at Naples; and James, born in 1792, at Paris. The fifth brother, Nathan, born in 1777, resided in London, and died at Frankfort in 1837. The house was thus ubiquitous. It was spread like a network over the nations; and it is no wonder that, with all other things considered, its operations upon the money market should at length have been felt tremblingly by every cabinet in Europe. Its wealth in the meantime enabled it to enjoy those advantages of separation without the difficulties of distance. Couriers travelled, and still travel, from brother to brother at the highest speed of the time; and these private envoys of commerce very frequently outstripped, and still outstrip, the public expresses of government.

We have no means of giving anything like the statistics of this remarkable business; but it is stated in the 'Conversations Lexicon,' that in the space of twelve years from 1813—the period, we may remark, when war had ruined all Europe, and when governments were only able to keep themselves afloat by flinging the financial burden upon posterity—between eleven and twelve hundred million florins (£110,000,000 to £120,000,000) were raised for the sovereigns of Europe through the agency of this house, partly as loans, and partly as subsidies. Of these, 500,000,000 florins were for England; 120,000,000 for Austria; 100,000,000 for Prussia; 200,000,000 for France; 120,000,000 for Naples; 60,000,000 for Russia; 10,000,000 for some of the German courts; and 30,000,000 for Brazil. And this, it is added, is exclusive 'of those sums for the

consequently Mrs H— was the less disposed to refuse her when she requested a day's leave of absence, for the purpose of attending a fair that was to take place a few miles off. The petition was therefore favourably received, but Mr H— came home, and was informed, to the total astonishment of which last circumstance, however, may already be considered an antiquated authority; for, in reality, the vast business of the firm can hardly be said to have commenced till after the dozen years referred to had expired. Since the year 1826, the House of Rothschild has been the general government bankers of Europe; and if it were possible to compare the two circles of transactions, the former would seem to dwindle into insignificance.

In 1815, the brothers were appointed counsellors of finance to the then Elector of Hesse; and in 1826, by the present Elector, privy counsellors of finance. In 1818, they were elected to the royal Prussian privy council of commerce. In Austria, they received, in 1815, the privilege of being hereditary landholders; and in 1822, were ennobled in the same country with the title of baron. The brother established in London was appointed imperial consul, and afterwards consul-general; and in the same year (1822), the same honour was conferred upon the brother resident in Paris. The latter, the Baron James, has the reputation of being the most able financier in France; and it is mainly through his assistance and influence with the other capitalists that railways are now intersecting the length and breadth of the land.

Nathan, the brother who resided in England, left four sons, three of whom rank among the most distinguished aristocracy of the British capital; the fourth, Nathan, residing in Paris. The eldest, Lionel de Rothschild, is privileged, as a British subject, to bear the title of an Austrian baron; his brothers being barons only by courtesy. The second has been recently created a baronet of England, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild; and the third, Baron Meyor, is now high sheriff of Buckinghamshire. Baron Lionel de Rothschild was invited by the Reform Association to stand as a candidate with Lord John Russell for the representation of London in the present parliament, and was returned third on the list. It will have been observed that a consultation was held by the Chancellor of the Exchequer with this hereditary financier, before ministers ventured upon their late celebrated letter, authorising the Bank of England to extend its issues.

Most of the members of this family have married, and live in great splendour here or on the continent; and it must be observed, as something characteristic of the race, that their choice of wives has usually been a good one. In London, where we know them best, the widow of Baron Nathan is held in great esteem for her inexhaustible charity, in the course of which, we observe by the newspapers, she has contributed largely towards the formation of an educational institution for children of the Christian faith. Her sister, the lady of Sir Moses Montefiore, is popularly known as a suitable helpmate for her philanthropic partner. The sister of Baron Nathan, widow of the brother of Sir Moses Montefiore, is likewise well known for her liberality, and more especially for the large funds she has bestowed on the establishment of schools for all religious denominations.

But there is another female of this remarkable family whom we must mention in a special manner, and with her name we conclude. She is the widow of the banker of Frankfort, the mother of the five brothers, and grandmother of those flourishing men who are now rising proudly among the aristocracy of Europe. The following notice of this venerable and venerated lady we take from 'Les Matinées du Samedi' of G. Ben Levi. 'In the Jews' street at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in the midst of Gothic façades, black copings, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious neatness, which gives it an appearance of singular cheerfulness and freshness. The brass on the door is polished, the curtains on the win-

dow are as white as snow, and the staircase, an unusual thing in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter, is always dry and shining.

'The traveller who from curiosity visits this street—a true specimen of the times when the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most intolerable vexations, were restricted to this infected quarter—will be induced to stop before the neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that venerable old lady seated in a large arm-chair behind the little shining squares of the window on the first storey?" This is the reply every citizen of Frankfort will make:—"In that house dwelt an Israelite merchant, named Meyer Anselm Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a great fortune, and a numerous offspring; and when he died, the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the unpretending dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children."

'Continued prosperity has attended the sons of the pious and modest widow. Their name is become European, their wealth proverbial. They inhabit sumptuous palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfort; but their mother, persevering in her admirable modesty, has not quitted her comparatively humble house, where those sons come to visit her with respect and reverence, and discharge their duties in memory of their estimable father, thus presenting bright examples for the present time.'

A FEW PLEASANTRIES.

[Borrowed from 'The Family Jo Miller, a Drawing-Room Jest-Book.' This is a much improved form of a well-known kind of book, cleared of trash and indelicacy, enriched with new good things, and presented in elegant typography, and with capital characteristic embellishments. A life of Jo Miller at the beginning—the biography of a man of whom nothing is known—forms a tolerably successful, though good-natured burlesque of some of the recent lives of Shakespeare.]

The Modesty of Goldsmith.—Colonel O'Moore, of Cloghan Castle in Ireland, told me an amusing instance of the mingled vanity and simplicity of Goldsmith, which (though perhaps coloured a little, as anecdotes too often are) is characteristic at least of the opinion which his best friends entertained of Goldsmith. One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr Burke were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on the way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but after a good deal of preming, said 'that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, what stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed!' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?' 'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?' 'That's true,' answered Goldsmith with great humility: 'I am very sorry—it was very foolish. I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'—*Notes in Croker's edition of Boswell's Johnson.*

A Gentleman Groom.—'Why did you leave your last place?' said a gentleman to his groom, who presented himself for the service of his cab: 'did Captain R. discharge you?' 'No.' 'Was he a bad master?' 'On the contrary, a very good one—gave good wages, plenty of liveries, and as much help in the stable as one could want.' 'Then why leave his service?' 'To say the truth, sir, I found it very disagreeable in winter-time at Melton. Captain R. did not

belong to the right club, or live in the first set: and then he was so very dull in the tilbury, I really could not stand it.'—*Darham's Memoirs.*

An Ale Charm.—During the period when James I. studied the sciences at St Andrews, under the tuition of the celebrated George Buchanan, every sort of superior learning and knowledge was considered by the illiterate and superstitious vulgar as proceeding from magic, or, as it was usually termed, the black art. On this principle, George Buchanan, on account of his superior attainments in literature, was esteemed a wizard. A poor woman, who kept an alehouse in St Andrews, and who, by some means or other, had lost all her custom, applied to George for his witchcraft assistance. After some serious conversation, George told her that if she strictly adhered to his instructions, she would soon become very rich. To remove all his doubts, she gave him the strongest assurances of her punctual compliance with his orders. 'Then, Maggie,' said the learned wizard, 'the next time you brew, throw out of the vat six ladles full of water in the devil's name, turning between each ladle full round on the left; this done, put six ladles full of malt in the vat in God's name, turning round by the right between each time. And in addition to this, be sure to wear this bandage about your neck, and never open it till the day of your death.' Maggie strictly obeyed, and in the course of a few years, accumulated great riches. At her death, the bandage was opened in a solemn manner, when it was found to contain a label of paper, on which were written these words—

'Gin Maggie brew good ale,
She will get good sale.'

UNDERWRITING.

To render the process of underwriting as intelligible as possible, we may suppose a case, for the purpose of illustration:—Suppose a vessel of the class A 1, registered for seven or ten years, be valued at L.20,000 or L.30,000, a policy is effected upon her, and the owners or their brokers go among their friends at Lloyd's, and see at what rate she can be insured. If the voyage be a distant one, or the season of the year be considered dangerous, the rate will most materially vary. Thus, at one time, a premium of L.1, 1s. or L.2, 2s. per cent. might be taken, and at another time the underwriter would perhaps not be inclined to do business under L.3, 3s. or L.4, 4s. per cent., it not only depending on the class of the ship, but the cargo she is likely to carry, and the port for which she is bound. These are all considerations which the underwriter most carefully weighs in his mind before he takes a part or risk in an adventure of the sort. On a vessel of L.20,000 or L.30,000 value, the policy of insurance might be divided among as many as a dozen underwriters, including some at Liverpool and Glasgow. And it very often happens that the Liverpool and Glasgow people will insure their ships at London, and *vice versa*. This will account for the statement occasionally to be seen in the papers, that 'notwithstanding the vessel was a London trader, the greater part of the loss will fall upon the underwriters of Liverpool and Glasgow.' When a vessel continues absent after the expected date of arrival, and no news has been received of her, the premium of insurance will advance considerably, and then the business resolves itself into a mere speculative transaction. Some of the members of the room snap at this business, but it does not often prove profitable. The ill-fated President was 'done' at a very high premium in the room, and, up to the latest moment of hope, persons were found willing enough 'to take a few thousands of her at a long price.' When bad weather has occurred, either on the coast or abroad, the underwriters at Lloyd's make the most anxious investigation of the books and the lists received, to trace, by every possible means, the result of their risks. The remark of 'a good book' or 'a bad book' among the subscribers is a sure index to the prospects of the day, the one being indicative of premium to be received, the other of losses to be paid. The life of the underwriter, like the stock speculator, is one of vast anxiety, the events of the day often raising his expectations to the highest, or depressing them to the lowest pitch; and years are often spent in the hoped-for acquisition of that which he never obtains. Among the old stagers of the room, there is strong antipathy expressed against the insurance of certain ships; but we never recollect it being followed out to such an extent as in the case of one vessel. She was a steady

trader, named after one of the most venerable members of the room; and it was a most curious coincidence, that he invariably refused to 'write her' for 'a single line.' Often he was joked upon the subject, and pressed 'to do a little' on his namesake; but he has frequently declined, shaking his head in a doubtful manner. One morning the subscribers were reading the 'double lines,' or the losses, and among them was the identical ship, which had gone to pieces, and become a total wreck.—*The City.*

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

Some years ago, a young lady, who was going into a northern county, took a seat in the stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occupied her mind: she had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now travelling to his seat. At mid-day the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady rose, rang the bell, and addressing the waiter, said, 'Here is an outside passenger: I cannot dine with an outside passenger.' The stranger bowed, saying, 'I beg your pardon, madam, I can go into another room,' and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places. At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, 'As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you.' A few words of explanation ensued, and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill, and the apology she sent for her non-appearing that evening was more than pretence. The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. 'We must not allow the night to pass thus,' said he to the countess; 'you must send for her, and we must talk to her before bedtime.' He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his grandchildren to be taught such notions, refused to accept any apology that did not go the length of acknowledging that the thought was wrong, and, when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A HINT TO AMUSEMENT DENOUNCERS.

There are people who would say, 'Labour is not all; we do not object to the cessation of labour—a mere provision for bodily ends; but we fear the lightness and vanity of what you call recreation.' Do these people take heed of the swiftness of thought—of the impatience of thought? What will the great mass of men be thinking of, if they are taught to shun amusements and the thoughts of amusement? If any sensuality is left open to them, they will think of that; if not sensuality, then avarice or ferocity for 'the cause of God,' as they would call it. People who have had nothing else to amuse them, have been very apt to indulge themselves in the excitement of persecuting their fellow-creatures. Our nation, the northern part of it especially, is given to believe in the sovereign efficacy of dulness. To be sure, dulness and solid vice are apt to go hand in hand; but then, according to our notions, dulness is in itself so good a thing—almost a religion. Now, if ever a people require to be amused, it is we sad-hearted Anglo-Saxons. Heavy eaters, hard thinkers, often given up to a peculiar melancholy of our own, with a climate that for months together would frown away mirth if it could—many of us with very gloomy thoughts about our hereafter—if ever there were a people who should avoid increasing their dulness by all work and no play, we are that people. 'They took their pleasures sadly,' says Froissart, 'after their fashion.' We need not ask of what nation Froissart was speaking.—*Friends in Council.*

CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—*Lady M. W. Montagu.*

BALLADS OF THE RHINE.

BY ANDREW B. PICKEN.

DUSSELDORF.

'Vergin mein nicht.'

Out on the waves, far out, my sea-bird! thou and I
Will rock ourselves in dreams of faithful Germany.
I framed thee of the sandal-tree, my alight and silvery boat,
That thou might'st shine amid the green, like lily-leaves afloat.
I spread a sail of finest woof, scarce fit to hold the breeze,
That thou might'st be, my lone canoe, the darling of the seas!
There are no lookers on, my friend, but the free clouds of the sky—
So out upon the far blue waves, my sea-bird! thou and I!

Come, all ye fair and yellow-locked, ye children of the Goth,
Ye restless and disdained of sleep, yet more abhorred of sloth;
Come with your iron sinews, and your broad and dauntless brows,
Like argosies that quell the waves 'neath their imperial prow;
Down the good old German highway, whence our hosts went forth
to Rome,
Come with your harvest burden, and be welcome where ye come.

At Dusseldorf is many a *Hau'*, where the golden bush hangs out—
But ye, the wine-pressers, know well the wily bait to scout;
The 'good wine needs no bush,' as your old 'mortaires' wont to say;
'Let the juicy monks smack first, I trow the nuns wont turn away.'
Oh merry market crowds, as in a picture, still I see
Your looks like mellow waving corn, smiles dipping like the sea.

Old Father Teniers fondly loved your summer greenerie,
The low and dozing homestead, and the bourging threshold tree;
With the labyrinth of roses, and the dark and dreamy well,
And the *jodin* of the vineyard, and the merry curfew bell,
And the babes a-sporting round his knee—oh! Bawlers of Oberland,
The old man was a child again amid your mountain band.

And Luther, the uncanonised, the blessed then as now,
That pored upon the Holy Writ with a sunbeam on his brow;
For you he wrenched the tare up, and made clear the truthful
wells,

'Mid the crashing of the graven things, and the howling of the cello
The echo of his fearless voice still haunts your crowned hills,
And the blessings of his gentle heart around ye play like rills.

There's a music in your homely speech, a music of the heart,
That keepeth green the memory of golden-lyred Mozart;
Whether, like falling water, 'mid the brown vine leaves it sings,
Or floats 'neath the cathedral arch on soft angelic wings!
The holiest of your household gods, while hoary Hartz shall stand,
The 'rare old minesinger' shall abide within the land.

The sword is now a ploughshare, but the storied Rhine can tell
When the serried Schwartz-reiters came down, the work went brave
and well.

When the lances of Bavaria flashed, like lightning from the cloud,
And Almaine from her outraged heart pronounced her curse aloud,
Where then stood ye, oh stalwart and broad-breasted men of
Rhine?

In the first dread line of battle with the boldest of the line.

THE PIETY THE WORLD HATES.

It is not true that the world hates piety. The modest and unobtrusive piety which fills the heart with all human charities, and makes a man gentle to others and severe to himself, is an object of universal love and veneration. But mankind hate the lust of power, when it is veiled under the garb of piety; they hate canting and hypocrisy; they hate advertisers and quacks in piety; they do not choose to be insulted; they love to tear folly and impudence from the altar, which should only be a sanctuary for the wretched and the good.—*Sidney Smith.*

ZEAL OF PARTY.

Doctor, afterwards Dean Maxwell, sitting in company with Dr Johnson, they, talking of the violence of parties, and to what unwarrantable length party men will sometimes run, 'Why, yes, sir,' says Johnson, 'they'll do anything, no matter how odd or desperate, to gain their point; they'll catch hold of the red-hot end of a poker sooner than not get possession of it.'

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PRINCIPLE AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is the distinguishing characteristic of man to appreciate moral truth, and to follow its dictates from an inward principle, which is not a mere casual impulse, or current opinion of the day, but the calm deduction of the highest reason, harmonising with the declared will of God, and acting through the medium of an enlightened conscience.

A high authority teaches us to combat circumstances, and promises high rewards to those who 'overcome.' It urges us to be pure amongst the impure—not to go out of the world, but to overcome the evil which is in it. Thus we are taught that 'life is a warfare, in which we must side with the good or evil; and just in proportion as we show indecision, we shall invariably suffer as moral beings.' This opposing of 'circumstances' by force of an inward principle, is the great moral warfare in which all good and true men have to bear a part, and the weapons of their warfare are not carnal, but spiritual; that is, they consist of 'principles.' What numerous things there are in every-day life which might yield a momentary gratification, but from the commission of which a man of principle is continually deterred! He might take some step which would make him suddenly rich, but he is deterred from doing so if it should cause injury or suffering to his fellow-creatures; he might invade the liberties and enjoyments of his fellow-men with impunity; in fact there is no limit to the mischief which every man might commit, if not under the restraint we have indicated. Virtuous conduct, therefore, is but the amount of resistance to circumstances, and the amount of sacrifice we may have submitted to for the sake of principle. We know, from experience, that there is no eminence of any kind without effort, resistance, discipline; and the excellence of the attainment is generally in proportion to the severity of the discipline. Exercise and effort tend to improve all our faculties, mental and moral, as well as physical. Providence seems to have interposed the obstacles of 'circumstances,' in order to strengthen character, and to develop virtue. Virtuous conduct, therefore, is not a mere conventionality or convenience of action. That is not virtue which is never tested by trial and temptation. Virtuous conduct cometh out of the furnace, and shines with increasing lustre. Everything that is lovely in character, every act of moral bravery and virtue, derives its lustre from this battling with circumstances, and overcoming them. The virtuous conduct which is the mere result of circumstances, is not virtue at all. It may wear its garb; it may receive even the homage of the world; but, as we understand virtue, this is not it. The opposite view of the subject, which would give to circumstances a greater influence over the virtues of men than principle, would

deadens all our faculties. We should be always calling on Jupiter for help, instead of putting our shoulder to the wheel, and vigorously trying what strength we have in ourselves. If circumstance is to mould us, and to limit our virtues, we have nothing to hope for, no moral or spiritual good to aspire after. We may, in that case, lie down in despair.

'Circumstance' is anything or nothing, according to the weakness or strength of character and principle to resist. It exists, at the best, only in some *tangible* shape, some physical obstruction, some caprice of fortune, or some bugbear of the mind. Virtue, conscience, duty!—the power of moral appreciation exists independently of all these. Though the whole world in arms is against the man of principle, he remains unmoved, self-controlled, and self-rewarded. You may imprison his body, or take away his life, but you cannot deprive him of his principles. When the body dies, he believes that these principles of truth and duty will still survive. If not, why this feeling after immortality? why this discrepancy between what we are, and what we would aspire to be? If circumstances make virtue, what becomes of virtue when circumstances vanish away? All sublunary things are merely 'circumstances,' and will one day vanish to us all; but virtue, and the rewards of virtuous conduct, emanating from a spirit and principle within, will still survive. As 'men's outward fortunes do draw the inward quality after them,' so it is natural to believe that, in a future state, this 'inward quality' will still 'draw after it' the superior blessings of immortality.

Even in the outward circumstances of life, why do we choose certain individuals for places of trust and responsibility, but because we think their principles are proof against the temptations of circumstances. It is the same with public men—the self-denying spirit which makes the patriot and martyr to principle, and to duty, this is their only passport to confidence and true fame, as it is the only passport to our confidence on behalf of the poorest man we may employ. The same applies to all moral reformers, and to every individual man: you will find that the virtue is the amount of resistance which they have shown to circumstance. We teach this lesson to our children, as the only solid basis of all moral training: 'when wicked men entice thee, consent thou not;' when allured by the blandishments of transitory pleasure, look forward to futurity; when the days are dark, and the storms of trouble are threatening to overwhelm thee, still hold on to principle—be above 'circumstances!'

Even in temporal affairs, the advantages of being self-sustained by a fixed principle are most apparent. Men go into the wildernesses of the world surrounded with the most adverse circumstances; but the true man never despairs, so long as he has confidence in his prin-

ciples and in himself. He proceeds to do battle with them all: he fells the forests, he ploughs the fields, he sows his seeds, and in due time he reaps his reward.

This subject might be illustrated by the experience of every-day life. How notorious is the fact, that those children who have had the most done for them by circumstances, frequently turn out the least serviceable members of society! Pamper your offspring by circumstances, protect them and smother them with kindness, and you cannot take a more direct means of enfeebling their characters, and of robbing them of all genuine principle. On the other hand, who have always been the really influential and strong men of the day? Who are the men who have 'learned to endure hardness,' who can buffet most successfully against the frowns of fortune? Are they not generally those who are self-formed, who have done everything for themselves, who have had nothing to trust to but their own inward energies?

The same principle holds good in science, in literature, and in artistic eminence. It is not chartered universities, nor royal societies, nor the patronage of the great, which have produced the most splendid results. No: the fostering of circumstances *alone* never produced genius, nor virtue, nor eminence of any kind, and never will. It never produced a Watt or an Arkwright, a Stephenson or a Dalton. It never produced a poet like him

'Who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side.'

The same may be said of religion, or rather of the fostering and patronising influence of religious professions.

If circumstances without effort produced virtue, then those countries should be the most virtuous which are the most favourably situated as to natural advantages. The orange-groves and vineyards of Spain and Italy, one would think, should be abodes of virtue and of patriotism, if easy circumstances, and the absence of obstacles, could produce it. But what is the fact? As Goldsmith says, 'Whilst—

In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man is the only growth that dwindles here.'

The high rewards of virtue, it would appear, are not offered to the merely acquiescent and passive spectator of the scene. The most amiable dispositions even degenerate when not called into active exertion. 'The strength to suffer, and the will to serve,' are not acquired by sitting down contentedly with things as we find them. It is not by living a butterfly or caterpillar existence, and merely taking the colour of surrounding circumstances, that eminence or virtue of any kind can be attained.

But besides all this, the advocates of the supremacy of 'circumstances' destroy every vestige of human responsibility! You must then passively submit to a worse than Asiatic apathy or Turkish fatalism. Duty is no more! You have merely to consult your convenience, your pride, your covetousness, or your lust; and these will find ready instruments of gratification in the circumstances around you. Every fiend that could minister to the evil passions of man would then be let loose, and the world would become one great pandemonium of villany and corruption. 'Man, so noble in reason, so infinite in faculties, in action so like an angel, and in apprehension so like a god,' is then, after all, the mere sport of circumstances! Why, this is the most degrading and injurious view of human nature you could possibly take. For what are these high faculties, these godlike instincts given to us, but that we may vindicate the supremacy of our moral being, and make the world and ourselves better by a continual warfare with circumstances. The man of principle has a talisman in his own breast which makes circumstance his slave. In mere worldly affairs, by the force of principle, we may, as Shakespeare says, 'pluck out of the

nettle danger, the flower safety.' 'We may extract a soul of good out of things' apparently 'evil.'

We would freely admit the enormous power of circumstances in moulding men's *manners*, and in reconciling them to the customs around them. No person who has observed the monotony, the sameness, and the commonplace character of the mass of mankind, but must be struck with the enormous influence of circumstances in producing these results. Even men's opinions may appear to be the result of circumstances; but these are merely the floating hearsay opinions of the day, and are of no use to their possessors, or to the world. It is 'because the world is too much with us, because we have given our hearts away,' that we are so miserably dependent on external opinions and circumstances. When we ascend to the regions of moral truth, to principles, we are altogether in a higher sphere—we no longer passively submit to be thought *for*, and moulded *by* others: we begin to think for ourselves; to appropriate principles as our own; and as individuals, and though alone, can confidently fall back upon them in the day of need. A man like this is self-guided, and he becomes strong; and prevails so long as the motto of his shield is to 'bide-by the right.' There is no *right* and no *wrong* in human conduct, if you are the sport of 'circumstances;' no satisfactions of conscience for having stood by the right, no moral or spiritual progress for man, if he once embraces this degrading creed. No man can then be trusted in the common affairs of life: you give up the great principle of integrity between man and man: honour, faith, truth, and adherence to them, regardless of consequences, are then no more: you are then to wander forth into an unknown wilderness without a guide, and to sail on a trackless ocean without a compass, a rudder, or a chart, and with no haven of rest in prospect before you.

In these unbelieving times, it is difficult to make people perceive the mighty efforts which may spring from simple adherence to principle, even by a single individual. The world seems not to believe it, until some *one man* puts them all to the blush by adhering *to*, and suffering *for*, his principles. It is melancholy, in looking over the dreary waste of history, to find so few individuals, out of the vast mass, who have acted from principle such as we have attempted to describe. This may be truly described as 'the great tragedy of the world.' Still *there are a few*, and these few comprise the moral history and progress of mankind. By these the waverer is confirmed and called back to duty—the apathetic, and morally dead, are resuscitated to life and activity. It was one act of 'moral principle,' one act of resistance to circumstances, which made Joseph the saviour of his adopted country, and the deliverer of his people. There are a few kindred names in our modern history, and they are the turning-points of freedom, of reformation, and of religion. When the world stood aghast with fear, and was ready to give up the cause, these men of principle stepped into the breach, and turned the battle to the gate. Luther was made of materials like this; so were Ridley and Latimer, and a host of the early martyrs. By adhering to principle, Pym, and Hampden, and Cromwell wrested the sceptre from one of the proudest monarchies of the world, and saved their country from despotism; by adhering to principle, Greek and Roman sages, and patriots, and philosophers, have covered all future ages with traces of their classic glory. Even the deities in their pantheons are representatives of moral heroism, symbolising often in the rudest forms the triumphs of circumstance-defying principle. By principle, Washington saved his country from a foreign yoke, and founded that vast republic which is now the ark of refuge for the miseries and destitution of the world; by principle, Tell kindled in the mountains and valleys of Switzerland a love of freedom which will never die; by principle, more than by her armies and navies, our own beloved country remains to this

day the arbiter of Europe, and amidst all her troubles and perplexities, still possesses the undiminished confidence of the world. It is by the high principle of individuals, exhibited under trying circumstances, that any nation ever became truly great; and it is by the want of it that so many have decayed away. In the language of Scripture, 'the time would fail to tell' of those deathless names who, through faith in principle, and in opposition to circumstances, 'have wrought righteousness, and waxed valiant in fight' in the moral warfare of the world. The time would fail also to tell of those still more interesting triumphs of principle which are every day exhibited in the quiet recesses of private life—the integrity of dependents, the mutual assistance of the poor, the kindness shown to the aged and infirm, the tenderness which hovers over the couch of sickness, and which seeks out the prisoner in his cell, the beneficence of neighbours, and the faithfulness of friends—these, bad as the world is, are sufficient to cast a halo of moral greatness over the destinies of man, which *circumstances* can neither give nor take away.

THE WEST INDIA VOYAGER.

Atlantic Ocean, Nov. 7, 18—. After three days' grave deliberation, I have resolved to keep a brief journal of a part of our voyage. The formation of this resolution was on this wise. On Thursday morning, my fellow-voyager loudly declaimed against some of our passengers for speaking of that day as sacred to the memory of Guy Faux—a gross error (as he deemed it) in chronology. Now, Guy Faux's day it was, and it appeared to me plain that, unless we kept our reckoning better, we should lose a couple of days at least before reaching Jamaica. So I keep a journal to save time, and to spend it.

More than this, sea thoughts and sea sensations are to a landsman so various, that unless you describe them as they come, you lose them. No great loss perhaps; and yet there are some I have been conscious of during the last few days, the recollection of which I much wish, if only for the sake of contrast, to retain. Hence this my chronicle.

If I were an old Roman, and marked favourite days in my pocket-book with white chalk, Tuesday, Wednesday, and, I must add, Thursday of this week, would be marked with B. B. crayons, if such there are; if not, with coal black. Three mortal days, to say nothing of nights, we rolled, and creaked, and pitched, struggling with wind and waves without and within—but the tragedy is too recent to become the subject of dramatic description. The simple fact is, we had all the time a 'nasty cross sea,' with a head wind and a rolling vessel, and we adapted ourselves to our circumstances.

Two things in those three days are note-worthy. We discussed, with illustrations, the question, What is the disease of sea sickness—is it physical or mental? I thought it an affection of the brain, and argued pathetically enough—an idea confirmed by an ancient theory—that a man's thinking faculty is in his stomach. Beyond the weight of this coincidence, however, I am not inclined to attach much importance to this explanation.

The other note-worthy event remains. I had proof of the incorrectness of Bonaparte's celebrated dictum—'that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous'; a dictum which, I am aware, that some speeches of his illustrate. Here the sublime was on deck, in the raging sea and roaring wind; and the ridiculous below, in the countenances and groans of our passengers. Between them, we found not one step, but thirty! The great sayings of the greatest men are evidently not meant to be pushed too far.

Having started on Monday, on Thursday evening we rallied a little; on Friday, breakfasted on beefsteaks at one o'clock; and to-day we have had three regular meals—in the cabin—among a hundred and twenty fellow-travellers, and without a qualm. The weather is

already balmy and summer-like; the sea, an invisible green, nearly black; the wind fair; the company agreeable; and Madeira within *three days' sail*. Yes, three days' sail, for our progress is slow, and it will take eight days from Southampton to reach Madeira. 'But never mind,' says our steward; 'she took twelve days last voyage.' 'Rolling, sir?' 'Why, pretty well, but nothing to what I have known. The fact is, our steamer had last voyage a gale the whole way.'

Was ever seen such a ship's company? Our crew are in all about eighty persons. Our passengers 120—Germans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, omnipresent Scotchmen and English, besides Americans and West Indians. You will remember among our passengers the Dutch family. Their fore-elders certainly sat to Teniers: grandmother, mother, children, father, and all. There is also a laughing Spanish face (with body to match of course) whom Murillo might have painted. I speak of her with less confidence, however. Spanish archness is so imitable, and so likely to be imitated, that one can never be sure that it is genuine. The Dutch face and the Dutch figure are both safe from counterfeits. No one can copy them if they will, and nobody will copy them if they can. Might not this hint be sold to Messrs Freshfield? Only make bank-notes like Dutch young ladies, and who would forge them? The Dutch children come upon deck every day: they find few friends, however. Their faces are pleasing, and when lighted up with a smile, are even pretty; but their dress is sadly against them. One little fellow was before me to-day, with a large slit from his neck to his legs—in front and behind too. I did not dare to touch him, though strongly disposed. I should have expected to have seen him drop out of his covering, and so leave us both in an awkward plight: I with his clothes, *minus* the boy; and near me the boy, *minus* the clothes. On second thoughts, and after further examination, I fancy this dress is adopted for economy's sake. The little fellow has his trousers on, but no coat; or rather he wears as coat a wrapping of tropical air, a material confessedly light and inexpensive. Tell this hint to any six-boiled mothers you know. It may be worth something.

I wish I could give you an idea of one of our dinners: only one indeed have I attended; but before familiarity breeds contempt, I will chronicle it, though but briefly. Fancy, then, one hundred and twenty passengers, of all hues, shapes, beards, and head-dresses, airing themselves, and seeking appetites, and shunning nausea from ten o'clock till three. At four they rush below, take their seats to the sound of trumpet, and fill the cabin. First comes soup, then fish, then roast, boiled, grilled-fried flesh, fowl, and game of all sorts, some richly odorous, all obviously welcome. You look at your watch: it is five o'clock; for this is the business of the day. Then comes pastry; then cheese and celery; then dessert, and such wine as you please to order. By this time it is past six, and the dinner is done. Done? No—hardly: it is followed by cigars and walks on deck till eight o'clock, when eight bells ring, and summon us to tea. Our morning meal is at nine, and is equally hearty—chops, steaks, eggs, and fowl, with tea and coffee. The whole one hundred and twenty at once: for all defaulters show themselves now, and seem proud of their strength.

It is impossible to conceive a better half-way house to the tropics than Madeira. We arrived here early this morning, and have most of us been on shore for a few hours, admiring flowers, and fruits, and hanging-gardens on all sides—everything, in fact, of nature's workmanship, though but little of man's. Our vessel was surrounded, as soon as we dropped anchor, by Portuguese traders, who offered flowers, baskets, oranges, and tropical fruits in rich abundance. The noise and gestures of the salesmen would have bespoken in Ireland bloodshed at least; here they bespeak only the activity of the commercial spirit. After a ramble through the streets of the town—the thermometer at 75

degrees in the shade, and during the early morning—we mounted our horses, and ascended the steeps on which the town stands. The gardens abound with orange-trees, savannas, figs, and vines, and are often bordered with hedges of bamboo. The geranium and heliotrope, and double-white jasmine and the rose-tree (literally a tree), are still in full bloom, and hung over the roads and streets in luxuriant festoons. In our peregrinations we visited the cathedral, a gaudily-ornamented building. We afterwards went to the nunnery, where we were tempted to buy artificial flowers curiously beautiful, being made entirely of feathers. The sisters also showed us a collection of preserved fruits—pumpkins, figs, lemons, &c. Some of us yielded to the temptation, and brought off a pound of each, intending to bring part to England. C—fears our report will be—'It would not keep.'

We sail this afternoon for Barbadoes.

Nov. 14.—A sea voyage is, after all, a monotonous business. Our one hundred and twelve passengers—for we left eight at Madeira—breakfast, lunch, dine, and take tea as usual. The only novelties are dancing in the evening on deck, and most determined card-playing below. Our weather is glorious, very much like an English summer, and as yet not warmer. We must not boast, however, for we are still some distance from the tropical line: we expect to pass it to-morrow. The chief peculiarities in external objects are the sky and stars, the flying fish, and the phosphorescent appearances on the water. The stars shine out in much stronger relief than in England: at home they are too like candle ends, set in wet blankets; here they seem literally 'eye-holes to let glory through.' The position of the constellations, too, is entirely changed: earth there is none: but we are often tempted to believe that we are under a 'new heavens.' The flying fish have shown themselves repeatedly during the last few days: they are of the size of a herring, and fly along the surface of the water for a very considerable distance. Dolphins and sharks we have no hope of seeing: the noise of our paddles frightens them away.

Nov. 16.—Contrary to the usual practice on board steamers, we are to have a visit to-morrow from Neptune. He came on deck to-night, and announced to the captain his intention to visit us to-morrow. I saw Neptune—I ought to have said his messenger. He brought recent newspapers and despatches from his sea majesty—the despatches signed 'Neptune,' and witnessed by 'Amphitrite x her mark.' I must send an account to one of the youngsters.

We have been sadly baffled by the trade winds. They wafted us along for a day or two, and then left us. Their place is now supplied by a head wind. The only serious effect, however, is, that we shall have at Barbadoes but six hours instead of twenty-four. 'Never mind,' says our Admiralty agent, 'it's a filthy, broiling place.' Decisive indeed!

Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes, Nov. 24.—There are few things more amusing to one who visits the tropics for the first time than the heat—amusing, for heat is really a friend to good temper; more so, at all events, than cold. You wake in the morning before sunrise. You begin to wash, and by the time you have dried your face and hands, they need drying again! You put on your stockings, and though they be (as they ought to be) quite clean, you are obliged to have recourse to the towel again, or fall back on your pillow exhausted—and so on, till, at the end of an hour, your toil and toilet are ended. Then the heat of walking on deck begins. You sit under the awning, stretch out your neck to catch the breeze, and absolutely perspire with the effort. Your walking done, such as it is, you descend to breakfast—chops, rice, beefsteaks, eggs, tea. All eat and perspire, and perspire and eat again: the only interruption, 'Oblige me with that chop! 'How warm it is!' and such-like interesting communications. The walking on deck is resumed; and all is done to remind you that it is not winter. The sailors

are at their work, clothed in at most three garments, including a hat, and all scanty. The Dutch children—who turn out to be little Spaniards—have but one garment to cover them, Fernandian fashion. Our captain and many of our passengers are all in white, from head to heel (their very boots are white); and ladies and gentlemen all huddle together on the shady side of the deck, creating artificial gales enough to waft the ship out of her course did they all blow in one direction, instead of blowing in the fair faces (so called by courtesy) of the sufferers. On shore, the sailors' garments are not quite so complete; the children's dress is somewhat shorter; and ladies and gentlemen—not indeed of the highest class—dress (as to their arms, necks, and legs) in white or black, according to the countries where their parents were born. The heat of the tropics is really amusing!

We have to-day spent our first day on shore in the tropics—a very agreeable one indeed. Last night we saw land the first time for nearly a fortnight, and at eight o'clock dropt our anchor in Carlisle Bay, off Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes. How joyous is the sound of the chain-cable rattling out of the port-hole, as the anchor is seeking the bottom! It is really poetical, conveying to the mind, and to the heart too, the same ideas as 'home.' After breakfast this morning, some friends came on board for us, and invited us to their house. On reaching the shore, we all went to bathe, and after a quarter of an hour's drive, we found a bathing-house, built on piles in the sea, and protected from the sharks by a long coral reef, about a quarter of a mile from the land. Here we had a kind of tepid bath, which we greatly enjoyed. We afterwards dined on turkey, mutton, yams, sweet potato and rice, and sorrel puddings. . . . I ought to have said that before bathing we went to the market, and ate a couple of most delicious oranges and a piece of sugar-cane. After bathing, we had a short drive into the country among 'Barbadoes' pride,' tulip-trees, cocoa-nut-trees, plantains, papaws, negro huts, guinea-grass, sugar-cane, and naked black children, the whole very becoming and picturesque. The children here are real ornaments to the landscape, with their white teeth and occasional white shirts, their strong limbs and laughing faces. They are more precocious than with us; often walking at nine months, and looking quite observant and judicial at fifteen. The children painted by Spanish and Italian painters are quite natural, though so sedate and thoughtful. The laughing Saxon face contradicts this statement, but not so the southern and Indian.

The island of Barbadoes is for all the world like the Isle of Wight, and of the same size; most richly cultivated, but appearing somewhat bare and flat. It was a natural and pleasant fancy, as we neared the island, to imagine that we were sailing towards Cowes, having passed the Needles a couple of hours before. The cocoa-nut-trees and plantains, and the aforesaid amusing heat, soon dissipated this delusion, and said plainly enough—'Cowes! 'tis four thousand miles away!'

Bridgetown stretches along the sea-side, in a beautiful bay, for about two miles, and contains a population of some twenty thousand.

The blacks who own the boats that took us on shore are a sad set, but good-tempered and amusing. The first sound I heard from them in the morning was 'Poor Lucy Neal!' whistled in quite touching style. One fellow had called his boat 'John Weslen,' meaning John the Wesleyan; and cried out, 'John Weslen waits for you, ladies and gentlemen!' Another had called his 'The Friends,' and his cry was, 'The Friends, at your service: have the honour to take you on shore, sir?' The whole band showing their teeth and looking inordinately waggish. 'What's your charge?' 'A dollar a-piece, sir—it being notorious that a shilling had been the price all the morning—'No, no; we'll give a shilling for each of us.' 'Yes, sar, that will do.' Then sotto-voce, 'Make way there; the gentlemen are coming.'

Port of Spain, Nov. 28.—After a few hours' stay at

Grenada—one of the most beautiful harbours one can imagine—and a pleasant night sail, we reached Port of Spain about eleven o'clock on Thursday morning. The passage through the Bocas (between the Spanish main and Trinidad) is very fine, and the appearance of the hills, covered with tropical trees and vegetation to the very top, striking and grand. It often reminded me of the quieter order of Swiss scenery, and especially of the Lake of Lucerne, *minus* the Alps. Of course it is more luxuriant, and much less sublime. Seen on shore, however, the country is incomparably superior in beauty and richness to Switzerland. No language can give any adequate idea of it. The profuseness, the beauty, is absolutely extravagant. The streets of Port of Spain are all at right angles, and all end in bush or luxuriant savannas. In nearly every street you find the palm, the cocoa-nut, the bread-fruit, the plantain, and the orange or lemon-tree. In all, too, are beautiful flowering shrubs and plants. The very weeds of the street attract your eye, and prompt you to ask their name and quality. Viewed from the hills, the town has a very fine appearance, and you hardly know whether to call it a wood with residences interspersed, or a town in trees.

Yesterday I visited various country districts; and this morning—the thermometer at 90 degrees—we took a ride up one of the hills near the town. I shall never forget the impression of profusion which I received. The road passed, after leaving the end of the street, through a most graceful avenue of bamboo, each plant of great height and elegant form, the whole gradually closing at the top, a Gothic arch of nature's own making. We then caught a view of the town, the Gulf of Paria, gemmed with numerous islands, and the vast hills of the Spanish main on one side, and the steep wooded hills and dells of Trinidad on the other. As we went on, our road became narrower, till, about half a mile from the town, we reached the bush or woods. And what are they like? The very question I have been asking myself ever since I saw them. They are all round me at this moment, now bathed in light, 'dark through excessive brightness,' and now thrown into shade by some passing cloud; and yet I cannot liken them to anything in heaven or earth, or describe them in any terms more likely to give an idea of them, than if I were to describe one of Claude's paintings as made up of sea, marble columns, masts, glimpses of light, and a rich setting sun. Look at that stybiscus, with large scarlet flowers and leaf of dark green; and at that creeper that covers it, with most gigantic leaves, and flower of most delicate yellow; and again at that wild-pea, the colour of our flax-plant, but brighter, and with small leaves shaped like those of the acacia. Beneath the whole is the wild aloe: and behind and above, forming a fitting background, a group of trees of nearly every colour and shape; the feathery palm, with its clean graceful stem; the silk-cotton, with its light-coloured naked branches; the light-green plantain, and the bay-leaf-coloured orange; the whole covered with the bell-rope creeper, so strong and close, as to form an impenetrable wall of vegetation. He must be a very wayward, courageous donkey that can wander far in these thickets! He need not indeed wander at all; for without leaving the road (a narrow bridle path), he can feast on plants and leaves so rich and delicate, as to cast into the shade that most welcome of dainties—the flower and tender sprouts of the Scotch thistle.

Such objects as these scattered over hill and valley, diversified every here and there with small savannas and cane pieces, negro huts and naked children, are the *matériel* of our landscape. But, as above, 'sea, columns, masts, light, and sunset,' is but a poor description of Claude; nor is mine a better description of the scenery of the tropics.

The governor, a very intelligent and liberal man, has ascertained that one in twenty-three of the population attend schools. Estimating the population at 60,000 (the last census), the number of scholars at all the

schools is about 2600. The great body of the people are unable to read, and are lamentably ignorant. The island might supply all Europe with sugar: it produces but 25,000 hogsheads, a quantity which may be raised under circumstances less favourable than those of Trinidad by 5000 labourers.

The great misfortune of this island, as well as of all other islands in the West Indies, is, that the proprietary is over head and ears in debt, and are therefore unable to work their estates with advantage. Nearly all the sugar estates are mortgaged. The mortgagee receives six, eight, ten, or twelve per cent. All the sugar is sent home—not sold on the spot for money—to the mortgagee in his ships, and sold by him on commission, the proceeds being invested, also on commission, in whatever is wanted for the estate. The mortgagee often receives for interest and commission one-fourth of the whole produce; labour and plants nearly all the rest. Estates which are free from mortgage, and are in the hands of owners, everywhere answer well.

The labourer generally receives four bits a day (1s. 8d.), and lives rent-free. Each, too, has a garden as large as he can cultivate. This mixture of wages and rent is a vicious system, and the evils of it are aggravated by the continuance of practices which in slavery were bad enough, but which ought not to be allowed among free men.

Trinidad, December.—One of the 'lions' of the West Indies is a negro quarrel. They never fight or strike, but scream and gabber, and shout like . . . None, however, but themselves, can be their parallel! I never heard such laughter, nor saw such gesticulations! Two ladies were quarrelling to-day near our vessel. Their eyes shot fire; their nostrils were distended; every muscle and ribbon took part in the fray; and at length the bolder of the two (both being as black and as glossy as jet), having reserved her heaviest shot for the last, paused a moment, retired a few steps, and said—'You he! you he!' Then with the emphasis of a cannon ball—'Who are you, you African nigger!' and walked away. Half an hour after, the defeated combatant was pacing the quay, 'discoursing most eloquent music'—to the air. The storm had not yet subsided; and though no one was within hearing, and she was perfectly sober, she was still spending her strength in abuse. I have frequently come in for the tail of such a storm, and supposed that the declaimant was drunk or lunatic, but now find that this is their favourite mode of obtaining relief.

Out of the towns, the roads in Trinidad are made of the natural soil, which is rich, very deep and loamy, and entirely free from stones. The rainy season, which usually begins in June, did not begin this year till July, and has not yet ended. The rain of five months is now, therefore, on the roads, which are entirely undrained, and often not wider than an ordinary footpath. When they are wider, they resemble nothing so much as an Irish bog. Deeming it important to visit various parts of the island, we started on Monday in the steamer for San Fernando, some twenty miles down the coast. There we were joined by another friend; and after hiring horses, started about two o'clock for a station about twelve miles in the interior. Our way lay through brush and sugar-pieces. In the former, the road was covered in on all sides with bell-rope creepers, plantains, and other trees, and was but wide enough for one horse at a time; in the latter, horse and rider were overtopped by the luxuriant sugar-cane, which was seen, when you reached a little rising ground, to cover the whole view. The rain fell heavily, and our horses sunk at nearly every step up to their knees, and often up to the girth. By the time we reached our destination we were completely mudded through. There we found one room, one hammock, one chair, one cup, one knife and fork—no two—the whole on the top of a hill, on a spot which had been recently cleared; while all round it, and within a few yards, was dense forest. Unhappily, our servant, one of the poor outcasts from

Madeira, was ill of fever, so that we had to wait upon ourselves. We first changed our clothes, had a thorough ablution, and a vigorous dry-rubbing; then lighted our wood fire, and had a cup of coffee, with a little sweet cassada-root, the only bread of that district; gave the poor Portuguese some medicine, and composed ourselves to sleep—I in the sole hammock: my companions on the cedar floor. By sunrise we rose—two of us thankful, like Wesley, when in Cornwall, that the skin of one side was left; and all thankful that we were none the worse for our ride. The morning was wet, and the rain came down in true tropical style. We started, however, for another station, distant about twelve miles. The roads were even worse than on the previous day. We had a long ride through brush and cane-pieces, and by seven o'clock, reached the hut of a friend, a black man, who is employed as a teacher. He has also built a neat wooden chapel and schoolhouse: the whole is of cedar, and would have cost us more than L.100. We again changed; and after giving our horses a good feed of Indian corn, and ourselves taking a supper of rice and salt fish, retired to our hammocks (of Indian manufacture), and slept as soundly as the pattering rain would allow. The next morning we had a long chat on business; and about one o'clock, two of us started for San Fernando, distant some fifteen miles. Mr C—— strongly dissuaded us from proceeding, and urged us to return with him to his residence, and thence to San Fernando. But our dry clothes were all used up, and we could not well get them dried again: my companion began to feel chilly and feverish; nor was there any prospect of the weather improving: we had seen all we came to see, and did not feel it right to continue exposing ourselves to the effects of quietness and inaction. We therefore started alone; and after three hours' hard riding up hill and down hill, through rivers and bogs, reached San Fernando by four o'clock: the only accident was, that my companion's horse fell with him, and threw him into the mud literally over head and ears. He was previously 'muddled through,' so that the accident was not serious. At San Fernando we obtained a third change, a dinner, and a passage by the steamer, reaching Port of Spain about half-past ten. Such roads for mud and vegetation I never conceived of; and such is their state for four or five months in every twelve! For conveying sugar and other produce they are wanted only in the dry season, when all is dried, and the soil is burnt nearly to the hardness of brick. The only travellers who use them now are Europeans and others who ride, and the labourers who travel, without encumbrance. All provisions, except yams, sweet potatoes, cassada, Indian corn, and the common fruits, are brought upon the heads of carriers from San Fernando.

During the ride I made the acquaintance of several large lizards, and a couple of scorpions, one of which Mr C—— had caught in the roof of his little hut a few weeks before. It was also my first introduction to large sugar estates, swampy bush, missionary tours in their worst form, Indian houses (of bamboo), Trinidad mud and roads. We are, however, and in spite of all, none the worse. This I ascribe to the free use, internally and externally, of cold water.

As the evening draws on in this island, there are some of the oddest sounds and sights imaginable. They are introduced by the buzzing of an insect, which reminds you of the hum of a room of spinning-jennies. By and by a shrill strong whistle startles you. It might be the railway train leaving Southampton: but no; it is only the rain beetle. Now you hear the frogs; one set howl and snap, like the baying of a pack of fox-hounds a mile or two off; and that cry, so like that of a drowning man, the water gurgling in his throat, is from this gentleman here, whose mouth you see just above the water. He will continue his pleasant melody till the morning; and if the mosquito wake you—or worse still, the prickly heat, a burning, pricking, itching sensation, which attacks your feet and arms—you

can exercise your benevolence in throwing imaginary ropes to imaginary drowning men. In Port of Spain you can hear them all night. These lights fitting up and down—now here, now there—and which lead you to believe that the whole insect world has a ball to-night, and that these are the servants carrying lights for their mistresses, are the fire-flies. The cane-piece and the wood are quite lighted up by them. At Savanna, they startled me into the fear that the roof of our hut was in flames. The humming-birds of the island are known all the world over—very gay and beautiful they are.

Grenada, December.—Friday and Saturday we spent in visiting the governor, the chief-justice, and others. Early in the week we went on board our steamer, and had a glorious parting view of the hills and city of Port of Spain. All the hills throughout the island are in bush, as is most of the land. Out of 1,000,000 acres, only 25,000 are under cultivation; and these yield L.400,000 worth of produce!

We reached Grenada this morning (Monday), and here we stay till Thursday. Not a book-shop in the place! The steamer taking in coals, and the stewards scrubbing the decks. The weather is most unusually wet, so that I am confined on board, and almost entirely below. The sun burns intensely one moment, and the next the sky is overcast, and the rain comes down wholesale (till everything floats) in torrents. Now you see a rainbow on the sea and in the sky, and the shower is gone—to be followed with quite Irish profusion by another, and yet another still. They make the air quite oppressive. Happily, as this letter starts for England, I also go on to Jamaica.

THE BAD FIVE-SHILLING PIECE.

In the farthest house, in a dark, damp, and dreary court of St Giles's in London, two black-looking men and a poor emaciated woman were busy over a charcoal fire, in the back room of the third floor of that rotten and dingy tenement. Moulds and implements of coining lay on the floor and on an old table; and the strong smell of bad gin, from a broken-necked and uncorked bottle, diffused itself around the room. The presence of poverty, vice, crime, and misery characterised the tenement and its tenants. In this place, and under these agencies, our bad five-shilling piece was smelted, and moulded, and stamped into its sorry existence. How it was put into circulation among the sterling current coin of the realm we shall not stop to inquire. From pickpockets to their victims, from them to the shopkeepers, it somehow passed on, until at length it came into the hands of Mrs Hoardlings of the Commercial Road.

Mrs Hoardlings of the Commercial Road was the wife of a tradesman well to do in the general grocery line. Together they had papered up no little amount of cash, on which to retire one day to suburban quietness. They had indeed well picked their plums. Those two or three neat new little cottages in Limehouse-Fields were old Hoardlings's. Cayenne pepper is not stronger than that fact. Then there were several gas shares: tallow candles had opened the way for gas lights: tea, too, was the first letter in tenements: young Hyson, the dashing young Chinese man, had helped his old English friend: full-flavoured Mocha also had often filled his cup. Moreover, his butter had ever worn a rich golden hue, and he had fortunately never buttered his fingers. His starch and his money-till were therefore not far apart. Whether the Hoardlings would ever retire, however, was a matter of considerable doubt to their acquaintances. They had already talked of it for at least the last twelve years. It was true they had no family, but still love of gold was a growing child. Retire, indeed!—not they.

How it ever should have happened that Mrs Hoardlings should have taken a bad five-shilling piece was far beyond her own comprehension. She could scarcely

conceive it possible. Who could have passed it to her? It was certain, however, that she herself had taken it, as her husband had been out during the day on the evening of which she had discovered it in the till. She was not suspicious, but she had some slight misgivings as to a thin lad with a ragged yellow article loosely tied round his neck. He had come in for a pound of candles—fourteen. She had never seen him before, and perhaps never should again. However, she would keep the matter snug—her husband should not know she had been such a stupid. Stand the loss she would not: somebody must be the loser, but that was no reason why she should. Such was the philosophy of the Commercial Road.

It was on a Saturday evening, at a late hour, that the shop was still full of customers. Mrs Hoardlings, with her sleeves tucked high up the arm, was up to her eyes in business, and also up to something else. 'Half-a-pound of twelves,' threepence; 'bacon,' fippence; 'pepper,' ha'penny; 'pound of moist,' fourpence; 'half-a-pound of butter, salt,' sixpence; 'ounce and half of tea,' fourpence—ha'penny: 'threepence—eightpence—ha'penny—one and a ha'penny—one and six and a ha'penny—one and elevenpence, ma'am.' Just as this was settling, in came Bill Simmons the omnibus conductor, puffing and blowing, and not a little intoxicated. 'Ounce of best shag, and change for this here,' said Bill, ringing a half-sovereign on the counter. 'As quick as you please, missis, for I am in a hurry,' he added. Mrs Hoardlings was very quick. The tobacco was soon weighed and placed in Bill's black bone box, and the change given from her pocket—a five-shilling piece, and some odd silver and coppers. With this Bill was off. Need we say what five-shilling piece went with him?

In the depths of her mind, Mrs Hoardlings had before determined that somebody must be the loser by that bad five-shilling piece, but that that was no reason why she should be so. Noble determination!—generous resolution!—honest philosophy of the Commercial Road! Was Bill Simmons, the poor 'busman, then to be the loser, and that, too, when omnibus fares were being reduced on all sides, and omnibus servants having their wages in consequence curtailed? Just so—this was the practical point in Mrs Hoardlings's Commercial Road ethics. Somebody must be the loser—not she. Why then not Bill Simmons as well any one else? Why then not Bill Simmons more than any one else? Bill Simmons was a stranger to Mrs Hoardlings: Mrs Hoardlings was a stranger to Bill Simmons. All the better this. Bill Simmons drove a Clapton omnibus. He only happened to be out in the Commercial Road that night on what he called a jolly spree. Mrs Hoardlings, it is true, never knew all this. She knew that he was a stranger to the shop, and speculated accordingly. As it was, her speculation succeeded. Bill Simmons took no note of the shop or the money. Mrs Hoardlings was safe. What mattered it that Bill Simmons was poor; somebody must lose—not she. It was true the Hoardlingses had gas shares, and those neat new little cottages in Limehouse-Fields. It was true that they thought of retiring, and that the loss of five shillings would not have been much. Was it honest?—that thought never occurred to Mrs Hoardlings—never entered into the ethics of the Commercial Road. Somebody must lose—not she. With his bad luck, poor Bill Simmons! With all her savings, still poorer Mrs Hoardlings! Fortunate was it for the former that he had closed up his day's account with the clerk of the company before taking her bad five-shilling piece.

It was Sunday evening. Bill was about starting with his omnibus from Clapton on its return to town. Eleven insides and three outs had already taken their places. Up came a gentleman and lady out of breath, for it was past ten o'clock, and they were afraid of losing the ride.

'Town, sir?' said Bill.

'Room inside?' said the gentleman.

'Just room for two,' was the answer; and the poet and his wife—for such they were—took their seats in the vehicle. The omnibus rattled off along the Clapton Road, through Hackney, past the Eastern Counties Railway terminus, to the Flower-Pot in Bishopsgate Street, where it stopped. Out went a white-headed old gentleman very carefully. Out rolled a fat lady, equal to any two other fares in size and weight. Out popped a dapper young clerk, paid his fare, and was off with a twirl of his cane. Out came the poet and his wife, the former fumbling in his trousers pocket.

'Ellen, my dear,' said the poet, 'I thought I had change. Did I give it you?'

'No,' answered the wife; 'you put it in your pocket.'

'It is not here now, then,' said he. 'It was six or seven shillings, and I recollect I put it in loosely.'

'Feel in the other pockets, my dear,' said the wife. The poet did so. Meanwhile the other passengers had paid their fares, and Bill Simmons stood waiting for his. In vain the pockets were each examined. There was the poet's purse, but no loose silver was there.

'Turn the one out, sir, where you thought it was!' exclaimed Bill. The poet did so. There was a hole in it; the purse had remained safe, but the loose silver had worked its way out.

'Thank God,' said the poet, 'there is no thief in the matter; that sin is in no one's heart.'

'Let's look in the 'bus,' said Bill. A lantern was procured, and a search made among the straw; but no money was found. The loss must have taken place at Clapton, when they were hastening after the omnibus.

'It cannot be helped,' said the poet, taking out his purse; 'you must give me change.'

The purse was a green silk one, on which was a three-stringed lyre, worked in gilded beads by the poet's wife. It contained one sovereign. The poet handed it to Bill Simmons, and received the change, among which was the bad five-shilling piece, which had rested undisturbed in Bill's pocket since it had passed from the honourable hands of Mrs Hoardlings. Bill was innocent, but he had not been tempted.

The poet and his wife wended their way to their lodgings. 'It is a sad loss seven shillings,' said the poet sorrowfully.

'Never mind,' said the wife, struggling to keep up her spirits, 'the "Sixpenny Magazine" owes five pounds.'

'When will it pay it?' said the poet despairingly.

Thus hoping and fearing, they walked on, until they reached the Commercial Road. They stopped at the house where they lodged. What name is that over the shop front?—surely it is HOARDLINGS! Yes, the poet lodged in the first floor of Mrs Hoardlings—the identical Mrs Hoardlings. How strange!—the bad five-shilling piece, which had gone out on Saturday night, had come back on Sunday night to the same house.

On rising the next morning after a restless night, the poet's wife reminded her husband that that day their week's rent was due. He had not forgotten it.

'What shall we do, love?' said she.

'Pay, by all means,' answered he. 'I have not forgotten the woman's insolence when we owed her a week before.'

Poor poet!—on his purse, indeed, was worked a lyre with golden strings, but the sovereign he had changed the preceding night was the only one that he possessed. Thus, then, arose the immediate consideration of ways and means. By contributions to the magazines, and articles for the newspapers, he seldom made more than thirty shillings per week, and sometimes not twenty. Then the editors were not always punctual in their payments; and some of his literary debtors sinned more than by want of punctuality. At the present crisis he had just nineteen shillings in hand. Of this, twelve shillings were owing Mrs Hoardlings as rent for her two furnished first-floor rooms, and five-and-sixpence for sundry items procured at her shop during the past week, which, when paid, would reduce their capital to exactly eighteenpence. However, the poor, proud poet

determined to pay it, and to trust to his week's exertions, and the recovery of his back debts, for the necessary supplies.

Accordingly, as usual, Mrs Hoardlings was called up. She came, looking most graciously. A bland smirk displayed her yellow teeth.

'We would pay our rent, Mrs Hoardlings,' said the poet's wife.

'Thank ye, ma'am,' replied that excellent dame.

The purse with the lyre of gilded strings was produced; the money was counted out—a five-shilling piece, two half-crowns, and seven-and-sixpence in small change. Mrs Hoardlings re-counted it hesitatingly.

'It is right, I believe,' said the poet's wife.

'Seventeen-and-sixpence certainly; but then this five-shillinger,' said Mrs Hoardlings, inspecting that coin rather curiously, which, whether known or unknown, was an old acquaintance.

'What do you mean, Mrs Hoardlings?' said the poet, rising from his seat, and approaching the table.

'That this here five-shillinger is a bad un—that's all,' said Mrs Hoardlings, bridling up. 'In coorse,' added she, 'I do not say as how you knowed it.'

'A bad one!' repeated the poet, turning red—a sign much more frequently of nervousness than of guilt. 'Let me see it, Mrs Hoardlings!' He felt the five-shilling piece—it felt soft and greasy; he tried it upon the table—it emitted a dead leaden sound; he examined its rim—it was irregular. 'You are right, Mrs Hoardlings,' said he, his face changing to white; 'it is a bad one. I took it from an omnibus man last night.'

'Oh the rascal!' exclaimed Mrs Hoardlings, almost bursting with righteous indignation.

'Who would have thought he would have cheated us under such circumstances?' murmured the poet's wife.

'Let us not judge, my dear,' said the poet, turning to his wife; 'perhaps the man was no more aware of its being a bad coin than ourselves. Mrs Hoardlings,' he continued, looking rather sheepishly at that lady, 'I am very sorry; but as this has occurred, I have not the means to settle your bill. We had the misfortune to lose some cash last night, in running after the omnibus whose conductor passed us this bad five-shilling piece. You can take enough for the rent, and we will settle the bill for the articles furnished when we pay next week.'

Mrs Hoardlings hesitated a moment, and then replied, 'What must be, must, I suppose. Haven't got, can't pay anyhow. But it's best as I speak to the master; and with these words, and a most mysterious air, she departed with the good twelve-and-sixpence, leaving the bad five-shilling piece on the table.

An age of suspense was crowded in a minute for the poet and his wife. Presently in bounced Mrs Hoardlings again, without the usual ceremony of rapping at the door.

'Master says that he can't understand trusting!' she exclaimed. 'Our business has always been a ready-money one. Howsumever, as you are here, we'll try another week; but as we can't afford losing, master says as how you'll please to take a week's warning to leave. Litterary people is so unsartin, as you knows as well as we,' concluded Mrs Hoardlings in a justificatory tone.

'Very well, Mrs Hoardlings,' replied the poet. 'I understand what you mean, and take your notice; but I have no doubt of being able to pay you next week.'

'Hope so, sir,' said Mrs Hoardlings retiring.

Oh the poor poet! Oh the poorer Mrs Hoardlings! Gas shares! Neat new little cottages at Limehouse-Fields! Bad five-shilling piece!

A sad week was it to the poet. He wrote to the editors who owed him money; he called at their offices: it was in vain. Some were out of town; others, more honestly, declared that they would only settle at their own convenience, and those contributors who were dissatisfied, might suit themselves elsewhere. A sad week also was it for the poet's wife. She was a comfortable little

body, and liked to prepare tit-bits to surprise her husband. They fed badly that week, however; although, unknown to the poet, she had pawned her earrings to furnish a rump-steak for the Sunday dinner. Meanwhile the bad five-shilling piece had rested untouched on the mantelpiece. There it lay, the unconscious instrument which had accelerated, if not produced, the present misfortune of the poet. On the Sunday evening the poet noticed it; and saying, 'Poor thing! thou shalt do no one more injury,' threw it into the fire. It was soon a formless lump of lead.

The morning of pay-day arrived. A sad seriousness sat on the faces of both the poet and his wife. He had determined to pay, and to leave. He had given up all hopes of receiving any money to meet the emergency; and he therefore took the watch his father had left him to the pawnbroker's, and returned with the sum advanced upon it, which was more than was requisite to pay Mrs Hoardlings's claims. She accordingly was summoned up, and appeared in sullen state. The money was counted out to her, and the poet then stated that, in agreement with her notice, they were about departing.

'Going, sir!' said Mrs Hoardlings; 'I only meant you to go if you could not pay!'

'Probably so,' said the poet; 'but we received formal notice, Mrs Hoardlings, and we intend to abide by it.'

Just at this moment the postman rapped at the street-door, and the girl ran up with a letter for the poet. He opened it, and found enclosed a cheque for £5 from the 'Sixpenny Magazine.' The poet's wife smiled. Mrs Hoardlings also having caught a glimpse of the cheque, and probably magnified its amount, was the more urgent for them to stop. She was sure she did not wish them to part—not she. Only her master and she were hard-working people, and couldn't afford to lose. She begged their pardon if she had been too quick—that she did. However, the poet was determined to leave; and he did so. His wife and he soon found some neat little lodgings farther towards the country at a cheaper rent. There he struggled on with a good conscience. Three months afterwards he passed Mrs Hoardlings, and her first floor was yet unlet. Moreover, the poet made a song, and the poet's wife sung it:—

'Owls and bats come home to roost,
Larks soar upward to the sky;
Evil deeds are birds of night,
Holy thoughts to Heaven fly.
Pass a wrong, and it will back;
Do the right, and never fear;
For evil deeds there is an eye,
For evil words there is an ear.
Evil deeds, like money bad,
Will come back to the giver;
But innocence, like gold in fire,
Is purified for ever.'

LAND AND FRESH-WATER SHELLS.

ALMOST every one who has resided at any period of his life near the seashore, more especially if it has been at that joyous age when all natural objects possess a charm which too often becomes blunted in after years, knows something of marine shells. Their beautiful forms and colours, or shining pearly whiteness, as we picked them out of the yellow sand, or searched for them among the drifted pebbles and sea-weeds, are frequently among our earliest and most pleasing recollections. But how few people have any idea that there are such things as land and fresh-water shells! With the exception of the common garden snail (*Helix aspersa*), which is familiar to most people, this class of animals is but little known except to the scientific. Yet under almost every stone, and in every pond, ditch, and streamlet, are beautiful little molluscs, with forms as

perfect as any of their marine congeners, silently yet certainly fulfilling their appointed offices in the wondrous scheme of the Creator, by affording food to numerous birds, fishes, and small quadrupeds.

Land shells may be found almost everywhere. Moss, dead leaves, decayed wood, and beneath stones, are their favourite haunts, where they remain during the winter months, and in dry weather, in summer, coming out after rain to feed upon the adjacent herbage. Although very voracious, as their ravages among our fruit, flowers, and vegetables amply testify, yet they can remain for lengthened periods without food, and frequently retain their vitality long after they have been placed as specimens in the cabinet of the conchologist. This is easily explained by the faculty they possess of closing the mouth of the shell by a film of mucus; which in long-protracted drought, and on the approach of winter, is in some species thickened by deposits of shelly matter, until it becomes a calcareous plate, which effectually protects the inmate till the return of more genial weather. This lid, or *epiphragma*, as it is termed, is easily observed at any time during the winter months in the common snail, in which, however, it is only membranous. In a similar manner, the shell is formed by successive deposits of mucous and calcareous secretions, and is, in fact, moulded on its body, as it grows, by the animal, which likewise has the faculty of repairing in the same way all fractures which are not of sufficient extent to derange the natural functions. In the summer months, snails may often be found with the edge of the shell thin and soft. This is the first or mucous deposit, and forms the outer coat, or *epidermis*, of the shell, within which the calcareous matter is subsequently deposited; the beautiful spots and bands on the outer surface being placed between by glands adapted for the purpose.

In this, as in many other departments of nature, different species frequent different soils and geological formations. Thus some are peculiar to heaths and sandy maritime pastures, where they are sometimes so abundant, when roused from their retreats by summer showers, as to have given rise to the notion that they fall from the clouds with the rain; others frequent chalky districts; many are found in woods and damp shady places; and a few in elevated and rocky situations. The British species are upwards of seventy in number, and have been divided into various genera, characterised by the form of the shells and structure of the animals. The most important of these, as containing the greatest number of species, and the largest in size, is that of the snails (*Helix*). This genus contains some of our most beautiful land shells, and comprises every gradation in size, from the handsome *Helix pomatia*, nearly two inches in diameter, to the minute *H. lamellata*, not larger than a mignonette seed. Their colours are often disposed with great elegance in spots, and bands of dark brown or black, upon a light-brown, yellow, or pink ground; and nothing can surpass the delicacy of tinting and pencilling in such species as the banded snail (*Helix pisana*). Although rather repulsive from their slimy nature, several of them have been used as food. The edible snail (*Helix pomatia*), in particular, has been employed in this way by the continental nations since the time of the Romans, who fattened them on purpose. At one time it seems to have been even admitted at our own tables, as Martinus Lister, in his 'Historia Animalium Angliæ, Lond. 1678,' mentions the manner of cooking them in his time: 'Coquantur ex aqua fluviatili, et, adjectis oleo, sale, et pipere, lautum ferculum præparant.' Ben Jonson also mentions this dish as a delicacy—

— 'Neither have I
Dressed snails or mushrooms curiously before him.'

In Provence, the *Helix aperta*, or tapada snail, a much smaller species, is eaten, and considered the most delicate kind. The common snail 'is sold,' according to Mr Gray, 'in Covent-Garden market, as a cure for diseases

of the chest, boiled in milk; and quantities are collected, and packed in old casks, and sent to the United States of America as delicacies.' The edible snail, if more abundant in this country than it is, might also be made use of in another way, as Dr Turton observes—'After the animal has been extracted, there remains at the bottom of the shell a glairy transparent matter, which affords one of the best and most durable cements in nature, resisting every degree of heat and moisture.'

The animals of this genus afford an acceptable food in severe weather to those delightful songsters of our woods and gardens, the blackbird and song thrush, whose efforts to fracture the protecting shell are sometimes most interesting. One species, the *Helix nemoralis*, or girdled snail, is frequently infested by a parasitic insect, the larva of a small yellowish beetle, the *Drilus flavescens* of entomologists; and it is perhaps not generally known that the chief food of the glow-worm (*Lampyrus noctiluca*) in the larva state consists of young snails, which it seizes, kills, and finally devours. The empty shells of several species are likewise appropriated by the mason-bees of the genus *Osmia*; and in these rather singular receptacles they build their cells, and store up a supply of food for their progeny. This curious fact seems to have been first recorded by Huber, and has since been frequently observed by our English entomologists.

The twist-shells (*Bulimus*) are another interesting genus, and are remarkable, along with the close-shells (*Clausilia*), for their elegant spiral forms. The latter have also the peculiarity of a reversed aperture, the mouth of the shell opening to the left hand instead of the right—a peculiarity of structure which is also observable in one or two other genera and species. But perhaps the most singular of all are the little chrysalis and whorl-shells (*Pupa* and *Vertigo*), found sticking to the under sides of stones in woods and dry pastures. They are of almost equal width throughout their whole extent, resembling mummies or the transition state in insects, and generally have the inside of the mouth set round with small shining points or teeth, the use of which does not seem satisfactorily ascertained, though it is probable that they serve in some degree to prevent the intrusion of enemies, like the singular elastic valve which closes the mouth of the *Clausilia*, or the winter *epiphragma* of many species.

Fresh-water shells are even more varied and beautiful in their forms than the terrestrial species, which they much resemble in many points of their economy. They are generally distributed over the fresh waters of our island, some species being found in rivers and running streams, others in ditches and stagnant pools, and many in lakes and ponds. They may be divided into univalves and bivalves: the former consisting, like the land shells, of one piece; the latter of two, connected by a hinge. Most of the univalves, although living in a different element, respire free air, like the land shells, and come to the surface occasionally for this purpose. At such times they crawl up the stems and leaves of water plants, or the sides of stones, sometimes coming entirely out of the water. They have also the faculty, in common with the bivalves, of floating with their backs downwards, and with their fleshy foot extended on the surface, which they thus traverse as on a solid plane. The bivalves, and one or two genera of the univalves, respire water by means of gills or branchiæ, and are therefore strictly aquatic.

These shelly denizens of our ponds and ditches are not so numerous in species as those of the land, but generally exceed them in individual numbers. Altogether, there are about fifty-two species indigenous to Britain, of which thirty-five are univalves, and the remaining seventeen bivalves. Among the univalves we may notice the pond snails (*Limnæida*), comprising several genera of great elegance, the principal of which are the mud-shells (*Limnæa*) and the coil-shells (*Planorbis*). The former may be frequently seen sticking, like small muddy excrescences, on the sides of submerged stones,

or the smooth surface of the mud, where they are easily overlooked by the unpractised eye; but when brought to the surface, and freed from the mossy incrustation with which they are covered, we have elegant, spirally-twisted shells, transparent, and nearly colourless, or tinted with various shades of brown, according to the species or the nature of the soil. The coil-shells are well described by their name. Instead of being twisted in a spiral form, they are evenly coiled in a gradually-increasing circle, like the fossil *Ammonites*. In habits they resemble the *Limnæa*, with this exception, that they are seldom found among mud. Then we have the little fresh-water limpets (*Ancylus*), which adhere to the stones in brooks, and sometimes in lakes, where the water is clear. One species adheres firmly to aquatic plants.

Turning to the bivalves, we have the gigantic swan mussel (*Anodon cygneus*), which lives deep in the mud of lakes and ponds, and grows upwards of half a foot in width. This shell occasionally contains pearls, though not so frequently as the fresh-water pearl mussel (*Unio margaritifera*), which, from the nature of its habitat in rocky mountain streams and rivers, is more liable to those incidental injuries and irritations to which the formation of these much-prized productions may generally be traced. The pretty little shells of the genera *Cyclas* and *Psidium* present a marked contrast to their congeners just mentioned, in their small and frequently diminutive size. They are very compact and neat in form, somewhat resembling miniature cockles, and are found abundantly both in stagnant and running waters, generally lying at the bottom among the mud and sand.

In concluding this hasty sketch of our land and fluviatile shells, we would earnestly recommend all lovers of nature to investigate them for themselves. They are within the reach of every one who has time and inclination for a country walk, and will well repay the trouble of searching for them in their respective haunts, by the gratification and instruction they are so well fitted to afford.

MOIRA HOUSE AT TWO EPOCHS.

CHANGE and decay are such unfailing attendants on humanity, that their ravages do not surprise, however they may afflict us; so that, after a long separation from the friends of our early years, we are quite prepared, on meeting them again, to find that the freshness and buoyancy of youth have been succeeded by the infirmities of age. But when decay affixes its stamp prematurely on objects of a more enduring character, a feeling of disappointment arises within us, and we are almost surprised to find how deeply we may be moved by the crumbling of stone, or the dilapidation of some well-remembered edifice.

In no other place, perhaps, are such emotions more frequently awakened than in Dublin, where the fine buildings which, about fifty years ago, were the abode of rank and wealth, are now neglected and decayed. One of her former palaces has in recent times been the receptacle of misery, singular both in its character and its amount; and the contrast between its earlier and its later condition has fixed itself too vividly in my memory ever to be forgotten.

Upwards of sixty years ago, I was, during my early youth, a frequent guest at Moira House, a princely dwelling, situated on Usher's Island, which at that time was a more fashionable quarter of Dublin than it is in the present day. It was then inhabited by the Earl and Countess of Moira and their family. Lady Moira (daughter of the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon) was a woman of superior intellect and acquirements, so that she delighted to gather around her all who had any pretension to literary or professional celebrity. The family party was a large and distinguished one, comprising the late Marquis of Hastings (then General Lord Rawdon), Lord and Lady Granard, and Lord and Lady Mount-

cashel; in addition to whom there were two younger sons and one unmarried daughter, all in the prime of life. My companions were among the grandsons of the earl; and while we were busy at one end of the saloon playing at a round game, or devising some boyish frolic, the elder ones of the party were pursuing, in the same apartment, occupations or amusements more suitable to their years. But the aged countess was never too much engaged with her brilliant circle to omit attending to the enjoyment of her younger guests, in whose recreations she always took a kind and lively interest.

A few years later I joined my regiment, and left Ireland, to which my visits were necessarily brief during the ensuing half century, which was a stirring and busy period of my life—part of it being devoted to the service of my country in the four quarters of the globe.

About ten or twelve years ago, I was passing a few months in Dublin, and being desirous to revisit the scenes of my early and happy days, I bent my course to Moira House, when, to my astonishment, I found it the receptacle of all the most miserable beggars in Dublin, who were congregated there to the amount of 2400 men, women, and children, who were daily fed and employed in that house. The reader may judge of my feelings on entering the drawing-room, which I remembered as having been once filled with all that was noble and distinguished in the land, now crammed with poor ragged women, who were employed in spinning and other occupations. If this apartment had been the scene of healthy, cheerful industry, the change would have been less painful to me; but the squalid poverty of its crowded inmates, and their dispirited looks, made the scene a lamentable one indeed. The atmosphere was stifling; and among the compressed ranks of spinners there was perfect stillness, interrupted only by the dull, ceaseless murmur of the spinning-wheels. This unbroken silence among a mass of Irishwomen was so remarkable, that we were almost startled at the sound of a voice, which began in low sweet tones to sing one of the most mournful of our national melodies. We gave a glance towards the quarter from whence the sound proceeded, and saw, in a corner of the apartment, a young, sad-looking woman, wrapped up in a gray cloak, whose hood partially concealed her features. On leaving the room, we passed close to her side, but she did not even raise her head to look at the strangers. Her song was the song of despair; and it was only too well suited to a position, than which none can be conceived more degrading to humanity—where our fellow-beings were driven in to share the offals of the rich man's table, and then sent abroad at the approach of night to seek a wretched shelter during the hours of darkness.*

I went to the great dining-parlour, which I found occupied by a school of 200 boys, under the National Board, but where I grieved to find their regulations not attended to. On inquiring whether the boys were in the habit of reading the Scripture Extracts provided by the Board, the volume was slowly and reluctantly taken down out of a bookcase, when it became evident, from its state of perfect cleanliness, that no enemy except dust had hitherto invaded its peaceful privacy. We next visited the room which, in former days, had been appropriated to the housekeeper's use—a well-remembered place, where my young companions and I had often disturbed the ancient dame by our mischievous pranks. It was now converted into an Infant School, whose pupils seemed as unruly as they were ragged; for they were scattered in groups around the room, while their teacher, an uncouth-looking young woman, flourished unceasingly a stout wand (her badge of office) over the infants' heads, with little effect apparently besides that of eliciting a few lusty roars from her pupils. For aught we could see, the whole mystery of education was comprised in this wholesome exercise of authority; for on inquiring whether they were not supplied with pictures and large-lettered sentences, such as are used in other Infant Schools, we were coldly answered in the negative. We pursued

* We were informed that they received a penny each to pay for their night's lodging.

our way to the kitchen, where we were shown huge boilers in which potatoes and meal were being prepared for the mid-day repast. These messes were made more savoury by the addition of bones, which had been received from the wealthier parts of the city; and it was a humiliating spectacle to see men and women dragging along small covered dog-carts, filled with bones and scraps which had been given them out of the areas of their richer brethren. Such was the food apportioned to the miserable thousands assembled daily within the walls of Moira House, or, as it was then called, the Mendicity House.

A few minutes after having quitted its precincts, we found ourselves in Grafton Street, pressed by a throng of the gayest equipages in Dublin, many of them crowding around shops whose windows displayed every variety of brilliant texture or of costly jewellery. At any other time we might have enjoyed the life and animation of the scene, but at that moment it presented so painful a contrast to the place we had just left, that we hastened our steps, and were not sorry to find ourselves in a more sober and tranquil part of the city.

Since that day I have not felt a wish to revisit Moira House.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE subjects in the former paper are those in which the living are concerned. We now come to those which regard the dead. Here incredulity is disposed to make its most determined stand. Very well; but our object is to display the kind of matter this book is composed of. Mrs Crowe remarks with justice, that our efforts to extinguish the almost instinctive belief in the young are seldom very effectual; and she adds, 'Suppose the subject were duly investigated, and it were ascertained that the views I and many others are disposed to entertain with regard to it are correct; and suppose, then, children were calmly told that it is not impossible but that on some occasion they may see a departed friend again; that the laws of nature, established by an All-wise Providence, admit of the dead sometimes revisiting the earth, doubtless for the benevolent purpose of keeping alive in us our faith in a future state; that death is merely a transition to another life, which it depends on ourselves to make happy or otherwise; and that whilst those spirits which appear bright and blessed, may well be objects of our envy, the others should excite only our intense compassion'—in that case terror might be more thoroughly banished.

The examples adduced by Mrs Crowe are so numerous, as to justify her in saying that the day of these things has never been, and is not now truly past. The number might become tedious, were they not classed in groups according to certain leading features, and mixed up with speculations, or attempts to rationalise the facts under natural laws—all of which are ingenious, while some, with any matter less opposed to common tendencies of belief, could not fail to be successful. The following story is described by Mrs Crowe as well authenticated:—

In the year 1785, some cadets were ordered to proceed from Madras to join their regiments up the country. A considerable part of the journey was to be made in a barge, and they were under the conduct of a senior officer, Major R—. In order to relieve the monotony of the voyage, this gentleman proposed one day that they should make a shooting excursion inland, and walk round to meet the boat at a point agreed on, which, owing to the windings of the river, it would not reach till evening. They accordingly took their guns, and as they had to cross a swamp, Major R—, who was well acquainted with the country, put on a heavy pair of top-boots, which, together with an odd limp he had in his gait, rendered him distinguishable from the rest of

the party at a considerable distance. When they reached the jungle, they found there was a wide ditch to leap, which all succeeded in doing except the major, who, being less young and active, jumped short of the requisite distance; and although he scrambled up unhurt, he found his gun so crammed full of wet sand, that it would be useless till thoroughly cleansed. He therefore bade them walk on, saying he would follow; and taking off his hat, he sat down in the shade, where they left him. When they had been beating about for game some time, they began to wonder the major did not come on, and they shouted to let him know whereabouts they were; but there was no answer; and hour after hour passed without his appearance, till at length they began to feel somewhat uneasy. Thus the day wore away, and they found themselves approaching the rendezvous: the boat was in sight, and they were walking down to it, wondering how their friend could have missed them, when suddenly, to their great joy, they saw him before them making towards the barge. He was without his hat or gun, limping hastily along, in his top-boots, and did not appear to observe them. They shouted after him, but as he did not look round, they began to run, in order to overtake him; and indeed fast as he went, they did gain considerably upon him. Still he reached the boat first, crossing the plank which the boatmen had placed ready for the gentlemen they saw approaching. He ran down the companion stairs, and they after him; but inexpressible was their surprise when they could not find him below. They ascended again, and inquired of the boatmen what had become of him; but they declared he had not come on board, and that nobody had crossed the plank till the young men themselves had done so. The body of Major R— was found by them in a neighbouring well, into which he was supposed to have accidentally fallen.

In a case like this, the common theory of spectral illusion must be allowed to have little force, since five persons saw the object at once.

There is a large class of cases where a trouble about some secular matter seems to be the cause of the return to common haunts; often it is trouble about what appears comparatively a trifle—as the return of a borrowed article of furniture, or the imparting of information about something that has been lost. As formerly mentioned, when a natural law is supposed, the triviality of the object is nothing in point. A more perplexing circumstance is, the communication being sometimes made, not to the person chiefly interested in the matter, but to some other person. This, however, our author overcomes by the suggestion, that susceptibility in the seer is also concerned. The chief person may be too much wrapped up in the sensuous envelope to be sensible of such appearances, and it may therefore be necessary to try another. She joins the German philosophers in their ideas about the destinies of spirits after they leave the body; some being too much clogged with the impressions and tendencies of the material world, to be able to pass at once forward into another sphere, though such may be by and by attained. In this intermediate stage they cling to the earth, hovering about the scenes where they have passed their mortal days: in some instances, from particular causes—as from great guilt or great suffering—this haunting of earthly localities lasts a long time, even centuries. This brings us to the section on haunted houses.

We might suppose that this was a thing known only to our ancestors. It appears, however, that there are still many haunted houses in this civilised land. There is one at Willington, between Newcastle and North Shields, belonging to a very respectable member of the Society of Friends, which has attracted much local attention. So lately as 1840, a gentleman named Drury, a determined sceptic, undertook to pass a night in this house with a friend; and, very unexpectedly to himself, saw 'the figure of a female attired in grayish garments, with the head inclining downwards, and one hand pressed upon the chest as in pain.' He rushed upon it, but fell

in a swoon, from which he did not recover for three hours.

Amongst the various stories related under this head, a clear superiority in all respects is to be awarded to one reported to our author by a member of a distinguished English family, who was herself concerned in the series of transactions. The narration is as follows:—

‘Sir James, my mother, with myself and my brother Charles, went abroad towards the end of the year 1786. After trying several different places, we determined to settle at Lille, where we found the masters particularly good, and where we had also letters of introduction to several of the best French families. There Sir James left us; and after passing a few days in an uncomfortable lodging, we engaged a nice large family-house, which we liked much, and which we obtained at a very low rent, even for that part of the world.

‘About three weeks after we were established in our new residence, I walked one day with my mother to the banker’s, for the purpose of delivering our letter of credit from Sir Robert Herries, and drawing some money, which being paid in heavy five-franc pieces, we found we could not carry, and therefore requested the banker to send, saying, “We live in the Place Du Lion D’or.” Whereupon he looked surprised, and observed that he knew of no house there fit for us, “Except, indeed,” he added, “the one that has been long uninhabited, on account of the *revenant* that walks about it.” He said this quite seriously, and in a natural tone of voice; in spite of which we laughed, and were quite entertained at the idea of a ghost; but at the same time we begged him not to mention the thing to our servants, lest they should take any fancies into their heads; and my mother and I resolved to say nothing about the matter to any one. “I suppose it is the ghost,” said my mother laughing, “that wakes us so often by walking over our heads.” We had, in fact, been awakened several nights by a heavy foot, which we supposed to be that of one of the men-servants, of whom we had three English and four French; of women servants, we had five English, and all the rest were French. The English ones, men and women, every one of them, returned ultimately to England with us.

‘A night or two afterwards, being again awakened by the step, my mother asked Creswell, “who slept in the room above us?” “No one, my lady,” she replied; “it is a large empty garret.”

‘About a week or ten days after this, Creswell came to my mother one morning, and told her that all the French servants talked of going away, because there was a *revenant* in the house; adding, that there seemed to be a strange story attached to the place, which was said, together with some other property, to have belonged to a young man, whose guardian, who was also his uncle, had treated him cruelly, and confined him in an iron cage; and as he had subsequently disappeared, it was conjectured he had been murdered. This uncle, after inheriting the property, had suddenly quitted the house, and sold it to the father of the man of whom we had hired it. Since that period, though it had been several times let, nobody had ever stayed in it above a week or two; and for a considerable time past it had had no tenant at all.

“And do you really believe all this nonsense, Creswell?” said my mother.

“Well, I don’t know, my lady,” answered she; “but there’s the iron cage in the garret over your bedroom, where you may see it if you please.”

‘Of course we rose to go; and as just at that moment an old officer, with his Croix de St Louis, called on us, we invited him to accompany us, and we ascended together. We found, as Creswell had said, a large empty garret, with bare brick walls, and in the farther corner of it stood an iron cage, such as wild beasts are kept in, only higher: it was about four feet square, and eight in height, and there was an iron ring

in the wall at the back, to which was attached an old rusty chain, with a collar fixed to the end of it. I confess it made my blood creep when I thought of the possibility of any human being having inhabited it! And our old friend expressed as much horror as ourselves, assuring us that it must certainly have been constructed for some such dreadful purpose. As, however, we were no believers in ghosts, we all agreed that the noises must proceed from somebody who had an interest in keeping the house empty; and since it was very disagreeable to imagine that there were secret means of entering it by night, we resolved, as soon as possible, to look out for another residence, and in the meantime to say nothing about the matter to anybody. About ten days after this determination, my mother, observing one morning that Creswell, when she came to dress her, looked exceedingly pale and ill, inquired if anything was the matter with her?

“Indeed, my lady,” answered she, “we have been frightened to death; and neither I nor Mrs Marsh can sleep again in the room we are now in.”

“Well,” returned my mother, “you shall both come and sleep in the little spare room next us. But what has alarmed you?”

“Some one, my lady, went through our room in the night: we both saw the figure, but we covered our heads with the bedclothes, and lay in a dreadful fright till morning.”

‘On hearing this, I could not help laughing, upon which Creswell burst into tears; and seeing how nervous she was, we comforted her by saying we had heard of a good house, and that we should very soon abandon our present habitation.

‘A few nights afterwards, my mother requested me and Charles to go to her bedroom and fetch her frame, that she might prepare her work for the next day. It was after supper; and we were ascending the stairs by the light of a lamp which was always kept burning, when we saw going up before us a tall, thin figure, with hair flowing down his back, and wearing a loose powdering-gown. We both at once concluded it was my sister Hannah, and called out, “It won’t do, Hannah! You cannot frighten us!”—upon which the figure turned into a recess in the wall; but as there was nobody there when we passed, we concluded that Hannah had contrived somehow or other to slip away and make her escape by the back-stairs. On telling this to my mother, however, she said, “It is very odd! for Hannah went to bed with a headache before you came in from your walk;” and sure enough, on going to her room, there we found her fast asleep; and Alice, who was at work there, assured us that she had been so for more than an hour. On mentioning this circumstance to Creswell, she turned quite pale, and exclaimed that that was precisely the figure she and Marsh had seen in their bedroom.

‘About this time my brother Harry came to spend a few days with us, and we gave him a room up another pair of stairs, at the opposite end of the house. A morning or two after his arrival, when he came down to breakfast, he asked my mother angrily, whether she thought he went to bed drunk, and could not put out his own candle, that she sent those French rascals to watch him. My mother assured him that she had never thought of doing such a thing; but he persisted in the accusation, adding, “Last night I jumped up and opened the door, and by the light of the moon, through the skylight, I saw the fellow in his loose gown at the bottom of the stairs. If I had not been in my shirt, I would have gone after him, and made him remember coming to watch me.”

‘We were now preparing to quit the house, having secured another, belonging to a gentleman who was going to spend some time in Italy; but a few days before our removal, it happened that a Mr and Mrs Atkins, some English friends of ours, called, to whom we mentioned these strange circumstances, observing how extremely unpleasant it was to live in a house that

somebody found means of getting into, though how they contrived it we could not discover, nor what their motive could be, except it was to frighten us; observing, that nobody could sleep in the room Marsh and Creswell had been obliged to give up. Upon this Mrs Atkins laughed heartily, and said that she should like, of all things, to sleep there, if my mother would allow her; adding, that, with her little terrier, she should not be afraid of any ghost that ever appeared. As my mother had of course no objection to this fancy of hers, she requested Mr Atkins to ride home with the groom, in order that the latter might bring her night-things before the gates of the town were shut, as they were then residing a little way in the country. Mr Atkins smiled, and said she was very bold; but he made no difficulties, and sent the things, and his wife retired with her dog to her room when we retired to ours, apparently without the least apprehension.

'When she came down in the morning, we were immediately struck at seeing her look very ill; and on inquiring if she too had been frightened, she said she had been awakened in the night by something moving in her room, and that, by the light of the night-lamp, she saw most distinctly a figure; and that the dog, which was very spirited, and flew at everything, never stirred, although she had endeavoured to make him. We saw clearly that she had been very much alarmed; and when Mr Atkins came, and endeavoured to dissipate the feeling, by persuading her that she might have dreamt it, she got quite angry. We could not help thinking that she had actually seen something; and my mother said, after she was gone, that though she could not bring herself to believe it was really a ghost, still she earnestly hoped that she might get out of the house without seeing this figure, which frightened people so much.

'We were now within three days of the one fixed for our removal; I had been taking a long ride, and being tired, had fallen asleep the moment I lay down; but in the middle of the night I was suddenly awakened—I cannot tell by what; for the step over our heads we had become so used to, that it no longer disturbed us. Well, I awoke. I had been lying with my face towards my mother, who was asleep beside me; and, as one usually does on awaking, I turned to the other side, where, the weather being warm, the curtain of the bed was undrawn, as it was also at the foot, and I saw, standing by a chest of drawers, which were betwixt me and the window, a thin, tall figure, in a loose powdering-gown, one arm resting on the drawers, and the face turned towards me. I saw it quite distinctly by the night-light, which burnt clearly: it was a long, thin, pale, young face, with, oh, such a melancholy expression as can never be effaced from my memory! I was certainly very much frightened; but my great horror was, lest my mother should awake and see the figure. I turned my head gently towards her, and heard her breathing high in a sound sleep. Just then the clock on the stairs struck four. I daresay it was nearly an hour before I ventured to look again; and when I did take courage to turn my eyes towards the drawers, there was nothing, yet I had not heard the slightest sound, though I had been listening with the greatest intensity.

'As you may suppose, I never closed my eyes again; and glad I was when Creswell knocked at the door, as she did every morning, for we always locked it, and it was my business to get out of bed and let her in. But on this occasion, instead of doing so, I called out, "Come in; the door is not fastened;" upon which she answered that it was, and I was obliged to get out of bed and admit her as usual.

'When I told my mother what had happened, she was very grateful to me for not wakening her, and commended me much for my resolution; but as she was always my first object, that was not to be wondered at. She, however, resolved not to risk another night in the house; and we got out of it that very day, after insti-

tuting, with the aid of the servants, a thorough search, with a view to ascertain if there was any possible means of getting into the rooms except by the usual modes of ingress; but our search was vain: none could be discovered.'

Mrs Crowe adds the remark—'Considering the number of people that were in the house, the fearlessness of the family, and their disinclination to believe in what is called the *supernatural*, together with the great interest the owner of this large and handsome residence must have had in discovering the trick, if there had been one, I think it is difficult to find any other explanation of this strange story, than that the sad and disappointed spirit of this poor, injured, and probably murdered boy, had never been disengaged from its earthly relations, to which regret for its frustrated hopes and violated rights still held it attached.'

The Germans have, like us, the mischievous racketing spirit, which they call *Pöllergeist*. Its peculiarity is, to make noises about the house, to cause crockery to fall from shelves and break, to throw stones through rooms, but only to fall at people's feet, and so forth. England furnished a noted case in the Stockwell ghost in the year 1772. Lately, the newspapers announced one in a house at Bayswater, near London. The best detailed, and, shall we say, best authenticated case on record, appears to be one which occurred at the castle of Prince Hohenloe, in Silesia, in 1806, when two gentlemen named Hahn and Kern were confined there. Here noises amounting to detonations were heard from neighbouring apartments; pieces of plaster were thrown at the two gentlemen; all the loose articles in the apartment flew wildly about; and lights darted during the night from every corner. M. Kern, looking in a mirror, saw a white female figure, with the face of an old person, bearing an aspect, not gloomy or morose, but rather of indifference. Hahn, who became a councillor, testified to these inexplicable events so lately as 1828. A curious appearance of verification is given to such things, when we learn that, in 1835, a case came before the sheriff of Edinburghshire, in which a gentleman who had leased a house at Trinity was prosecuted for damages he had done to it, by shooting pistols and knocking down pieces of wall, in order to detect the source of such a series of annoyances. The landlord considered the tenant's daughter, a sickly girl, who usually kept her bed, as the cause of the mischief; but all efforts at detection proved vain; and the girl did not long survive, 'hastened out of the world,' it is said, 'by the severe measures used while she was under suspicion.'

But we must now bring this subject to a close. We regret that want of space has forbidden us to enter so largely into the speculative part of the book as we could have wished. It contains many ingenious reasonings, which, if we could only admit the premises on which they proceed, seem as if they would lead us to some interesting knowledge respecting the ultimate destiny of man. The great question is as to these premises. 'Give us facts,' cry the Baconians; 'and when we have enough, we shall proceed to generalise.' 'Well, here are facts.' 'Oh, but these are false facts, for they do not accord with anything we have already ascertained.' It being undoubted that things may be thought to be facts which are none, most persons rest here satisfied. Others, who, like Mrs Crowe, bring forward new doctrines, resting on what they believe to be facts, complain, with some show of truth, that the modern philosophy lands them in a vicious circle, which puts a stop to all progress. It does not quite do this; but it certainly affords encouragement only to sciences strictly experimental, where probation is readily attainable. Where that is not the case, progress is undoubtedly much obstructed. Hence that ultra-physical character which our age has assumed, while all the speculative sciences are in a manner starved and dwarfed. It would be difficult to estimate in how great a degree this tells upon the moral tendencies of our time—how unspiritual

it makes us all. Studies like those in the 'Night Side of Nature' are in these circumstances welcome, if it were only as a means of making head against the materialism to which we are tending.

THE BASS ROCK.

THE Firth of Forth, as well as the Firth of Clyde, is signalised by an extraordinary rock, rising abruptly from the water's edge to a height of several hundred feet. Both have the appearance of a natural fortress guarding the gorge of the river, and both being unfit for the abiding-place of human beings, are tenanted by myriads of water-fowl, belonging in a special manner neither to the land nor the sea. The two, however, are different in their history and their fate—Ailsa being a mere adjunct of the grandly-beautiful picture presented by the Clyde, while the Bass is linked with the annals of Scotland, as well as associated with the dreams of her poets, and has now the honour to be the theme of a work produced by the united labours of five of her literati.*

In the preface to the work, Mr M'Crie, who acts as the editor, rallies good-naturedly himself and his colleagues on the limited dimensions of the ground selected for their operations; but we all know how much may be said—and well said too—about a very small matter. A tolerable enough little work has been produced by a French author descriptive of a tour round his room; and why should we not have this goodly volume, the achievement of five united intellects, touching a rock in the sea, fully a mile in circumference, and four hundred and twenty feet high?

The arrangement of the volume, however, is clearly wrong. It begins with the end of the sixth century of the vulgar era, then goes back to the pre-Adamite ages to tell in what manner the Bass came to be, then flies madly down to the epoch of the Solemn League and Covenant, then dallies with the solan geese on the summit, and finally tries to put nature out of countenance by cataloguing her parsimonious gifts in the way of lichens and weeds. In this paper we shall take the liberty of correcting so ill-considered a sequence of subjects, and begin with Mr Hugh Miller's account of the part played by the Bass in that grand spectacle—the creation of the present world.

'The ponderous column of the Bass,' says he, 'to sum up my theory in a few words, is composed, as has been shown, of one of the harder and more solid of the igneous rocks. Rising near the centre of the disturbed district in which it occurs, it indicates, I am inclined to hold, the place of a great crater, at one time filled to the top with molten matter, which, when the fires beneath burnt low, gradually and slowly consolidated into crystalline as it cooled, until it became the unyielding rock which we now find it. The tuffaceous matrix in which it had been moulded, exposed to the denuding agencies, wore piecemeal away; much even of the upper portion of the column itself may have disappeared; and what remains, rising from the level of the sea-bottom below to the height of six hundred feet, may be regarded as the capital-divested top of some pillar of the desert, that, buried by the drifting sand, exhibits but a comparatively small portion of its entire length over the surface, but descends deep into the interior, communicating with the very basement of the edifice to which it belongs.'

Wildly sweeps the great gulf stream round this remarkable eminence, and the ceaseless roll of the waves of the Atlantic, till, in the course of ages, the appointed rise or submergence of the neighbouring land is complete, and the Bass stands erect in the sea, a monument of an earlier world. What is its aspect now? 'The sun,' says

our author, standing on the ruins of Tantallon Castle, 'glanced bright on the deep green of the sea immediately beneath; and the reflection went dancing in the calm, in wavelets of light, athwart the shaded faces of the precipices; while a short mile beyond, the noble Bass loomed tall in the offing, half in light, half in shadow; and, dimly discerned through the slowly dissipating haze, in the background rose the rampart-like crags of the Isle of May. Nor was the framing of the picture, as surveyed through one of the shattered openings of the edifice, without its share of picturesque beauty; it consisted of fantastically-piled stone, moulded of old by the chisel, and now partially o'reshadowed by tufts of withered grass and half-faded wallflower.'

The Bass, it will be felt, was just the place for a hermit; and accordingly the first notice we have of the rock in modern times is its becoming the retirement of St Baldred, a Culdee presbyter, as Mr M'Crie opines, and no bishop, as others will have it. Thence the holy man sallied forth occasionally to teach the rude natives on the mainland the doctrines of Christianity; for 'in those days,' says Bede, 'people never came into a church but only for hearing the word and prayer. All the care of these doctors was to serve God, not the world—to feed souls, not their own bodies. Wherefore a religious habit was then much revered; and if any priest entered a village, incontinently all the people would assemble, being desirous to hear the word of life; for the priests did not go into villages upon any other occasion, except to preach, or visit the sick, or, in a word—to feed souls.' The earliest proprietors were the ancient family of the Lauders, a charter in favour of one of them dating as far back as 1316. In 1405, the Bass is first heard of as a 'strength,' or fortified place, when it afforded a temporary retreat to James, the son of Robert III., before embarking on that expedition which cost him nineteen years' captivity in England. The first prisoner received by the Bass was Walter Stewart, eldest son of Murdo, Duke of Albany, who was confined in its castle in 1424, while his father was sent to Caerlaverock Castle, and his mother to Tantallon. 'A lively fancy might draw an affecting picture of the old duchess, as she gazed from the opposite towers of Tantallon on the ocean prison that held her wayward son, and describe her feelings as she saw him conveyed away to suffer an ignominious death. But our Scottish ladies of that period were made of sterner stuff than we are apt to imagine. "There is a report current," says Buchanan, "although I do not find it mentioned by any historian, that the king sent the heads of her father, husband, and children to Isabella, on purpose to try whether so violent a woman, in a paroxysm of grief, as sometimes happens, might not betray the secrets of her soul; but she, though affected at the unexpected sight, used no intemperate expressions." I have an old manuscript, which records this piece of savage brutality, and adds that the old lady "said nothing, but that they worthwhile died, *gif that whilk wes laid against them were trew!*"'

The Bass remained a strength during the sixteenth century, and was visited in 1581 by James VI.; but here we must give a strange, wild theory of Hugh Miller, by way of an introduction to the sequel of its history. 'In passing the ancient castle of Dirleton, which, like the castles of Dunbar, Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton, owed its degree of impregnability as a stronghold mainly to its abrupt trap-rock, and which stood siege against the English in the days of Edward I., it occurred to me as not a little curious, that the early geological history of a district should so often seem typical of its subsequent civil history. If a country's geological history was very disturbed—if the trap-rocks broke out from below, and tilted up its strata in a thousand abrupt angles, steep precipices, and yawning chasms—the chance is as ten to one that there succeeded, when man came upon the scene, a history scarce less disturbed of fierce wars, protracted sieges, and desperate battles. The stormy morning,

* The Bass Rock: its Civil and Ecclesiastical History, by the Rev. James M'Crie; Geology, by Hugh Miller; Martyrology, by the Rev. James Anderson; Zoology, by Professor Fleming of the New College, Edinburgh; and Botany, by Professor Balfour of the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Kennedy. 1848.

during which merely the angry elements contend, is succeeded in almost every instance by a stormy day, maddened by the turmoil of human passion. A moment's farther cogitation, while it greatly dissipated the mystery, served to show through what immense periods mere physical causes may continue to operate with moral effect; and how, in the purposes of Him who saw the end from the beginning, a scene of fiery confusion—of roaring waves and heaving earthquakes—of ascending hills and deepening valleys—may have been closely associated with the right development and ultimate dignity and happiness of the yet unborn moral agent of creation—responsible man. It is amid these centres of geologic disturbance—the natural strongholds of the earth—that the true battles of the race—the battles of civilisation and civil liberty—have been successfully maintained by handfuls of hardy men against the despot-led myriads of the plains. The reader, in glancing over a map of Europe and the countries adjacent, on which the mountain-groups are marked, will at once perceive that Greece and the Holy Land, Scotland and the Swiss cantons, formed centres of great Plutonic disturbance of this character. They had each their geologic tremors and perturbations—their protracted periods of eruption and earthquake—long ere their analogous civil history, with its ages of convulsion and revolution, in which man was the agent, had yet commenced its course. And, indirectly at least, the disturbed civil history was, in each instance, a consequence of the disturbed geologic one. What does our author make of the struggles of the Dutch and Flemings on land scarcely raised out of the sea? The whole matter comes to this, that trap-rocks, surviving denudation, and standing up as abrupt eminences, afford a place of defence to a handful of people against aggressive neighbours. Mr Miller's besetting fault is to make too much of simple ideas.

The Bass surrendered to Cromwell in 1651, and then changed hands more than once, till it was bought twenty years afterwards by government from Sir Andrew Ramsay, provost of Edinburgh, for £4000; 'and a dear bargain it was,' as Kirkton justly observes. This bargain was effected by Lauderdale, who so managed, that the command and profits of the rock, amounting to more than £100 sterling, were bestowed upon himself, together with the title of 'Captain of the Bass.' But,' adds Kirkton, 'the use the king made of it was, to make it a prison for the Presbyterian ministers; and some of them thought, when they died in the prison (as Mr John Blackadder did), they glorified God in the islands. But it became a rule of practice among that sort of people, whenever any of them was called before the council, that either they behaved to satisfy the bishop, which never one of them did, or else goe to the Bass; so all of them refused to appear; and our governors expected no more respect or obedience to their summonds.'

Forty of these godly men were confined in the Bass during periods varying from a few months to upwards of six years; and by far the greater part of the volume is occupied with their histories, generally obscure, and rarely interesting in the details. 'A slight survey,' says Mr Mc-Crie, 'of the ruins of the fortress, as they now stand in naked desolation, is sufficient to corroborate the testimonies of the prisoners, and to show that they had little reason to congratulate themselves on the selection of their marine prison-house. Placed near the base of the overhanging precipice, it must have formed a sort of tank or reservoir for the perpetual drippings from above, while it was washed by the spray from the ocean below, and entitled by exposure to the full benefit of the eastern blasts. What is still pointed out by some as "Blackadder's cell," is a dormitory about seven feet by eight, situated on the ramparts, with a small window facing the south. If so, he was better appointed than his brethren in the inner prison, the remains of which, though unroofed and unfloored, may be still traced. On a late visit to the ruins, I was struck by observing that

in the western gable of this room is one small window which had served for light, but which is placed at such a height above the floor, that the prisoners could see neither earth nor sky from it; while in the eastern gable there is another window placed at a lower elevation, but so contrived, that it had looked only into a narrow passage, formed by a wall built up against it, and enlightened by a higher aperture in that wall. By this piece of ingenious cruelty, the poor prisoners within would be furnished with a dim and borrowed light, and at the same time prevented from beguiling their captivity by gazing "on mountain, tower, or town," or even on that heaven to which all their hopes were turned, and the straggling beams of which were so scantily afforded them. At the same time the sentries or keepers might at any time, by creeping along this passage, manage, through the inner grating, to observe the movements, and hear the conversations, of their prisoners. There can be no question regarding "the lowest cell in the dungeon," to which Thomas Hog of Kiltarn was consigned, through the tender mercies of Archbishop Sharp. An arched staircase, part of which still remains, leads down under ground from the east end of the castle, to what was anciently called the Bastion, on arriving at which the visitor finds himself in a hideous cavern, arched overhead, dank and dripping, with an opening towards the sea, which dashes within a few feet below. It was in this "horrible pit," then—obviously the "dungeon-keep" of the old castle in the days of its glory—that the good man was deposited; and no wonder that, when his enfeebled frame was dragged down that subterranean passage, and stretched in this dismal den, he should have concluded that his enemies had done their worst—had reached the end of their chain—and that the deepening darkness of the night betokened the near approach of the dawn.' This passage is well coloured; but the impression laid by the plainer and more prosaic narrative of Mr Anderson is not quite so painful. Indeed in one instance, an air approaching to the ridiculous is thrown over the complaints of the prisoners, by their including the grievance of being obliged to drink the governor's twopenny ale, which was in reality worth no more than a halfpenny! Their brethren of the present day would have liked the ale the better in proportion to its scarcity of malt. In the case of a fine, high-hearted minister, Thomas Hog, the hardships of the rock appear to have acted with medicinal virtue. His rule was the self-denunciation of Scripture—'Wo unto me if I preach not the gospel!' And because he would come under no promise to refrain from what he conceived to be a sacred duty, he was sent to the Bass. 'When the act of council was communicated to the good man, he raised himself up with some difficulty in his bed to read it; and on learning its import, feeling that to subject him to the hardships of such a confinement, in his present state of health, was almost equivalent to signing his death-warrant, he said it was as severe as if Satan himself had penned it. In execution of the sentence, he was carried down to a low filthy dungeon; and to all appearance his speedy death was inevitable. But when he found no mercy at the hands of man, he looked by faith and prayer to Him "who hears the groaning of the prisoner;" and to the wonder of all, he in a short time completely recovered. Hog never afterwards showed any resentment at Sharp for this savage treatment, but when speaking of him, used to say merrily, "Commend him to me for a good physician!"'

The zoological department of the work is of course chiefly devoted to the solan goose, which has other breeding places as well as our own coasts—namely, the most westerly of the Faroe group, some rocky islands in the bay of St Lawrence, and the coast of Labrador. Boece ridicules the theory of the birth of these birds current in his time, that they grew upon trees like apples, and supplies its place with another of his own, that they were produced by the corruption of the fruit or branch. 'Furthermore, because the rude and igno-

rant people saw oftentimes the fruits that fell from *trées*, which stood neuer in the sea, conuerted within short time into *gêese*, they belêued that these *gêese* grew vpon *trées*, hanging by their nebs, as apples and other fruit doo by their stalks, but their opinion is vtterlie to be reiected. For so soone as these apples or fruit fall from the *trée* into the sea, they grow first to be worm-eaten, and in process of time to be conuerted into *gêese*! All this the intelligent reader will perceive refers to the absurd but once prevalent notion, that the common barnacle of our coasts possessed the wonderful faculty of changing into a goose. The fruit-like aspect of the shell, its flexible foot-stalk, and the long feathery filaments (*cirri*) of the animal, gave rise, no doubt, to this extravagant hypothesis. The barnacle's habit of attaching itself to pieces of timber, decayed and pierced by marine borers, is that to which Boeetius alludes in the conclusion of his explanation.

The botanical chapter, although necessarily meagre, has a few readable paragraphs, for which we have no room.

In conclusion, the result of this quintuple alliance, although a little too sectarian to suit our feelings, is, upon the whole, a pleasant and readable book, which we recommend to all who have hitherto looked upon the Bass as a mere rock in the sea—a point of scenic effect in the panorama of the Firth of Forth.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

On the occasion of lately laying the foundation-stone of a training college near Caermarthen, the bishop of the diocese made the following eloquent observations on the necessity for popular education:—'It is mortifying for every one who has a proper feeling for the honour of his country, to consider that the surrounding nations of Europe are in advance of England in the matter of popular education. The necessity and importance of popular education has been practically recognised and acted on by them before it has been acknowledged by us. This is an acknowledgment that no Englishman, who has a proper sense of the honour of his country, can make without a feeling of degradation and shame. It would be well, however, if nothing else was affected but the honour of his country. The very safety of the nation is dependent upon popular education. We may try to mask the fact from ourselves, but it has been found from experience and the common information of intelligent judges—in fact all persons are agreed that the present state of things is full of danger to the community at large. I will not rely on any argument as to the mere consideration of the expediency of educating the children of the poor, but I consider it a solemn duty which we owe to the people of this country, and if that duty remains unperformed, there cannot but be danger which ought not to be overlooked. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that every neglect of a plain duty must be attended with danger, and the signs and symptoms of this danger are every day more and more apparent. The statistics of population, education, and crime sufficiently attest it. We have sufficient evidence of an immense population growing up, with no sense of duty, no restraint upon their passions, with their intellectual qualities not cultivated, and with no rational and religious sense of their duty towards each other or their Maker. What, therefore, are we doing? We are collecting the materials for a dreadful explosion which will shake society to its foundations. Those who are living in opulence and ease are not aware of this. They may be forming plans for future enjoyment, and revelling in the prospects of national prosperity; but they ought to know that, while they are planting vineyards on their hills, they are, in fact, standing on the sides of a volcano, which is heaving and trembling, and may at any moment open and let out a flood which will overwhelm all our social and national institutions. The symptoms of the laborious throes of society cannot but be perceptible to every thoughtful observer. Let us look nearer home, and see if the scenes which surround us are of a more encouraging character. I fear that it will be entirely the reverse. In speaking of the condition of our own population, every inquiry leads to this conclusion—that the deficiency of education in Wales is even greater than in the rest of the country. I am afraid our moral condition is just such as we might expect from the deficiency in popular education.'

I will not make a catalogue of the vices prevalent in the principality, but I cannot omit noticing one, which is a fruitful parent of all crime, and bears every description of evil in its train. I mean the vice of drunkenness; and it does appear from authentic information, that in this country that vice is rapidly on the increase. It thereby appears that whatever improvement is required elsewhere, it will be doubly necessary here. What is the remedy? What the safeguard from this danger? I will answer, Education—popular education.'

SONNET.

[BY CALDER CAMPBELL.]

It doth surpass belief how some—accounted
Wise in their generation—with strange skill
Prove there's more merit in concealing ill
Than in discovering good. The ape, tree-mounted,
Is an apt teacher of such lore; and still
Seeketh to hide his stolen trash, and fill
His secret stores with plunder. Oh could we
Use our intelligence Truth to discover,
Rather than fashion mantles to fling over
Our errors! 'twere an exercise to be
Rewarded in the future plentifully;
And in the present, making nature's lover
Acquainted with such joys as ne'er can rest
In the dark mazes of an artful breast!

LONDON, 1848.

NATURAL USES OF HAIR.

That hair effects an important purpose in the animal economy, we have evidence in its almost universal distribution among the mammiferous class of animals; and if we admit the analogy between the feather and the hair among all warm-blooded animals, additional evidence is obtained in the perfection of its structure, and again in its early appearance in the progress of development of the young. As a bad conductor of heat, it tends to preserve the warmth of the body; and in man it would have that effect upon the head, and serve to equalise the temperature of the brain. It is also a medium of defence against external irritants, as the heat of the sun's rays and the bites of insects, and against injuries inflicted with violence. Of special purposes fulfilled by the hairs, we have instances in the eyebrows and eyelids, which are beautifully adapted for the defence of the organs of vision; in the small hairs which grow in the apertures of the nostrils, and serve as guardians to the delicate membrane of the nose; and in similar hairs in the ear-tubes, which defend those cavities from the intrusion of insects.—*Wilson on the Skin*.

TIMBER MINING IN AMERICA.

On the north side of Maurice Creek, New Jersey, the meadows and cedar swamps, as far up as the fast land, are filled with buried cedars to an unknown depth. In 1814 or 1815, an attempt was made to sink a well curb near Dennis Creek landing; but after encountering much difficulty in cutting through a number of logs, the workmen were at last compelled to give up the attempt, by finding, at the depth of twenty feet, a compact mass of cedar logs. It is a constant business near Dennis Creek to 'mine cedar shingles.' This is done by probing the soft mud of the swamps with poles, for the purpose of discovering buried cedar timber; and when a log is found, the mud is cleared off, the log cut up into proper lengths with a long one-handed saw, and these lengths split up into shingles, and carried out of the swamp ready for sale. This kind of work gives constant employment to a large number of hands. The trees found are from four to five feet in diameter—they lie in every possible position, and some of them seem to have been buried for centuries. Thus stumps of trees which have grown to a greater age, and have been decaying a century, are found standing in the place in which they grew, while the trunks of very aged cedars are lying horizontally under their roots.—*Scientific American*.

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THE HIGHWAY OF THOUGHT.

THIS establishment, situated in the very focus of metropolitan business, promises to become of national importance. In the immediate vicinity of the Bank of England, Royal Exchange, and other great centres of city affairs, it affords facilities for the acquisition and transmission of commercial and other intelligence, of which but a feeble estimate can as yet be formed. By means of it a merchant may learn the arrival of a cargo at one of the outports in time for an advantageous sale, or he may send down orders to sell goods or detain a vessel as circumstances require, while brokers and bankers may become acquainted with the fluctuations in the value of stocks all over the kingdom at the very instant of their occurrence, without waiting for the next day's post.

After what has already appeared on the subject in the Journal, we presume our readers sufficiently acquainted with its scientific details. In the present paper, we shall therefore confine ourselves to a few points connected with the economy and management of this new element of progress, which has been not inappropriately called 'the highway of thought.' The establishment in question is a new building expressly erected at the end of a narrow court running out of Lobbury, and in this situation affords but little external evidence of the important operations carried on within. Entering from the court, the visitor finds himself in an elegant and moderately-sized hall open to the roof, which consists of an ornamental skylight in compartments. Ranges of columns, supporting open galleries running round each side of the interior, rise one above another to the upper storey. The east and west galleries contain the 'instrument rooms' and printing department, the others are merely passages of communication. There is an air of business about the place—messengers arrive and depart—clerks are on the alert—from time to time the sudden *kling* of a bell announces that a message is on its way to one of the attendants above, for transmission to the locality under his charge. Behind the rows of columns on the ground-floor is a counter, with clerks in attendance: the eastern side is reserved for the telegraphs communicating with all parts south and east of London, and the western side for those to the north and west: this distinction, which presents many advantages, is kept up throughout. On the glazed partition behind each counter is a list of the names of places with which that side is in connection, so that a person on business can at once address himself to the proper quarter.

The wires from the various stations are brought into the building in the basement floor, where they may be seen terminating in a horizontal row of eighty-one small brass knobs. These wires are laid in tubes under

the surface of the streets, in the same way as gas and water pipes. There are nine of these tubes, with nine wires in each, making a total of eighty-one, corresponding to the number of knobs in which they terminate. The whole of these are not employed at once, but are provided as a reserve in case of accident to those actually in use, the number of which is twenty-six. Three of the tubes are connected with the North-Western or Birmingham station; one each with the South-Western, and South and North-Eastern, and the Company's office in the Strand; two others, which are spare tubes, communicate with the first two lines above enumerated. The wires, as they come in from each station, are numbered 1 to 9, 1 to 18, &c. according to the quantity; and about nine inches below the knobs in which they terminate is a similar row of knobs, to which are attached the wires from all the instruments in the building. These are numbered consecutively from 1 to 81, for facility of reference, and are termed the 'house wires,' the upper row being the 'line wires;' and wherever the wires terminate, in any part of the house, a corresponding number is affixed. Thus, supposing a clerk up stairs finds a difficulty in transmitting a message, he sends down to say that wires 30 and 31 are at fault somewhere. On looking at these numbers in the basement, they are found connected with numbers 7 and 8 of the Southampton line; and as it is of importance to avoid delay, and the continual digging up of the streets to find the defect, the connections may immediately be shifted to numbers 3 and 4, or 5 and 6, of the same line. The two battery-rooms are also on the basement floor, one for each side of the house, presenting the same arrangement of numbers, with the addition of a distinct number to each battery. If, on searching for defective wires, they are not found within the tubes carried through the streets, another portion of the apparatus is then brought into play, which at once points out the line of railway in which the fault will be found. A most perfect system of checks, in fact, is kept up throughout the establishment.

On mounting to the 'instrument galleries,' the 'house wires,' which are brought up from below through a shaft in the wall, are seen stretched in parallel lines immediately under the ceilings. They are all made to range east and west, to distinguish them from the 'line wires,' which are placed north and south. Each one shows a number at its termination, thus affording, as before explained, the readiest means of detecting defects. Two dials or instruments are generally placed at each desk; one of these may probably communicate only with the station in Shoreditch, while the other may be in connection with Peterborough, or some other remote locality. Each one is watched by a clerk, who, in the intervals of occupation, employs himself in reading: the book lies on the desk before him, and the click

of the needles, whenever they are set in motion, is at once sufficient to attract his attention: the telegraph bells, to avoid unnecessary noise and confusion, are not 'on' in the day-time. We were much gratified to learn that, as soon as the more pressing business details are completed, the Company intend to establish a library for the use of the clerks, whose time in the intervals of telegraphing would otherwise be wearisome and altogether lost. One portion of a gallery is set apart for the especial use of the Admiralty, who by this means may communicate with any of the outposts. They have, besides, an office in their building in Whitehall, connected only with Portsmouth. This is supplied with clerks, &c. by the Company, who perform this service, and keep the wires on the line in repair, for £1200 a year, paid by the government. The clerk at the South-Western instrument was on the alert at the time of our visit: a mail was expected at Southampton, and the signal was looked for every instant. 'Ask if it has arrived,' said the manager, who stood by; and almost as soon as the words could be spoken, came back the answer, 'Not yet.' Notwithstanding this was but an effect of a natural cause, there was something singularly impressive, bordering on the marvellous, in the contemplation of this instantaneous transmission of thoughts.

Rapid as this communication is, it will be obvious that the delivery of a long message, letter by letter, will in the end be tedious. This inconvenience is remedied by the telegraphic printing machine, the principle of which, due to Mr Davy of the Strand, has been adapted to the process by Mr Bain. This machinery is fixed in the upper western gallery; but without diagrams, it is scarcely possible to convey an idea of its nature. It may be sufficient to state that certain wires are brought into combination with an arrangement of wheels, which give motion to a cylinder. A similar combination is supposed to exist at the other extremities of the wires at any distance: one wire only is required for the printing between any two places. The cylinder revolves on an endless screw of twenty-four threads to the inch; it is nearly a foot in diameter, and is covered with paper tinged pale green with sulphate of copper. A lever, to the extremity of which is attached a tongue of steel, or spring, delicate as a needle, is contrived so that the point may rest on the paper when required. Suppose, for example, the message sent from Derby: the arrangements being completed, contact is made, the machinery set to work, and the green paper round the cylinder, where it is pressed by the delicate spring above alluded to, immediately becomes marked by a series of dots and dashes (· — · — ·) of a dark-green colour, in lines whose distance is proportionate to the threads of the screw on which the cylinder revolves, twenty-four to the inch. The symbolic characters represent the letters of the alphabet, and are printed at the rate of a thousand a minute. In this way a column of the 'Times' may be rapidly worked off: as soon as an inch of the paper is covered, it can be detached by means of a cutting blade attached to the lever, and transcribed in ordinary writing.

The process by which the message or other document is communicated to the prepared paper is ingenious and interesting. It must first be stamped or punched through a narrow strip of paper, which, when rolled up, resembles a flat coil of tape. The punching tool, about a sixteenth of an inch diameter, is inserted in a holder moved by a spring, which rises immediately after being pressed. The coil of paper being placed so

as to revolve, the clerk takes the end, and pulling it gradually along under the punch, cuts out each individual letter of the message in its corresponding symbol or hieroglyph with great rapidity. The coil is re-wound, and when full, this portion is ready for transmission. It is affixed to the machinery before spoken of, and as it unwinds, a spring presses it down upon a metallic surface, with which contact is made every time that a hole-dot or dash passes, and broken when the spring presses only upon the intervening portion of the paper. This alternate making and breaking of contact is instantly transferred in smaller but corresponding characters to the paper on the cylinder at the place to which the message is being sent, although five hundred miles distant. Effectual as this process may appear, it can be regarded only as a step in progress. Time and experience will bring about great improvements in electric telegraphs, among which we shall doubtless see printing in the ordinary character, without the preliminary trouble of punching.

The charge for transmitting a message of twenty words is—to Cambridge, 4s. 6d.; Southampton, 5s. 6d.; Gosport, 6s. 6d.; Liverpool and Manchester, 8s. 6d.; Edinburgh, 427 miles, 13s. For forty words, the charge is nearly double; and so on in proportion. On the presentation of a message at one of the counters, after the usual business preliminaries, it is handed through to the 'Translating Office.' A merchant on 'Change sends to ask if his ship is in at Liverpool: the question may be, 'Has the Cleopatra arrived?' This is not spelt in the ordinary way, but is much shortened, by making use of a code of private signals drawn up by the Company. The answer comes back in the same form, and is then translated or written out at length, and passed through to the outer office. The clerks in the galleries are notified of the entry of a message by the stroke of a bell, and the document is conveyed to them and sent down again by a *lift*. At present, the sending of a message to Edinburgh occupies thirty minutes, in consequence of a break in the line at Newcastle, where it is carried by hand across the Tyne a mile and a half. When this interval is filled up, the communication will be, as in other cases, instantaneous.

As yet, the South-Eastern or Dover station, though it has a telegraphic office within itself, is unconnected with the central establishment; with all the other metropolitan stations the connection is complete. The cost per mile for fixing two wires along a railway is £70. This includes a patent-right charge of £20 per mile; but the expense diminishes in proportion to the number of wires, as one series of posts will do as well for six as two: for four wires, the cost would be £120. A ton of wire will extend four miles. Among improvements, that of a more perfect method of insulation is greatly desiderated, not only of the railway wires, but of those in the tubes underground. The latter are wound round with cotton, and covered with a mixture of glue and pitch. The envelope is, however, liable to fracture; and if the wires come into contact in any part of their length, the conducting power is immediately suspended. The Company pay £25 a year to the Waterloo Bridge proprietors for the privilege of carrying their tube across the edifice. The excavation and laying down of the tubes through the streets costs £450 per mile. With this is associated a singular charge by the Paving Commissioners of 1s. 6d. per yard for repairing, although the whole of the work is done by the party opening the street: it may probably be a fee for the trouble of inspection.

The Company's patent is for a period of fourteen years; at the expiration of which, should it not be renewed, they will naturally be exposed to competition. Other adventurers will be bidding for permission to establish competing lines along the rails. But the present parties will, of necessity, retain the control for a

long time, especially as the L.20 patent-right will no longer be essential. Taking the whole of their establishments throughout the country, they have about one thousand persons in their service, inclusive of one hundred and twenty men continually employed in the manufacture of apparatus. The mere repairs, to say nothing of increased demand, will always require a large and competent staff of workmen.

Hitherto, the number of paid messages transmitted daily from the Central Office has been from fifteen to twenty: this department is one which in time will be most extensively developed. Lloyd's establishment will avail themselves of it; and for a payment of two guineas annually, any one may make use of the Company's Subscription Rooms in any part of the kingdom, with a set of private signals for the transmission of ship and share lists, prices current, reports of corn markets, &c. The telegraphs for commercial messages are quite independent of those in the service of the railway companies. Sixty places, including the chief ports and towns of the country, are at the present time in telegraphic connection with the Central Office.

The Company do not undertake to be responsible for accidental delay in the transmission of a message, nor for errors in delivery, beyond the sum of L.5. They recommend customers on all occasions to have the message repeated, in which case they are responsible. The charge for repetition is one-half of the first cost. Correct delivery of 'money messages' may be insured at the rate of 2s. 6d. per cent. Many of these charges will doubtless undergo revision and modification when all the arrangements shall be completed.

Our acknowledgments are due to Mr Holmes, general manager of the works and apparatus, for his explanations during our visit, and the facilities he afforded for minute inspection of every part of the establishment.

FORTUNE-SEEKERS AND FORTUNE-MAKERS.

A TALE.

BY ANNA MARIA SARGENT.

'WHERE'S Fred this evening?' inquired Francis Bolton, putting his head in at the half-open door of the little parlour behind a grocer's shop in one of the leading thoroughfares of London. The query was addressed to a young but pale and careworn-looking matron, who was bending over an infant, hushing it to rest, whilst four older children, of various ages, were gambolling at her feet.

'He's just gone out with Mr Hawkins,' was the reply, and a suppressed sigh accompanied the words.

'What! left his business on a Saturday night?' interrogated the visitor, who was the brother of the shopkeeper. 'It is surely some matter of importance that has taken him out then?' These observations were intended to call forth an answer; but the wife only looked up, and shook her head mournfully.

The visitor now entered the apartment, and sat down by her side. He affectionately patted the head of a rosy boy of seven; playfully discomposed the flaxen ringlets of a smiling girl of five; took a younger one in his lap; and bade the other play at ball or hide-and-seek for his amusement. 'My dear Mrs Bolton,' he then said in an anxious and somewhat agitated tone, 'you must use your influence to prevent this close intimacy between Hawkins and your husband, or it will be Alfred's ruin.' Another sigh escaped the lips of the young matron. It was a sigh which said, 'My influence is not so great as it was eight years ago;' but still she spoke not. 'He's an idle, dissolute fellow, I assure you,' her companion pursued; 'one of those fellows who live upon their wits. His convivial spirit makes him attractive amongst a certain class of persons; but he's a dangerous acquaintance, especially to one of Fred's irresponsible character.'

'I am too well aware of that,' the wife now made answer; 'yet nothing I can say will induce Alfred to

think so. Would it not be well for you to speak to him on the subject?' she asked.

'My interference, unhappily, would answer no good purpose, Susan. Fred thinks that, because he is older than I am, I have no right to counsel him, and he is only angry if I attempt it.'

The dialogue was here interrupted by the apprentice calling out from the shop, 'Will master be in soon, ma'am?' And Mrs Bolton, looking through the still half-open door, perceived that the counter was thronged with customers.

'I must go and assist John. I am sure you will excuse my leaving you so abruptly,' she quietly said, depositing her precious charge, which she had by this time lulled to repose, in the little cot which swung by her side. 'Have you any message for your brother?' she asked, as she moved towards the door; adding, 'I cannot press you to wait with the expectation of seeing him; I know you are anxious to get home to your family.'

'I very much wished to see him, and I thought I should be sure to find him at home to-night,' Francis returned.

'I'll tell him then that you called.'

'Tell him also that it is the 19th day of the month; he will understand you.' The wife faintly smiled an assent, and retreated.

'Don't go yet, Uncle Frank,' cried the eldest boy, running up and clasping the young man's knees; 'stop and have a game with us first. Father used to play with us sometimes, but now he is always out.'

'Always out?'

'Yes, uncle, he's always out after tea; and I'm at school all day, so he can never play with us.'

'When he went out to-night, mother cried,' chimed in the little girl, and her own bright eyes were overflowing with tears as she spoke. 'She said, "Don't go, don't go," to father so many times, that he was angry with her, and so cross to us.'

'Poor children!' the visitor soliloquised, 'your condition is, I fear, more unhappy than your young hearts conceive. I can't stay to-night, my dears,' he kindly said, caressing them by turns; then looking tenderly at the unconscious infant, as he slept peacefully in his little bed, he darted through the shop, nodding affectionately to his gentle sister-in-law as he passed.

We will now introduce the reader to a similar apartment, in which another family group were assembled. This difference, however, existed: the countenance of the fair young matron was the personification of peace and happiness, and the entrance of Francis Bolton was the signal for a burst of delight.

'I am late this evening, but I hope you have not been anxious, dearest Letty!' the husband exclaimed, as he tenderly saluted his wife. 'When I left home in the morning, I was not aware that business would call me to my brother's.'

'Oh I was not afraid that you were spending your week's earnings at a tavern,' she playfully made answer. The young man sighed. 'Why, my dear Frank, you look as grave as if you had really been guilty of the thing. Ha! have I surmised aright?' and she looked up with a smile which contradicted her words.

'No, my love; but I will tell you when we are alone what it is which causes my gravity. Now give the baby to me, and go to market;' and as he spoke, he took the infant from her arms, and threw a handful of silver into her lap. 'Be economical to-night, Letty,' he whispered, as she proceeded to equip herself in her bonnet and cloak.

'Am I not always economical?' the wife inquired.

'Yes, my love; I've no cause for complaint on that score; but I wish you to be more than usually so; I'll tell you why when you return.'

'Nay, tell me now, dear Frank; pray don't keep me in suspense. I fear there is something the matter.'

'No, no—nothing serious, my dear; don't be alarmed; it's only a trifling loss, which we must redeem by prac-

tising a little self-denial. Perhaps,' he added, with a forced laugh — 'perhaps it is a *happy* event, for it may teach me to be more cautious.'

'You have been called upon to pay the bill you accepted for your brother,' she gently said.

'Even so. It is the first time I ever did such a thing, and depend upon it, Letty, it is the *last* I will put my hand to.'

'But you thought to serve your brother, so you must not reflect upon yourself, dear Frank,' she soothingly observed.

'I did; but I now see that I shall impoverish my own family without materially benefiting him; and this I do not think it right to do, even for a brother.' The wife made no further comment; but when she returned with the provision for the week's consumption, it was obvious that she had borne her husband's injunction in mind.

Ere the evening was over, the quietude of the little family was broken in upon by the entrance of Alfred Bolton, who, elated with some information he had just received, and half inebriated with the copious potations of ale which he had drunk, saluted his brother with a blow on the shoulder, which made him shrink to a little distance.

'I've excellent news for you, my boy—excellent news!' he began: 'so let's have a glass over it.'

'You know, Fred, that I belong to the Total Abstinence Society,' Francis replied.

'Oh, I forgot that. Then I suppose,' he sneeringly added, 'you wouldn't treat a friend, or even a brother, with a glass, and so you save your pocket and quiet your conscience at the same time.'

'You are quite right, Fred; I do most certainly save my pocket and quiet my conscience; but my principal motive in joining that society was, that I might set an example to others.'

'And have you found the plan answer?' Alfred laughingly inquired.

'I have. I hope I have been the means of rescuing two or three families from the sin in which drunkenness is sure to involve them, and I yet hope to exert similar influence over many more.'

'You'll never bring me to sign my name to such a pledge!' Alfred interrupted him by exclaiming. 'But we'll drop this subject; we shall never agree upon it; and I've something more interesting to talk about.'

'I hope the good news you have to communicate is, that you will be able to refund the money I paid for you to-day?' Francis gravely remarked.

'Oh I shall be able to pay that and every other debt in a very short time.'

'From what source, pray?'

'Why, I have a fortune in view.'

'Not from the profits of your business, if you leave it, as you are now doing, on a Saturday night.'

'No, I shall never get a fortune by shopkeeping, that's sure. I wasn't cut out for it. I was born to spend a fortune, not to make one.'

'But you must make it before you can spend it.'

'Not if it's ready-made for me.'

'I don't understand what you mean by all this, Fred; and, to own the truth, I am rather anxious to know what good prospect you have of refunding this money, for I have been obliged to draw upon a little reserve I had made for a specific object in order to settle the bill.'

'Oh, you must wait a few weeks—only a few weeks, and then you'll see me driving my phaeton.'

'More likely that I shall see you in a prison.'

'You are very fond of prophesying a prison for me, Frank. I can't say that I think it altogether brotherly. However, time will prove which of us is in the right.'

'The tradesman who leaves his business to his wife and his apprentice, and spends his Saturday night at a tavern, is on the high road to a prison, or I'm very much mistaken,' Francis remarked.

'That visit to the White Lion to-night was the most

lucky thing that ever happened to me,' the young man returned. 'And now I'll tell you all about it. What should I see there but an advertisement for one Alfred Bolton, the nephew of the late Captain Thomas Bolton of the Royal Marines, with the information that a large sum of money, willed to him by the said captain, lay in the hands of the executors of the deceased!'

'And is that the only ground for your great expectations?'

'Only ground! Why, I think that is enough. You know, Frank, that father used to talk about a brother Tom, who ran away from home when a youth, and it was supposed took to a seafaring life. Well, there can't be a doubt that this is the very man.'

'I don't agree with you in concluding that there can't be a doubt. The names are common.'

'True; but the coincidence of names and profession is singular. I am quite satisfied that I am the person.'

'Well, if you can make the executors as well satisfied, it will be a good thing; but I'm not so sanguine.'

'And I suppose you'd have me say, "Oh, it's no use trying," and go plodding on behind my counter without attempting to better myself.'

'No, Fred, that is not my advice. I would have you apply by all means; but at the same time I would not have you suffer yourself to be so elated with the expectation that a disappointment would greatly depress you; nor would I see you neglecting one of your *positive* duties in the pursuit of an *uncertain* good.'

'That's just like you, Frank.'

'Is it not common sense and prudence?'

'Well, well; call it what you like. Now I'll go home, and tell the news to Suky.'

'Poor Susan!' his brother responded, 'she looks very pale and ill. I fear she is suffering from the double duty you impose upon her.'

'Oh, she shall ride in her carriage soon. Good-by, good-by; and the visitor made an exit as abrupt as his entrance had been.

The notion that a fortune was only awaiting his putting forth his hand to take it having once got possession of the mind of Alfred Bolton, he took no further interest in his business. The shop he occupied had been established for more than thirty years. His father had brought up a large family in respectability from its profits, and industry and perseverance would have insured the same success to him. His natural indolence was, however, encouraged by the society he made choice of, which, together with his weakness of mind and unstable principles, led to the most unhappy results. The connections which commenced with an occasional visit to the tavern, proceeded in time to positive intemperance; and Bolton now seldom returned to his distressed family until in a state of intoxication. Poor Susan did all in her power to keep the connection together: she strove to supply her husband's place in the shop, though she was necessarily obliged to neglect her children, and sacrifice the domestic comfort of their home. The apprentice, taking advantage of his master's inattention to business, and thinking that a woman had no right to assume the authority, became remiss in his duties. He transgressed the rules of the house with impunity, and at last became so daring in his resistance of control, that Mrs Bolton, though with great reluctance, was obliged to lodge complaints against him to her husband. The remonstrances of an idle and intemperate master could not, however, be expected to have much effect upon the youth. He defied his power, and still persisted in the same practices.

Such a state of things could not long continue. The wholesale dealers with whom Bolton transacted his business sent in their bills at the usual time; but there was no money to meet their demands. The principal as well as the profits had been expended in endeavours to obtain documents, which, after all, proved to be useless, and in libations at the tavern to drown care and stifle the stings of conscience.

To add to the troubles from which the family were suffering, an epidemic which was raging in the neighbourhood seized the younger branches, and one after another was attacked. Fears were entertained that they would fall victims to the disease, and this new calamity called forth all the mother's feelings. She could now no longer fill her husband's place, and the business, in its turn, gave way to these pressing duties.

Mrs Bolton was, late one evening, sitting with the youngest of her children in her arms, expecting every hour would terminate his life, when her husband's brother entered the same little parlour to which we introduced the reader at the commencement of our narrative. He did not now, however, inquire, as before, for Alfred, but seating himself in silence by the side of the weeping mother, cast on her a compassionate and sympathising glance. 'I am sent to you by your husband, my dear Mrs Bolton,' he at length said, bending as he spoke over the sick child, in order to conceal his emotion.

'By Alfred?' she inquired. 'What is the matter? Is he ill?'

'No, not ill; but he will not be able to see you to-night.'

A gleam of the truth crossed the mind of the unhappy wife, but no burst of agony escaped her. She had grown familiar with misfortune, and this fresh disaster was only what she had for some weeks anticipated.

'He is in a prison,' she said in that hollow tone bespeaking a depth of distress which cannot vent itself in tears or expressions of anguish. 'I guess it all too well—I have long foreseen this termination.'

'And so have I, dear Susan,' Francis affectionately returned; 'but that has not softened the blow. It has distressed me and Letty beyond measure to see you and your innocent children suffering from the misconduct of my foolish brother. Say, however, what we can do to serve you?'

'You are very kind,' the wife returned, whilst a smile for an instant illumined her pale, careworn features—'you are very kind; but I cannot ask you to provide my children with that support which their father might earn for them. Things must now shortly come to a climax, and then, if it is the will of Providence that they should be spared, I will work for them with my own hands.'

'But you are ill, and unequal to any further exertion.'

'You know not what a mother can do for her offspring,' she energetically made answer.

That night, in the gloom and solitude of a home which had once been the abode of happiness—a home from which she expected shortly to be driven—Susan Bolton closed the eyes of her youngest-born.

It may be here necessary to inform the reader that Alfred Bolton's claim to the advertised property had not been acknowledged by the executors of the deceased captain. Several other candidates had come forward with him. These had, however, been alike unsuccessful in proving their identity; and this circumstance had strengthened Bolton in his conviction that he was the person to whom it really belonged. He protested that the executors were a set of rogues, who had resolved to keep the money in their own hands; and neither the gloom of his prison-home, the prospect of insolvency, nor the destitution of his family, could daunt his hopes of one day being master of the disputed wealth. He was resolved, he said, when once again at large, to prosecute the knaves who were endeavouring to rob him of his right; and vain were poor Susan's tears and prayers that he would drop all thoughts of the unfortunate business, and turn his energies to the settlement of his own affairs.

Francis was equally urgent on the subject; and though it was by his generous aid alone that the family were saved from starvation, his brother would not listen to his counsel.

'Alfred,' he said to him one evening as he sat at

the window of his room overlooking his fellow-debtors, who were amusing themselves with the monotonous prison games in the court below. 'I hope you have now seen the fallacy of pursuing a shadow, and, by so doing, losing the substance. You must be aware that, but for the expectation you had of that property, and the consequent neglect of your shop, you might have been still in your snug little parlour instead of this miserable abode.'

'You are wrong in terming it a shadow, Frank,' his brother interposed. 'The money is as surely mine as that I sit upon this seat; and I shall yet be able to prove that it is so.'

'If that is your determination,' the younger Bolton returned, 'I have no hope for your future prospects.'

'But what am I to do?' Alfred impatiently asked. 'I shall have neither money nor credit to begin the world again with. Am I to see my family die of starvation, and then throw myself into the river?'

'You know that I advocate neither apathy nor despair,' his brother returned. 'I would see you exert your energies, but then they should be directed in the right course. Your best way will be, on your release from confinement, to take some situation in the line of business to which you have been accustomed.'

'What! I who have been a master for these ten years become a servant! No, Frank, I will be no man's slave!'

'You are the slave of your own false pride,' cried Francis; 'and that is thralldom far more ignoble than is his who literally wears a chain of bondage. I tell you, Fred, that the pursuit of an honest calling, however humble, would be honourable to your character, instead of entailing disgrace; and your creditors would be more likely, at some future period, to offer you further assistance in setting you up in your business again, if they saw that you were industrious and steady.'

'Ah, all this is very fine in theory, but it will be very difficult to practise it.'

'You know that I am not above being in the employment of another,' the younger brother remarked.

'True, you fill a subordinate situation; but then you have others under you.'

'All this is great folly, Fred,' Francis resumed; 'nay, it is worse than folly. The grand criterion of respectability is for a man to do his duty, let that duty lie in whatever path it may.'

After the usual law process, Alfred Bolton passed through the insolvent debtors' court, and was set at large. All the worldly wealth he had then to call his own was a few articles of furniture and wearing apparel, and these he removed from his commodious house in town to a mean lodging in the Surrey suburbs. Even here, however, Susan's clever management and good taste produced an air of comfort; and she generously forebore to make any allusions to their former situation, lest her husband should imagine that she intended it as a reproof. With the view of assisting in the maintenance of the family, she recommenced the business by which she had supported herself prior to her marriage; but she now found it to be a difficult task. When a woman in the humbler classes of society has the charge of a young family, it is quite sufficient for her to fulfil those duties; and in proportion as her attention is directed to other objects, the comforts of home, and the mental and physical health of her children, must suffer. To Mrs Bolton there was, unhappily, no choice. No sooner was her husband at liberty, than he fell into his former practices; he put off the execution of the plan his brother had recommended, with the vague expectation of being able to get possession of what he termed his right. His days were therefore spent in transacting business in conjunction with a disreputable attorney, who fed his hopes with the agreement that his client should handsomely recompense him in the event of success; and his evenings in convivial parties at a tavern; for those by whom his society was considered a pleasant addition, paid his reckoning, with the resolve

to indemnify themselves when Bolton should become a rich man.

Thus week after week passed. The attorney, in the name of his client, now commenced proceedings against the executors of the late Captain Bolton's will; and the young man was in ecstasies with the prospect, which his own imagination filled up with gold, and all the luxuries it will procure. Susan was one morning sitting engaged with her needle, with her four surviving little ones about her—for her means would not allow her to send them to school, and their father's pride could not submit to the humiliation of receiving their education as a charity—when Bolton and his man of business unexpectedly stopped at the door in a hackney-coach. The former alighted in great haste, saying that he wanted to present some valuable papers which he had in his possession before the court.

'I wish you had come a few minutes earlier,' his wife observed. 'There has been a person here inquiring for you, and I have just said I did not know when you would be in.'

'What sort of a person?'

'An aged sailor-looking man with a wooden leg. Indeed I thought he had some especial motive in calling, for he seemed very anxious to see you, and made inquiries respecting your father.'

'Oh, he has some intelligence to give me regarding the money: how unfortunate I missed him. Which way did he go?'

'Down the street towards the Westminster Road.'

'I'll follow him. A sailor with a wooden leg did you say, Susan?' His wife nodded assent, and leaping into the vehicle, Bolton drove down the street with even greater haste than before.

Scarcely had Mrs Bolton reseated herself in order to resume her occupation, when a loud summons at the knocker brought her again to the door. It was her husband, who, having almost immediately overtaken the person he was in quest of, had sent the lawyer on with the papers, and returned with the view of questioning the man ere he himself made his appearance in the court.

'Be seated, my friend,' he said, placing him as he spoke an arm-chair by the side of the fire. 'You look weary; you shall have a glass of ale, and then I will listen to what you have to relate.'

'Mine is a sad story, sir,' the old man made answer, and he looked very complacently at the refreshment which Mrs Bolton now brought forth.

'You have some particulars to give me regarding my family?' Bolton observed, a little disconcerted at the last remark.

'Well, sir, I don't know yet whether it may be about your family, but I hope it is.'

'I don't understand you: I thought, from what my wife told me, that you knew my father, Mr Francis Bolton; and I concluded, as you were a sailor, you had some knowledge also of Captain Thomas Bolton.'

'Are you the son of Francis Bolton of York, sir?'

'I am.'

'And you've a brother called Alfred?'

'No: I am Alfred Bolton—my brother's name is Francis. I am the eldest son, though I was not named after my father.'

'Then I believe you are the young man I am in search of.'

'Well, well, my good friend, now you are satisfied on that head, let me hear what you have to communicate. I have a fortune resting on a straw, and I'll pay you well if you can turn it in my favour.'

'A fortune?—pay me?—I don't know what you mean, sir.'

'Don't you know that I am the rightful owner of Captain Bolton's property? Haven't you come here for the express purpose of telling me what you know of him?'

'Not I, sir: I know nothing about such a person. I came here to find out my brother's children.'

'Pshaw, old man, what are your brother's children to me? Don't you know, then, anything of Captain Thomas Bolton of the royal marines?'

'Not I, sir.'

'Then what did you come here for, fellow?'

'Softly, softly, Alfred,' Susan gently interposed: 'respect the gray hairs of this poor man: either he or you are under some mistake in this matter.'

The sailor turned to her with an expression of deep gratitude. 'Why, ma'am,' he hesitatingly said, 'I didn't say who I was at first, because I wanted to know whether I'd found the right person; but I'm pretty sure now.'

'Who are you then?' Bolton almost fiercely asked.

'Well, sir, I ain't ashamed to own my name, though I am poor, and have only one leg and a stump to carry me. I assure you I've never disgraced my kin, whether they own me or not.'

'Who are you, old man?' Bolton again vociferated.

'Why, sir, I'm Thomas Bolton.'

'Thomas Bolton!'

'Yes, sir; I am the youngest boy, who ran away from home—the brother of your father, sir.'

'Tis a falsehood!' cried the young man, stamping his foot furiously on the ground. 'You've been sent here by those knaves of executors.'

Again Susan interposed, entreating that her husband would listen calmly to what the old man had to say.

'I've nothing else to say, ma'am,' he rejoined. 'If your husband won't believe me, but turns his back upon his nearest kin, why, I'll take myself off, that's all. It shan't be said that Tom Bolton ever cringed for a meal.'

'You shall not go. I'll have you taken up as an impostor. I'll sift this foul concern to the bottom.'

'Taken up?—foul concern? I really don't know what you mean, sir. I ask you for nothing, if you don't think proper to own me as your uncle—only I'm a little disappointed.'

There was such an air of truthfulness, and so much simplicity in the aspect and manner of the old man, that Susan felt at once convinced that his statements were correct. She dared not, however, say this to her husband in his present irritated state of mind; but drawing him aside, ventured to suggest that he should detain the sailor by gentle means till the return of the attorney, who, she said, would, by a few cross questions, soon discover whether it was as he suspected.

Bolton heaving, from the decision of his own judgment, some fears lest his humble guest should be able to prove his identity, listened to her counsel. If his cause were indeed hopeless, he had no wish to involve himself in any further law expenses. Therefore bidding the old man reseate himself, and take the refreshment which was placed before him, he paced up and down the room with impatient yet less angry gestures.

It was not, however, till Susan had earnestly intreated and whispered an apology for her husband's harsh language, that the old man would comply with the request. But he could not resist her pleadings; and in a few minutes he had the children about his knees, begging him to tell them some story of the sea.

'I should very much like to be a sailor,' exclaimed the eldest boy.

A speaking glance from the mother followed this speech. It was a glance which said, if you regard my feelings, encourage not this wish. The old man read in a moment the expression of her moist eye, and sympathy, or it might be the recollection of his own gentle mother, caused a glistening drop to roll down his sun-burnt and furrowed cheek.

'Ah, that is just what I thought, my fine fellow, when I was your age,' he returned, drawing the boy closer to his side; 'and when my father and mother said I should not go, I was wicked enough to say I would, and then to run away from home. But I've often wished I hadn't done it. I soon got tired of the hard work and the hard fare; and I was frightened when the wind tossed the ship about, and I had to climb up the rigging

and take down the sails: and then I often cried for my dear happy home and my good father and mother; and I wanted to play at my old games with my brothers and sisters; but 'twas too late!

The child looked thoughtful, the mother grateful, and the old man, with evident emotion, went on—'Learn a lesson from me, my little lad,' he said. 'If you wish to be a happy man, don't be a disobedient, bad boy. I've seemed as happy, and laughed as loud, as any of my shipmates, but I wasn't happy none the more for that. I used to think of my poor mother, for I knew she'd cry every time she heard the wind roar; and I'd have gone back to her, but they took care I should not leave the ship. So I never saw her again; for when I was a man, and got leave to visit my native town, she was dead, she and my father too; and my brothers and sisters were all gone to live no one knew where, so I was left alone. Oh, I was bitterly sorry that I ever left them; and here I am, in my old age, lame and homeless, and without a relation to own me.'

The conversation was here interrupted by the reappearance of the attorney. He entered with an aspect which told of disappointment, ere his lips communicated a word. 'It's all over with us!' Bolton muttered, being by this time quite convinced of the old man's identity. He drew the man of business into an adjoining apartment, and there received the corroboration of his worst fears.

The total blight of his lofty expectations had a worse effect on the mind of Alfred Bolton than even the hope of wealth had produced. His habits of idleness and intemperance grew more fixed; his temper became morose and even fierce, inasmuch that his gentle wife trembled in his presence; and his children fled from him with dread. Susan's relatives, justly indignant at the treatment she received, would have assisted her and the children, if they could have induced her to leave him; but bad as he was, her heart clung to him with affection, which had been too long and too ardently cherished to be extinguished even by his brutality. Thus year after year passed away; but the constitution of the young man, which was naturally delicate, could not bear up against the poisonous effects of a continuous course of intoxication. He fell a victim to that ruinous vice which has slain its thousands and tens of thousands; and his wife was left a widow, his children fatherless.

Widely different was the career of the younger Bolton, and consequently the fate of his family. His strict integrity and undeviating good conduct won the respect and confidence of his employers, and he was raised, step by step, into more important and more lucrative situations, until he became a junior partner in the firm. A few years subsequently, the elder merchants, growing fatigued with the cares of business, retired, and left the whole concern in his hands. The change in their circumstances did not, however, call forth any undue elation on the part of either Francis Bolton or his amiable wife. They had a commodious and well-furnished home, instead of the humble second floor with which they had commenced their married life; a well-spread board, and all the comfort and conveniences which money can so readily procure; but there was no vain display—no attempts to vie with persons of rank and fashion—no affectation of their manners and amusements. Mr Bolton was known as an open-hearted, generous, and affable individual, and his wife as a gentle, unostentatious matron, who had ever a smile for a friend, and a guinea for an object of charity. None spoke of their sumptuous dinners, their elegant soirées, or their splendid equipage; to be respected and beloved was the guardian they desired, and this they freely received.

The sequel of poor Susan's fate is sad to relate. A life of extreme mental and bodily suffering could scarcely be a long life. She died prematurely—one of the many innocent victims of vice—but not hopelessly; for her last days were cheered by seeing her boys under the protecting care of her excellent brother-in-law, and by

the kind assurances of Letitia Bolton that her daughter should, at her death, be received into their family as one of her own children.

THE WEST INDIA VOYAGER.

Dec. 15, 184-. We sighted Jamaica early this morning: at five o'clock the whole of the south-east end of the island was visible—the Blue Mountains forming an admirable background. They are not less than thirty-five miles off, and yet seem under our bow. To one who has learnt to measure distance in the tropics, however, by the shades of objects, they seem as distant as they really are. The whole island is covered, from the beach to the summit of the hills, with verdure; but it appears at this distance arid and barren, with all the peculiar ashy-brown tints which strike one so much in Roberts's paintings. These tints are the signs of distance, and form, with the intense blue of the sky and sea, and the green of the nearer parts of the shore, a combination of singular beauty.

Jamaica, Dec. 25.—A Christmas-day to be remembered! The thermometer at 80 degrees: the dinner, turtle and plum pudding! In England, a lunch of 'turtle and Madeira' would sound very extravagant; here it is among the most economical. The extravagance is in bread, cheese, and porter—the one a shilling a pound, the other a shilling a bottle. The negroes live much better than the English labourers at all events. They are, in town, generally married from carriages, which they borrow of their old masters, and are always dressed expensively on such occasions. They have often white bread in their houses; and this Christmas time we met hundreds of them returning from Kingston market, whither they had gone, some forty miles on foot, to buy their Christmas feast. In this district, where, in the time of slavery, white bread was seldom to be had, it is sold in large quantities, and chiefly to the negroes. Nor can this excite surprise. A man and his wife, working two days a week on their own ground, will supply themselves with ordinary provisions; the proceeds of the other four days—or eight shillings—they can afford to spend on luxuries. The general feeling on the south side of the island is, that while drought and heavy taxation have lessened the means of the people, the diminution of their contributions for schools and other purposes is to be attributed chiefly to an increase of artificial wants, and the loss, in some degree, of their interest in religious instruction. All the schools are suffering from this cause.

The negroes are very fond of fine names, or expressive ones. They often call their children 'Prince George,' 'King William,' 'Lord Sligo,' without any surname at all. Their houses are—'Content,' 'Come See,' 'Much Sweet,' 'At Last.' Their horses, if they work well, are sometimes 'Bolus,' if they draw well, 'Blister!' The cleverest name yet given to a horse in this island is thought to be 'Grathy,' as it affords ample opportunity for the exercise of their inventive genius. 'Top Ography' bids him stop; 'Ge Ography' bids him go; 'Sten Ography' bids him stand. All catch this spirit. 'Saddle Faith, and give Hope her corn,' said a friend last evening. He afterwards told me that 'Charity' had fallen and broken her neck some months before!

Stony Hill, near Kingston, Jan. 1, 184-. Here we are amid the finest scenery I have yet witnessed in Jamaica—nine miles from Kingston, at the country-house of a friend. Before us lies the city of Kingston, the fine harbour, Port Royal, and a beautiful savanna of several miles in extent; around us are the Liguanea Mountains, on one of which our house stands. It is now

winter, but the double jessamine, the thumbergia, and flowers of all hues and shapes, are in bloom. The house is called a cottage, and has a pleasant garden, and eleven acres of Guinea-grass attached to it.

From Stony Hill we have a view of the harbour of Kingston. From Port Royal (which is at the entrance) to Kingston is seven miles, and from east to west the harbour extends, in the widest part, not less than fifteen miles. The whole is completely land-locked, and is celebrated for the security of the anchorage, and its sharks! More than once we noticed the surface of the water cut by the dorsal fins of a couple of these monsters. They are greatly dreaded by the negroes; and not without reason. Among the curiosities of this residence are the India-rubber tree, the melon cactus, the rose, the sand-box tree, with a seedpod that makes an admirable sand-box; and the romantic mountain scenery, reminding me every here and there of Switzerland. The breeze, too, is very refreshing, and the water and fruits delicious. Among the interesting occurrences of the last day or two, I may reckon a visit to the coral reefs near Port Royal. The branching coral, and the brain stone, as seen in the depth of the water, have a very magical effect: they look like a submarine forest, and tempt you to plunge down and walk under the shade. Have I ever described a night in Kingston? It is noteworthy. The nights I spent there were generally moonlight; the sky a beautiful blue; the moon's rays of silvery whiteness, giving the appearance of snow to the roofs of all the buildings in the city. Your windows are of course left open, the jalousies being shut so as to exclude the moon's beams. As you go to bed, and when you have laid yourself under the sheet, you are tormented with a curious unearthly buzz. It proceeds from a delicately-shaped insect, with tiniest body, long legs, and most voracious head and feelers: it is the mosquito. Its buzz continues till it sends you into a fever, or a broken troubled sleep. But why not cover yourself up in the sheet, you ask? First, it is too warm; and secondly, the sheet will not protect you. The buzz continues, and if the animal is so minded, it can bite through sheet and all. It is the everlasting buzz, however, that will most tease you. . . . After you have been an hour in bed—supposing you to retire about ten—hark! the cocks are crowing! and as Kingston is full of these 'feathered bipeds,' they crow at each other till morning. 'Cock-crowing' in Jamaica means from eleven p. m. to eight a. m. At the same time the dogs begin their music, and go on barking at each other, or the moon, till daylight. They may be seen prowling about the city all day, very much as in the East. The mosquitoes, cocks, and dogs of Kingston, no visitor will ever forget.

Mount Charles, Jan. 2.—I have hardly done Jamaica justice. Our ride to-day has equaled our Swiss rides in beauty: the hills are most rich in vegetation, and very romantic: the valleys, too, abound in cane-pieces and cocoa nuts: Mount Charles is the sunniest, prettiest spot I have seen—a high hill, with hills and valleys of every shape and size around. The entire landscape extended not less than fifteen miles in each direction; and though I missed the background of the Alps, we had more than Alpine luxuriance and softness. We here witnessed a negro wedding; and though I cannot say that the lady blushed 'celestial rosy red,' I have no doubt, judging from her trepidation, that she felt in her heart all the maiden modesty and virgin pride of which blushing is the appropriate sign. She was dressed like any lady: satin, orange blossom, and French white, according to the approved style in such matters. They sent us a piece of their wedding cake; not the crowning summit of the loaf (which is always kept for some patron-lady), but an inferior piece, which they deemed good enough for bachelor friends.

Port Maria, Jan. 4.—The Jamaica people say that their seasons are quite altered since freedom, as is everything else. The very fish will not be caught 'since freedom': birds are scarcer and wilder 'since

freedom:' the rains, which ought to have come and gone before now, had they observed old rules, are still prevalent. Yesterday morning I rode from Annotta Bay to Port Maria, fifteen miles, through regular tropical water-spouts, and over one of the worst roads in the island.

Falmouth, Jan. 16.—I am now in this sea-side town, with morasses on each side; our only comfort the daily visit of the 'doctor,' as the strong sea-breeze is called. On Monday we go on to Montego Bay and Lucre; and on our return take another group of villages inland, till, by the middle of February, we hope to reach Kingston again. During the last few days, we have seen several sugar properties, and have been interested in the process of sugar-making. A sugar estate, with its waving cane-pieces—looking not unlike a Brobdignagian corn-field—its whitewashed house and mill, its upland Guinea-grass and forest, is a very beautiful scene; nor less beautiful for the presence of the negro workman—'God's image in ebony,' as Mason Goode calls him—and his white dress. Unhappily, the bad economy of the sugar estate is as obvious as its beauty. Every estate has, as we noticed, its sugar mill and boiler—the whole kept up at a very enormous expense, and used for about three months in the year. If every farm in England had its corn-mill worked by water-power, the water being brought to the mill by expensive aqueducts, we should have at home a sample of Jamaica management. The sugar is boiled, too, in open pans, at a higher temperature than is necessary, and with a large waste of materials. The air of the boiling-house is laden with sweets. . . . Nothing strikes a stranger more in Jamaica than the large amount of land not under cultivation. The hills, and many of the valleys, are all in bush. Twice or thrice the present number of inhabitants might find support and employment in the island. At the same time, it can hardly be doubted that there is now quite as much labour as there is capital to employ it. The labour is considerably in excess. This deficiency of capital shows itself sometimes in the non-payment of wages, but chiefly in the refusal to employ the labourers continuously throughout the year, and in consequent defective cultivation. For estates now under cultivation, there seems capital enough to plant the canes, and to cut them, but not to do justice to the soil. The consequence is, that for four or six months in the year the demand for labour is excessive, and at other times there is no demand at all. The only security against this serious evil is large capital and efficient cultivation: with these appliances, the evil will cure itself in a very little time. In one parish, the land and management are so improved, that crop time continues all the year round; the labour is regular, and never excessive; and as each cane-piece is finished, another is ready.

Some English proprietors whom we met here, and who have visited Guiana and Cuba, assured us that, with English enterprise and skill, even the older islands, like Jamaica, have nothing to fear from Spanish competition. The grand defect in the social economy of the West Indies, as I formerly hinted, is the want of a resident proprietary with capital and skill. Just fancy the consequence of land in England being managed not by the delegates of absentee proprietors, but the delegates of parties who possess mortgages over the properties. Of course nothing but ruin and discontent would be the result.

Havanna, Cuba, March 11.—The first city we have yet seen; a very noble one too, with Boulevards, European hotels, Moro-Spanish buildings, tomb of Columbus, volantes, galights, oratorios—'Israel in Egypt' being to be performed this very evening—and slaves!

Yesterday morning we went on shore, and after paying a brief visit to the British consul, with whom our letter from the Governor of Jamaica found marked favour, we hired a volante, and drove through the city. A volante! only mark it—a horse, a carriage, and a

pair of wheels—the horse with his tail platted, and fastened by a silver-embossed strap to the saddle; the saddle occupied by a slave, dressed in gigantic Spanish boots, with spurs of Don Quixote fashion, and smart livery; the carriage, suspended on leathern straps between the horse and the wheels, easy and elegant, not unlike an English cabriolet; the wheels, never less than six feet high, seem made to run behind, and really answer their purpose well. The length of the whole concern is about thirty feet, and the motion is very agreeable. Having mounted our carriage, we were *fed* away to the Boulevards—a very fine ride, of a mile or two in length, each side of the road bordered with flowering shrubs and the cabbage-palm; seats, and statues, and fountains, placed at due intervals, and very splendid buildings at each end. At *three* o'clock we dined at an American hotel, in American style; agreeable enough for once, though I could not help looking at the negroes who waited at table with more earnestness than became a visitor. In the evening we took another drive, and witnessed some novel scenes. We went again to the Boulevard, or Paseo. It was nearly six o'clock, the witching hour of the tropics: the intense blue of the heavens had given place to light snow-like clouds, which floated gently in a rich puce-coloured sky: the sun's rays had ceased to point towards the earth, and were all stretching away in solid masses of light to the heaven. The whole city is astrid at this hour: the stores are closed, volantes fly in every direction—that is, up and down, for the Paseo is straight, and the volante cannot easily turn. Each has a rich freight of ladies in full dress, without hat or cap, arms and neck uncovered, their form rather more revealed than hidden by the dark Spanish mantilla that supplies the place of bonnet and cloak. The volantes pass on, to us endlessly—for we left them, after an hour's ride, passing still, each more splendid than its predecessor, and filled, as you suppose, with black eyes and roses. In the morning we visited the cathedral, a handsome building, where at length the ashes of Columbus find their resting-place. They were first buried in Valladolid; then moved to Seville; then to Hispaniola. When that island was ceded, in 1795, to the French, they were again moved, with much pomp and ceremony, archbishops and admirals taking part in the service, to their present resting-place—the wall of the cathedral of Havana, on the right side of the grand altar.

At Havanna, the tidings reached us of the loss of the *Tweed*, an event which filled every one with concern, and led me to change my proposed route homeward.

At Sea, March 19.—By means of a quick-sailing vessel, we have just reached the *Tay* steamer on its way to England by way of Bermuda. It was a novel scene, the transhipment of a large freight of passengers and goods in the middle of the ocean. Sixty passengers, including twenty children, were transhipped in small boats, and on a rough sea. Some very narrow escapes there were, but happily all was done without accident. The ladies, who had to climb up our sides, the sea running very high, looked the very image of weakness and resignation, their worst fate being to be seized by the sailors, and passed up—as so much bullion or quicksilver—with great care. The children were generally seized by the back as old wives seize chickens, and 'hauled aft' in very edifying style. One little thing, some twelve months old, had a very narrow escape. Our ship was pitching a good deal, and the captain, who held her, lost his hold; he caught her again, however, and beyond a little alarm, and an awful cry from the poor mother, the whole resulting in an equally awful squeeze of the poor child afterwards by the mother aforesaid, no harm was done. By four o'clock, all the cargo and passengers were on board; and the *Tay*, which had kept all day at a cold and respectful distance—as cold a distance as the tropics allow—left us for Havanna, and we came on towards Bermuda. Last night it blew half a gale, and the creaking, and sighing, and squalling, and 'cascading' (as the negroes

poetically call the outward and visible sign of sea-sickness), were such as he only can conceive who has been in the Atlantic, with a strong north-east wind, and three thousand miles of sea on which to work its will.

March 24.—Reached Bermuda, a most beautiful group of islands—the Atlantic Windermere. The islands are very picturesque, and dotted all over with neat houses, with white sides and white roofs: the fortifications are handsome and strong: the population remarkably well off—the very convicts (of whom there are fifteen hundred) happy-looking and civil. The scenery combines the beauties of the Isle of Wight and the Cumberland Lakes; the sea a very light blue; the buildings white sandstone; and the people half black, and half brown and white. We remained a couple of days. All the first we were kept on board in the middle of the bay by a severe gale; the second we spent at the capital of the islands, and dined on roast beef, new potatoes, and green peas!

All the pilots on these seas are black men. Those we saw were shrewd clever fellows. As we left the islands to-night, we saw more than one whale spouting his stream of water into the sky.

On Ireland island we visited the cemetery of the colony, one of the most beautiful I ever saw. The majority of the monuments seem to have been erected by soldiers or sailors to their comrades. One consists of two rough rocks, with the names of those whose loss at sea it records inscribed upon them. It looks as if the grief of their friends had seized the first object it found to give expression to its intensity, and obtain relief: a pretty idea!

April 3.—Eight hundred and ninety-five miles from the Lizard! Verily, a passenger has need of patience. We measure our distance from home every day, and ask every hour of our rate. We are probably not in the best humour for forming a fair opinion of our fellow-passengers: every one longs for England. The winds, too, are very keen; and, worse still, are contrary. Free from all these prejudicial influences, however, I cannot but think our companions not the most interesting. But few ladies are on board: the more the pity. 'Spirits masculine' don't produce happiness.

Did you ever go on deck at half-past nine at night, as I have done for the last month and more? It calls forth curious feelings. When we left Bermuda, we seemed to have closed one volume of life; the next we are to open in Europe, or England rather. There is much to read in the interval however: the very sky and sea look awful: clouds cover the one—you can hardly see our mainmast—and bawling, boisterous waves the other: the wind is gusty: the sails half bent, as if doubtful whether the wind comes as friend or foe: the spray dashes over the deck: the boatswain, albeit not of a talking mood, is ready to spin you a yarn: the ship rolls and pitches fearfully: your walking is a mere burlesque. For one whole hour (you can undress in the dark, and all lights are put out at half-past ten), however, you have to stagger from paddle-box to stern, folding your cloak around you, and bidding a cheerful good-night to your fellow-passengers.

Last night I had a long chat with the captain. 'It's all luck, sir, that we are not lost in these seas,' said he. 'You saw that wreck yesterday? Why, if we had struck her at night, as some ship may do, we should have sunk her; but she might have stove us in. You saw that vessel to-day? If we had got our wheels upon it twelve hours later, it would have disabled us in one of our wings, and kept us at sea five or six days.' 'Fire must give you some anxiety in these vessels, captain?' 'Why, yes, our cabins are of thin light wood, and if they once caught fire, they would burn like tinder. Only this very night I found three of the children opening the lanterns and admiring the lights: in another minute they would have put up their paper-matches to see if they would burn. It's all luck that we are not burnt long ago.'

April 4.—The wind changes, shifting from east to

north—cold, piercing, angry-looking, as if it meant to say, 'Who are you? What brings you here?' We meekly answer, 'We are going home—let us pass.' 'Home! what know I of home? However, you may pass on!'

GERMANS, ENGLISH, AND SCOTCH.

We are not sure that a very brief visit to a country enables a man to theorise more correctly on the national character of its inhabitants, than if he had remained at home and weighed the conflicting testimonies of books. First impressions are rarely true; and the raw traveller must get over his sensations of novelty, before being able to philosophise to advantage. A book lying before us* is not merely the result of a hasty view of some of the most remarkable nations of Europe, but the mind of its author is saturated with a particular subject, which gives a peculiar tone and colouring to all his speculations. This subject is doubtless the loftiest imaginable; but religion, however admirable and indispensable in itself, does not enable us to judge of art or science, or of men in their social relations generally. Were such the case, a devout recluse, wholly untainted by the follies and vices of the world, would be the best traveller.

The author, whose work the 'Protector' was recently noticed in the Journal, is a minister of Geneva, who was deputed in 1845 by the Evangelical Society there to visit Germany and Great Britain, for the purpose of drawing closer the bonds of Christian union between these countries and his own city. In his present production, however, we must look neither for new information, nor for profound views based upon his own experience. The book might have been as well written—perhaps better—if he had never left his own study at Geneva. It rarely even professes to give the results of personal observation, and almost never adduces facts for the support of theory. In the most interesting part, it is a devout essay on national character; in the rest, it is an examination of various religious questions, and a historical summary of the fortunes of the church militant in Scotland, from John Knox to Thomas Chalmers. The style is not Scriptural, but as thickly inlaid with Scripture as a village sermon, being in some places a mere cento from the Sacred Writings.

If the book is but little satisfactory to the mere literary critic, we fear it will be still less so to the religious world. Party politics have gone by, and religion has taken their place. The church is up. The voices of the senate and the platform, which used to stir us like the clang of a trumpet, are drowned in the thunders of the pulpit. 'He who is not for us is against us!' is the cry on all sides; and it is safer to belong even to a weak party than to tolerate more than one. Our author is aware of this theoretically, but is not sufficiently careful to apply the rule to his own conduct. One of the few anecdotes he tells announces the fact as regards Scotland in a very amusing manner. A deputation in Edinburgh, he says, from some colonial churches, after wavering for a long time between the Establishment and the Free Church, at length decided, in utter puzzlement, to belong to *both Assemblies*—a resolution which was repulsed disdainfully by the Established, and received in the Free Assembly, where the doctor was present, with shouts of laughter! Dr D'Aubigné, notwithstanding this warning, sides to a certain extent with Episcopacy, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism at one moment; and in fact

he appears to be at some loss, except in his official capacity as an envoy to the Free Church, which to prefer. What he desires is, 'the very essence of Christianity—divine life, true evangelism,' without minding the denomination; and to this we should have nothing to object, were it not sufficiently obvious that he desires, at the same time, to be all things to all men—with the exception of course of Catholics, Jews, and infidels.

Our author, in addition to the present visit, spent several years in Germany in his youth; and the view he gives of the national character may therefore be considered to be of some value, though still the view of a student rather than of a traveller. 'The German,' says he, 'has several features which distinguish him in a striking manner from the Englishman and the Scotchman. He lives within himself; he seems born for the ideal world. His faith, when he has any, is rather in his head than in his heart, and he easily loses himself in mysticism. He feeds upon the ideal; he seeks out the first principles of things, their general laws, their essence. Systems of philosophy succeed one another in his country more rapidly than forms of government with the people most changeable in politics.'

'While elsewhere the life of man assumes more and more a public character, the German leads a solitary existence. He lives in his study, from the window of which, late and early, the light of his lamp is seen shining. A friend of mine, a Frenchman by birth, who resides in a university town, opposite one of the professors, said to me, "That is a singular man: I really do not know when he sleeps: his lamp is always burning!"' The Germans are a people to be taken separately and singly; they have seldom or never hitherto formed into groups and parties; and it may be said of Germany, as regards the empire of thought, what the Bible said of Israel at one period, with regard to social order—"In those days there was no king, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." . . . Hitherto the German has been contented to live alone at his ease, among his own ideas, his own faith; perhaps even in some cases his own errors. Faithful to the character of the ancient Germans, he seeks, not indeed in the seclusion of forests, but in the mysterious depths of his own mind, some undefined divinity which he worships. *Deorumque nominibus appellat secretum illud, quod sola reverentia videtur.* But a new epoch has now begun: throughout Germany, individualities are tending to unite and form into groups. The scattered members are here and there collecting into a body. The bones are gathering together, according to the prophecy of Ezekiel; sinews are coming upon them; flesh is growing; and soon they will stand upon their feet an exceeding great army.'

Let us now turn, for the sake of the contrast, to the English character, in which the aid of the lamp is still more obvious. 'If the German feeds upon the ideal, the practical is the characteristic of Great Britain; I say Britain, because most of what I say here of England is applicable to Scotland also. Reality, action, business, bear sway in the politics, the industry, the commerce, and, I will even say, in the religion of the English. Yet this practical tendency which characterises England is not selfish, as might have been expected. The large scale on which the people work, gives a certain scope and grandeur to the imagination. The habit which the English have of forming into parties, and of looking constantly at themselves as a nation, is opposed to a narrow selfishness; and a more elevated sentiment struggles with this vice in a large portion of the people. . . . The constitution of Great Britain, the balance of her powers, the slow but sure energy of the universal thought of the people—all this is so beautiful, that we cannot but recognise the Master-hand. But I did not leave the continent to study the wondrous mechanism of this state, I therefore content myself with saluting it respectfully as I pass on. . . . I observed in England one thing—that the people talk much less of liberty than we do on the continent, but practise it more. This is quite natural: when we possess a thing, we mention it less frequently than when we are in search of it. The young

* Germany, England, and Scotland; or Recollections of a Swiss Minister. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1846.

men, who play so important a part in Germany, and even in France and other countries, do not so in England. It is not for want of spirit in the English youth—they have even rather too much; but it is confined in the preparatory sphere of schools and colleges, and does not display itself in public business. Influential institutions satisfy this people. The young men know that their turn will come, and they wait quietly. Among a people deprived of public institutions, vigour is often misplaced; it is forced forward in youth, and exhausted in riper years. In England, on the contrary, it is disciplined in youth, and exerted in manhood. On the continent, paternal authority is much shaken; in Britain, the parents, generally speaking, know how to keep their children at a respectful distance; and this is a great element of strength for a nation. When the Bible would pronounce a threat against a people, it says, "I will give them children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them." This curse has been but too well fulfilled among many nations. When the unfortunate Legislative Assembly was convened in France after the Constituent Assembly, the multitude of extremely young men was notorious; and when the president by seniority, in order to form the provisional committee, called upon the deputies, who had not yet completed their twenty-sixth year, to come forward, sixty youths crowded round the tribune, competing for the office of Secretary to the Assembly. This predominance of youth is an evil which, thank God, is still far removed from England. The common people, merchants, aristocracy, all come in for their share of the laudations of this courtly minister. 'In Britain,' says he, 'of all the countries in the earth, the nobility have the most power. The king or queen is but the keystone of the aristocracy. This aristocracy also wears its greatness well. There is in the manners of the great ones of England a nobleness, a grace, a simplicity, an exquisite perfume of sociability, and a regard for their inferiors in the social scale, which wins every heart. There is among the English, especially among the aristocracy, a physical beauty celebrated all over the world, and with which the moral beauty of the mind is often in harmony. These nobles have not merely, like those of some other nations, an external polish, but there is within them an internal grace, a politeness of the soul.' Finally: 'Such, then, are these common people, so full of intelligence and activity; these rich men, so simple and so generous; these nobles, so amiable and so fond of liberty. It is a remarkable nation which is the result of such an assemblage. What enthusiasm among all classes of this people for great ideas! It is ideas, indeed, which thrill this people when a foreigner, whose name is linked with some principle, or some illustration, comes to visit them. It matters not whether he belongs to the highest or to the lowest degree of the social scale. We know how they welcomed Marshal Soult, who had fought against England, but who was in their eyes the personification of French glory; and humble and obscure individuals have also been received with unheard-of kindness, merely because their names were considered by our insular friends as attached to some great idea—to that, for instance, of the Reformation. In this respect, I will not say merely that England surpasses the continent; there is nothing like it among us. Our people are, as it were, insensible and dead, while the people of Great Britain are full of feeling and life. It is a nation complete in all its parts; our nations, in this respect, are mutilated. It is true that Germany begins to present some manifestations of this kind; but it is to be regretted that they are not in the best of causes.'

His dogmas touching the Scottish character—for everything here is the dogma of a student, not the inquiry of a philosophical traveller—are equally complimentary to the nation. 'I found the Scotchman kind, cordial, hospitable, active, and generous. If I had accepted all the invitations which were given me in Scotland, to spend only a few days with each, I should certainly have been there until now. What excellent people, what love, what Christian life, what zeal, what devotedness among all those

kind friends by whom I was surrounded! I only regretted that what might have filled up a year was crowded into a few days. I was more especially struck by the energy of this people—their energy of feeling, of words, and of action. There is still something of the old Scots and Picts in these Christians of the nineteenth century. . . . The Scotchman has even the defects of his good qualities. If there are any who are suspicious, violent, intolerant, or bitter, they are not so by halves. This is to be found in the most legitimate controversies; as in the Apocryphal controversy, for instance, which, although founded on justice, was sometimes carried beyond all reasonable bounds. The same may perhaps be said of more recent discussions.' He has some pertinent remarks, however, on the scholasticism of our preachers, and the endless ramifications of their subjects, and desires earnestly 'one single sigh—one burst of the soul,' instead of all these distinctions, orthodox as they may be. He considers both the discourses and the prayers, but more especially the latter, to be too long. In other matters of observation, however, the doctor is less at home. He is of course in raptures with the romance of Edinburgh; but shows, unfortunately, that this is only in compliance with conventional necessity—by his traversing the cool groves of the valley (the bed of a railway) which separates the Old Town from the New, in order to wander among certain imaginary Scotch firs that adorn Arthur's Seat!

The three nations he thus contrasts with regard to the great subject of his book—the church. 'In Germany, the Vandal spirit of rationalism destroyed everything; the church went to ruin, and that noble country presented a vast chaos, in which contrary forces were struggling together. But already the Spirit of God is moving on the face of the waters; the Divine word has been uttered, and the new creation is begun.'

'In England, they had not fallen quite so low. Ancient and venerable forms had been maintained; but, generally speaking, the true, the divine Spirit had forsaken those forms. In its place, a human spirit, produced by these very forms, had taken possession of them; and alas! still sits proudly in the antique porch of many a college and cathedral. But the true spirit, banished from these elevated stations, has found refuge in humble retreats, and is now about to come forth with power to attack the human and traditional one, and to drive it from its Gothic strongholds, and set up in its stead that which is always ancient, yet always new—the Eternal Spirit. If ever it gains the mastery, may it so accomplish the primitive reform, that these high places can no longer serve as a retreat for the enemy!

'Scotland is in a better situation. A victory has been achieved, but there are still many triumphs to be won. Victory has to struggle against victory itself. There are all kinds of dangers for success: there are those of lassitude and slumber, those of pride and disdain; there are those of idolatry, which makes an idol of all belonging to the conqueror; and there are those of narrowness, which forsakes the mighty river of Christian life, to confine itself in paltry conduits.'

The whole of the above remarks upon Scotland prove that we are right in refusing to concede to Dr D'Aubigné the character of a philosophical inquirer. Were it otherwise, we should have more investigation and less declamation. If it be true that our countrymen are the most religious people in Europe, it necessarily follows that they are the most virtuous and happy. A traveller, who desires to be rated at anything more than a bookmaker, should not be satisfied with stating the premises; he should ascertain the moral and social status of the people, and work upwards to its religious cause. If it be true that there is as much intemperance, crime, and misery in Scotland as in other countries, it must be untrue that there is more religion. The former are matters of *fact*, which should occupy the attention of an intelligent visitor; and he who contents himself with merely asserting the latter, is unworthy of the confidence of the public. But we should add, that Dr D'Aubigné is not alone in this obvious neglect of the first duty of a traveller; for, in fact, we do not know the author who has even attempted to perform it. We

hear on all sides the praises of our piety; we hear of rival communions, as if religious strife were something praiseworthy in the eyes of God; we hear of our great ministers, our ruling elders, our charitable deacons, our Sunday schools, but mingling with all these we hear the voice of ribaldry and blasphemy, and witness scenes of vice, destitution, and unspeakable wretchedness, such as it would be difficult, if not impossible, to parallel in the most despised countries of the continent. This involves a discrepancy which well merits investigation; and so far as we are concerned, the laudations of those pious travellers, who do not trouble themselves about the matter, enter at one ear and pass out at the other.

We leave the second part of the volume, entitled *Historical Recollections*, and containing an account of the religious struggles of the Scotch, to be dealt with by journals whom the subject more immediately concerns, and now close the humbler task allotted to ourselves, in the belief that we have enabled the reader to judge for himself of the scope and value of the book.

RAY THE NATURALIST.

SALLUST, in some spirited remarks, which he puts into the mouth of Caius Marius, contends against the false pride of birth; and in maintaining that he who creates a distinguished name for himself, is greater than he who merely reflects one from some distant progenitor, asks the question, 'What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind?' While cordially subscribing to this doctrine as far as it goes, we hold that there is a still higher distinction, when, unlike Marius, the possessor of these endowments is studious to dedicate them to the benefit of his race, and to lay their choicest fruits, as a thank-offering, on the altar of Him who bestowed them.

Such a man was the gifted individual whose name stands at the head of our present article. He certainly entered life with as few adventitious claims to eminence as might be; for his father followed the humble calling of a blacksmith in the little village of Black Notley, in Suffolk, where John was born on the 29th November 1628. Village blacksmiths in those days were not Elihu Burritts; but Roger Ray seems to have been impressed with the truth of the old saying, 'Learning is better than house or land,' for we find him manifesting an anxiety that his child should possess that knowledge, the want of which, in himself, he had no doubt often found cause to lament, by procuring his admission into a grammar school at the neighbouring village of Braintree, with the conductors of which he had probably some influence. That the early years of the young student should afford no food for his biographer, may be matter of regret, but scarcely of surprise; for even his after-career was unmarked by stirring incident. The life of thought, indeed, has little in common with the life of action. The bustle, the change, the feverish excitement, the jarring of opposite interests, the bracing of energy for strife, the embittered galling of defeat, and the noise and tumult of triumph—these, which are to the one the very elements of existence, are to the other its sorest trials. The world in which it lives is not the world of those around it; its aims are not their aims; its joys and sorrows spring from widely different sources; it has no interest in the glittering bubbles which the busy world is running after; it dwells essentially within itself, and asks but to be left in quiet, and forgotten. But in the depths of that solitude the mighty but mysterious process goes on, by means of which those who

occupying its place; and there is no doubt that much was done at this early period to lay the foundation in Ray's mind of that patient spirit of investigation, that untiring perseverance, that self-dependence, and that deep but unobtrusive piety, which were so conspicuous in his after-life. He himself certainly speaks of applying his time to little purpose; but that may only show that his conceptions already exceeded his powers of embodiment.

In 1644, we find him transferred to the university of Cambridge—a tacit proof that his progress, however unsatisfactory to himself, was not unfavourably regarded by others; and this presumption is strengthened by the fact, that he was shortly afterwards highly spoken of for the extent of his acquirements in Greek, Latin, and natural history. He certainly enjoyed the advantage of studying under Dr Duport, at that time so deservedly eminent as a profound classical scholar; but that much of the merit lay also in his own mental powers and energies, is placed beyond a doubt by the testimony of the doctor himself, who declared that Ray was decidedly one of the most talented of the pupils who had ever been confided to his care.

These early indications of genius soon attracted the attention of some of his leading fellow-collegians; and his unassuming manners, and gentle and amiable disposition, soon deepened prepossession into friendship—a friendship which, in several instances, was only terminated by death. As these intimacies included some individuals as eminent for piety as for talent—such as the celebrated Isaac Barrow, and Dr Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury—it is probable that their intercourse deepened, though it did not originate, that determination to devote himself to the church which was at this time the great object of his life, and for which he studied with the unremitting industry which formed so marked a feature of his character. That, if circumstances had not afterwards altered his views, he would have stood as high as a theologian, as he now does as a man of science, may be gathered from the specimens of clerical capability which have come down to us. It was then usual for the candidates for holy orders to give lectures in the college; and a series of *commonplaces* (as they were technically called) delivered by Ray, in accordance with this custom, were so far from having anything commonplace about them but their name, that when afterwards rearranged, and published under the title of 'The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation,' the work not only ran rapidly through several editions, but underwent more than one translation; and holds, to the present day, a high rank among books of a similar kind (many of which have been formed upon its model), not merely as an exhibition of the dedication of high mental power to its noblest use, but as offering, in the clearness of its expositions, the cogency of its reasonings, and the amount and diversity of knowledge brought to bear upon the subject, one of the best guides for enabling less gifted minds to

'Look through nature up to nature's God.'

It may be easily imagined with how much delight a mind so amiable and gentle in itself, so full of unaffected piety, and so overflowing with affection for his fellow-men, must have anticipated the time when the pastor's office would make it the business of his life to disseminate these feelings among mankind; and the consideration will help us to estimate the high sense of rectitude which, when even these cherished feelings seemed to involve the slightest sacrifice of principle, could resign them without hesitation, and calmly and steadily alter the whole tenor of his life. This severe but triumphant test of his virtue was the passing of the act for enforcing uniformity in the year 1662 (two years after he had taken priest's orders), and was the more honourable to him, as he had no objection to the attestation thereby required to be taken against the Solemn League and

disapproved of it; but there was a clause in the act, that those who had taken that oath were not bound by their obligation, and Ray at once refused to make a declaration subversive, as he considered, of the very elements of rectitude and honour. He knew the penalty of his conscientiousness, and was content to pay it, though it included the sacrifice of all those prospects which his rising reputation, and growing influence with the dispensers of preferment, justly entitled him to entertain; an earnest of which, as was said, was the offer of a valuable living by Chancellor Clarendon. Ray was not a man to be lured from his duty by appeals either to his interests or his feelings, and he permitted himself to be ejected from his fellowship for nonconformity; thirteen other victims to the intolerance of the age suffering expulsion at the same time.

Ray's university career was honourably marked by academical distinction. He was elected Fellow of Trinity (together with Isaac Barrow) in 1649, and held successively the offices of Praelector Primarius, Junior Dem, and College Steward. He appears to have acted in the latter capacity for two years.

If being now decided that he was not to be numbered among those who have 'allured to brighter worlds, and led the way,' he began to give himself up more exclusively to the pursuits which seem to have held a place in his affections second only to those from which he was now precluded. He had already made considerable progress in the knowledge of botany, for his intense application to study in early youth had much impaired his health; air and exercise had been judged necessary to recruit it; and in these country excursions his mind, ever active, and ever alive to the attractions of nature in any form, soon found its interest awakened by the objects around it. The nature and properties of plants was a study into which a man of his tastes and feelings soon entered *con amore*; and his fondness for such pursuits was much strengthened, if not created, by a friendship which he had formed at Trinity, and which had a direct and powerful influence over the whole of his after-life. This was with Mr Francis Willoughby, of Middleton Park, Harwich, a gentleman whose fortune enabled him to enjoy life according to his own notions, and whose taste led him to find that enjoyment in the pursuits of science. Ray had been his tutor at Trinity; and congeniality of disposition, and mutual fondness for natural history, soon ripened this connection into an intimacy of the closest character. The bent of Willoughby's mind seems to have been chiefly towards ornithology; while Ray, though his investigating spirit was eager to imbibe knowledge of any kind, always evinced a predilection for botany. The state of the science was at that time so deplorable, that his first work on the subject, though no more than a dry alphabetical list of the plants indigenous to Cambridge and its neighbourhood, which he had noted and classed in his country walks, attracted so much attention, and seemed so far to arouse the public mind from its lethargy on this interesting topic, that he resolved to follow it up by a complete catalogue of the plants of the whole kingdom. The immense labour of such a work would have appalled most men's spirits, for there existed scarcely any book of authority on the subject, and nearly the whole must be the result of personal research, and toilsome and patient investigation. Ray, however, accustomed to depend on himself, and perhaps already taught, by the comparison of what he was with what he had been, to know something of the feeling which made Napoleon say that nothing was impossible, began to make his arrangements for the herculean task with diligence and alacrity, nothing daunted by the fact, that the previous one had taken him ten years to compile. In a letter to Mr Willoughby, he thus develops his plan:—"You remember that we lately, out of Gerard Parkinson, and *"Phytologia Britannica,"* made a collection of rare plants, whose places are therein mentioned, and ranked them under the several counties. My intention now is to carry on, and perfect that design; to which purpose I

am now writing to all my friends and acquaintance who are skilful in herbaria, to request them this next summer each to search diligently his country for plants, and to send me a catalogue of such as they find, and the places where they grow. For Warwickshire and Northamptonshire I must beg your assistance, which I hope, and am confident, you will be willing to contribute. After that, partly by my own search, partly by the mentioned assistance, I shall have got as much information and knowledge of the plants of each country as I can (which will require some years), I do design to put forth a complete P. B."

In the execution of this work he travelled over great part of England and Wales; and with a mind to which inactivity was impossible, stored up, in addition to the main object of his journey, a great variety of miscellaneous information, much of which he recorded in a diary, which he kept regularly during his tour, and which his friend and biographer, Dr Derham, afterwards published, with the somewhat quaint title of *"Itineraries."* During the following year he visited Scotland, having on this occasion the advantage of Mr Willoughby's companionship and assistance, but was not fortunate enough to find anything in this part of the country to increase his list—a disappointment mainly attributable to his having only examined the southern district (travelling from Berwick, through Dunbar and Edinburgh, to Stirling and Glasgow, then to Hamilton and Douglas, and then through Dumfries to Carlisle), a tract of country very similar in character to the corresponding district in England, while the northern portion, which would have better repaid his labour, was left wholly unexplored.

The investigation, so vigorously commenced in this country, was afterwards extended to the continent; the two friends, together with Sir Philip Skippon and Mr Bacon, travelling through the Low Countries, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Malta, and Sicily, carefully examining as they went along, and making considerable additions to their stores. An interesting account of this tour was published in 1673.

His friendship with Mr Willoughby had by this time deepened into such a community of feeling, that the one did not hesitate to offer, nor the other to accept, an asylum, which the slender state of Ray's finances must have made highly acceptable, as relieving him from the necessity which Bacon so strongly deprecated, that 'he who had only wished to live to study, should now be obliged to study to live.' From this period we find him almost wholly residing at his friend's seat at Middleton Park, though he still made excursions into different parts of the country, to perfect such portions of his list of plants as appeared defective; for it was his rule not to enter one in it that he had not examined himself. The following account of the nature of his occupations at Middleton is extracted from a letter to his friend Dr Lister, and is interesting as exhibiting the untiring activity of his mind, and the variety of objects to which he directed it. 'My spare hours I devoted to reading over such books of natural philosophy as came out since my being abroad—namely, *"Hook's Micrographia,"* *"Boyle's Usefulness of Natural Philosophy,"* *"Sydenham on Fevers,"* *"The Philosophical Transactions,"* &c. The most part of the winter I spent in reviewing, and helping to put in order, Mr Willoughby's collection of birds, fishes, shells, stones, and other fossils, seeds, dried plants, coins, &c.; in giving what assistance I could to Dr Wilkins in framing his tables of plants, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, &c. for the use of the universal character; in gathering up into a catalogue all such plants as I had found at any time growing wild in England, not in order to the present publishing of them, but for my own use, possibly that one day they may see the light. I wish you would take a little pains this summer about grasses, that so we might compare notes; for I would fain clear and complete their history.' We also find him engaged for several years in a series of experiments on the nature of the sap in trees, and the order and manner of its

motion, the results of which were communicated to the Royal Society, of which body he was elected a member in 1667.

In the year 1672 he sustained what, to a mind constituted like his, must have been an irreparable loss, in the death, at the early age of thirty-seven, of Mr Willoughby, at once his pupil, his fellow-student, his benefactor, and his friend. By this event his worldly circumstances were somewhat improved, as that gentleman left him an annuity of £60 a year, besides the appointment of tutor to his sons, which obliged him to continue a resident of Middleton Park. He soon after lost another sincere and valuable friend, in the person of Bishop Wilkins, who had long held him in high estimation, and been anxious to use his influence for his advancement in the church: but time had not abated Ray's objections to the Act of Uniformity; and though he never ceased to regret his exclusion from the ministry, nothing could lure him from his principles. He remained, therefore, in seclusion at Middleton, dividing his time between the education of his pupils and the revision and publication of the manuscripts left by their father. A work on ornithology, in great measure, his own, but, with his natural generosity, ascribed wholly to Willoughby, issued from the press in 1675. It was written in Latin; and three years afterwards, Ray published an English translation, with considerable additions—evinced throughout the whole transaction not only the most scrupulous care of his friend's scientific reputation, but lavishing all the treasures of his own intellect and knowledge on the cenotaph thus raised to his memory. This was still more strikingly manifested some years after; when having, with great pains and labour, digested and prepared for publication Willoughby's notes for a general history of fishes, he was not deterred from his object on finding that the necessary funds, which his friend's relatives had readily contributed to the former work, were refused to this; but got it published at the Oxford Theatre, through the interest of Bishop Tell, the cost of the plates (188 in number) being defrayed by several members of the Royal Society. It may be further remarked here, though somewhat out of the course of narration, that the closing act of his life bears noble testimony to the undying strength and fidelity of his friendship: for the last work on which his indefatigable pen was employed was the digesting (with copious additions by himself, as usual) of Willoughby's investigations in entomology; which work was published after his death by his friend Dr Derham, at the expense of the Royal Society.

But to return from this digression. Ray's application to study, severe as it was, was not so absorbing as to leave him no time for the indulgence of the social affections; and perhaps his recent bereavements, though borne, as his correspondence testifies, with the resignation of a Christian, took such support from a heart, 'like a tendril accustomed to cling,' that he was the more induced to seek for some other object round which to twine it. In the year 1673 he married Miss Margaret Oakley, of Middleton Hall, by whom he had three daughters. This lady is said to have afforded him considerable assistance in the education of his pupils, by superintending their lighter studies, and thus leaving him more leisure for those sterner labours in which he took so much delight.

The death of Mr Willoughby's mother in 1676 lost him his pupils, and occasioned his removal from Middleton Park; a place no doubt endeared to him by many associations. After a short residence at Sutton Cofield, he removed to Falbourne Hall, Essex; and finally, on the death of his mother, to Black Notley, his birth-place, which he had left the unknown and unfriended blacksmith's son, and to which he returned the friend and companion of the most distinguished literati in Europe—himself decidedly the first man of his day in several branches of science, and the founder of the one which he most esteemed. He was one, however, who loved science for herself, and not for the laurel with which

she wreaths her favourite sons; and he came home, not to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, but to give himself up wholly and exclusively to the study of natural philosophy. The effect of his being now enabled, as Lord Brougham forcibly says, 'to be a whole man to the subject,' was soon apparent. Volume after volume issued from the press, with a rapidity which showed that advancing years had noway impaired his old habits of diligence; while the care manifest in their preparation, testified that he was still as laborious as in his earliest days. Correctness and precision indeed—invaluable qualities in pursuits like his—seem to have marked his whole progress. The Rev. Gilbert White (himself a man of science) calls him 'the only describer who conveys some precise idea in every term or word, evincing his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information'; and Sir J. E. Smith, in the 'Transactions of the Linnean Society,' says, in a corresponding spirit, 'If the clearness and precision of other writers had equalled his, he would scarcely have committed an error. It is difficult to find him in a mistake or misconception respecting nature.' Those only who have had some experience of the patience and labour inseparable from works of such a character, can have any conception of the value of this praise.

An examination, or even a detail of his scientific labours, during his seclusion at Notley, would be both too long and too abstruse for our pages; and even a list of his works would form such an array of 'words of learned length and thundering sound,' as would be likely to fright the general reader to the next article. We may observe, however, that to him eminently belongs the praise of having rescued the science of botany from obscurity, and laid the foundations on which the present noble superstructure has been reared. The mode of classifying plants, now universally received as the system of Jussieu, is entirely based on the researches and suggestions of Ray; and in adverting to his eminence in another walk of science, Cuvier (no mean authority) says that his works 'may be considered as the foundation of modern zoology, for naturalists are obliged to consult him every moment.' It is not to detract from the deservedly high reputation of Linnæus, to say that he has been greatly indebted to his illustrious predecessor, for he has himself readily acknowledged the obligation; and it is not saying too much to affirm that, but for the indefatigable exertions of 'the father of botany,' as he has been justly called—exertions which no difficulty could daunt, and no amount of labour tire—it may be more than doubted whether it would have attained to the perfection in which we find it at the present day. It is easy to colonise and cultivate a land which previous sagacity and enterprise have discovered.

We have mentioned that Ray always lamented the circumstance which had driven him from the ministry; and in reviewing his college exercises, it struck him that, though he was debarred from conveying religious instruction through the pulpit, the press was still open to him, and offered even a wider field for his exertions. The fruit of this thought was the noble work on the Creation, of which we have already had occasion to speak, and which has made his name loved and honoured by many who neither knew, nor could appreciate, his abstruser claims to eminence. He says himself, with reference to it, 'Not being permitted to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but that it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it.' His discourses on the chaos, creation, deluge, and dissolution of the world, stand deservedly high, and exhibit his usual erudition and research. His prayers and devotional exercises are likewise highly valuable, not only for their intrinsic merit, but as exhibiting, to use the words of a late talented biographer, 'a mind deeply imbued with Christian principle, and accustomed to re-

cognise the beneficial appointments of a presiding Power in the most trivial as well as in the most important incidents to which our nature is liable.' To a mind so constituted, the advances of disease were but opportunities for the perfecting of that patience and resignation which had been always so conspicuous, and the symptoms of decay but friendly admonitions that the fine edge of the blade must at length wear away the scabbard. A complication of disorders, which had long sorely tried his naturally delicate constitution, at last terminated his useful and amiable life, on the 17th of November 1705, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. The following touching letter, addressed from his death-bed to his friend Sir Hans Sloane, and published in his posthumous correspondence by Dr Derham, shows that he died as he had lived:—

'Dear Sir, the best of Friends—These are to take a final farewell of you as to this world. I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness, expressed anyways towards me, a hundredfold; bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter! grant us a happy meeting in heaven!—I am, sir, eternally yours.'

The eulogy of Ray has employed many eminent pens; for few have traversed any part of the field of botany without pausing on their way to pay a passing tribute to him to whom it owes so much. But his character as a philosopher and a man has perhaps never been drawn with at once more conciseness and elegance than in the Latin inscription on his tomb by the Rev. Mr Coyte, of which a translation is given below. The panegyric of epitaphs has generally a fulsome quality which rather revolts than pleases; but it was the rare happiness of this great naturalist and Christian, that envy cannot look upon his portrait, finished as it is, and point to the part where a feature is too prominently drawn, or a tint too highly coloured.

'The mortal remains of John Ray, M.A., are deposited in this tomb; but his works are confined neither to one spot nor to one nation; and his fame, everywhere illustrious, will render his name immortal. He was formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, to both of which learned bodies he was a distinguished ornament. In every science, whether human or divine, he rose to eminence; and, like Solomon, explored nature from the cedar to the hyssop, from the largest animal to the minutest insect, from the mines in the bowels of the earth to the plants growing on its surface. He discovered much which had escaped the notice of others, and brought to light many things to which mankind were strangers. He was learned without pedantry, pious without bigotry, not distinguished by illustrious extraction, but sublime in genius, modest and lowly in disposition, and eminently conspicuous in virtue. Indifferent to wealth and rank, he chose rather to deserve than to possess such distinctions. He grew old in the practice of religious duty, and the latest ages of posterity will venerate his name.'

As a testimony of the high sense which the scientific world of the present day entertains of his merits, and as a gratifying proof that in the republic of letters the highest point of distinction is open to the lowliest, and that a Burns may win and wear what a King James vainly strives to reach, we may mention, in concluding this notice, that on the 29th November 1828, a hundred and thirty of the leading savans of England, with Davies Gilbert, the president of the Royal Society, at their head, sat down in Freemason's Hall to celebrate the birthday of the son of the obscure blacksmith of Notley, and felt themselves honoured in so doing; and that a society, bearing his name, and devoted to the objects which he had most at heart, is now paying a higher and more appropriate tribute to his memory than words or marble could convey. The applause of men is not of itself an object worthy of inciting the energies of genius; but it is pleasing to see those who have themselves travelled far in the kingdom of science, prompt

to acknowledge their obligations to the bold and skilful pioneer, who, if he did not make a Macadamised road through the forest, at least cleared a fair path where before was only a tangled and trackless wilderness; and pointed out, with consummate judgment, the proper direction in which the future highway should run.

SWAIN'S POEMS.*

MR CHARLES SWAIN is distinguished among the poets of the day for grace and elegance rather than force, and the announcement of 'Dramatic Chapters' from such a Muse excites but little expectation. In fact, the title, like most titles, serves only to mislead; and we fancy him timidly feeling his way, like Barry Cornwall, through detached scenes, which, if successful, are to lead, in some future work, to a regular drama. The chapters, however, turn out to be a continuous story, told in dialogue, differing only from tragedy in its inattention to conventional rule, while the grace and elegance hitherto characteristic of the author are not unfrequently drowned in a somewhat more questionable vehemence. The experiment is so far successful, that it shows the existence of power; but although possessing, therefore, the necessary versatility of talent, Mr Swain has not done himself justice in the plan of his work. His canvas is too large, his characters too many, his details too multitudinous. He is ruined by his own riches, and overwhelmed by the excess of those materials which he intended for a monument of art.

This is our judgment, however, of the work in its entirety as a dramatic narrative; but it is impossible to deny the praise both of beauty and energy to detached scenes. We might fill more than one of our pages with quotations which would gratify our readers; but we prefer sending them to look at the edifice, to presenting them with a few bricks.

There is another department, however, of this elegant volume—elegant in paper, print, and binding, as well as literary matter—from which we are not excluded by a similar consideration. Selection from the poems and songs, which fill one half of the volume, is difficult, for no other reason than that they are *all* graceful, *all* beautiful; and our choice of this one as a specimen, is determined in some measure by its want of the poetical charm which is so rife in all the rest, but is here supplied by a simplicity and kindness that are far better.

BETTER THAN BEAUTY.

My love is not a beauty
To other eyes than mine:
Her curls are not the fairest,
Her eyes are not divine:
Nor yet like rosebuds parted,
Her lips of love may be;
But though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

Her neck is far from swan-like,
Her bosom unlike snow;
Nor walks she like a deity
This breathing world below:
Yet there's a light of happiness
Within, which all may see;
And though she's not a beauty,
She's dear as one to me.

I would not give the kindness,
The grace that dwells in her,
For all that Cupid's blindness
In others might prefer!
I would not change her sweetness
For pearls of any sea;
For better far than beauty
Is one kind heart to me.

To this we add another of a totally different kind; and to those who are unacquainted with the writings of Charles Swain, both of these pieces in their union will

* Dramatic Chapters, Poems, and Songs. By Charles Swain. London; Bogue. 1848.

abundantly account for the peculiar reputation he enjoys among 'the gentle and the good.'

MORTALITY.

The house is old, the house is cold,
And on the roof is snow;
And in and out, and round about
The bitter night-winds blow:
The bitter night-winds howl and blow
And darkness thickens deep;
And oh, the minutes creep as slow
As though they were asleep!

It used to be all light and song,
And mirth and spirits gay;
The day could never prove too long,
The night seemed like the day!
The night seemed bright and light as day
Ere yet that house was old;
Ere yet its ead roof was gray,
Its inner chambers cold.

Old visions haunt the creaking floors,
Old sorrows sit and wail;
While still the night-winds out of doors
Like burly balliffs rail!
Old visions haunt the floors above,
The walls with wrinkles frown;
And people say, who pass that way,
'Twere well the house were down.

A WORD ON CARLISLE.

CARLISLE, the most northerly English town on the western marches, has always possessed some historical interest, at least to Scotsmen, whose ancestors so frequently battled against its walls; nor is the place unimportant as respects either population or manufactures. Occupying a slightly-rising ground at the head of a verdant meadow, which ascends from the south bank of the Eden, the situation of the town seems to be all that could be desired in point of beauty or salubrity. It is on this last particular we desire to say a few words.

Within the last twenty years, the rate of mortality per annum in Carlisle used to be estimated at 1 in 54 of the inhabitants. This showed that the place was among the healthiest in the kingdom. By a late calculation (1841), the mortality was 1 in 39, a rate actually higher than that of the fifteen unhealthiest counties. As the general average standard of mortality throughout England and Wales is two per cent. per annum, or 1 in 50, it is evident that Carlisle, with its rate of mortality (1 in 39), must in late times have lost its character for salubrity.

If this be a truth—and copying it from a locally circulated report, we have reason to believe it to be correct—the cause of so unpleasant a phenomenon is worthy of inquiry. That

'The sun shines fair on Carlisle wa,'

—or would shine, if any wall remained—as it used to do in the days of Border chivalry, need not be doubted; the Eden rolls past as clearly as ever on its way; the grass of the environing meadows grows as luxuriantly, and the flowers of the sunny banks blossom as sweetly, as they did a century ago. Besides all this, the walls and gates of the city have been removed; and there is nothing like the appearance of unhealthiness in the principal street, along which, until the days of railways, travellers were driven through the town. What, then, in nature or art, has occurred to lower the value of life? That is the great question; and startled at the turn things are taking, the more active-minded of the inhabitants have formed themselves into a Sanitary Association, with the view of collecting facts and suggesting means for restoring Carlisle to its former healthy condition. From the report drawn up by the committee of the association, it appears that they had no great difficulty in discovering the cause of the disorder which affects their community.

Everything done by nature to purify and adorn the town has been outraged. Thinking only of business, or some other material interest, the people here, as everywhere else, have totally overlooked the fact, that certain physical conditions are indispensable to insure health and longevity—plenty of pure air, sunshine, and water. The social arrangements by which these bounties of nature are abused are of the usual appalling character. The report before us speaks of the shocking scenes of dirt, disease, and wretchedness revealed by a visit to the back courts and lanes throughout the different wards. We read of imperfect paving and

sweeping; overcrowded dwellings; pigsties, dunghills, and stagnant pools, the receptacles of every kind of filth; dilapidated premises; the impossibility of depicting in words the abominable nuisances existing in one of the wards; the general faultiness of drains; and so on. Disease is traced to one or more of these causes. At the east end of a street, where filthiness and an offensive effluvia are observable, there is a 'frequency of sickness.' At the west end of the same street, 'where fifty-seven families (306 people in all) reside in whitewashed and otherwise clean houses, which are carefully inspected by the proprietors twice a year, only one case of fever occurred during last autumn.' In another street, 'where, in some of the lodging-houses, twenty people are living in one room,' which is adjacent to various nuisances, 'fever has found numerous victims.'

The committee by whom the report is drawn up specify various improvements which it is exceedingly desirable should be made—better draining, paving, and sweeping, the whitewashing of lanes and dwellings, the erection of public baths and wash-houses, improved construction of houses for the humbler classes, &c. They likewise advert to the crowded state of the churchyards in the centre of the town as being very objectionable, and state that a public cemetery beyond the suburbs is imperatively called for. From what we have seen of Carlisle during occasional short visits, we should say that all these reforms are much wanted, and ought not to be delayed. Something more, however, is required; and from the interest always taken by us in Carlisle, we venture to specify them. Since there are to be improvements, let all be done at once, or at least provided for by the same act of parliament.

There is a very stupid-looking mass of building, worse than Middle Row, Holborn, at the centre of the main street. (What town is not afflicted with street cumbrances of this sort?) We would have the whole of this removed; and, if need be, a proper and creditable-looking market building erected near the spot. The entrance from the north into this street requires widening, with a graduation of the ascent from the bridge across the Eden. At present, the banks around the castle are in a shameful condition—an ill-kept walk at top, and a misamatic ditch at bottom—the approach to the walk on the south very bad, and that on the north little better. The purloins of a thoroughfare in this quarter, called Finkel Street (the Swedish name for whisky, and therefore perhaps appropriate), are not well spoken of in the report. By opening up the entrances to the castle banks on both sides, and making a few other improvements, taking in perhaps a portion of the adjoining meadow, what a charming spot—what a scene of healthful out-door recreation might this be made! We are sure that the Board of Ordnance, which probably has something to say in the matter, would not object to the execution of a project of the kind. Many other changes for the better might be pointed out in this venerable city, were this the proper place for doing so. With so many beautiful and airy spots in the neighbourhood, we soon expect to hear that suburban erections are superseding the crowded and unhealthy dwellings in the town. A hope may also be expressed that the street at the entrance to the Caledonian Railway station will be adorned in a way befitting that great concern. Railways are evidently about to work some important alterations on Carlisle. Four lines centre in the town, and connect it with all parts of the United Kingdom—a circumstance worthy of putting mettle into its citizens. It is a good sign, at least, that a Sanitary Association has begun to stir up the question of local improvement. There will of course be objectors to anything being done, some from laziness, others from self-interest, or from prejudice. All, however, can be made to understand that death is no dainty visitor, but snatches its victims in an unpolite and very indiscriminate sort of way. Mortality risen to 1 in 39 is an unpleasant fact for fireside consideration; while the increasing burden of poor-rate, caused by orphanage and widowhood, is an argument requiring no eloquence to enforce.

Since writing the above, we learn that several of the smaller towns in Cumberland, such as Wigton, Penrith, Brampton, &c. are beginning to move in sanitary reform—an evidence of the growing interest on this important subject.

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THE TWO CITIES.

EDINBURGH and Glasgow, placed at opposite sides of Scotland, yet within an easy distance of each other, have always maintained a difference of character, as remarkable as the diversity of their history. Glasgow is the older town of the two, if we reckon from the date of the small Roman settlement on the spot; but it was not till the sixth century, when St Mungo planted a religious establishment, that the place was anything more than a rude hamlet. About the time when this pious ecclesiastic founded Glasgow, Edwin, a Northumbrian prince, built his fort or burgh on the rock on which Edinburgh castle now stands, and thus gave a beginning to what afterwards became the capital of Scotland. While Edinburgh, in every stage of its early career, was associated with the history of kings and parliaments, Glasgow, on the other hand, was indebted to the fostering care of bishops: it was for ages the seat of an important see—the archbishopric of Glasgow, whose jurisdiction was extended over the greater part of the south of Scotland. A bishop built its cathedral; a bishop (Joceline, about 1172) gave it burghal privileges; a bishop, under a royal charter, gave its burghesees permission to trade with distant parts of the country; a bishop (William Rae, about 1350) built for it a stone bridge across the Clyde; and a bishop (William Turnbull, in 1452-3) founded its college. During the convulsions in the sixteenth century, all this was of course forgotten, and no town more fervently embraced the principles of the Reformation—though, to do the trades of Glasgow justice, they had the good sense to save their cathedral from the savage attacks of the iconoclasts, who swept the country of all that was valuable in architectural ornament.

In the latter days of the Stuarts, Edinburgh clung to a falling cause, in recollection, possibly, of what the old monarchy had done for it; while Glasgow, always more democratic, hailed the Revolution, and its citizens were among the first to congratulate William of Orange on his auspicious assumption of the sovereign authority. An equestrian statue of William at the Cross of Glasgow, and a similar monument of Charles II. in the Parliament Square of Edinburgh, remain as substantial tokens of this diversity of political opinion. Differing as to the Revolution, both cities agreed in their dislike of the Union with England in 1707. We can understand the disconsolateness of Edinburgh on this occasion, for it lost its importance as a seat of legislation, and its chief aristocracy fled to London; but the rioting in Glasgow, for the purpose of nullifying the articles of confederation, is unaccountable. Little were the people aware of the immense advantages which their city was to derive from the Union. Hitherto confined in their trading operations, the merchants of

Glasgow had now thrown open to them the commerce of the English colonies, in which they were not slow to participate. Awakening to the advantages presented to them, they seized with proper avidity on a share of the lucrative trade with Maryland and Virginia, to which they soon made large exports of native manufactures, bringing home cargoes of tobacco and other articles in return.

From this period—the first quarter of the eighteenth century—Glasgow gradually rose in importance, wealth, and population. One thing after another gave it an impetus—every fresh adaptation of enterprise bringing up, as it were, a new crop of successful speculators, to be the founders of families of wealth. Thus to the early patrician class formed by the tobacco-ocracy—to use a jocular coinage—were afterwards added the cotton-ocracy, the sugarocracy, the machinocracy, and lastly, we believe, the steamboatocracy. While these aristocracies of wealth were coming into existence, the aristocracies of rank in Edinburgh were vanishing from the stage, leaving the town to struggle on with its local trade, its law courts, its university (a creation of James VI.), and such national institutions as had been indulgently left it. The Union was a ruinous blow, from which the capital did not recover for fifty years, and even yet the effects are palpably apparent. It recovered, however, so far, that the scheme of a new town, for increased accommodation, was projected in 1767, and has since been executed. Those who have seen the New Town of Edinburgh, built of fine sandstone, and united by bridges with the Old, need not be told of the vast improvement which this has effected in the ancient Scottish capital.

Strange to say, the growing elegance and commodiousness of modern Edinburgh have failed to retain the favour of the aristocracy. The change in this respect is worthy of remark. In the Canongate, a street in the Old Town near Holyroodhouse, there still lived during the early part of the reign of George III., though perhaps not all at one time, two dukes, sixteen earls, two countesses, seven barons, seven lords of session, and thirteen baronets, besides many other persons of distinction. In the present day, all the peerage having houses for residence in Edinburgh may be summed up in two or three names. The Scottish aristocracy now either live continually on their estates—to which there can be no objection—or flee off to London, where competition with a more wealthy body of nobles is too frequently attended with unpleasant consequences. At all events, Edinburgh sees nothing of them, except as birds of passage: it sees even little of their money, for the more valuable articles they require are usually ordered from the English metropolis. No wonder that London has overgrown itself, pampered with the wealth—we might almost say the plunder—of three kingdoms, for

the capitals of two have been sacrificed to its aggrandisement.

Deserted by the court and higher classes generally, Edinburgh has, nevertheless, been able to maintain some of the essential appearances of a capital, and to keep progress with the steadily-improving condition of the country. Defrauded as it is through the operation of the centralising principle, there can be no doubt that its resources at the present moment are incalculably greater than they were at the Union, and much greater than they were seventy years ago, when a considerable number of men of rank still lingered within its precincts. The banking establishments and insurance offices alone are a marvel to those who know what extraordinary exertions were made by the whole kingdom to get together £1,000,000, as the capital stock of the Bank of Scotland in 1696. As a centre of operations connected with money and lauded property, the town has long exerted an influence which extends to the remotest provinces; as a centre of law and education, it has been still more unrivalled in its attractiveness; and as a centre of ecclesiastical functions, on which much of the Scotch mind is expended, its doings furnish a subject of talk from the Borders to the Northern Ocean. All these things together, along with its traditional fashionable character, have contributed to render it an agreeable place of residence for persons of unostentatious desires, with little to do, or who take delight in enlightened and refined society. Besides a considerable number of families of property, the bulk of the more elevated portion of the population are lawyers practising in the Supreme Court, the bar of which, as is well known, has furnished Westminster with a few of its most brilliant ornaments. The Scottish law bodies—advocates and practitioners of every class—are noted for their highly honourable character, as well as for a certain acumen, arising perhaps in some degree from national peculiarities, but also from a course of practice which involves both law and equity. What with these various bodies, professors connected with the university, and a few persons who confine themselves more expressly to literature, society in Edinburgh may be said to possess attractions not equalled out of the Metropolis. To be sure there is not a little effort in many cases to maintain appearances on comparatively slender means; but it may be doubted whether meagreness of fortune, with self-respect, is more fairly liable to derision, than the devotion of wealth to mere purposes of vulgar extravagance.

From the nature of its society, its libraries, its tranquillity, and the absence of manufactures, Edinburgh offers a favourable field for the cultivation of literature and the business of publishing; yet such are the absorbing attractions of London, that the dispositions of the Scottish capital in this respect have continually to battle with a rival, against which it is no easy matter to make head. Commencing only about seventy years ago with the works of Hume, Blair, Robertson, Mackenzie, and other luminaries, the literature of Edinburgh reached a culminating point in the productions of Jeffrey and Scott, and in the encouragement offered by two publishers—Constable and Blackwood—both men of tact and enterprise. From the possession of only a few hand-presses towards the end of last century, the business of printing has increased so greatly, that with the kindred arts of engraving and lithographing, it has become the leading occupation in the town. Compared with the feeble efforts of not many years back, the preparation of literature may be said to be now a staple business, for it engages nearly a dozen large establishments, each having from two or three to ten printing machines moved by steam power, and the whole pouring out a quantity of books, pamphlets, and periodicals second in amount only to that of the Metropolis. Latterly, while the mechanical means of production have been improving, the literary power, it is to be feared, has been diminishing in energy. It certainly argues little for northern enterprise that the 'Edinburgh Review' should have

become the property of a London house, and should be now edited and printed in England; and also that Edinburgh should be as unable to retain its best writers, as it is to keep its medical practitioners and artists from finding their way across the Border. It is a curious fact, with which we are intimately conversant, that a considerable portion of the literary material which Edinburgh fashions into shape, and renders acceptable in its periodicals, is drawn from distant parts of the United Kingdom; comparatively little is contributed by the rest of Scotland—scarcely anything by Scottish women—excessive absorption of mind in church matters being apparently fatal to the lighter graces of literature.

Perhaps better things are in reserve. Already there is an appearance of relaxation in Scotland from the pursuit of material interests and the hardening influence of sectarian polemics. Of late years, a taste for the fine arts has made a most gratifying progress. It is no longer considered sinful to manifest a love for pictures; nor is it of the nature of heresy to build a church in a style superior to a barn. Within the memory of middle-aged persons, there were only two or three portrait-painters in Edinburgh; and public exhibitions of works of art were unknown. There was, however, an excellent school for drawing, supported by funds belonging to the country at the Union. This academy was the beginning of the fine arts in Scotland: it educated Wilkie, Allan, and all the great artists. Latterly, the profession, greatly increased in numbers and importance, have become an incorporated body, under the title of the Royal Scottish Academy. Its leading members—Gordon, Harvey, Hill, Macculloch, Steele, Duncan, and others—have acquired a widely-extended reputation. Of their annual exhibitions, so well known, it is unnecessary to say anything, further than that they have helped to raise the tone of feeling in Edinburgh, and elevate its character as a capital. The scheme of a national gallery for the reception and permanent exhibition of pictures from the best masters, is at present in the way of being matured—of course from local resources. We should like to see added to this a national museum, the repository of all that is interesting in the mineralogy and natural history of Scotland, as well as of works of foreign and ancient art. It is not easy, however, from the numerous demands on benevolence and public spirit, to see how such an institution could be realised, and we fear it is hopeless to look for a share of those grants which are voted from the public purse to support the National Gallery and British Museum. At the same time, the English people are too generous not to allow that the present practice in this respect is neither just nor creditable; and that the Scotch, bearing their equitable share of taxation, are entitled to a proportional share of annual subsidies for the improvement of taste and encouragement of the arts.

We now return to Glasgow, which, within the last thirty years, has completely outstripped Edinburgh in point of wealth and population. The rapid and steady increase of this city is indeed one of the most remarkable things in modern British history. At the Union, its population was no more than 12,766; in 1790, it was little above 50,000; it is now upwards of 300,000; and this increase is imputable exclusively to the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants. The active-minded from all parts of Scotland are attracted towards its factories and counting-houses; and in comparison with the continued bustle of its streets, Edinburgh looks almost like a desert. From the total difference of character in the two cities, anything like rivalry, as may be supposed, is out of the question. Little more than forty miles apart, and now united by two railways, a continual stream of intercourse is kept up between them; greatly to their mutual satisfaction and benefit.

Destitute of the picturesque, from the nature of its situation, Glasgow is as well built as Edinburgh, its

houses of all kinds being also formed of a durable sandstone, which imparts an air of substantiality and elegance. Unfortunately, the vast clouds of smoke which issue from numerous factory chimneys give a dinginess to the atmosphere, and detract considerably from the general appearance of the town. Glasgow has its full share of the social incongruities for which the present age is remarkable—vast fortunes and luxurious houses in one district, masses of poverty and misery in another. Perhaps in no city in the world are the observances of religion respected by a larger proportion of the population, or practised with more unequivocal earnestness, than in Glasgow; in this respect, it presents the national character of past ages much more faithfully than Edinburgh. At the same time, philanthropic inquirers have to deplore in Glasgow an astounding amount of what may well be called opposite influences. It was found a few years ago that there were as many as 1393 licenses to sell spirits given out in this city, being one for every fourteen families! This may be of course regarded as the exponent of a vast amount of sensual and vicious indulgence, as affecting certain classes of the population. It represents the misfortunes of the multitude, and, partly, the lack of legitimate and ostensible means of amusement for the great body of young men necessarily amassed in such seats of industry. Great efforts have been made of late years to correct the evil—we must hope that they have been in part effectual. Among recent movements is the establishment of an Athenæum, after the model of the Manchester institution of that name, offering a reading-room, and a lecture-room, or books for perusal at home, as alternatives from the club-room and the idle saunter of the streets. Prejudice usually obstructs such institutions at first, but, by perseverance, their good tendency becomes manifest. Their opponents would do well to think of them, not altogether as what they positively are, but with some regard to the gross evils for which they stand as a substitute.

What has been done to render the Clyde navigable, is perhaps the most curious thing about Glasgow. In this matter an unconquerable perseverance has been displayed. By means of dredging, digging, hemming in the tide and river way, building quays, &c. ships now reach Glasgow which formerly had to unload twenty miles nearer the sea. That which was not long ago a tranquil scene of green grass and rural imagery, is now a busy mart of shipping. There has latterly, it appears, been some carping as to what has been done, and also what has been left undone in this respect; but we agree with a Glasgow newspaper (the 'Citizen') in its reply to all such fault-finding: 'In dispassionately reviewing the management of the river Clyde and harbour of Glasgow for the past seventy or eighty years, we confess that any inclination to find fault is immediately dispelled by the pleasure and pride with which we contemplate the magnificence of the results. We have increased the tidal rise at Glasgow from eighteen inches to about eight feet. Eighteen miles of river have been rendered navigable for vessels drawing twenty feet, where formerly those drawing three feet three inches only could pass. Where formerly there were only a few fishing smacks, we have now vessels of the largest class, trading directly with all the nations of the earth. We have raised the tonnage and other revenue from L.147 (seventy years ago) to L.65,000. Instead of L.460 (in 1800), we now return to the government a customs revenue of L.659,834. All this has arisen from local management of our river and harbour; and we must add, that it is for the most part owing to the exertions and enterprise of the River Clyde Trustees, that in a small and mountainous country, with a scattered population of two and a half millions, with an unkind climate and ungenial soil, a city has been reared, the ratio of whose increase in wealth and population no city in the old world can parallel, and which is only equalled by the largest *entrepôt* of the United States—the city of New York—in the new.'

In one thing the histories of Edinburgh and Glasgow agree—each has been left to its own resources by government. What has been done has been self-creative. The Union has been doubtless beneficial to Scotland, if it were from nothing more than the internal tranquillity which it secured; but it is worthy of grave inquiry, whether superior advantages might not have been achieved by a federal instead of a legislative union? The belief is daily gaining ground that a federal compact would have been preferable; because, while it insured the same cordial intimacy and reciprocity of privilege as now subsists between England and Scotland, it would have allowed the Scotch to manage their own affairs, which, it is judged, would have been somewhat more pleasant and satisfactory than being obliged to transfer the work to a city four hundred miles off, there to be cared for by parties who, to all appearance, are burdened with six times more business than they can properly get through. Stupid as this arrangement is now felt to have been, as if to make matters worse, it has been the inexplicable policy of the last twenty years to abstract institutions from Scotland, and carry them to Westminster, where they are intermingled with the local affairs of England. Against this provincialising of Scotland we make a deliberate protest; not so much from its injury to Edinburgh, as the indignity and injustice of the whole proceeding with respect to the nation. We must put English functionaries right as respects the relative position of Scotland. It is not a province of England, but a kingdom which, by treaty, is insured a certain distinct and independent character. As nothing, as far as we are aware, has occurred to render the articles of Union waste paper, it ought not to be robbed piecemeal of every board for conducting its affairs, nor be unnecessarily exposed to the intrusion of freshly-created imperial institutions. There is the more need for speaking emphatically on this subject, that while we now write, a scheme, it seems, is on foot for transferring the whole management of the harbour and river of Glasgow to a board of some kind in Whitehall. The honest Glasgowegians may well be surprised at the fancy of relieving them of a duty which they feel themselves competent to undertake, and by their performance of which fifteen thousand vessels are enabled to reach the Broomielaw annually. Against this centralising project we hope an earnest remonstrance will be made. The Clyde, surely, can be better looked after on its own banks than on the banks of the Thames.

W. C.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF A SAILOR.

AMONG the group known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—called Sombrero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional playground of the turtle, and the scoff of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl their unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance, taking in obdurate sullenness the attack of the waves, which appear to be for ever gnashing their white teeth against its rugged sides. Sombrero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it possesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite or to favour the residence of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His Majesty's sloop of war, the *Recruit*, on the 13th December 1807, was standing towards this unpromising spot, on which the first act in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed

in, the island lifted its head, lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier solitude than ever. The Recruit was now about a mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain L—, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked, 'What island is this?'

'Sombbrero,' was the reply.

'Have we not some thieves on board?'

'Yes, sir, there are two,' answered the master, somewhat startled.

'Send up my pistols,' said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the capstan.

'Now send the ship painter here with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes.'

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared with his tools and the piece of canvas in his hand.

'Take your brush and paint the word "THIEF" on that piece of canvas; paint it in large letters!' exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not improving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his task. The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvas; and although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outline, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after completing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

'Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder,' shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand, but he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols, the captain said to him—'Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it.'

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. 'Never mind his things,' thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavouring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly rowed ashore, half-stupified at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewn the strip of canvas which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more definite form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island, to see whether or not it was entirely desert, or whether the masses which, in the duskiest of a rapidly-approaching night looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks, poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One

of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket-handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and the Recruit made all sail from the spot where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place at a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin; and poor Jeffery 'embraced the rock for shelter.' As the wind came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the Recruit more than once fancied that they heard the lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate. Soon after the wind died away altogether, and nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the waters against the ship's side, and the far off and incessant sounds of the conflict between the waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombbrero. The night passed away: at six the following morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot; and many were the conjectures of her crew as to the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not be discerned by them from the deck. Between eight and nine the captain made his appearance; and the officer of the watch, in the hope of inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, reported that Sombbrero was still in sight. But he was inexorable. Strong fears were now entertained that if the lad did not perish from hunger and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild birds, which were both large and numerous there. None of these things, however, moved him; and having ordered all sail to be made, the Recruit, under the impulse of a brisk wind, bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears, and he, after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when the Recruit again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the birds called 'noddies,' and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight, and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp ascent; but on its summit was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wire-like, can be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus a covering. After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a rude tomahawk handle was picked up by one of the men, and to their dismay a tattered pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing, and uniting, and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news rapidly

spread among the men, who, on hearing of the tomahawk handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished, and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her: every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no heap of bleaching bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garment seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him? was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

The Recruit again quitted Sombbrero for Barbadoes. Captain L— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest: and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain, in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event, was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defence, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than theft was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as in some degree to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate an instant in its sentence: its verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the 'Times' newspaper for February 13, 1810, will find under the head 'Court-martial' a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's 'Weekly Register' about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Captain L— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the meanwhile? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself, or been devoured, or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a motion by a popular leader in the House of Commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had rescued him. The proper steps were taken, and the result was as follows:—At a town of the name of Marblehead, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before a magistrate, and being interrogated, gave the following account of himself: He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Polperro, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board the Recruit; and having been brought up to the trade of a blacksmith, he was made armourer's mate on board of

her. She soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies: after a while, her stock of water ran low; the crew were allowed to a certain quantity daily; and he becoming very thirsty, went one Saturday evening to the beer cask, and drew off about two quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking about three-fourths of that quantity, and leaving the remainder. On the captain discovering his theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black list. The Sunday following he was landed, by the captain's orders, on Sombbrero. He found it to be a desolate island, without any inhabitant, or sustenance of any kind to support life, and he remained on it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an American vessel, and landed at a port in the state of Massachusetts. This declaration was signed with a cross. It was transmitted to England, and appeared at once in all the newspapers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had a mother 'yet alive.' She had perused with the utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to the public journals, which rekindled all the previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly declares her conviction that the declaration thus made was, if not wholly a fabrication, at anyrate not made by her own son, but by some one who had been suborned to personate her unfortunate child. The most remarkable circumstance in confirmation of this opinion was the fact, that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name; whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further added, that it was of the utmost importance to her to know of the real existence of her son, in consequence of the lease of her premises being held on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's was one, otherwise it would fall into the power of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt that this letter was in reality written by her. The question was soon set at rest. A gentleman went down to her native village, found her out, and was assured from her own lips that she was the author of the letter. The village schoolmaster also bore his testimony to the fact of Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The intelligence also came out that, when put on shore at Sombbrero, he begged some of the men who were his fellow-townsmen on no account to tell his mother what had happened to him; thus indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was urged, would surely, if he were yet alive and well, have long since induced him to write, and assure her of his safety. Public interest was now at fever heat. Mr Cobbett fanned the flame; and with his homely, common-sense questions, kept poking the ribs of the government in a most uncomfortable manner, while he stirred up an immense blaze among the people by asking, 'Is this the treatment our "jolly tars" are to expect?'—a question which, considering the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the ferment.

Matters now assumed a very serious aspect. The public appeared determined to bring by any means the whole subject to an issue, and to obtain information as to whether the lad was really dead, or was yet living. Those in authority found that it was high time to take some decisive step to decide the question; and in a short time a ship, under the command of a captain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with the necessary documents, to find out the young man, and, if living, to bring him home. This proved the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little time elapsed before the result of the mission could be known; during which, however, the interest in the young man's fate by no means diminished. And if the attention of the public had been commanded by the peculiarities of the case, how are we to describe the alternations of hope and fear which agitated a mother's anxious heart? At length

the vessel returned, to put a final end to suspense as to the man's destiny. The notice of her arrival was accompanied by the following announcement in the 'Morning Post' newspaper:—

'Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged from the navy, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately brought on shore, and set off for London!'

Thus was this long-pending and much-agitated question finally settled by the appearance of the young man himself. A thousand inquiries were now of course put to him about his adventures; to most of which the following narrative was the answer:—

At first he was altogether unable to believe that it was intended to abandon him in that destitute condition, upon an island, which the men who brought him there knew to be uninhabited and unproductive. He thought it probable he was merely left there for the night to frighten him, yet he could not help fearing the worst, from the stern character of his captain. How anxiously he watched for the morning! how wearily that wretched night passed away without shelter, and without a second covering for his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes were confirmed on beholding the Recruit only a few miles off the shore. He sat watching her from the gray dawn until it was bright daylight; every moment he expected to see the same boat which had torn him from her, return on the welcome errand to convey him back again. Vain hope! He saw her white sails unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceived that the distance between her and the island was rapidly increasing; and then, as she became a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the awful reality of his fate came home to his mind. She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no more. For two whole days he suffered dreadfully from thirst, and deeply, though less distressingly, from the cravings of hunger. To allay the fever which consumed him, he drank a considerable quantity of salt water, which, however, only rendered his sufferings more intense. Death was now before him, when most providentially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and the quantity which remained in the crevices of the rocks supplied him so long as he remained on the island. But he was at some difficulty in drinking it; for it lay in such shallow pools, or in such narrow fissures, that it was at first perplexing how to avail himself of the precious gift. The idea at length entered his mind of sucking it out with a quill; and as the island abounded in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to quench his thirst, feeling inexpressibly grateful for this most opportune blessing. But nature now renewed her other calls upon him, and was imperative in her demands for food. How to supply this want he knew not, nor could he think of any means of doing so. He saw a great number of birds of the gull kind, rather larger than a goose, and attempted to catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for their eggs, but he could only find one, which had probably lain there for months, for it was in such an offensively putrid state, that, fainting as he was from inanition, he could not touch it. The only food he had, if it could be called food, was some bark, which he was so fortunate as to find cast upon the seashore. At length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the distance. With an exulting heart he watched her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue horizon. When her hull rose above the line, he was half wild with delight; and plucking forth his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every minute expecting some signal to indicate that he had been perceived. The great ship, with her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the poor outcast, and 'passed by on the other side,' at a distance too great for him to be discerned by those on board. Another and another ship hove in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five vessels were descried by him,

each leaving him more cast down and nearer death than before. He had now despaired of rescue; and fainting through hunger, he sank down upon the shore. But relief was at hand. An American vessel, passing nearer the island than usual, was hove to at the command of the captain, in order that he might examine the birds which were flying in great numbers around it. On landing, the men discovered our perishing seaman, carried him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on board, and by kind and judicious treatment, speedily restored him to perfect health. He was thus delivered from his imminently perilous situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his story excited at once the indignation and active compassion of the people, who soon supplied him with clothes, work, and wages. There he had peaceably spent this interval of time; and while England was ringing with his name, he was pursuing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage. This publicity stimulated Captain L— to come to an arrangement, by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was intrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for his mother had been twice married: he immediately recognised with joy his long-lost relative; and he ran forwards to apprise his anxious mother of the speedy arrival of her son. The news flew like lightning through the village—Robert Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Before the young man reached the place, the sound of the village bells was borne to his ears, and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old and young, turned out to meet him, and were prepared to receive him; and, says the 'Times,' in its sober account of this romantic business, 'it is scarcely possible to express the cordial greetings and exulting transports that attended his arrival.' The whole village was for the time in a commotion which it had rarely or never experienced. People who, when Jeffery was a humble workman in his father's shop, never cared a jot about him, and little dreamt of the noise he would one day make without intending it, now pressed forward and warmly shook him by the hand, congratulating him on his safe arrival in hearty expressions of welcome. After the tumult of joy had a little subsided, they began to look upon the clerk with suspicion, and to exhibit alarming symptoms of hostility against that gentleman; but Jeffery immediately assured them that he was one of his friends, and had taken so long a journey only for the purpose of protecting him. This produced a speedy revolution in the sentiments of the villagers, and their angry looks and expressions were at once exchanged for those of respect and kindness. The meeting between Jeffery and his mother was particularly interesting. At first she gazed upon him with a kind of bewildered anxiety, as if doubtful whether she could trust what she saw. Her son that was dead was alive again, 'he that was lost was found.' In a few moments she recovered herself, and they rushed into each other's arms. 'Oh, my son!'—'Oh, my mother!' interrupted by sobs on both sides, were all that they could utter for some time. At length the agitation of their feelings subsided, and a scene of calmer endearment ensued. Nothing but the safe arrival of the wonderful Jeffery engrossed the attention, minds, and tongues of the warm-hearted villagers.

In concluding this curious history, we wish we could authoritatively explain what may seem to require clearing up. We have heard that the tomahawk handle turned out to be part of a fisherman's hatchet; and it

was surmised that the tattered trousers never belonged to Jeffery at all. Perhaps the signing with a mark was the effect of momentary caprice. Beyond this, after a diligent search, we are unable to discover any explanation of the circumstances which, for the time being, produced so much perplexity. If this had been a fiction, it would have been easy to have invented a key to the lock: as it is, we leave it to our readers, with the simple assurance that the narrative, in all its particulars, is exactly as it is to be found in the newspapers of the period.

THE BLOWPIPE.

THE blowpipe, in its simplest form, is a small metal tube eight or nine inches in length, gradually tapering from one extremity to the other, so as to terminate in a very fine orifice, and bent round at right angles about an inch from the smaller end. If we place the point of this little instrument in the flame of a lamp or common candle, and blow gently through the other opening, we are enabled to produce a flame capable of raising the temperature of any small object exposed to it to a degree of heat more intense than that of a furnace.

The introduction of the blowpipe into the arts dates probably from a very distant period, having been employed, as it still is, by jewellers and workers in metal for the purposes of soldering; in which light it may be regarded as a convenient substitute for the furnace-bellows. The happy idea of extending its use into the investigations of chemistry, is believed to have originated about a century ago in Andrew or Antony Von Swab, a Swedish metallurgist and councillor of mines, who, according to the statement of Bergman, applied it to the examination of metallic ores and furnace products in the year 1738. The first person, however, from whom was derived any knowledge of the method of using the blowpipe, and of the effects produced by it, was Axel Frederick Von Cronstedt, also a Swede, connected with the mines of his country, and well known as the author of the first system of mineralogy based upon chemical principles—'A man,' in the words of Berzelius, 'whose genius so far outstripped the age in which he lived, as to be unintelligible to his contemporaries.' His system of mineralogy was published in 1758; and his quick and original mind perceived, at an early period of his researches, the combined power and utility of this little instrument in the hands of the chemist. He improved it, and applied it successfully to the investigations of minerals, making use of certain reagents or fluxes for that purpose, which are still retained, being pre-eminently superior to any that have been subsequently tried.

The illustrious Bergman contributed still further to the popularity of the blowpipe, by a treatise on the subject, which he sent to Baron Von der Born in 1777, who published it two years after, in the Latin language, at Vienna. In the compilation of this work, Bergman, on account of his ill health, was chiefly assisted by John Gottlieb Gahn, likewise a Swede by birth and immediate parentage, but of British extraction, who performed nearly all the experiments detailed in it; and who subsequently, by his laborious investigations and numerous inventions and improvements, attained in the use of this instrument to a surprising degree of efficiency, and far surpassed all who had preceded him. He is stated to have carried his blowpipe always with him, even on his shortest journeys, and to have submitted to its action every new or unknown substance that fell into his hands. During the last few years of Gahn's life, Berzelius—

now the most celebrated of living chemists*—undertook, at his request, an extended series of experiments, which the old man, still ardent in the pursuit of science, was to have controlled, blowpipe in hand; but this intention was put a stop to by his lamented death, which took place on the 8th of December 1818, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Berzelius afterwards carried on his investigations, adding greatly, by various discoveries and new methods of research, to the utility of the instrument; and in 1820, he published at Stockholm a complete treatise on the use of the blowpipe in chemistry and mineralogy, which became at once a standard work, and was immediately translated into most of the European languages. This work has since that time passed through several editions, and may be said to have formed the basis of all that has been subsequently written on the subject. Amongst the chemists of our own country whose researches have tended to advance our knowledge of blowpipe analysis, may be mentioned the names of Dr Wollaston and the late Smithson Tennant. A very useful work, which has already entered a second edition, and been translated into the French and English languages, has also been published within the last ten years by a German chemist, Carl F. Plattner, assay master at the Royal Freyberg Smelting Works.

Having thus traced the history of the blowpipe through the principal points of its progress, we shall briefly explain the method of employing it in the investigation of unknown bodies; and the means—simple and easy of execution, and certain in their results—by which the presence or absence of the common metals, and other elementary substances of ordinary occurrence, may be at once detected in any compound presented to us. The utility of this knowledge no one can attempt to gainsay; and as a good and efficient blowpipe may be purchased, in an improved form, for a single shilling, and packed with all its necessary apparatus and reagents in a little case, which can be carried in the pocket, or placed without inconvenience in a corner of the traveller's portmanteau, it may be employed by those to whom otherwise the domain of chemistry would be a forbidden land. We would especially call the attention of all about to emigrate to, or dwelling in, the more distant colonies, to the use of this admirable little instrument; for, to such, opportunities may not be wanting for the discovery of metallic ores, or other natural productions, which, resembling, to the unpractised eye, merely so much earthy or stony matter, may be found, when examined, to be of the greatest utility. Even in a central district of Europe but comparatively a few years ago, an ore of cobalt was broken upon the roads, which has since yielded an annual revenue of many thousand pounds.

Are all the refuse substances flung aside as useless in our workshops, our manufactories, and our dye-houses, to be regarded as worthless, or nearly so? May they not yet be applied to purposes at present little dreamt of, or lead to discoveries replete with use and profit to mankind? Let the blowpipe answer these questions: no one can honestly reply to them for it; and they are at least, should they occasion but a single good result, worth, and well worth, the asking.

The form of blowpipe described at the commencement of this article has the disadvantage of letting the water, arising from the condensed breath after using it for a short time, be blown out into the flame, thereby

* Since this article was written, news have arrived in this country of the serious, and, it was feared, fatal illness of this distinguished philosopher.

causing a certain interruption or inconvenience. This is best remedied by making the blowpipe of two pieces—namely, a long straight tube (from six to eight inches in length, according to the sight of the operator), closed at one end, and rather larger in diameter at that extremity; and a shorter tube or pipe of narrow diameter, and about an inch and a half in length, fitting at right angles into the side of the long tube, by an orifice made for that purpose, at a quarter of an inch from the closed end. If to this we add two little nozzles or jets of platinum, with orifices of different sizes, to fit on to the pointed extremity of the short pipe, as may be required, we shall possess a very perfect instrument. The reason these little jets are made of platinum is, to avoid the necessity of clearing their minute apertures by mechanical means, when they become stopped up by dirt or grease; as in this case we have only to heat them to redness before the point of the blowpipe flame, to render them bright and clean again in an instant—platinum being able to withstand, uninjured, the blast of our most powerful furnaces, and therefore capable of bearing the degree of heat necessary to burn off the carbonised matter; whereas other metals would fuse, or become brittle and oxidised.

Before we can properly understand the results obtained by the blowpipe, we must become acquainted with the nature and properties of the flame to which it is to be applied. Let us take the flame of a common candle as an example, and examine its different parts, and the properties, distinct and unchanging as the laws from which they are derived, which each possesses. If we observe this flame attentively, we shall find it to be composed of three totally different parts—namely, a dark nucleus in the centre, formed by the unconsumed gases which issue from the wick, and which cannot burn for want of air; secondly, a bright luminous cone surrounding the dark internal portion; and lastly, a thin and feebly-luminous mantle enveloping the whole flame, being scarcely visible at the summit or on the sides, but forming at the base a cup-shaped portion of a dark-blue colour. In this outer surface of the flame the gases undergo complete combustion, being abundantly supplied with oxygen from the surrounding air; and it is here that the greatest degree of heat is situated. This fact may be easily exemplified by holding in the flame a thin iron or platinum wire, which will then be found to be coated with carbon or soot in the interior part, whilst it is most strongly heated at the sides or apex; and on removing the wire, the soot will be seen to disappear in passing through the enveloping surface of the flame. On forcing a stream of air, by means of the blowpipe, gently through the flame of a candle in its natural position, the relative situations of its different parts will be entirely altered. The flame itself will be deflected into a horizontal position; and oxygen, before supplied only to its external surface, will be thrown into its very centre, causing the complete combustion of the gases, which burn in the form of a long blue cone, surrounded by a pointed flame of a yellow colour. At the point of this blue cone is concentrated all the heat that before was spread over the entire surface; and the surrounding yellow flame prevents the heat thus concentrated from escaping. All metallic bodies—that is to say, small fragments of such containing oxygen—are, with very few exceptions, soon deprived of it, and reduced to their true metallic state, if they be held just before the point of the blue flame, and entirely within the yellow one. Metallic bodies, on the contrary, if held a little way beyond the flame, and strongly heated, are, with two or three exceptions, as gold and platinum, converted into the state of oxides, losing completely their metallic aspect and properties.

In using the blowpipe, the air must not be forced directly from the lungs, as such would soon exhaust the operator, besides the injurious effect that it might have upon his health; but the mouth must be filled with air, and this suffered to pass very gradually through the instrument, aided by the compression of the muscles

of the cheeks and lips, the operator breathing at the same time through his nostrils. This, which is confessedly rather troublesome at first, is rendered perfectly easy of execution after a few trials; so that, with a little practice, a blast of several minutes' duration may be kept up without the least trouble or fatigue. Substances, when exposed to the flame, are supported on a piece of well-burnt charcoal, or at the end of a thin platinum wire bent into a loop. Otherwise, they are held by a pair of tongs or forceps with platinum points; and occasionally in a narrow glass tube, three or four inches long, and open at both ends; or in one of the same length, but of larger diameter, and closed at one end, so as to form a little flask or test tube.

As it would be impossible to condense within the limits of a single article all the operations and demonstrative experiments capable of being performed by the aid of the blowpipe, and of the simple apparatus with which it is usually accompanied, we shall merely point out, by way of example, the means by which we may render evident, in the most minute portion of any compound, the presence or absence of one or two of the more common substances met with in nature:—

Sulphur occurs most abundantly in nature. It is exported, in its pure state, in vast quantities from Sicily and other volcanic districts; and it is also obtained in some localities by a process of art from certain of its metallic combinations. A great number of the metals of commerce are chiefly extracted from their sulphur compounds—as lead from *galena*, or the native sulphuret; and copper from *copper pyrites*, a compound of sulphur, copper, and iron. Sulphur also, in union with a certain quantity of oxygen, is met with in *gypsum*, consisting of sulphuric acid, lime, and water, from which the plaster of Paris is made; likewise in *alum*, and in numerous other mineral and manufactured productions; amongst the latter, notably (in its pure state) in gunpowder. To detect the presence of sulphur in any body, we have only to mix a small fragment of it with about as much carbonate of soda as will lie on the point of a penknife, and to fuse the compound on a piece of charcoal in the yellow flame; when, if sulphur be present, a dark reddish mass will be obtained, which, moistened and placed on a bright piece of silver (a new coin, for instance), will communicate to it a brown or black stain. This stain is, in reality, a compound of the sulphur with the silver, and is the same as that produced when we eat an egg by means of a silver spoon—all eggs containing a portion of sulphur. The tarnishing which silver undergoes when exposed for any length of time, especially in rooms in which coal fires are burnt as fuel, is also due to a similar formation.

Arsenic is occasionally found in nature in a pure state, which is that of a gray and brittle metal, quickly acquiring a black tarnish on exposure to the atmosphere. That terrible poison, the arsenic or 'white arsenic' of commerce, is a combination of the metal with a certain quantity of oxygen, and is called by chemists 'arsenious acid.' Arsenic is readily detected, and with great certainty, by fusing a small quantity of the substance suspected to contain it with carbonate of soda on charcoal, exposing it alternately to the points of the inner and the outer flame; when, if arsenic be present, copious white fumes will be given off, possessing a most powerful odour of garlic. The metal will emit this odour when heated by itself; but its oxygen combinations require the addition of the soda and the charcoal to reduce them to the metallic state prior to their volatilisation.

Iron compounds are easily detected by the blowpipe, as they become attractable by the magnet after exposure to the yellow flame, and impart an impure green colour to glass of borax, which fades before the outer flame to a pale yellowish tint. The latter process for the detection of iron must be resorted to when but a very small quantity of it is contained in the substance under examination. Reduced on charcoal with carbonate of soda, infusible magnetic grains are obtained.

Cobalt, which is usually found in nature united to sulphur or arsenic, is chiefly used in the arts for the production of a fine blue colour in glass, porcelain, and other manufactured articles. The ores of cobalt come principally from Sweden, Prussia, and Saxony, and serve for the preparation of the 'smalt' of commerce; the metal itself being never extracted from them except in the laboratory of the chemist. When pure, the metal is highly magnetic; but this property is entirely destroyed in it by the admixture of a very small proportion of arsenic. The minutest fragment of any compound containing cobalt, imparts to borax, when fused with it in either part of the flame, a deep beautiful and peculiar blue colour.

As a relief to these technical details, which might be extended so as to embrace the complete range of the elementary substances, we shall conclude with an anecdote, which tends to show in a forcible manner the benefit that may be derived from a knowledge of the method of using the blowpipe in many of the ordinary occurrences of life, and in situations that may happen to us all:—Late in the autumn, three or four years ago, two young engineers (whom we will call Mr Y— and Mr C—), engaged in checking the levels of a projected line of railway extending through Devonshire into Cornwall, were quartered for the night at a miserable little inn—one of the few habitations thinly scattered here and there on the edge of the wild and inhospitable Dartmoor. The day had been cold, wet, and cheerless; and Y—, who had overworked himself, and who was suffering from a severe cold, began to feel really ill, upon which Mr C—, after a hasty meal, sallied forth against the wind and rain to procure some medicine for his friend. As the nearest town, however, was some ten miles distant, he was forced to content himself with bringing home a dose of Epsom salts, which he obtained at the shop of a 'grocer, dealer, and vender of horse and patent medicines'—so ran the emblazoned sign-board—at a little hamlet about two miles from the inn. The shop, moreover, being closed, and the head and chief absent, Mr C— was forced to take the medicine as genuine Epsom salts, upon the *ipse dixit* of a sharp lad, who kept guard with great importance over this heterogeneously-stored emporium. Thus supplied, Mr C— made his way back to the inn; and Y— having swallowed a portion of the bitter compound, they retired to their rooms. But in the middle of the night, imagine the horror of C— to be awakened, and to find Y— standing by his bedside, anxiously inquiring 'if he were sure that it was not poison that he had taken, as he could not sleep for startling dreams, and for the strange sensations that he felt all over him.' To spring from the bed, to procure a light, and to draw from the corner of his carpet-bag the little portable blowpipe case, which he always carried with him, was the work of a few moments; and in less than five minutes, C— had thoroughly convinced himself that the remains of the medicine contained only sulphuric acid, magnesia, and water—these being the true constituents of Epsom salts. In his first nervous agitation on jumping out of bed, visions of arsenious acid, acetate or sugar of lead, and oxalic acid, passed across his mind, the two latter especially, from their external resemblance to Epsom salts; but the rapid experiment, which showed him the presence of sulphuric acid, proved to him at the same time the absence of arsenic and lead; and the taste alone was sufficient to dispel all fears respecting oxalic acid, the absence of which he was also enabled to confirm by a simple and decisive test. Thus reassured, Y—, again retired to his bed; and half an hour after, C—, on peeping into his room, had the satisfaction to find him fast asleep.

Now, had C— not possessed the simple knowledge requisite upon this occasion, what would have been the consequences? The inmates of the house must have been aroused, and despatched in various directions in

quest of a medical man, whilst the unfortunate Mr Y— would have been left in all the agonies of suspense, letting the result of his own excited imagination grow more and more into the semblance of a horrible reality, until the effects of fear might have really rendered the visit of the doctor a necessary one.

A TALE OF GOLF.*

On the morning of the 17th August 183—, two native golfers of the famous Dubbieside, in Fife, were seen resting on the brow of the links, and anxiously casting their eyes in the direction of Methill, as if expecting the smoking funnel of the ever-restless St George. Their coats of business were hoisted,† their caps were drawn resolutely over their brows, and they examined with more than common care the knitting of their clubs, the insertion of the lead, and the indentation of the bone.‡ From their capacious pockets they turned out ball after ball with mysterious care,§ and the names of the makers were interchanged with reverential whispers, as they peered into one or two of the most select. At their feet reclined their caddies, grasping each a complete establishment of clubs, and listening with deep respect to the chat of their masters.¶ At last a towering column of smoke announced that the steamer was at hand, while from the end of the bank the flory-boat was plying its way to receive the passengers for Leven. The sportsmen leaped to their feet as the passengers descended the side of the steamer, and an exclamation of 'He's come!' burst from them as they saw a large package of clubs lowered down into the boat. They hastened to the sands to welcome the arrival of the stranger sportsman, who had been sent to dim the glory of Dubbieside; and there, in the stern of the boat, with his arm encircling his instruments of play, did they behold the doughty champion who was backed against the rustic players by some discomfited metropolitans, and who was destined to open the eyes of Dubbieside to its ignorance and vanity in assuming an equality with the clubs south of the Forth.

He was a short, stout-made, sandy-whiskered man; his spectacles not altogether concealing his ferrety eyes; his nose short, and ever ready to curl; and his lip compressing itself, as if it were ever bridling up under some slight or insult. He was the ideal of a small pomposity, set off with a finical attention to dress: rings clasped his little fat fingers, and a diamond pin shone in his puffy breast. He surveyed his new brothers on the shore with an air of loftiness, although he must have known them for his intended associates, and cast on the country round a vexed look, as if his friends had compromised his dignity by sending him to a place that appeared so questionable. His stateliness, how-

* A game almost peculiar to Scotland, played on *downs* or *links* near the sea. The links at Dubbieside, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, are a noted scene of the amusement. A general account of golf is given in the *Journal*, old series, No. 558.

† For lightness and ease of movement, golfers usually wear a short loose coat, and sometimes this is of a peculiar colour and button, as the uniform of a club.

‡ The chief clubs used in golfing are of wood, loaded with lead, and faced with horn or bone.

§ The object of the game of golf is to strike the ball along the green, and into a small hole, at the smallest possible number of strokes. The ball is composed of leather, stuffed so full of feathers, as to be at once hard and elastic.

¶ The caddie is a servant who carries the bundle of clubs required by the golfer, and who is also in general qualified, by his skill in the game, and his local knowledge, to give directions to his employer.

ever, gave way to rage and abuse when he found that, to get ashore, he must mount on the back of one of the boatmen. There being no alternative, he was horsed amid the smiles of passengers and onlookers—his legs drawn up most ungracefully to save his boots from the brine, and his face, over the shoulder of his carrier, presenting the appearance of the man of the moon in a state of excitement. Arrived at the shore, he was set down with little ceremony, when, unluckily, his first contact with the county of Fife was a seat on the cold wet sand. He was soon put on his legs by his brother sportsmen, whose condolence and jokes were ill calculated to soothe his ruffled feelings; but with a tremendous effort, the high-pressure gentleman readjusted his spectacles, and did assume enough of calmness to look contempt on all around, and discharge an execration at the county of Fife and the insufferable incommensurateness of its conveyances.

The party now moved to the hole from which they were to strike off, the stranger receiving the proposal of a short pause at the public-house of the village with a look of horror. They were here joined by a number of second-rate golf-men—old lovers of the game, who could yet, in despite of rheumatism, follow the rounds—besides a whole troop of ordinary villagers, inspired, if not with a love of golf, at least with an interest in the honour of Dubbieside. The stranger having undone his clubs, round which his red coat was tightly roped—having renounced his handsome green one with gilt anchor buttons, and relinquished it with a sigh, and a shrink of composure to his fate, to the Dubbieside caddie, whom he looked on as a second Caliban—addressed himself to the business of the day. He cast on the ground a 'Gourlay' * white as snow, hard as lead, and elastic as whalebone; and the trembling caddie having, amid the whiz of a shower of novel oaths, teed † it at last to his satisfaction, he seized a club resembling Tam o' Shanter's mare—a supple jade and strang'—gave it a few preparatory vibrations; then, assuming the honour of precedence, he addressed his body to his ball, raised his club, and came round with a determined sweep. The missile sped right into a sandy brae, which the generality of players clear with the first stroke; but such a thing will occasionally happen with a good player. So little was thought of it—though the testy stranger glowed like a red herring; and his humour was by no means restored when he saw his partners, after 'licking their loaves,' make their balls fly like skyrockets over the place where he was earthed. Away, however, the crowd moved—principals, caddies, amateurs, clubmakers, lang weavers, and hecklers—the last class of gentlemen having at this time struck for an advance of wages, and being glad of anything about which to occupy themselves. The whole formed a ring round the strange gentleman, who was now to dig his ball out of its firm lodgment of sand. The occasion, the company, the awkwardness of his position, and the consciousness of the want of sympathy in all around, contributed to heighten the angry feelings of the champion: so, darting a glance of fire at one of the hecklers, who remarked, with tipsy gravity, and most offensive familiarity, in allusion to the hapless situation of the ball, that it would require spectacles to find it out, he gave it such an ill-natured and ill-directed whack, that it sunk completely into the regions of night. The hurras of the hecklers, the yells of the boys, the placid laughter of the paralytic old players, who shook upon their sticks, and the quiet condolence of the rival players, which was given in all the offensiveness of broad Scotch diminutives, now nearly threw the mortified stranger into a fit of apoplexy. The ball, however, was declared not playable; and being

dug out by the fingers of the caddie, was thrown back on the green, at the loss of a stroke in counting to its owner. So, reconcentrating his energy, and assuming as much calmness as could be collected from a composition so formed, he aimed at it a well-directed stroke. Unfortunately, at the very instant, a prophetic groan or hem from one of the flax-teasing fraternity gave a wrong turn to the blow, and swept the ill-destined ball into a bunker.* Another cheer for Dubbieside was about to be raised, when the strange gentleman grappled with the obnoxious heckler, and lustily called for a constable. This produced a rush from his companions, who in an instant released him from the clutch of the indignant golfer, around whom he began dancing and sparring, with his jacket and paper-cap doffed, demanding a ring and fair play. But, the honour of the links being at stake, the Dubbieside players laid hands on the shoulders of the rebels, and awed them into civility: so, after a few grumbings, the Dubbieside men having taken their second strokes, which sent their balls far on into safe and beautiful ground, the troop once more moved on. The metropolitan champion was now to strike his fifth stroke, or 'three more,' and the perspiration was seen in beads on his brow, when he came up and beheld his infatuated 'Gourlay' sitting as if in an egg-cup of sand. The more civilised of the idlers felt something like sympathy, and a feeling of commiseration was beginning to steal over the multitude, when the caddie, having given the gentleman the *cleek* instead of the *iron*, ‡ which he swore was the proper play, the said caddie was unceremoniously deposed with a cuff in the neck that sent him into the sand: the clubs were at the same time wrenched from him by his irate master, who said he would carry them himself. This event did not render the player more cool, or the spectators more indulgent; so, when the ball was jerked from its position, it went slant over the bank to the firm bed of sand on the beach, where it rolled, as on an iron floor, till it reached the water. The flaxmen, swinging arm in arm to the top of the bank, now burst out into a chorus of

'The sea—the sea—the open sea—
I am where I would ever be,' &c.

This was too much. For a moment a sort of stupor seemed to fall on the devoted stranger; but an unearthly calmness and paleness succeeded, as he moved leisurely to the sea, picked up his ball, and put it into his pocket. He had observed the steamer on its return from Largo, and walking leisurely to the flory-boat, which was just going out, he arrived in time to secure his passage. His exit might have been dignified—for even the hecklers remarked that there was something 'no very cannie in his look' when he left the ground, and they did not even venture to cheer—but just as the boat was shoving off, a frenzied-looking woman, running along the beach, made signs for them to stop, and in an instant the mother of the dismissed caddie was in the boat, demanding reparation for the damage done to her laddie. The approach of the obnoxious hecklers to witness this new scene, operated more on the discomfited golfer than the woman's clamour; and a bonus, most disproportionate to the damage, was slung into the horny fist of the outraged mother, who, suddenly lowering her tone, stood upon the beach his only friend. Yet could she not, as the boat moved off, prevent the flaxmen sending after him their chorus of 'The sea, the sea,' until he was seen to ascend the steamboat and suddenly disappear below.

Who or what he was remains a mystery: his backers never gave his name, or a hint of his profes-

* A ball made by an eminent artist of this name.

† At striking off, the ball is perched by the caddie on a little pile of sand, to make it lie fair to the stroke. This is called *teeing*.

* A sand-pit. When the ball falls into a bunker, a stroke is required to replace it on the green. On golfing ground there is usually a succession of such pitfalls, which the dexterous native players avoid, but which are particularly dangerous to strangers.

‡ The *cleek* and *iron* are two clubs with metal heads, one lighter than the other, used in striking the ball from sand or hard ground.

sion. Some imagined him to be a principal Edinburgh clerk; others a half-pay resident in Musselburgh; but what or who he really was, could not be discovered by the most curious inquirer.

SUMNER ON TRUE GLORY.

CHARLES SUMNER, whose essay on War was noticed by us some years ago, has added to his reputation by an address on 'Fame and Glory,' delivered before the literary societies of Amherst College, August 11, 1847, a copy of which, printed at Boston, has just reached us. Mr Sumner's address appears in England at an appropriate time. When a portion of the people, misled by a pretended fear on the score of military defences, would force the country into what would virtually be a war, such a discourse must have a peculiarly useful tendency. Too long has the world been deluded with the glitter and pomp of military array. It is time that the 'fame and glory' usually accorded to warlike exploits were set down at their true value.

We cannot, in these limited pages, follow Mr Sumner through his comprehensive oration; but confining ourselves chiefly to a few prominent points, we shall present, as far as possible, a condensed view of his line of reasoning.

Fame and glory may, for the present purpose, be considered synonymous. They are the expression of a favourable public opinion on certain actions, but any value to be attached to this opinion must depend on the degree of enlightenment and conscientiousness of those who express it. 'In early and barbarous periods, homage is exclusively rendered to achievements of physical strength, chiefly in slaying wild beasts, or human beings who are termed enemies. The feats of Hercules, which fill the fables and mythology of early Greece, were triumphs of brute force. Conqueror of the Nemean lion and the many-headed hydra, strangler of the giant Antæus, illustrious scavenger of the Augean stables, grand abater of the nuisances of the age in which he lived, he was hailed as a hero, and commemorated as a god. And at a later time honour was still continued to mere muscular strength of arm. One of the most polite and eminent chiefs at the siege of Troy, is distinguished by Homer for the ease with which he hurled a rock, such as could not be lifted even by two strong men in our day. And this was glory in an age which had not yet learned to regard the moral and intellectual nature of man, or that which distinguishes him from the beasts that perish, as the only source of conduct worthy of enlightened renown.'

In after-times, in Greece, glory was gained by expert wrestling and chariot-driving, and contests of this kind, as vulgar as modern horse-racing, were the frequent theme of the Greek poets. Rome did not improve on the Grecian notions of glory. The much-prized crowns of honour were all awarded to the successful soldier. The title to a triumph, that loftiest object of ambition, was determined by the number of enemies destroyed. Founded and perpetuated in military aggression, without a single redeeming instance of justice, the Roman Empire finally sunk under the vengeance which it had provoked. The successful robber was in turn a prey to the spoiler. The same tale may be told of all the nations of the middle ages. The glorification of animal strength and courage was universal. Chivalry was only polished brutality. 'The life of the valiant Céspedes, a Spanish knight of high renown, by Lope de Vega, reveals a succession of exploits which were the performances of a brawny porter and a bully. All the passions of a rude nature were gratified at will. Sanquinary revenge and inhuman harshness were his honourable pursuit. With a furious blow of his clenched

fiat, in the very palace of the emperor at Augsburg, he knocked out the teeth of a heretic—an achievement which was hailed with honour and congratulation by his master, Charles V., and the Duke of Alva. Thus did a Spanish gentleman acquire fame in the sixteenth century.'

The 'glories' of chivalry are matched in states of society which a knight would have affected to despise. 'The North American savage commemorates the chief who is able to hang at the door of his wigwam a heavy string of scalps, the spoils of war. The New Zealander honours the sturdy champion who slays, and then eats, his enemies. The cannibal of the Feejee islands—only recently explored by an expedition from our shores—is praised for his adroitness in lying, for the dozen men he has killed with his own hand, for his triumphant capture in battle of a piece of tapa-cloth attached to a staff, not unlike one of our flags; and when he is dead, his club is placed in his hand, and extended across the breast, to indicate in the next world that the deceased was a chief and a warrior. This is barbarous glory! But how little does all this differ from the frantic eagerness of knights to capture the flag of an enemy, or the 'glory' of being commemorated in stone, with the legs crossed, and the body clothed in armour! What a mob of fools mankind have been in all ages and countries!

Carrying his eye over the present condition of society, Mr Sumner admits that a love of fame or glory—that is, a love of approbation carried to an extreme length—is neither immoral nor blameable when directed to those acts which promote human happiness. At the same time, this species of personal ambition 'detracts from the beauty even of good works.' In our opinion, the man who does not do what good is in his power, without regard to human applause, is not entitled to be called great. The popularity to be aimed at, according to the correct definition of Lord Mansfield, is 'that which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.'

Mr Sumner is next led to draw a comparison between fame derived from the pursuit of peaceful and useful arts, and that from successful war. 'It is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is yet truer and more permanent far than any bloody glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted perhaps a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardour by his own example—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress of the American continent—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry, that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of an incident of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, in order to effect his landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken—the "Elegy in a

Country Churchyard." Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he "would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket: the true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright immortal beauty.' How might this comparison be extended!

Of military prowess, in reference to fame, Mr Sumner entertains but a poor opinion. Animal courage, on which military ardour is based, is exhibited in a greater degree among some of the inferior tribes of creatures. 'Courage,' he says, 'becomes a virtue when exercised in obedience to the higher sentiments—to promote justice and benevolence by Christian means. It is of a humbler character if these objects are promoted by force, or that part of our nature which we have in common with beasts. It is unquestionably a vice when, divorced from justice and benevolence, it lends itself to the passion for wealth, for power, or glory.'

The question, however, may be put—Is there no difference between the defenders of their country from unjust invasion, and those who fight aggressively? No doubt those who die in repelling violence are worthy of cordial sympathy; but the strife is to be regarded 'only as a token of the dishonourable barbarism of the age—like the cannibalism of an earlier period, or the slavery of our own day.' Every considerate person must join in regarding war as an unchristian institution, and at best 'a melancholy necessity, offensive in the sight of God, hostile to the best interests of men.'

Unfortunately, there can be little hope of seeing war and warlike preparation abated as long as jealousies and rivalries are maintained between neighbouring nations; and we might almost venture to say, that if half the pains were taken to cultivate a good understanding among the people of contiguous countries, that is employed to raise mutual distrust, even defensive wars would be unknown. No pains of this kind, however, are ever taken. The people of one country remain in ignorance of the people of another, and by the entanglements of diplomacy, as well as by the manoeuvres of those who make war a trade, are too easily brought into collision. Glory gained in battles which are so brought about, can be spoken of only with loathing and detestation.

We close our paper with the following passages, which seem to us to possess the character of true oratory.

'God only is great! is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Massillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age *Louis the Great*. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power: and as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only. Should all these qualities auspiciously concur in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal supremely endowed reflecting the image of his Maker. But even knowledge and power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known; so also is the great man.' When Moses said unto the Lord, "Show me thy glory," the Lord said, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are merely memorable in the world's annals, and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery, or a false appreciation of character, has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude. Alexander, drunk with victory and with wine, whose remains, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great; Cæsar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of

his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great; Louis XIV. of France, the magnificent spendthrift monarch, prodigal of treasure and of blood, and panting for renown, was not truly great; Peter of Russia, the organiser of the material prosperity of his country, the murderer of his own son, despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great; Frederic of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of robbery with "human lives for dice," was not truly great. Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers?

'There is another and a higher company, who thought little of praise or power, but whose lives shine before men with those good works which truly glorify their authors. There is Milton, poor and blind, but "bating not a jot of heart or hope"—in an age of ignorance, the friend of education—in an age of servility and vice, the pure and uncontaminated friend of freedom—tuning his harp to those magnificent melodies which angels might stoop to hear—confessing his supreme duties to humanity in words of simplicity and power. "I am long since persuaded," was his declaration, "that to say or do ought worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than love of God and mankind." There is Vincent de St Paul of France, once in captivity in Algiers: obtaining his freedom by a happy escape, this fugitive slave devoted himself with divine success to labours of Christian benevolence, to the establishment of hospitals, to visiting those who were in prison, to the spread of amity and peace. There is Howard, the benefactor of those on whom the world has placed its brand, whose charity—like that of the Frenchman, inspired by the single desire of doing good—penetrated the gloom of the dungeon, as with angelic presence. And lastly, there is Clarkson, who, while yet a pupil of the university, commenced those lifelong labours against slavery and the slave-trade which have embalmed his memory. Writing an essay on the subject as a college exercise, his soul warmed with the task, and at a period when even the horrors of the middle passage had not excited condemnation, he entered the lists, the stripling champion of the right.'

Taking an example from these instances of true glory, 'let us reverse the very poles of the worship of past ages. Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves—graven images, often of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble—but all false gods. Let them worship in future the true God, our Father as he is in heaven, and in the beneficent labours of his children on earth. Then farewell to the Syren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to the vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings for office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and glory may then continue, as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of an opinion, sure and steadfast, without change or fickleness, enlightened by those two suns of Christian truth—love to God and love to man. From the serene illumination of these duties, all the forms of selfishness shall retreat, like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly, and the education of the ignorant, have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices, the majesty of peace other vindicators, the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of mankind stand confessed—ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life—ever prompting to deeds of beneficence—conquering the heathen prejudices of country, colour, and race—guiding the judgment of the historian—animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator—ennobling human thought and conduct, and inspiring those good works by which alone we may attain to the heights of true glory. Good works!

such, even now, is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet.'

INDIAN EXPERTNESS.

THE natives of India have for ages been noted for their extraordinary personal activity and ingenuity—qualities which fit them for being the most expert thieves and jugglers in the world. The performances of London or Parisian freebooters sink to nothing in comparison with the daring feats of the Dacoits of Hindostan, from whom in all probability the wandering gipsies of Europe drew their origin. The stories told of Dacoits are almost too marvellous to be credited. When sleeping in your tent, the experienced Dacoit will not scruple to burrow in the earth, in order to obtain an entrance, unseen by the sentinel at the door; or swimming down the river in the night, his head covered with an earthen vessel, he will glide unnoticed under the windows of your budgerow, and noiselessly creeping in at the window, make off with everything you have, while you and your family are indulging in a pleasant nap; and finally, when caught and condemned to death, he will walk straight up to a piece of artillery, and pressing his chest against its muzzle, allow himself, without a struggle, or even a look of regret, to be blown into atoms—a death inflicted in the field on Dacoits and other marauders.

One would think that the Hindoo must have a constitutional aptitude for theft, his body is so slim, yet so muscular, his motions so snake-like, his agility so astonishing. In fact, after a little practice, he is like a man made of India-rubber, and seems to proceed without the slightest reference to the fragility of any part of his frame. Mr Fane tells us that, at Delhi, he saw several fellows jumping sheer down into a well *ninety* feet deep, in pursuit of a rupee thrown in to tempt them. There was a slanting passage on the opposite side, by which they got out again; but the perpendicular plunge was the feat expected, and this they performed again and again with the utmost readiness, men and boys rushing in emulation, each anxious to be the first to spring into the abyss after the prize.

Mr Tennant supposes that the superiority of the Hindoos in feats of agility and legerdemain arises from their pursuing these arts as a distinct and constant (and he might have added hereditary) profession. However this may be, he tells us that their doings surpass all credibility. In balancing, for instance, which is an effort of skill without the possibility of deception, a man frequently places five of the common earthenware water-pots, one over the other, upon his head, and a girl climbing to the uppermost, he dances with this extraordinary coiffure round the field. On another occasion, 'the same person balances a pole of sixteen feet long, the bottom of which is fixed into a thick cotton sash or girdle; another man gets upon his back, and from thence runs up the pole, his hands aiding his feet, with the nimbleness of a squirrel. He then proceeds first to extend himself on the pole upon his belly, and then upon his back, his legs and arms both times spread out. He next throws himself horizontally from the pole, which is all the while balanced on the girdle, holding only by his arms. This attitude among the tumblers is called the flag. Thirdly, he stands upon his head on the top of the pole, holding below the summit with his hands. Finally, he throws himself from this last position backwards down the pole, holding by his hands, then turns over again, holding by his feet; and this is repeated over and over till he reaches the ground. These, and a thousand other feats, constitute the amusement of the idle and the subsistence of a numerous class of strollers.'

The most beautiful of all the feats performed by Indian jugglers, is the well known tossing of six balls, which are sustained in the air, or made to revolve round the head, by a dexterous and gentle touch of the hand. This is anything but an unintellectual exhibition. There is in it no pretension to legerdemain, no

deception of the eyes. It is a feat of honest skill, and to the thoughtful is philosophically curious. It demonstrates an extraordinary calculation as to keeping time, and shows perhaps more than anything else the power of concentrating the mind on a single subject of thought. We feel assured that the mountebank who can perform the clever manœuvre of making half-a-dozen balls spin round his person, possesses a capacity which, well-directed, might lead to much higher things.

It is unfortunate, from the state of society in India, that personal expertness should so much take a furtive direction. Dacoitism may be said to be carried the length of a science, for in its higher professors it disdains theft on a mean or bungling scale of operation. Colonel Davidson mentions the case of a Dacoit who had stolen a man's garments from under his head, severing with a knife a part of the article which was either entangled or purposely fastened to the pillow. 'This,' says he, 'was a mere bungler, and I am persuaded, an apprentice without experience or talent. The scientific mode is well known: when it is necessary to make a sleeping man turn on his other side, you tickle his opposite ear with a straw till he obeys, and then a dexterous pull secures the booty. It is in this way that many excellent English gentlemen awake in the morning without mattress, blanket, or sheet either above or below them; having at the same time a favourite terrier asleep under their beds, and a pair of detonating pistols under their pillows.'

Broughton describes a less 'clumsy' theft committed in the Maharratta camp, of which he gives a lifelike picture. A tent was entered in which fourteen men were sleeping, two of them at the door with drawn swords by their sides. The thieves, nothing daunted by the crowd, made use of the swords to cut their way into the tent, and picking their steps among the sleepers, possessed themselves of the property they coveted. On another occasion, one of the maharajah's finest horses was carried off by a fellow, who, observing the rider dismount, and give the bridle into the hands of the attendant, darted forward, severed the reins with his sword, and galloped off in an instant.

The following instance of Dacoitism, illustrative of our subject, was related to us by a gentleman long resident in India:—

General S—, who considered himself able to outmanœuvre any Dacoit in Bengal, had given orders to pursue and bring before him a thief whose misdemeanours had warranted the severest punishment. The poor Dacoit was caught and brought up for examination. He was a fine specimen of the East Indian race. Of a clear brown, every feature of the most perfect mould, and with a form of exquisite symmetry and proportion, he now stood, nothing daunted, before the chief whose breath was to decide his fate.

'You are a Dacoit?'

'I am.'

'You are aware that the crimes you have been guilty of are punishable by death?'

'If such be my *nusseed* (destiny), I am prepared to meet it.'

'Would you avoid it?'

'Decidedly.'

'Well, then, listen. Scarcely a night passes that several of our cavalry horses are not stolen. In spite of our constant vigilance, in spite of sentinels, and every other precaution, they are carried off. Do you know how this is effected?'

'I do.'

'Well, then, on one condition your life shall be spared: show us the mode in which these extraordinary robberies are committed, and I will not only set you free, but give you one hundred rupees.'

The Dacoit almost sneered at the offer of the bribe; but after a moment's pause, he replied, 'I am ready.'

'Bravo!' cried S—, well pleased. 'Now we'll get at the secret. Let the captains and officers commanding troops be ordered instantly to attend at my stable tent

to see the trick, and be able to guard against it. Desire two cavalry soldiers and two grooms also to be there; and let them make haste, for I am all impatience to see the feat performed.'

In a quarter of an hour all was prepared. A very spirited and valuable horse of the general's was selected for the trial, one that allowed none save his master or his feeder to approach him. But the robber rather exulted in this, as he declared it would the better display his dexterity.

In the first place, the horse was tethered, as all cavalry horses in the field in India are, beneath an open tent, his fore legs being each made fast by a rope to a staple in the ground. The hind legs were similarly secured. A groom lay on one side of him, a grass-cutter (forager) on the other. The soldier to whom he was supposed to belong was stretched immediately behind him, and another very near, with orders that if they could in any way detect, by noise or touch, the tread of the robber, they were instantly to start up and seize him. Till then, they were to close their eyes and affect to sleep.

The Dacoit, on the other hand, threw himself on the grass, and, like a snake, crawled up to the first guard, and lay quietly beside him for a moment, to ascertain if he were asleep; then gently rising over him, he crept between the groom and the horse, till he actually lay beneath the spirited animal, which, extraordinary to say, never attempted to stir. With the greatest nicety he undid one of the hind tethers, or spansills, then one of the fore; then he paused a while, and the horse stirred not. He then undid, with great care and nicety, the other two, and creeping out between his fore legs, managed to substitute a native bridle for the head-stall. The spectators were lost in admiration, particularly the old general, whose praise was unbounded. But still the most difficult part of the task remained to be done—namely, to get the horse away. This was effected by turning him round. The Dacoit now quickly raised himself up by his arms, and the next moment was on the animal's back. Then walking him up to his supposed guard, the horse stepped over his legs, which were close together, and in the next instant he stood clear of all impediment, when the ingenious rider struck both his heels into him, and set off down the lines in a hand gallop.

General S— was pleased beyond expression with the man's address; and though he hardly knew how to guard against such expert thieves, yet he now saw the modes employed by the robbers, and it might be possible to invent some means to thwart them.

In the meantime the adroit native had arrived at the extreme outskirts of the camp, when the general, who began to think he had shown them enough of his skill, called on him to come back. 'None are so deaf as those who will not hear.' From that moment to the hour of his death, the worthy commander never saw his favourite charger, and what was still worse, he was ever afterwards bound to blush at his own simplicity whenever the word 'Dacoit' was mentioned in his presence.

Numerous villages in Central India are entirely peopled by Dacoits, who carry their depredations westward to the banks of the Indus, and southward to Bombay and Madras. In our own territories, Colonel Sleeman says there are likewise whole colonies of them, a thousand such families being located in the Upper Doab alone. The landholders and police officers frequently make large fortunes by their share of the spoil; and thus robbery is a very safe business when carried on at some distance from home. But independently of the venality of the functionaries, it is extremely difficult—in some cases impossible—to get witnesses to appear; and this state of things must continue till the meshes of justice are drawn closer, and men are not ruined by the loss of time attending a prosecution. Till then, the wonderful ingenuity of a considerable portion of the Hindoos must continue to be turned towards the

arts of knavery, instead of enriching their country by such masterpieces of industry as the famous muslins of Dacca, which have not yet been surpassed even by the science of Europe.

EARLY NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SCRAP of the advertising sheet of a newspaper, some thirty or forty years old, happening to fall into our hands the other day, afforded considerable amusement, and gave birth to the idea, that if the investigation were pushed a little beyond this date, it might prove productive of several curious facts. Full of this conception, we repaired to the British Museum, and were very shortly seated at a table surrounded with a mountain of dusty folios. We were soon immersed in the mass, and aged 'Diurnals,' venerable 'Intelligencers,' 'Mercuries' yellow and grim, and hoary old 'Gazettes,' underwent a careful scrutiny. As some of these patriarchs were in their one hundred and eightieth year, it may be readily conjectured they supplied a very queer sort of literary repast. Engaged in this pursuit, we may be said to have witnessed the very birth of that prolific monster whose many-membered body now occupies so large a share of public attention. We have seen the hydra when it was a bantling with only one head. It was no very arduous undertaking to find the first advertisement; but to trace the gradual development of form, and feature, and numerical strength, was a labour for a literary Hercules, and by no means to be undertaken by any one who could not spend a year or two on the subject. We therefore confess that, after gleaning a few curiosities, we consigned the huge mass back to its dusty vaults again; and believing that some of the information we derived may interest many of our readers, we beg to present them with this article as the result of our short dive into a sea of newspapers of the past and part of the preceding century.

We believe that the first advertisement discoverable in any newspaper is one which refers to the theft of two horses. It is contained in an early number of a paper called the 'Impartial Intelligencer,' published in the year 1648, and consequently now (1848) exactly two centuries old. It was inserted by a gentleman of Candish, in Suffolk. After this, these notifications were very few and far between for several years, until we approach the era of the 'London Gazette.' Here, for some time, they assumed no very definite form, consisting merely of a short official notice in italics at the end of each Gazette, and not headed with the title 'Advertisement.' One of the first called by this name—in this paper, that is to say—is contained in the number for May 6, 1667. It is sufficiently remarkable to deserve resuscitation, and runs thus:—

'AN ADVERTISEMENT.

'We are, by his majesty's command, to give notice that, by reason of the great heats which are growing on, there will be no further touching for the evil till Michaelmas next, and accordingly all persons concerned are to forbear their addresses till that time!'

This remarkable advertisement, which, so far as we know, has escaped the notice of historical writers, is repeated in four or five subsequent Gazettes, after which it disappears, to the extent of our search, never to reappear again. The value of the newspaper as an advertising medium was now beginning to be felt. Persons who had lost their dogs or other property began to give notice thereof in the tailpiece of the last column of the Gazette. The Duke of Albemarle appears to have been particularly unfortunate, for his advertisements appear four or five times—once for 'A white greyhound dog with red cheeks, intelligence to be brought to the Duke of Albemarle's porter at the Cockpit.' The Prince Rupert was equally unfortunate. Felonies of this nature appear to have been of great frequency, and even the royal stables and falconry were not secure.

Advertisements were now to be directed to another object than the mere proclamation of missing property, or of official notices. A far-sighted gentleman, by name

'Egbertus Willis, of the city of Utrecht,' informs the public that he is 'skilful in the cure of crookedness, and other defects of the body.' Such is the modest commencement of the present foul disgrace of a portion of the public press—quack advertisements! This was like the 'letting forth of waters.' Commercial advertising now took origin, and gained strength. We believe an enterprising tobacconist makes one of the first *entrées* as an advertiser in this character. This was a Mr 'James Norcock, snuffmaker and perfumer,' whose sign was the harmonious union implied in the 'jessamine tree and snuffing gentleman,' and who professed to sell 'all sorts of snuffs, Spanish and Italian; also the best Spanish lozenges and cashen to be eaten, and all sorts of rare Spanish perfumes.' Auctioneers follow Mr Norcock's train, of whose unpretending announcements the following is a fair sample:—'On the fifteenth day of March next (1684) will be exposed to sale by the candle, two elephants, male and female.' Other advertisements state 'by inch of candle,' from which it will readily be understood that the bidding commenced with the lighting, and terminated with the consumption, of 'the inch of candle,' a method suited to the sober spirit of those times. If more prodigal of time, auctioneers were more frugal of their words in those days than in our own. Let the following pithy announcement shock any Mr Robins as it may, we shall not withhold it, but declare how that a 'splendid site,' an 'advantageous investment for capital,' a 'magnificent property,' was actually advertised in two lines, containing two sentences:—'The bowling-green in Southwark Park is to be let to build upon; inquire there, and you may know farther.' From there being but one, and that only an occasional advertisement, in the 'Gazette' at its commencement, thirty years later, ten or a dozen appear in each journal. Scattered through them occur a number and variety of advertisements about runaway servants, in the description of whose persons we are sometimes informed that they 'wore their own hair.'

With the commencement of the eighteenth century, the genius of advertising had attained a considerable development, and the general character of the advertisements resembled in many respects that of the present time. They related to the wants, and luxuries, and diseases of mankind; and these, with but little variation, remain the same from century to century. At this time quack advertising, with the strength of a poisonous weed, overtopped all the rest in effrontery, immodesty, and extent. Some of these announcements indulge in all the romantic hyperbole commonly accepted and disbelieved in our own age. A medicine known as 'Scots' pills' reaches, we believe, the greatest age among them. It is the Methuselah of the lot. A brother patriarch is Dr Benjamin Godfrey's miraculous elixir or cordial. There was even in the seventeenth century, towards its close, a famous anti-doloric oil, which administered instant ease to the excruciations of gout and rheumatism, and was avowed to be 'likewise excellent for all old aches, pains, bruises, strains, stiffness, palsy, &c.' Next to these were Major John Choke's 'Incomparable necklaces for the easement of children in cutting their teeth.' We should have thought Major Choke's name quite sufficient. The king of France, however, was of a different opinion; for all his four children accomplished their dentition, to the immortal glory of Major Choke, solely by the preternatural aid they received from these invaluable ornaments. But greater miracles were in reserve for the healing art than even these. The original edition of the 'Spectator' for July 2, 1712, contains a notice which we shall abbreviate:—'*Loss of memory or forgetfulness* certainly cured by a grateful electuary peculiarly adapted to that end. It makes the head clear and easy, the spirits free, active, and undisturbed, and revives all the noble faculties of the soul, enabling those whose memory had been totally lost (!) to remember the minutest circumstance of their affairs to a wonder!' Another, which appeared in the same sheet, was an 'Admirable confection which assuredly cures *stuttering* and *stammering* in children and grown persons.' Its stupendous powers were

retailed at the insignificant sum of half-a-crown a pot. No fewer than sixteen quack advertisements, of ten or twelve lines each, appear in the 'Craftsman' for 1730, occupying the whole of the last side of that paper. Omitting all notice of the offensive ones, it may amuse to quote the titles of a few others. There was the 'Julapium Ashmaticum' for broken-winded men, in proximity to 'The Infallible Remedy for Broken-winded Horses;' 'The Great Elixir;' 'Famous for the Vapours;' 'Angelick Snuff'—for human angels, we presume; and a sly advertisement, something after the modern style, headed—'In consequence of the daily disturbance in churches by coughing, the original inestimable angelick electuary,' is strongly recommended for the public good. Advertising perfumers were not wanting to flatter the vanity of these old times. There were creators of artificial beauty in the seventeenth century, and they abound in the nineteenth. If there was not a 'Kalydor,' there was a 'Britannic Beautifier,' we have not the smallest doubt of equal efficacy. If there was no wonder-working 'Curling fluid,' there was the incomparable 'White water to curl gentlemen's hair.' Even old *wigs* that look scandalous, after a simple application of that liquid, would curl as freshly and as stiffly as if they had just left the hands of the *perruquier*. Instead of advertising from 'kings' palaces' and plate-glass groves, the barbers of those times, utterly innocent of such circumlocutions as are at present in vogue, spoke out in the following right-down language:—'This is to acquaint gentlemen and others that there is a fresh parcel of perukes of all sorts, Bobs, Tyes, and Naturals, that the maker will warrant to be made of the true human English hairs.'

We believe that the following advertisements relate to a species of insurance which will be new to many of our readers. In the 'British Apollo' for 1710 is the following notice:—'A first and second claim is made at the office of Assurance on Marriage in Roll Court, Fleet Street. The first will be paid on Saturday next; wherefore all persons concerned are desired to pay two shillings into the joint-stock, pursuant to the articles, or they will be excluded. The two claimants married each other, and have paid but two shillings each.' Yet they were to receive L.37. This advertisement may receive its explanation in another:—'Any person, by paying two shillings at their entrance for a policy and stamps, and two shillings towards each marriage until their own, when (the number is) full, will secure to themselves L.200, and in the meantime, in proportion to the number of subscribers.' So well did this speculation answer, that three offices shortly opened in the same line, one of which had its appropriate situation in *Petticoat Lane*. These examples excited the ingenuity of others; and we shortly light upon an advertisement from an office of insurance upon baptism. In this case persons were to pay two shillings and sixpence towards each infant baptised until their own. If the list was full, they could then receive L.200: 'the interest of which is sufficient,' says the advertisement, 'to give a child a good education, and the principal reserved until it comes to maturity.' There is no doubt that many of these projects were wholesale systems of robbery. For a time, however, they were greedily run after.

Many of the advertisements of the public amusements are diverting. There was the 'famous water-theatre of the late ingenious Mr Winstanley,' the architect of one of the Eddystone lighthouses, 'wherein is shown the greatest curiosities in waterworks—the like was never performed by any. Sea-gods and goddesses, nymphs, mermaids, and satyrs, all playing water as suitable, and some of them fire, mingled with water; and the barrel that plays so many liquors is broke to pieces before the spectators.' Next were the performances of a wonderful posture-master, who offered the attractions of 'extending his body into all deformed shapes—making his hip and shoulder meet together,' and half twisting his neck off. Mr Fawkes's theatre near the Haymarket was another favourite resort, where he presented the following entertainments:—He caused a tree to grow up in a flower-pot on the table, which would blow and bear ripe fruit in a

minute's time; besides which were his famous little posture-master, musical clocks, Venetian automata, and sea-pieces with *naumachia*. The advertisement of one of the theatres—we are half afraid it is a hoax, yet it occurs, we believe, in the 'Daily Advertiser'—states that the performances are in honour of the presence of 'Adomo Oronooko Tomo, sent to see the kingdom of Great Britain by the Great Trudo, Audato, Povesaw, Danjer, Eujo Suveveto, king of Dawhomay.' His highness was to be amused with the humours of Sir John Falstaff, altered from Shakespeare. Near Charing-cross was an exhibition advertised of a little man 32 years old, and 36 inches high, with his wife of the same age, and under 36 inches, and a little horse 24 inches high, and a satyr that had a head like a child.

Charging for advertising commenced at a very early period. A few might at first have been inserted gratuitously, but the revenue flowing from this source was so obvious a consideration, that the practice soon began of charging a fixed sum for each. In the 'Mercurius Librarius,' a bookseller's paper, it is stated that, 'To show that the publishers design the public advantage of trade, they will expect but sixpence for inserting any book, nor but twelve pence for any other advertisement, relating to the trade, unless it be excessive long.' The next intimation of price is in the 'Jockey's Intelligencer,' which charged a shilling for each, and sixpence for renewing. The 'Observer,' in 1704, charged a shilling for eight lines; and the 'Country Gentleman's Courant,' in 1706, inserted advertisements at twopence a line. The 'Public Advertiser' charged for a length of time two shillings for each insertion.

It has not often been our lot to engage in a diversion which has suggested so many solemn and mournful thoughts as this. We have heard the very voices of the past speaking to us. A century and a half has been living before our eyes—where are they now!—their passions, pleasures, wants, amusements, eccentricities, wisdom, and folly, hushed in the cold silence of the unsparing tomb. Surely said the preacher, 'Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.' We began our paper in mirth, we are constrained to end it with a touch of gravity.

THE COMMON NETTLE.

One of the plants which follow the footsteps of man, and which often indicates by its presence the situations on which cottages stood in some of the now thinly-peopled or deserted Highland glens. Thus, while proprietors of the soil, in their desire to have the exclusive use of large tracts of country, whether for sheep or for deer, make clearances of Highland glens, and endeavour to get rid of all vestiges of the peasantry who inhabited them, and 'lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth,' there springs up in the wild waste a plant, which marks the cottage sites as hallowed ground, and tells of the deed to future generations. The occurrence of nettles in neglected gardens and fortresses was a subject of observation in times long gone by. Thus Solomon, when speaking of the field of the clothful and the vineyard of the man void of understanding, remarks that 'nettles had covered the face thereof;' and the Prophet Isaiah, when alluding to the desolation which shall come on the enemies of God's people, says, 'Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof.'—*Bass Rock*.

LAUGHTER.

'Laugh and grow fat,' is an old adage; and Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter and hear laughter. Laughter is good for health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr Sydenham said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine. Mr Pott, a celebrated surgeon, used to say that he never saw the 'Tailor riding to Brentford' without feeling better for a week afterwards.

MY CHILDHOOD'S TUNE.

[This exquisite piece is from a little volume recently published, entitled 'Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems,' by Francis Brown. We select it for extract, not only on account of the merit of the verses themselves, but because they convey a good idea of the beauty, gentleness, and grace which characterise the volume generally. Miss Brown is almost wholly blind—a circumstance which lends an interest to her poems, independent of that commanded by her genius.]

And hast thou found my soul again,
Though many a shadowy year hath past
Across its chequered path since when
I heard thy low notes last?

They come with the old pleasant sound,
Long silent, but remembered soon—
With all the fresh green memories wound
About my childhood's tune!

I left thee far among the flowers
My hand shall seek as wealth no more—
The lost light of those morning hours
No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud
That darkens as it nears the noon—
But all their broken rainbows crowd
Back with my childhood's tune!

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves
That told my heart of spring begun,
The bird's song by our hamlet eaves
Poured to the setting sun—

And voices heard, how long ago,
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—
They have grown old and altered now—
All but my childhood's tune!

At our last meeting, Time had much
To teach, and I to learn; for then
Mine was a trusting wisdom—such
As will not come again.

I had not seen life's harvest fado
Before me in the days of June;
But thou—how hath the spring-time stayed
With thee, my childhood's tune!

I had not learned that love, which seemed
So priceless, might be poor and cold;
Nor found whom once I angels deemed
Of coarse and common mould.

I knew not that the world's hard gold
Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;
And yet thou speakest as of old—
My childhood's pleasant tune!

I greet thee as the dove that crossed
My path among Time's breaking waves,
With olive leaves of memory lost,
Or shed, perchance, on graves.

The tree hath grown up wild and rank,
With blighted boughs that time may prune—
But blessed were the dews it drank
From thee—my childhood's tune!

Where rose the stranger city's hum,
By many a princely mart and dome,
Thou comest—even as voices come
To hearts that have no home.

A simple strain to other ears,
And lost amid the tumult soon;
But dreams of love, and truth, and tears,
Came with my childhood's tune!

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left to myself—that is, for my studies; for on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants; all of which things I number among the duties of life. Since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself more agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen.—*Sir Thomas More*.

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I N N S.

It is pleasant to take one's ease in one's inn; but it is essential to the realisation of the idea that it should be a good inn. For an inn to be good, there is no necessity that it should be fine. It may be fine, and not good. The quality of goodness in an inn depends on its fulfilling the ideal of its own pretensions, whatever these are. All we require is, that it should be good of its class—that is, if it be a grand inn, that it should be grand without any derogatory slatternliness, any misapplication of servant power, or any other drawback from splendour; if a humble inn, pretending only to a moderate presentment of comforts, that it should really be a tolerable home for its own class of customers; and so forth. These postulates being attained, then we may each take our ease in our inn indeed; and a very great privilege it is to be able to do so at usually so small an expenditure of money. Duty, pleasure, whim, or whatever else, calls us out from home—we travel or ramble all day—it is perhaps a wilderness, with only a few cottages scattered over it; but, lo! it is a post-road we are upon; and there, for certain, at the end of a few miles, rises a goodly house, furnished with all the ordinary comforts of refined life—there a smiling welcome awaits us: if wet, we are sympathised with and dried; if hungry, the table is instantly spread: we lounge over a good fire all the remainder of the evening, and for the night repose among sheets redolent of the daisies where they were bleached. Mere payment of a bill next morning, though a legal, is not a moral discharge for all these benefits. Never do I enjoy them without a personal thankfulness to the honest people who have chosen a mode of livelihood so useful and so kindly towards their fellow-creatures, as well as a more sentimental gratitude for the privilege of living in a country so settled, and so advanced in the things of civilisation, as to admit of such a regular, albeit mercantile system of hospitality.

Between the highest and humblest of all things the intervals are usually enormous—for example, as has been somewhere remarked, between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the hedge parson, or between Sir Atley Cooper and the village apothecary—however they may be describable by common names, as in these cases clergyman, or doctor. So between Mivart's, with its rows of fifteen windows to Brook Street, or Douglas's and Barry's in Edinburgh, or Gresham's in Dublin, and the modest aburges of the village, with its 'red lion predominating over a punch-bowl,' or its black bull, with gilt hoofs and horns, the interspace is vast; and yet they all belong to the genus *inn*, as well as the hundred shades of variety which stand between. All, too, may have their virtues, if conducted in a fitting manner—on that everything depends. There is some-

thing interesting, almost awing, in an outrageously large inn. To be shown with your carpet-bag into No. 189, or 217, is of the nature of an impressive event—somewhat chilling, too, perhaps, seeing how individuality sinks when you consider that you are only one of a multitude making your home for the night in this vast house. One feels in such a case of wonderfully small account in the eyes of both servants and masters. Your illness, or even death, would hardly fix their regard for a moment. The beauty, however, is in the regularity—the system. The bed-chambering power perfect as clockwork, in despite of Virgil and his *varium et mutabile*. Breakfasts appear at order, as if some law presided over the association of the various things on the tray and their coming up stairs. There is even a generalisation of hot shaving water which seems marvellous. One could almost suppose that boots walk down stairs, clean themselves, and come up again. Mechanical, sentimentless, cold, and unloving is the whole affair, yet how admirably adapted for a general effect in giving comfort and expediting wishes! How excellent entirely in its own way!

Where small inns are tolerably well managed; I feel them to be, upon the whole, more agreeable. If newly started from a home where you are in the receipt of some daily respect as husband, father, and master, it is rather an unpleasant plunge to take your place at once as No. 217, with only a few pieces of human mechanism, in the shapes of waiter, cham'aid, and boots, floating gelidly about you. The greater conspicuousness and consequence which you attain at a small inn, makes the transition less. The gentleman in No. 5 parlour, with his two candles, is somebody. If the portmanteau and the man had alike a respectable appearance, he may depend upon the speculations of both waiter and landlord having taken a turn in his favour; the first practical result of which will probably have been a mission of the landlady to the kitchen to see that cook is sufficiently particular in doing that fowl for dinner. John, in laying the cloth, if he sees anything like an opening, will be sure to prove conversational, remarking probably on the anticipated effects of the railway commencing in autumn, which, he thinks, must for certain cause an omnibus to leave the house and come to it at least twice a-day. Or perhaps we had a great farmers' ball in the big room two nights ago, at which there were such doings. The landlord himself, if you cross him in the lobby, or saunter out upon him in front of the house, is found to observe no chilling distance—very different from the invisible deities of the grand caravansaries. You may soon wind off from him the whole chat of the country side. The landlord of such an inn is generally but a half-occupied man. The lady being always of superior importance in house management, he has no chance of keeping up in any dignity of

duty, unless he has a little farm for raising the provender consumed in the house, in which case he may be enabled to consider himself as a man of some small consequence. From the general operation of this semi-vacuity or enforced idleness, your landlord is usually social and gossipy. Great matter it is for the superior moiety, if she only can contrive to keep him from doing any positive harm.

There is a particular class of inns above all others agreeable—those which, being situated in some favourite haunt of amusement-seekers, have only to endeavour to be agreeable places for the spending of a few days, or even of one day, and their whole function is served. No great posting system, no tavern business, no pell-mell of stage-coaches, no 'commercial gentlemen' to take a lead as customers. Generally situated in some pleasant nook, with an esplanade looking out upon the lake, the vale, or whatever else the place is celebrated for; nice parlours, clean airy bedrooms, very likely a pianoforte in your room; appearances of elegant life in the people of the house, and nothing sordid or shabby in their system of entertaining and charging. Here it is truly delightful to experience that warmth of welcome which belongs to inns—light-hearted ramblings all day—the comforts of the inn in the evening. All the better if the telegraphic wires of the post-office have been cut behind you. Your ordinary world forgot: the whole sense of duty, that usually sits so heavy, thrown away for the time. Alas! what is life to the best of us but a long series of cares, with three or four such little affairs of relaxation interspersed! Inns of this pleasant kind are to be seen at Matlock, at places in the Isle of Wight—Ventnor, for instance—about the Cumberland lakes, and also in our own dear Highlands. Reader, there is a nook of the world called by a name which, ten to one, you cannot pronounce—Drumnadrochit. Nestling in a fine glen near the banks of Loch Ness, it is an inn for a romance. A Shelley might have chosen it as a retreat in which to compose one of his poems. Oxford students do, I believe, haunt it as a fitting place for their summer studies. Of all the generation of pleasant inns, this is by many degrees the pleasantest I have ever chanced to be in, be the rest what they may. It is more like that parsonage which a wagish friend recommended its non-resident tenant to advertise as a proper place for an eternal succession of honeymoon parties than anything else. From the perfect resemblance which everything bears to what you see in an ordinary house—here, too, you find a piano in the parlour—from the kindly simplicity of the attendants, and the neatness and taste presiding over all your entertainments, you feel that you lose nothing in life by being in Inverness-shire instead of at home. Such inns might be expected in some Utopia, where mercenary feelings had given way to universal kindness and mutual serviceableness.

I am not quite sure if it be a wise arrangement which gives landladies in general such a precedence over their lords in the management of inns. It is all very true that, an inn being chiefly a domestic matter, and woman being more especially the domestic sex, we may naturally expect to see the lady taking a leading share of the common duty. I think it, however, a mistake to suppose that there is not full and fitting employment for a man also about an inn. It appears to me that the energy of the male intellect would often be useful in enforcing and maintaining the necessary arrangements, and in taking advantage of circumstances that might redound to the better success of the house. It is unfortunate

that men should think themselves in any case above such duties. Nothing tending to useful results can be beneath a man's regard. Were men of tolerable judgment and intelligence more generally to take a steering hand in the inns of secondary and third-rate importance, they might immensely improve them. By travelling, they might catch up many good ideas, both from the modes of management they would see in other inns, and from the remarks which they heard made by guests about particular arrangements, and the conduct of the several attendants. By exercising a real care in superintendence, instead of only promising to do so in their house-cards, they could effect wonders. The plain truth should be understood by them, that to fulfil their place in life, they must make themselves virtually the servants of those they would hope to profit by. By this we mean that nothing should be omitted which care and trouble can do, to make their guests comfortable—to make the house as home-like as possible for them. There must be no tiring in this kind of well-doing—custom should never stale the infinite variety of little attentions that gratify guests. Grant it is a slavery—are we not all slaves to each other? Who that would eat, escapes the bondage of those from whom he asks bread?

The greatest difficulty is to get good servants. This is the feeblest point about most inns. Of all waiters, how few are cleanly—how few approach the tact and unobtrusive discreetness of a tolerably well-bred man-servant! Landlords little reflect, perhaps, on the shock it gives to a gentleman who is tolerably well served at home, to see his breakfast brought in by a coarse fellow with uncombed hair, unwashed hands, and unbrushed clothes, as often happens. One fault is nearly universal in the class, and it is a sufficiently annoying one—the want of a quiet manner. Some seem to think it necessary that they should walk across the floor with the impressiveness of the statue in Don Juan, and set down every plate and salt-vat with a noise that may be heard over half the house. The unsatisfactory points about waiters are the less endurable when we reflect on their comparative gains. In a well-frequented house, where gratuities from the guests are in practice, the remuneration far exceeds that usually accorded to other men of the same grade in life. Here, indeed, there is a great absurdity. A gentleman calls for a glass of soda-water, is charged eightpence, and gives the remaining groat to the waiter, not reflecting that the man's profit by the transaction exceeds that of his master, who has rent and taxes to pay, a house to keep up, and bad debts to be made up for. The disproportion is owing to the shabbiness which would appertain, in appearance, to more just remuneration. It is a barbarism altogether this plan of securing civility from attendants at inns—the very confession that it is the only way expected to have the result is distressing, as if men were so reluctant towards their professed duty, that nothing but a particular reward for every little act could induce them to execute it. It is not perhaps one of the best effects of the system, that waiters are so often induced by their accumulations to undertake the charge of houses for themselves, while not possessed of the education and knowledge of the habits of the upper classes which are required for such establishments.

There is a national genius for inn-keeping; and it is to be feared that we all fall short in this respect of our continental neighbours. Amongst our own nations, the Irish are ill qualified, the Scotch moderately so, the English the best. The comparison ranks with that of the nations for business gifts generally, so that we may

fairly infer that the English couple make the best landlord and landlady, because they can adapt themselves better than either the Scotch or Irish to that subjection of the external selfhood to the desires and needs of others which constitutes business. The Irishman is too idle for his trade, and follows the foxhounds. The Scotchman is too proud, and skulks into a sort of half farmer or grain dealer. The Englishman, alone able to surrender himself entirely to that by which he makes a penny, goes into the affair with apron and sleeves, and is a landlord in deed as in profession.

THE SCHOLASTIC LOGIC.*

THE words '*scholastic*' and '*logic*' are, to the majority of readers of books, either void of meaning, or exceedingly repulsive. But if, by a vivid historical picture, the agitation of men's minds, the excitement and the interest that have been involved in the things denoted by these terms, were once clearly brought into view, they could not occur in common speech without exciting lively emotion. The principal doctrines that made logic a body of human knowledge, were originated by the greatest scientific mind of antiquity, among a people who took extreme interest in such things, at the same time that they were excessively devoted to amusements and splendour, excitement and novelty. But the reception of Aristotelian forms of reasoning among the Greeks was cold and discouraging, compared with the reverence and enthusiasm they inspired during the latter half of the middle ages, and the earlier part of the modern age—that is, from about the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries. Being applied to the most momentous discussions of religion, and the highest questions of man's social welfare, they assisted in bringing either peace or wretchedness to millions of minds, in staying or forwarding revolutions, and in subjecting the arbitrary will of despots to the universal reason of mankind. It has been truly remarked, that the infallibility of Aristotle supplanted the infallibility of the pope, and paved the way for that liberty of thought, and free use of individual reason, which is now our privilege and our boast. In modern history, logic means the artificial aids that can be given to the human understanding, to enable every man of ordinary sense and education to decide for himself in matters of religion and political right, instead of submitting implicitly to the decision of others.

Like many other things that have done good in their time, and have good in them, scholastic logic has fallen into disrepute, in consequence of its abuses. In the time of its ascendancy, it was completely overdone, and mankind have not yet recovered from the disgust which it produced. And the neglect and disregard of the subject are now so great, that few of us care to know either why it was once so popular, or what was the offence that brought its popularity to an end.

The name is derived from a Greek word signifying originally *speech* or *discourse*, or the communication of thought by language: and logic itself refers to the operations of reasoning that are carried on by means of language or speech. The flashes of thought that are never expressed in words, the instinctive decisions of the lower animals, what we call intuitions and inexplicable impulses, cannot come under the control of logic. A bird chooses the straws and sticks that are to build its nest by the inspiration of nature alone; or if it acquires any experience on the subject, that experience is never expressed in words or artificial signs; it is not a *logos*, nor a subject of logic. And in many of the decisions of the human kind, there is the same speedy, instinctive kind of operation, unconnected with words or speech. A man may see a tree laden with

ripe fruit, and pluck and taste it, noting at the same time its appearance; he may find it to be very delicious, and, in consequence, he may partake of it whenever he meets with it afterwards; and all this time he may never give it a name, nor describe it in any way, nor compare it to anything, with the view of making others know it, nor give a name to the feeling it produced in him. Yet if he recognises it a second time, and pluck and eat in consequence of the previous experience, he goes through a process of *reasoning*. The first instance was a case of knowledge by *experience*, the second a case of knowledge by *inference*; and the native instincts of men always lead them to make such inferences.

But when names are applied to everything, and when we not only derive experience and make inferences for ourselves, but impart this experience to others; that they may have the benefit of the knowledge of the past and of the future which it contains, a new machinery is introduced, an artificial apparatus of immense extent, whose working leads us into a great many considerations that never occur to the humbler animals. We have our affirmations, our denials, our discussions, partial truth and whole truth, sophistry and delusion, misunderstanding and inconsistency, voluntary and involuntary falsehood, confusion and nonsense. Even our inferences, performed by the force of the natural instinct, are sometimes found to be contradicted by experience: our knowledge of the past fails to be a key to the future. And when language is interposed to the extent of constructing arguments, trains of reasoning, and vast complex chains of persuasion, the machinery may become too cumbrous for us, unless it is very carefully managed. In truth, if the working of this immense structure of artificial thinking is not guarded by precautions and rules, it is easy to see that it may produce endless difficulties.

Logic, then, is one of the sets of rules for regulating the use of the machinery of speech. *Grammar* supplies rules for ordering names in groups with a view to perspicuity and facility in speaking and understanding the language, and teaches the uses of the inflexions and arrangements adopted in each particular dialect. *Rhetoric* lays down maxims for giving language its highest possible effect in communicating ideas and sentiments from one person to another: it teaches how to use words for the purposes of exposition, persuasion, pleasing, and for composing the works of art that are founded on speech, such as the various forms of poetry. *Logic* views language solely as an instrument of inference or reasoning, for extending knowledge wider than experience, for discovering the past, the future, and the distant, from the present. In so far as we reason without language, logic does not apply to our operations, any more than grammar applies to the roar of the lion, or rhetoric to the song of the nightingale. But as soon as we put our reasonings into words, or into the form that conveys them to other men's minds, there is a certain fixed character which they must have, otherwise they are bad and inadmissible, and will prove false to nature and fact when the trial is made. The scholastic logic teaches what are the shapes that reasonings stated in words must have in order to be sound and worthy of confidence, so that a man may stake his life and character on the conclusion.

There is a class of people very much disposed to undervalue artificial rules of all kinds, and to uphold unassisted nature as the grand source of healthy action. The greatest works of human genius, it is said, have been produced without the help of rules: Homer and Shakspeare paid no attention to arts of poetry and laws of composition; and people ought to write, speak, think, and act as nature dictates, and then they will do their best. But without entering into the general question as to the comparative merits of the natural and the artificial, it is sufficient to say that man, by constructing a system of articulate speech, has made himself a very artificial creature. He has brought

* Formal Logic: or the Calculus of Inference, Necessary and Probable. By Augustus De Morgan, of Trinity College, Cambridge; Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. London: Taylor and Walton.

himself to communicate feeling, to think, imagine, and create by verbal machinery, and he must receive guidance in the right use of this machinery. The animal that judges by its direct senses alone, cannot go far astray; but man, who stakes his wellbeing upon hearsays and symbols, who believes in the magnitude of the earth from a few rows of ciphers, and in the existence of unseen stars by the force of a series of black scratches on a white surface, must be very attentive to the authenticity of a machinery that seems so liable to abuse.

To suppose that most men can judge of a sound or unsound argument when they hear it stated, without requiring rules of logic, or any artificial help, is a mistake. The ability to judge of a chain of arguments, even in regard to the soundness of the reasoning, apart from the truth of the facts, is not the common prerogative of mankind, or one of the free gifts of nature: it is acquired only in consequence of laborious cultivation. Now, in educating people in this most desirable accomplishment, the scholastic logic used to be the branch of knowledge and discipline chiefly depended on. The scholars at all the universities were regularly drilled and exercised in bringing every kind of argument and proof under the forms laid down by the Aristotelian scholastics, and this enabled them to declare with certainty whether arguments were good or bad. The constitution of the old universities has not been altered; logic is still a part of their curriculum, but it is reduced for the most part to a branch of information instead of drill. The artificial forms of reasoning, which were once the sole matter of the instruction, are now pushed into a corner, and a great part of the session is spent in expounding human nature in general; so that the students are never so completely familiarised to the processes of logic, as to apply them afterwards in the business of life.

The general principle, or great fundamental discovery that logic is founded on, may be understood without much difficulty; although the complete exposition of it would require perhaps about as much time and study as the six books of Euclid. The principle is this: every step of sound reasoning may be reduced to one general form, which exhibits clearly what is the precise thing that is done when an inference is made. To comprehend exactly this universal form of the process of reasoning, it is only necessary to conceive, first, what a *proposition*, or assertion, or affirmation is. A proposition brings together two things, two ideas, or two qualities or attributes, and asserts that these two things are always associated; so that where one is, there the other is also. Thus, 'Clouds obscure the sun,' is a proposition: two distinct things are stated, and they are affirmed to have a certain invariable connection. The thing we call a cloud, is one; the thing we call obscuring, or hiding, or darkening the sun, is another; and it is alleged that the two always go together. In consequence of this connection, we can be sure of the presence of the second by merely knowing of the occurrence of the first. If we are told in history that in the day of a great battle the whole heaven was overcast with cloud, we are sure, without being told, that the sun's body was concealed, and his light very much diminished. Wherever nature has ordained that two things shall always accompany each other, and when man has been able to find out this connection, and state it in words for general information, a proposition or affirmation is arrived at which very much shortens human labour; because by it we can know of the presence or absence of a thing not only by direct experience, but also by means of its accompanying thing. When we have established the affirmation, that prussic acid causes death, if we can prove that one man administered a dose of it to another who has been found dead, we condemn him as a murderer without farther inquiry. We have found that the taking of a certain amount of prussic acid, and the loss of life, are invariably associated by the ordination of nature; and if we are sure that

the first has occurred, we believe in the second, as its effect, with the greatest certainty: and by the help of other propositions, we can establish a murder by prussic acid, although we do not know directly that the acid was procured from a chemist, and drunk by the victim. For it is one of nature's established coincidences, that prussic acid, when acted on by certain other known substances, produces a blue colour, called prussian blue. Now, if the stomach of the dead person is put through a process of contact with these other substances, called tests, and if it bring out the prussian blue at the proper stage, this, in consequence of the invariable connection of the two things, is a proof that prussic acid has been taken. In this way we can know and believe that a thing has been done that we have not seen, or that no living man may have seen.

To pass from the nature of propositions to the nature of reasoning or inference, we have to supply only one other link, and the process is complete. If it be a general proposition that prussic acid destroys human life, the only thing necessary to predict the loss of life in a particular case, is to make sure that prussic acid is really the substance administered. For if it is a general rule that some one thing is always followed by a certain other thing, we have only to establish the occurrence of the first in order to believe in the occurrence of the second. Thus we have a primary proposition that links two things, and a second proposition which makes out or asserts the existence of one of them in some individual instance; and hence the consequence or conclusion is, that the other is present. This is the process whereby we draw an inference in all cases, or acquire a piece of information that is not within the range of our experience. There are, as it were, three different steps in the operation:—The general proposition; the assertion of identity of the subject of the proposition and the subject of a case in hand; and lastly, the conclusion, or the full application of the proposition to the case.

The scholastic logicians, in recognising the three steps now mentioned as belonging to every case of reasoning, gave them technical names, as follows:—The two first assertions they called the *premises*; and the third, as in ordinary speech, the *conclusion*. The first assertion, which is a general proposition or affirmation of the connection of two different things, they called the *major premise*, or the greater proposition; and the second assertion they termed the *minor premise*, or the lesser proposition. Since the first proposition, or the major premise, is the general law of nature, while the second is merely a statement that a particular case comes under it, the first is conceived to be the more important of the two; hence its title of superiority. The entire operation of inference, when formally arranged in its three successive parts, is called a *syllogism*. The reasonings and arguments used in ordinary speech are generally stated much shorter than in the full syllogism, and very often in such a way, that it is difficult to distinguish the different parts that we have here set down; but if ever there be any doubt about the soundness of an argument, the best way of placing it before the mind is to separate it into its three steps of major premise, or general principle, minor premise, or assertion of identity, and conclusion. This is the most advantageous form of looking at the case: the mind is put into the best possible position for judging of the soundness of the inference. It is like judging of a man's affairs after they have been put into the orderly forms of correct book-keeping. For if an argument is unsound, the fault must lie in one or other of three things: the major premise must be untrue, or the minor premise must be untrue, or the conclusion must be something different from what the premises can support. Possibly we may not be able to say, after all, if the conclusion is sound; we may be unable to judge if the primary proposition, or general law, be really true, as is asserted; or we may not be sure if the case mentioned in the second proposition is really a case to come under

the general law; but still we gain a great deal by looking at these statements apart from each other; and we can always be sure if the conclusion is good, for logic teaches all the forms of major and minor premises that can give a sound conclusion, or what the conclusion is that can be rightly drawn from any two premises.

Logicians find it necessary, in speaking of 'propositions, to give names to the two things that are asserted to go together. The thing that is spoken of, when an affirmation is made, is called the *subject* of the proposition; the thing affirmed of it is called the *predicate* of the proposition; and the words of affirmation make the *copula*. Thus, in the proposition, 'The earth is round;' the *earth*, the thing spoken of, is the *subject*; and the quality, *roundness*, is the *predicate*; the word 'is' being the *copula*. The use of these phrases in the syllogism may be illustrated as follows:—Suppose any one were to assert that the new planet Neptune is round, because the planets are all round; the argument in its logical order would stand thus—

Major premise—All the planets are round.

Minor premise—Neptune is a planet.

Conclusion—Neptune is round.

Now if this conclusion is wrong, the error must arise from one or other of three mistakes: either it is false that all the planets are round; or it is false that Neptune is a planet; or lastly, supposing all the planets to be round, and Neptune to be a planet, we are not correct in concluding that Neptune is round. The first two points refer to matter of fact, the third is matter of logic. These three statements being propositions, each must have a subject and a predicate; and there must, moreover, be a fixed relation among the various subjects and predicates. Although there are three propositions, giving in all three subjects and three predicates, yet there must be so much identity in the matter of the propositions, that no more than three separate ideas must be present. These three separate ideas, or things, are called the three *terms* of the syllogism. The predicate of the conclusion, in this case *roundness*, is the *major term* of the syllogism, and it is contained in the *major premise*; the subject of the conclusion, *Neptune*, is the *minor term* of the syllogism, and it is contained in the *minor premise*; the thing common to both premises, *planet* in this instance, is called the *middle term*, being, as it were, the intermediate thing that enables the first half of the conclusion to be joined to the second. Now logicians classify syllogisms or arguments according to the position taken by the middle term. It may be the predicate in both premises, or the subject in both; or it may be the predicate in the first, and the subject in the second; or the subject in the first, and the predicate in the second; making in all four distinct cases, called *figures*. Each figure is subdivided into *modes*, according to the nature of the propositions, which may be affirmative or negative, universal or particular; that is, the proposition is *affirmative* when we say all the planets are round; *negative*, when we say no planet is round; *particular*, when it is 'some planets are round; and *universal*, when all planets are round. There is thus a classification of syllogisms or arguments; and each particular kind of syllogism justifies a certain conclusion, which we are taught by logic, if we do not happen to know it before, as in most cases we must.

The logic of the schoolmen confined itself to showing what were the conclusions that could be drawn from given premises; but in recent times, it has been considered a part of logic, and the greatest part, to judge of the soundness of the premises themselves. The investigation and the proof of general propositions, or the links of coincidences and succession established by nature, which are the foundation of all reasoning, constitute a far more serious and laborious occupation than scholastic inference; that is to say, it is much more difficult to establish general laws than to apply them correctly. This constitutes the investigation of nature, or

the building up of science, which is nothing more than the assemblage of laws and principles that have been already amassed, arranged in heads according to the departments of nature that they belong to. Lord Bacon is for ever associated with the transition from scholastic logic to the logic of investigation. As the one pretends to give the human understanding artificial helps to aid it in judging if a doctrine is accurately applied, or a conclusion properly drawn, so the other gives assistance in the far higher process of finding out and establishing the doctrines themselves, or the laws that all knowledge, and prediction, and inference are founded on. The right modes of observation, experiment, induction, deduction, classification, &c. are expounded in this wider logic; as may be seen in the 'Logic' of Mr John Stuart Mill, which is by far the completest work that has yet been produced on the subject.

Meantime, however, the scholastic logic continues to be cultivated in all its old exclusiveness. The treatise now before us, by an eminent mathematician, is intended to extend and improve the syllogistic process by additional devices, and new names and symbols, or to render scholasticism still more scholastic. There can be no doubt of the ability of the work; and it is a general rule that a man of ability and high cultivation is always worth listening to. But the structure of Professor De Morgan's book is so closely analogous to a treatise of algebra, that nobody can be expected to understand it, or persevere in reading through it, that is not familiar with algebraic processes, or has not a decided aptitude for thinking by symbols. The old logic makes use of letters to express the subjects and predicates of propositions, in expounding the forms of the syllogism: as all A is B, all B is C, therefore all A is C; which is a short and convenient device, serving to confine the attention to the *form* of the syllogism—this being the thing that logic exclusively attends to. The four letters, A, E, I, O, were used to represent the four kinds of propositions, according to the varieties of affirmation and negation, universal and particular. Every syllogism could then be expressed by three of these vowels. The syllogism last stated, containing three universal affirmative propositions, would be expressed AAA; and also by the name *barbara*, whose vowels are three a's. Or if the syllogism were, no B is C, all A is B, therefore no A is C; the first and last propositions being universal negatives, would have for their symbol E; and the second, being a universal affirmative, is A: thus the whole syllogism is expressed by EAE, which, mixed with certain consonants into a word, is *celarent*—the name given accordingly to this species of syllogism. There are nineteen such words, expressing so many kinds of legitimate syllogisms; and these are made into five lines of Latin metre, which have to be committed to memory by the learner. The lines are worth copying here, as many of our readers may never have seen the scholastic compendium of all sound reasoning—

Barbara, celarent, darii, ferioque priors
Cesare, camestres, festino, baroko, secunde.
Tertia, darapti, disamis, datist, felapton,
Bokardo, feriso, habet: quarta Insuper addit.
Bramantip, camenes, dimaris, fesaepo, freisoon.

The nineteen words in italics reveal, by the order of their vowels, the nineteen sound syllogisms: any argument, whose three propositions, when expressed by their letters, do not observe the order of the vowels in one of these words, is not a good argument. Thus EAA, which is not found in any word, is the expression of an illogical syllogism. The words *priors*, *secunda*, *tertia*, *quarta*, are the numbers of the figures that the syllogisms fall under.

Mr De Morgan has introduced a new set of symbols to express the *contraries* of things contained in propositions; as if we had, in addition to the name of every object, a name for its contrary—'Man, not man; black, not black;' and so forth. Using large letters—X, Y, Z—to express things and qualities, he takes smaller letters

—x, y, z—to represent their opposites; and he can thus vary very much the symbolical expression of syllogisms, and in many cases render more obvious to the reader the soundness or unsoundness of every possible form of argument. And he adds a great number of other symbols, with good effect in their way, but all with the great objection—that none but an algebraical mind can appreciate, or be at home in, such manipulations. By rendering syllogistic logic theoretically and symbolically more perfect, he has removed it farther and farther from easy application to the practical purposes of life; unless in so far as his work is studied by the few for their own cultivation, so as to enable them to set good examples of right reasoning to the many.

THE DONKEY DRIVERS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

I LIVE in an old tumble-down house, not a great many miles from London, and on the borders of a furzy common. Before the age of steam locomotion, this was considered the country; and even now, there is one solitary spot where, from mossy knolls rising beneath clumps of antique trees, we overlook a perfectly retired and sylvan scene. A sparkling stream, like a silver thread, winds its way amid rich pasture land and thick beech plantations; an ivied spire, furnished with a peal of soft musical bells, peeps forth from a distant village; and in the summer evening time it is pleasant to rest on those mossy knolls, and listen to the sad distant music.

The ruins of an old church may be traced from this point; wild roses and eglantine are around us, with violets and bluebells; a sweet honeysuckle porch is seen leading to a lowly-thatched hut; and there are lowing kine and bleating flocks by our side and in the distance. In this there is nothing wonderful; but only turn back not many hundred yards, and seek another point from whence to view a very different and more widely-extended panorama—the vast wilderness of London, St Paul's, Westminster Abbey, hosts of steeples, myriads of chimneys, armies of masts and shipping clustering on the almost choked-up and hidden river, good old Thames: in fine, smoke, fog, and misery without end! Seen from this common, *there* the sun sets; but the holy moon rises from behind the tall trees and the old church, which I can reach in less time than I have taken to gossip about it. Royalty for many years found a secluded and peaceful home on this ancient common, famed alike in history and legendary lore; but I know not if the ears of royalty were ever assailed by the same unearthly yells and hootings which so often disturb our retirement, and remind us of the descriptions we have read of the war-whoops of the Indian savages. The explanation is, that there are several stands of donkeys, where these animals are let out for hire, on different parts of the common; and the general assemblage, or grand emporium, is close to the garden wall which bounds the domain once honoured by a royal presence.

One evening during the past summer, as I was returning from a ramble by the side of a dear invalid, who was drawn about in a hand-carriage, two ragged little girls loitered around our gate from idle curiosity to watch the occupant of the pretty green chariot assisted into the house. I was struck by the appearance of the elder of the two; for although with a quantity of matted black hair, a very dirty face, and still dirtier habiliments, I could trace a singular loveliness both of form and feature. She had large, languishing blue eyes, shaded by long, black, silken lashes; but notwithstanding this, the gipsy physiognomy was decided; and as there were many of that tribe in the neighbourhood, I doubted not that these vagrants were wanderers from their tents. After regaling the poor little things with some tempting cakes, I asked the beauty her name, when she answered with distinctness and propriety, 'Mazelli Lee, please ma'am.'

'And what is your father, my dear?' I said.
'Father's a gipsy, please ma'am.'
'And your mother is a gipsy too, I suppose, my dear?'
'No, mother's a lady, and drives donkeys, please ma'am.'

I pressed the child to try and explain her meaning; but all the answer I could get was, 'Mother's a lady, and keeps donkeys.' She made me comprehend that the smallest and most *exclusive* donkey-stand on the border of the common, nearest our house, belonged to her mother; and that her only brother, a little bigger than herself, was also an assistant in the business. She said their home was not very far off—in the pits near the caverns, where a miserable collection of huts had been from time immemorial. Moreover, on questioning Mazelli further, I found she regularly attended the Rev. Mr L—'s Sunday school, knew her catechism, 'and said her prayers every night, when mother washed her face.' I hoped that a portion of the latter statement was true; but the face-washing seemed quite incredible.

My curiosity was aroused; and the next day I walked close past the donkey-stand, which Mazelli Lee had described as being kept by her mother, 'the lady;' and then I observed an individual whom I had often seen before, but without noticing her particularly, or giving her a second thought. This individual was a woman still young and good-looking, with the fresh colour of unclouded health lighting up her blue eyes—eyes almost as beautiful as the little Mazelli's—and with an anxious expression fitting sometimes across the vacant but good-humoured composure which was the leading character of her countenance.

Her appearance was not at all that of a conventional heroine of romance; yet I could not help fancying that there was somewhat of different breeding, shown by her general bearing and unstudied attitudes, from that usually displayed by the race of females engaged in her boisterous calling. Her two little girls were squatted on the grass beside her; and a handsome specimen of a real genuine-looking, good-for-nothing gipsy man was loling at his ease near the group, in supreme enjoyment of a pipe. I did not like to speak to the mother and her daughters under these circumstances, because, not patronising donkeys, and being an inhabitant, it was not a very agreeable or perhaps safe acquaintance to form; but Mazelli knew me directly, and came bounding forward, while the woman curtsied silently, and without the usual vociferations of, 'Donkey to-day, ma'am? Steady donkey—quick donkey!'

One or two evenings afterwards, I was in company with a voluble lady who had come to our neighbourhood for change of air, and was ordered by her medical attendant to take donkey exercise. She was full of a 'most singular adventure she had met with—a perfect romance in real life;' and her gossip, to my great satisfaction, related to the donkey-woman. 'Yesterday morning,' said she, 'my young friend Miss R—and myself had donkeys brought to our door early for a long excursion; and while trotting along, attended by a frank, rosy-looking female, we began speaking to each other in French, not wishing the driver to understand our conversation. After a while, however, the donkey-woman said very quietly, "Ladies, it is as well to tell you that I *understand French*." We were at first speechless from surprise, and then from not knowing what to say—afraid of something, we could not tell what; although she was by no means intrusive, but behaved with perfect propriety. By and by, in order to break the awkward silence, I remarked to Miss R— how well the singing had been conducted at St Mark's church on the preceding Sunday evening, when a very beautiful choral hymn had been sung, and the chanting exquisitely continued. We regretted that neither of us remembered the composer's name, as we desired to procure the music.

"I have it at home, ladies," said the donkey driver: "it is taken from an old oratorio, and is part of my

school music. I was at St Mark's on Sunday evening, and felt pleased to hear it again."

"She then offered to lend us the music in question; and this was modestly and simply said, just as if we must know her history, and therefore ought not or need not feel astonished at such discrepancies. However, when we did express our surprise, she simply narrated her story, which is this:—She was the only child of a wealthy farmer by his first marriage, and her mother dying during her childhood, she was placed at a boarding-school for young ladies, where she received the usual education. But she was idle, and hated learning; and when she left school, and returned home, she found a stepmother, who did not treat her kindly, and became a severe taskmistress to her thinking. A troop of gipsies coming into the neighbourhood, she secretly formed their acquaintance; and in the end eloped with their chief, Mr Johnnie Lee by name, and became his wife. After leading a wandering life for many years, she had induced her husband to settle here, from a desire that their unfortunate children should receive a "Christian education," as she termed it, and also because a relative of her husband's was a flourishing fly-proprietor in the vicinity, and might forward their views. But her husband was a rover by nature; idle and careless; and all she had been able to do was to establish a donkey business, and to attend to it herself. She declared that the pure air, and the untrammelled freedom of her mode of life, was suitable to her taste; and we pressed her no farther, poor creature!"

Such was the tale I heard; too singular and improbable for a fictitious narrative, too extravagant for invention. It induced me to pay a visit, after the hours of donkey usage were over, to Mr Johnnie Lee's hut 'by the faverias.' I knew by previous observation that 'the pits' contained wretched hovels, and still more wretched inhabitants; but the one I now entered was worse than I had ventured to anticipate. It consisted of only two rooms; the under one with a mud floor, and with the ceiling broken, and the upper flooring projecting through. I did not ascend the ladder leading to that, for I saw quite enough below to surprise and bewilder me. A scene like this so near my own comfortable home, and in the midst of the rigorous proprieties of conventional life!—and a woman of nearly the same grade originally as myself, of nearly the same bringing up, thus outraging the common decencies of life! How far beyond the saddest tales of romance or the wildest visions of fancy! Her three children were around her, supping on potatoes; but there was no snowy cloth on the tottering board, no cleanly basins of new milk, no fresh flowers in wicker-baskets; nothing as it would have been were I relating *fiction*. Outside there were no honey-bees or garden-plots, where sweet thyme, and mint, and sunflowers grow; nothing but foul donkey sheds adjoining, where, amid damp fodder and noisome stench, rested the weary animals ere they were turned out on the common to shift for themselves during the night. The gipsy husband was not there. I did not ask for him, for I guessed his haunt but too well. It was an 'owre true tale' I had heard, and this was the moral.

Johnnie Lee's wife opened a chest which stood in one corner, containing the rags of the family, and amidst them lay concealed her sole earthly treasures—her father's miniature; some school-books, with her maiden name inscribed in them, which I forbear recording; and some torn and yellow-looking music—the music which she had offered the loan of to my acquaintance. She gave me no farther explanation; made no comments; but she did confess, that if it should please God to afflict her with sickness, she knew not what would become of them. To her own father and family she had been the same as dead since her disgraceful elopement. She had indeed purchased pure air and untrammelled freedom at a fearful price! Poor thing! with a smile on her lip, but with a tear in her eye, she added, 'I do wish my children to receive a

Christian education; and when I look on them, particularly on my little Mazelli, and remember their inheritance, I dare not think. But I have chosen my lot. My husband does not beat or ill use me; he has given up many bad practices for my sake; and if he is rather fond of the shelter of the public-house, ought I to complain of that? Do not shed tears for me: I have no feeling for myself.' And she said truly. A woman destitute of feeling seems an anomaly in human nature; but this she *must* be, and fine sympathies are wasted when expended on her. But for the poor little children my heart still bleeds. Gentle blood flows in their veins, for the ties of relationship cannot be broken; and what a curious family party would be formed of the mingled race: the most decorous and prosperous of the middling-classes of the community in juxtaposition with the refuse of humanity—thieves, vagrants, tinkers, and donkey drivers!

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A PRESBYTERIAN VICAR.*

A FEW years ago, a society was formed in Manchester for the publication of antiquarian remains, historical, biographical, and political, relating to the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire—counties which afford an unusually favourable field for the exercise of that growing spirit of research into the past, of which societies of this nature are an indication and expression. The present is the fourth volume that bears the *imprimatur* of the Chetham Society, together with the impress of the armorial bearings of the individual after whom it is named; to whom the town is indebted for a most valuable public library, placed in the long galleries of the college, also founded by him. Within these ancient walls, in quiet seclusion from the commercial noise and turmoil without, we have passed some pleasant hours, surrounded by 'the mighty minds of old'—huge tomes in their old wooden bindings, and manuscripts rich with the gay lining of the middle ages, on which, through 'storeyed casements,' fell the varied lights of such sun as is permitted the inhabitants of that well-smoked metropolis of the English manufacturing districts.

Adam Martindale was the Presbyterian vicar of Roseterna, a village in Cheshire, whose church and beautiful sheet of water—the *Mere*—are well known to all lovers of the quiet rich scenery in that district. Humbly born, to a great extent self-educated, and retaining through life his original homely simplicity, combined with strong sense and shrewdness, he has left the stamp of his mind and heart in this account of his own life, which is printed from a manuscript in the British Museum. A diversified and somewhat stormy life it was, as must inevitably have been that of one who lived during the Great Rebellion and till after the Restoration, and who was called on to take part in the turbulent events of the time. Embracing the Parliamentary side almost by accident, he seems to have adhered to it without bigotry, and to have borne with wonderful patience the reverses that came upon him on the decline of its brief ascendancy; while his lifelike sketches of domestic details afford a most vivid and entertaining view of the character of this honest Lancashire man, with his good heart, and keen eye to the main chance, and likewise of the manners of the higher classes, and of the common people, in the middle of the seventeenth century.

As we prefer the *life* to the *times* of our vicar, we shall not touch on the latter, save just to remind those who, luxuriating in liberty which has descended to them as an inheritance, are becoming thankless for it—of the rich price paid for that rich gift; in blood, noble and ignoble, poured out like water; in broken

* The Life of Adam Martindale; written by Himself. Printed by the Chetham Society. Edited by the Rev. H. Parkinson, canon of Manchester.

hearts and desolated homes; in public sorrows and private griefs; in reckless license and military despotism—a strange formulary for the composition of freedom!

And now to our book, from which, as it is not accessible to the public, we shall extract the more largely, occasionally condensing our author's somewhat diffuse details. Chiefly we intend presenting the leading incidents of Martindale's daily life, his home cares and joys, passing over, or nearly so, both polemics and politics, as foreign to our present purpose. It must be said, however, that he had his full share of the disputations of the day; and in that day toleration was ill understood. To the Presbyterians it was only known as a 'snare of the devil' and 'work of Satan,' which they, in their zeal, eschewed as uncompromisingly as ever did Romish inquisitor, who, having the power, made short work of it by burning his heretics, instead of deluging them with fierce pamphlets and hissing-hot divinity. Martindale himself, who must be reckoned somewhat of a liberal, at the very time that he was suffering from the laws against Separatists, tells us that he 'did so little like a universal toleration, that he had oft said that if the king had offered him his liberty upon condition that Papists, Quakers, and all other wicked sects should have theirs also, he thought he should never have agreed to it; though, when it was offered (as probably most others would have done), he found a loophole by which he saved his consistency, while he took the benefit of the act.

The first seven years of his life, of which he gives a minute account, passed much like those of every other child—sundry accidents, broken heads, narrow escapes from drowning, learning his A B C by the help of his 'brethren, and a young man that came to court his sister;' and his great love for his book after that first and formidable difficulty was overcome, make up the recital. But towards the close of it, he tells us, 'there fell out a grievous and troublesome business to our family. There had lately been a great plague in London, causing many that had friends in the country to come down, who, having employments to return unto, were full as hasty to return as consistent with safety; and my sister Jane having conversed with some of them, was as forward as they. Our parent, and other prudent friends, were against her going for many reasons: 1st, She wanted nothing at home, nor was likely to lack anything; and had she had a mind to be married, my father was then in a good ordinary way to prefer her: 2d, She had no friends in London to go to [with others as to health, &c.]; but all these would not back her: she measured not a competency by the same mete-wand that they did. Freeholders' daughters were then confined to their felts, petticoats and waistcoats, cross-handkerchiefs about their necks, and white cross-cloths upon their heads, with coifs under them, wrought with black silk or worsted. 'Tis true the finer sort of them wore gold or silver lace upon their waistcoats, good silk laces (and store of them) about their petticoats, and bone laces or works about their linens. But the proudest of them (below the gentry) durst not have offered to wear an hood or a scarf (which now every beggar's brat that can get them thinks not above her), nor so much as a gown till her wedding day; and if any of them had transgressed these bounds, she would have been accounted an ambitious fool. These limitations, I suppose, she did not very well approve; but having her father's spirit and her mother's beauty [what a concise and expressive delineation of character!], no persuasion would serve, but up she would to serve a lady, as she hoped to do, being ingenious at her needle. But when it came to a going indeed, my mother's heart had like to have broke for extremity of sorrow; and indeed there was great cause for it, seeing how irregularly her daughter broke away from her.

'After her arrival in the city, she was quickly infected with the pestilence, yet it dealt favourably with her; but though the pest was over, the plague was not,

for she was still kept shut up, and her money grew very low. Then, with the Prodigal, she thought upon her father's house; yet knowing upon what terms she had left it, she concealed her straits from us; only in a gentle [genteel] way she writ for a goose-pie to make merry with her friends, and a lusty one was immediately sent her, cased in twig-work; but before it could reach her, or the money that was sent with it to make her friends drink as well as eat, that the goose might swim without her cost, her money grew so near to an end, that she had thought to sell her hair, which was very lovely both for length and colour; at which instant a gentleman that went up in her company being fallen in love with her, supplied her for the present, and shortly after married her. He had been well born and bred, but was master of no great matters in the world. They were thought very fit to keep an inn, as accordingly they did at the George and Half-Moon without Temple Bar. This cost my father's purse to purpose in helping to set them in house; and my mother rarely failed any the return of the carrier, to send them up country provisions, such as bacon, cheeses, pots of butter, &c.; nor did this at all trouble her, but ever when she thought of the necessitous condition of her daughter at her coming up, and her follie in concealing it from her, it even cut my poor mother to the heart.'

After this our hero was sent to school, and seems to have fallen into bad hands, from the account he gives of his masters. He is severely critical on their qualifications; but his five reasons for not getting on with his learning, were certainly enough to make him rather acid, and he was evidently not accustomed to mince matters. 'The hindrances to my learning in this seven years of my life were many: as, 1st, Many teachers (five in seven years); 2dly, These none of the best; 3dly, A tedious long method then and there used; 4thly, Dullards in the same class with me, having power to confine me to their pace; 5thly, Many sad providences making great gaps in this seven years, as will appear hereafter.'

But we must hasten to relate another 'grievous business' that befell this most unlucky Martindale family:—'About this time my father met with a great disappointment in the matching of mine eldest brother. My father was not so severe as to expect he should bring him a fortune suitable to what himself had got, yet an hundred or six score pounds would easily be answered with advantage enough, and therefore not difficult to be obtained; nor was it, for besides others that it was thought would bid him welcome, there was one that actually did so, that had seven score pounds to her fortune, of very suitable years, and otherwise likely to make an excellent wife. But when things were near accomplishing, he on a sudden slighted her, and sets his affection on a young, wild, airy girl, between fifteen and sixteen years of age, an huge lover and frequenter of wakes, greens, and merry nights, where music and dancing abounded; and as for her portion, it was only forty pounds. This was a great surprise upon us, and we were all full bent against it. But say and do what we could, he was uncounsellable—have her he would; and at last, with much ado, he procured my father's unwilling consent, and married her. 'Tis true, indeed, she proved above all just expectation, not only civil, but religious, and an exceeding good wife; whereas the other he should have had, proved (as I have heard) as much below it. But that was the effect of God's great and undeserved goodness—not any prudent choice of his; and the smallness of her fortune was a great prejudice to our family.'

But now the first trumpet-note of civil commotion peals on our friend's ear with a significance not to be misunderstood. He gives it graphically in few words, after announcing his being ready for the university. 'But the university was not so ready for me; wars being coming on that soon after turned Oxford into a garrison, and many scholars into soldiers. It is true things were not then come to such an height, but

working fast that way. Great animosities were set on foot concerning monopolies and ship-money. Shortly it was generally thought, that if a parliament did not heal us, we should break all to pieces; as accordingly it proved.' Disappointed in his expectation of going to Oxford at that time, he turned tutor; and the first family in which he lived affords a fine specimen of character and manners.

'In this interval Mr Skevington of the Booths sent for me to teach his children, and to read prayers in his family, and this was all I undertook; but afterwards he put such variety of business on me, and involved me in such trusts about his housekeeping, that sometimes I have not gone to my naked bed [had not undressed] for a week together. Besides, he was very high and tyrannical in his carriage towards me. Many a time hath he chidden me severely for not doing such work as he required of me, when he himself, by employing me about other business, had rendered it impossible; and were I never so innocent, I must not answer for myself; for if I did, he would presently hit me on the teeth with this—that servants must not answer again; urging that text, Titus, ii. 9, in the most rigid sense, so as to make it inconsistent with common justice. His sons also gave me great occasion for exercise of patience, for they were just like him; and so encouraged by their parents and flattering servants, that I would almost as soon have led bears, as take charge of such ungovernable creatures; and yet it was expected at my hands they should profit highly.'

All this, however, he endured, on account of the unsettled state of the times, which rendered any employment—even tutoring at Mr Skevington's—better than nothing, till increasing tumults caused the household to be broken up, and he returned home to find things in a sorry condition. Between Parliamentarians and Royalists, this unfortunate family seem to have found themselves greatly perplexed. His sister was married to a Royalist, and, going to live at Lathom, which the Parliament's forces accounted their enemies' head-quarters, were sadly plundered by those forces passing the road where they lived. In the following account of what befell his own household and neighbours, he gives a melancholy picture of the miseries of civil war; of the miseries which it inflicts even on those who have no concern in it, and would fain be quiet; and of the mere accidents that may, and usually do, determine the common people in their choice of sides. There is something very touching in the simple recital:—'The great trade that my father and two of my brethren had long driven was quite dead; for who would build or repair a house when he could not sleep a night in it with quiet and safety? My brother knew not where to hide his head, for my Lord of Derby's men had taken up a custom of summoning such as he, upon pain of death, to appear at general musters, and thence to force them away with such weapons as they had, if they were but pitchforks, to Bolton, the rear being brought up with troopers that had commission to shoot such as lagged behind, so as the poor countrymen seemed to be in a dilemma of death either by the troopers if they went not on, or by the great and small shot out of the town if they did. This hard usage of the country, to no purpose (for what could poor cudgellers do against a fortified place?), much weakened the interest of the Royalists; and many yeomen's sons went to shelter themselves in Bolton, and took up arms there.'

After this, events came on so thick, that they made a man of the lad—a process which he stood better than many on whom the raw manhood, thus suddenly thrust, was but the induction to living brutality, or an unblest grave hastily closed on the young limbs and scarcely pulseless heart. He first sought out a school, and remained for a while master, first at Holland, and then at Rainforth; but finding sundry inconveniences at this latter place, he left it, and went to live as clerk with Colonel Mone, in the Parliament's service: and here he gives us a precious sample of a Roundhead's family.

'It was,' he says, 'such an hell upon earth, as was utterly intolerable. There was such a pack of arrant thieves, and they so skilful at their trade, that it was scarce possible to save anything out of their hands. . . . Those that were not thieves (if there were any such), were generally desperately profane, and bitter scoffers at piety.' These gentry succeeded in making him so thoroughly uncomfortable, that he was glad to take a worse place as chief clerk in a foot regiment, where he was speedily induced to take the Covenant, the chaplain being commissioned to satisfy any who should scruple so doing.

He was with his regiment in Liverpool when that place surrendered to Prince Rupert, and was imprisoned for nine weeks, in addition to losing everything. After various chances and changes, we find him again keeping school; and here, at Over-Whitley, Cheshire, an incident, which he styles a 'diminutive cross,' befell him, which we must give entire, both as illustrative of the *manners* of the time, and of his exquisite way of telling a story:—'A gigantic fellow that, by the favour of a colonel, had been captain of horse (though never fit to be a corporal), married a widow, whose children were free, as daughter-in-law of the founder. But this would not satisfy him. I must either receive and teach freely three children of his by a former wife, or he would force me by club law, threatening hideously how terribly he would bang me, making no question of the feasibility by reason of the vast disproportion of our statures, and his resolution to get as great advantage of the weapon. Nothing would down with him, but do it I should, or he would pay me off soundly. I was unhappily infected, either by the breed I came of, or by being among soldiers so long, with a martial spirit, that I could not understand and answer such language to his satisfaction, but took mine own way. Hereupon one Saturday, as I came from the school, without any weapon save a short hand-stick about a yard long, he met me, and, after some rhodomontado language, which I despised, he let fly at me with a long staff. I, being very nimble and strong for my pitch, ran in upon him, receiving his blow upon my shoulder, where his staff, lighting near his hand, did me no hurt at all; and I forthwith clasp my mine arms about his middle, threw him down into a sandy ditch, where we wrestled, and fought, and tugged it out for near an hour together, sometimes one, and sometimes the other being under, during which time a child about four years old carried away both our staves, and laid them across a pretty distance from us. When I had him at advantage, I never offered to do him any considerable harm; but when he got any advantage of me, he most maliciously attempted to rend my cheeks with his fingers and thumbs; but it pleased God to enable me to loose his hold so quickly, that I quite escaped that which, if it had succeeded, would certainly have put me to a great deal of smart and cost in the cure, and probably have disfigured my face sadly, if it had not also spoiled my speech, as the like did to a bayliffe that I knew, that could scarce speak intelligibly afterwards. But two of his workmen in the next field were aware of us, and finding me upon such terms with their master as they little expected, pulled me off him, and held me while he fetched his staff, and valiantly knocked me down and broke my head most terribly, and also gave me so many bangs upon the arms, that when afterwards he commanded them to give me mine own stick, I could do nothing with it, nor scarce hold it in mine hand. Yet, blessed be God, nothing was broke but the peace and my pate, which, without any cost, was speedily well again. I was very sensible the law gave me advantage enough; but I being perfectly well again, and not in the least damaged in mine estate or reputation, took all such courses for pure revenge, and would make no use of them; and indeed the intolerable shame that fell upon him was so great a punishment, that it would have been follie to have exacted any more.'

Martindale seems to have been heartily tired of sol-

dying, such as it was; and leaving the Parliamentary army, tenders, somewhat apologetically, reasons for his joining that party, which must be admitted to have been such as were not unlikely to determine his choice. Circumstances will, after all, influence the generality of men, more than abstract right or wrong; and for this reason, if no other, that all can form some judgment satisfactory to themselves from the former, while few are competent to pronounce on the latter. We can sympathise with him when he urges, in favour of the cause which he had embraced, that all the ministers in the neighbourhood (except two tipplers), and 'serious' people generally, declared for its justice.

But more serious discomposures were in store for him. He takes steps for entering the ministry, and sorely is he teased with the polemical squabbles of the day; between the Presbyterians—fresh beginning to reel in the saddle into which they had vaulted, and stalwart Independency, then in its first youth and strength. Gorton, whither he went to make trial of his qualifications, he describes as a 'waspe's nest,' being there particularly teased by one old gentleman, who, in his hasty zeal to get him ordained, was willing to heap a variety of benefits upon him, including his daughter for a wife—a kindness of which it appears the young aspirant did not avail himself. It was not till three years after this, and with much ado, for he seems constantly, both in secular and spiritual affairs, to have had an adverse fate contending with his purposes, that he received Presbyterian ordination, and was settled at Roseterne. Previous to this, he had 'married Eliz. Hall; and within the compass of eleven years, it pleased God' to give them four children, and 'to take three of them to himself again.' And of these he speaks in terms of tender affection. His father also dies. 'Considering how good a father he had been, and how fashionably, in the time of his prosperity, he had lived among his neighbours, we thought it convenient to bring him home handsomely out of his own, and so we did. For all that came to the house to fetch his corpse thence (beggars not excepted), were entertained with good meat, piping hot, and strong ale in great plenty. Then at Prescott, where he was interred, and the souls of the auditors feasted with an excellent sermon, there was a rich dinner, ready prepared at a tavern, for the kindred, and so many more as a great room would receive, with plenty of wine and strong drink, and for all the rest, tag and rag, sufficient store of such provisions as are usual at ordinary burials. Yet all this came to no very great matter, being discreetly ordered. So that I am persuaded some funerals have cost twice so much that have not been so creditable to the cost-makers.'

Martindale got into some trouble, as his hap generally was, by Sir George Booth's rising in 1659, the Presbyterian party being then dissatisfied with what he calls 'that Protean, vagrant government by a succession of usurpers.' Nay, our Parliamentarian waxes so loyal as to say that if 'usurpers' would continue his liberty, and 'a king and free parliament' oppress him, he would still vote for the latter; but he had wit enough to see the small chance there was of any good being effected by that ill-digested movement—for the failure of which he assigns very sufficient reasons—and so kept himself clear of it. The Restoration he passes over slightly; but it was a beginning of more sorrow to him; and it is worthy of remark how the restraint of his own liberty, and that of other Separatists, was brought about by the excesses of the wilder sectaries. Liberty has no worse enemies than its mad friends. But he was now on the lowest side of the wheel; and some neighbour squires were determined to make him feel the worst of his position—worrying him with legal interference, hurrying him hither and thither, and finally imprisoning him at Chester, 'where,' he adds, with characteristic regard for his pocket, 'the charge was at first considerable.' But he finally got out of the scrape with less hurt than might have been expected, through the

kindness of Lord Chancellor Hyde, who, being interested on his behalf by Richard Bacter, 'did so rattle' one of the deputy lieutenants, that his discharge speedily ensued. It is painful to read of such injustice; but 'they who play at bowls'—And Martindale was no exception to the truth of the proverb.

The 'act of uniformity' turned our friend out of his living somewhat uncereemoniously, seeing the Book of Common Prayer, by some blunder, did not come into his parish till *after* the last Sunday allowed for its reading by those who would conform! But he bears him gallantly through the storm, and with praiseworthy meekness continues to attend the ministrations of his successor; repeating his sermons in the evening to his own household, who, he tells us, rather preferred them thus at second hand. However, there is a bright side to everything, for he adds, that he believes the act saved his life, by taking him off employment too heavy for him. Another blow succeeded this first; and in his distress he betook himself to teaching mathematics, in which he excelled, though applying to the study so late in life. This fresh calamity was the passing of the Oxford act in 1665, whereby Nonconformists were banished five miles from corporations. He then removed his family to Roseterne in Cheshire, going himself to teach mathematics in Manchester, where he seems to have been kindly treated, being left unmolested even by 'high Episcopal men,' justices of the peace, who, though aware of his preaching in the neighbourhood, were unwilling, it appears, to deprive themselves of their mathematical tutor, whom they 'paid nobly' for their instruction.

Martindale seems to have had much trouble and anxiety with his son, who ruins himself in London much after the fashion of a modern wiseacre. It is painful to note how little invention we have, but that even our follies must be copies of those of our forefathers. Our very *slang* is not our own; for it appears that the phrase by which we designate such dexterous gentlemen as the one who relieved our student of his cash, is at least as old as this poor 'pigeon.' Certes, your 'mere scholar' is not good for much, if he is to be taken as a specimen. He had been appointed chief usher in Merchant Tailors' School, London, and was taken much notice of by those above him. 'But this, alas! undid the young man, by lifting him up above himself and the advice of his best friends. He was never given to intemperance, but he made up a club with a number of men of such great estates, and that treated one another in their turns at such a rate, as his comings-in would not bear. Besides, he being a mere scholar, that was always used to have his cloaths bought and kept in repair for him, and knew not how to buy a pair of gloves, when he came to wear rich cloaths, being subject to be cheated by every one he dealt with, the charge of maintaining himself in habit fit for such company was considerable. Finding these things too weighty for him, he makes a full account he could easily help himself by a personage or a wife; and so he might have done, had he taken wise courses and God's blessing along with him. One young woman that had L.500 to her portion he lost merely through a slighting humour. Another at Brentford, that had more than I think fit to speak of, was (as I was told) very fond of him; but because she was a little crooked (forsooth), he would not have her. At last a rook tells him of a great fortune at the other end of the town—a gentlewoman that waited on two young ladies—and makes him believe she had L.600 to her portion; and if he would send him a bond of L.10, he would help him to obtain her. He did so, and after paid the money; but never had so much with her that I heard of. And now he had done his business thoroughly, having himself to provide for, and a wife without a portion to be maintained like a gentlewoman.' He had so disoblighed his best friends by this marriage, that there was no hope of the governor's keeping him in his place at Merchant Tailors'; 'yet, however, they pitied him, and bestowed a gratuity on him at parting

of L5.' Presently after this, he was again settled in a school at Lynn, and his father gives him some advice, that loses none of its value through age.

'As for his preaching, I prevailed upon him to do it plainly to the edification of his people, and not to preach himself as he did at his first setting out. And if some of his matter were sublime and uncouth [a strange junction of terms!] to such ears, and his enlargement in the university style, I question not he would in time have come to be more plain and affectionate for the good of the vulgar. In 1679, he entered upon his place at Northwich (called Witton School), which put me into a necessity of affording him fresh assistance. I therefore gave him some household goods, lent him others (which proved gifts in the event), and furnished him with money to buy such as I could not spare. But, alas! all was suddenly dashed, for he enjoyed this place only ten months. There was in the town a very mortal fever, whereof his wife fell exceedingly ill; and he desiring her life, and fearing her death, begged of God that he might die in her stead, and was taken at his word. His corpse was accompanied from Witton School to his grave with many gentlemen, and other fashionable persons. But none suffered so much by his death as I and mine; for I did not only part with an only son in the best of his time (about thirty years of age), whose education had cost me so dear, . . . but also I sustained considerable additional losses:—For, 1st, He was the only life in my lease of this tenement, save only his mother, who was then fifty-nine years of age—a very considerable loss; 2d, The money that he owed me, and the goods I lent him, . . . came to near L40; 3d, I have kept his child ever since, and I would not take any man's L30 to do for his child what we have already done for it, and are farther to do whether I live or die; so that, upon a moderate account, this last loss (after all the rest) may well be computed at L80 or L90; besides the charges of the funeral, which those that observed it will say was handsomely done.'

What a mixture of the pathetic and the thrifty! The trouble of losing an eldest son just settled in life, and also losing some L80 or L90 by his death, besides his funeral expenses! But then the consolation of having him followed to his grave by 'fashionable persons!'

The next is *rich*. If the shrewd chaplain (he was then living in Lord Delamere's family) had been allowed to manage matters, a better bargain than this would have been struck with my Lord Conway, who got his L5000, but seems to us to have earned a cudgelling, than whom none would have administered it more heartily than Martindale.

'About this time the Earl of Conway married that virtuous and religious lady, Elizabeth, daughter of my Lord Delamere. There was great rejoicing at this marriage, he being a person of so great dignity and estate; but for my part I was much troubled and unsatisfied. The truth is, I liked not the man, for several weighty reasons; and I was utterly against the giving of L10,000 portion, absolutely, without any exception, whether she lived or died, leaving any issue or none. This I thought unreasonable, and more than could well be spared. The next summer, the religious lady (an hundred times too good for such a man) dies while he was proling at court in a gainful office for money, and would not come down to her funeral, pretending excess of grief; but, however, it was soon past; for within a few weeks (as I remember, five), this excessively mournful lord took another comfortable importance, marrying a young, airy lady. After much ado, and long waiting on his lordship's pleasure, at last he declared he would be so kind as to take only L5000 for nothing, and assigned the other L5000 to my lord's youngest daughter, the Lady Diana.'

But the close of his eventful career is now at hand, and things grow worse instead of mending. Misfortunes rapidly follow each other, more than we care to transcribe: among the rest, the burning of his son-in-

law's workshop and barn; the loss resulting from this accident, as usual, falling upon the poor old man. The memoirs close with a lamentation upon the deaths of 'many worthy men of the nonconformist persuasion, that within a year, or little more, had left their earthly habitations in Lancashire for a better in Heaven. When God is housing his sheep (or rather his shepherds) so fast, it is a dangerous prognostic of a storm ere long to ensue.' The manuscript here ends abruptly. All that is further known of him is from the parish register at Roseterne, where the burial of Adam Martindale is entered, 'September 21, 1686.'

THE YOUNG ACTRESS.

SOME time since, a beautiful young girl made her first appearance on the stage of one of the minor theatres in Paris. Her grace and loveliness attracted admiration, which her rising talent promised to secure. She concluded a long engagement with the manager, giving her services for a very moderate remuneration, but which sufficed for her wants and those of an invalid mother, who was totally dependent on her exertions. According to the usual custom, a clause in the contract stipulated that a forfeit should be paid in case of its non-fulfilment by either party.

Theatrical managers never fail to insert this article in the treaties signed by their actors; and it often happens that a very small salary is accompanied by an immense forfeit. In this case it was fixed at ten thousand francs; but the young actress attached no importance to the amount, being fully resolved to fulfil her engagement, and steadily apply to the cultivation of her powers. She felt how much depended on her success, and on she walked in the right path, refusing to be turned from it by the flattering vows and insidious homage which she daily received. But in our uncertain world the good and the prudent may sometimes change their plans as suddenly as the foolish and the fickle.

One day the young actress entered the manager's room, and announced to him that she wished to leave the theatre.

'How!' cried he; 'you are the last person from whom I should have expected such caprice.'

'Indeed, sir, it is not caprice.'

'Is it, then, the offer of another engagement!'

'It is, sir, and one which I cannot refuse: it is from an excellent young man, who wishes to marry me.'

'Here's a pretty business; a marriage in question!'

'My happiness for life, sir, I feel is in question.'

'Then don't hesitate an instant; marry at once.'

'But the person who has proposed for me, would not wish his wife to continue on the stage.'

'A fine prejudice forsooth! What is his situation in life?'

'He is at present a merchant's clerk, but he intends to set up in business, and he will want me to attend our shop.'

'My dear child, I shall want you also to study your part in a new afterpiece which I have just received.'

'Then, sir, you refuse to set me free!'

'I must think about it. At all events, you have it in your power to break the agreement by paying the forfeit.'

'Ten thousand francs! 'tis very dear.'

'It was very dear when you signed your name, but now your services are worth more than that.'

'Alas, it will prevent our marriage!' said the poor girl in a voice choked with tears; and with a despairing heart she left the room.

Two days afterwards, the manager was seated close to the grate in his apartment, trying with all his skill to kindle a fire. All the theatrical attendants were engaged at rehearsal, so he was obliged to dispense with their assistance.

The cashier entered with a visage wofully elongated. The affairs of the theatre were in a critical state; the receipts had diminished; and pay-day at the end of the month approached with a menacing aspect.

'Yes,' said the manager, 'our situation certainly is

embarrassing. And this plaguy fire that wont light! I must call the *souffleur** to help me.'

Astonished that he could jest under the circumstances, the cashier retired. As he was leaving the room, the young actress entered.

'Ah, is it you?' said the manager. 'You are coming from rehearsal!'

'No, sir, I have come to return the part you gave me to study.'

'So it seems you still think of quitting the stage!'

'I have brought you the forfeit.'

'The ten thousand francs?'

'Here they are.'

'And how have you procured this sum?'

'My intended husband gave it me.'

'Is he then so rich?'

'These ten thousand francs are nearly all he possessed. But he said, "What does it signify! we shall only have to defer setting up in business; or perhaps I may succeed in borrowing some money."'

'Going in debt! That's a fine prospect for young housekeepers! So, the dowry you mean to bring your husband is want and ruin; you take from him the hard-earned fruit of his industry, and you oblige him to renounce the prospect of honourable independence.'

'Pray, sir—pray don't speak so cruelly!' sobbed the young girl.

'Have you considered that such a union cannot fail to be unhappy! Listen to reason—take back this money, and return it to him who gave it you. And if you're absolutely resolved to leave the theatre, I'll show you a simple way of doing it, that wont cost you anything. Take this paper, and have the kindness to put it in the grate.'

So saying, he handed her a sheet of paper carefully folded, which she threw among the smouldering sticks.

The manager watched it as the languid flame gradually curled round it, and then shot up in a bright blaze.

'Do you know,' said he, 'what that paper was? It was your signed engagement! And now I have no longer any claim on your services, and consequently can demand no forfeit. Go, my child, marry, employ your little capital well, and be happy.'

Deeply affected by this generous deed, the young actress expressed her gratitude as fervently as her tears permitted.'

'Don't talk to me of gratitude,' replied the manager, 'we are only quits. See, for the last hour I have been blowing in vain at that obstinate fire: you threw your engagement into it, and directly it blazed up. Thanks to me, you are free; and thanks to you, I am giving my hands a good warming!'

DWELLINGS FOR THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

MR. W. A. GUY, in a late lecture on the health of towns (*Journal of Public Health*, No. 4), makes some strong observations on the negligence of owners of houses occupied by the humbler classes in London and elsewhere.

'One of our boasted metropolitan improvements—an apt illustration in itself of the evils of narrow and partial legislation—has left a single street with a few attached courts as a standing reproach to its owners and to the public. These owners, who are persons of wealth and good position in society, are absentees, having probably as little knowledge of, or care for, their property, as if it were at the antipodes; and they sub-let it for a fixed sum to middle-men, who, in their turn, let the houses out in rooms, at exorbitant rents. The tenants of these rooms, true to this wretched system, earn their living, or add to their means, by converting them into low lodging-houses, at a charge of threepence a night, or accommodate whole families of weekly lodgers in the corners or at the sides of the apartments. No one who has not visited this wretched place, and ex-

amined it, as I have done, house by house, and room by room, can form any conception of the depths of degradation to which human beings may be sunk by a vicious system, the offspring of cupidity and negligence. The overcrowding which results from this system, reinforced by the want of water, and the entire absence of the means of decency and comfort, convert every house and room into a focus of disease from which the workhouse infirmary is largely supplied, to the punishment of the ratepayer, whose indifference to his true interest has been one cause of his being thus made to bear the just burdens of other men. Such are the effects of individual and national negligence. The owner of property becomes an absentee, and neglects his duty. Disease and destitution are the inevitable results; and the light burden of prevention which should have been borne by the guilty proprietor, is shifted, as a dead weight of local taxation, to the shoulders of the innocent and unconscionable ratepayer.'

All who are acquainted with our large towns, must admit that the appalling picture here presented is universally applicable—the community is everywhere burdened with rates, and exposed to dangers from the overcrowding of mean dwellings, and the general want of sanitary regulations. A social wrong of this kind ought not to be perpetrated with impunity. The owners of properties should be compelled either to put them in a proper condition, and under proper regulations, as respects health and decency, or abandon them to the public, so as to make way for dwellings of an improved character. We are aware that landlords in too many instances are offered little inducement to improve houses of a humble class, in consequence of the difficulty of getting any rent from tenants in return; and hence the practice of letting such houses to middle-men. But this excuse will not palliate the grievous wrong to which society is exposed: in this, as in other matters, private interest, injuriously exercised, must yield to that of the public. Notwithstanding the alleged valuelessness of much humble property in towns, it is remarkable that there is scarcely a possibility of purchasing it except at an enormous price. Tenements inhabited by paupers, and the constant focus of disease—houses which are almost abandoned by proprietors as worthless—no sooner become an object of request for the sake of public improvement, than prices many times their value are demanded. On a late occasion, we required a site near our printing premises on which to erect dwellings of a respectable order for our workmen. An old half-ruinous house was on the spot required; but though yielding a very trifling rent to its proprietor, and discreditable as respects its internal condition—one of those structures, in short, which ought to be removed as a public nuisance—L.700 was demanded for it; and as this price would have been equal to a ground rent of L.35 annually, the plan of building was given up. Other instances of greed on the part of proprietors in Edinburgh—a greed which invariably defeats itself—could be mentioned: One of the most instructive examples is that of a person asking L.700 for a single floor in an old tenement which produced only L.7 of clear rent annually, the exorbitant demand being made under the impression that a projected improvement could not be executed unless the purchase were made. The improvement, however, has been effected without requiring the old building, which is therefore left standing as a public eyesore, greatly to the sorrow of its too avaricious owner, who would now gladly accept of L.300 for the wretched mass of decayed stone and timber, for which she formerly declined taking less than L.700. It is in no small degree the consequence of this species of cupidity that, private capitalists being prevented from doing anything in the way of renovation, large sections of the town subside into that miserable condition so well depicted by Mr. Guy.

The remedy for this state of affairs appears to be, a law of universal application, which shall give magis-

* In French, *souffleur* signifies both a stage-prompter and a bellows-blower.

trates the power of removing waste, ruinous, and other tenements, injurious to public health, and interruptive of public improvements—in which improvements are to be reckoned the opening up of new thoroughfares, and the erection of dwellings of a proper kind for the labouring classes. By these means the regeneration of towns would be placed on a simple and self-working principle. Private individuals and joint-stock societies would, for their own interest, be found undertaking schemes of improvement publicly beneficial. Instead of being taxed for the making of new streets, communities would be free of all trouble and cost on that account. We do not of course expect that proprietors of old buildings should, by such a scheme, be robbed of their property, vile as it is. Let them be paid a fair equivalent by all means, but no more.

Whether a law of this nature be put in operation or not, it might be possible for the working-classes, by union among themselves, to rent better dwellings at lower rents than those they now generally occupy. All that seems desirable for them to do, is to offer a sufficient guarantee to landlords, and this might be done by a fund previously provided, and currently maintained. By an arrangement with employers—as, for example, leaving a certain sum weekly in their hands, and all becoming conjointly and severally bound to make good deficiencies, a guarantee might also be organised. We have heard of an instance of this nature, by which a large body of men are provided with good houses on what may be called a wholesale principle, the rents not being two-thirds of what they would be if let individually, and without the guarantee we mention.

While on this subject, it may be mentioned that an exceedingly creditable effort has lately been made by a society in London to erect dwellings of an improved kind for the working-classes. We do not allude to the Model Lodging-Houses which have been here and there set on foot, but to a large edifice recently erected by the 'Metropolitan Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes,' in the neighbourhood of the old St Pancras Road. From the Daily News we gather the following particulars of this structure:—It is a building of four storeys, with a long frontage and two wings at right angles, the open space in front being designed as a playground, and the back space as a drying-ground for clothes. The building is on the Scotch plan of including a great number of separate houses under one roof, all reached by common stairs of stone. There are eight entries and staircases, and these give access to houses for one hundred and ten families; some of the dwellings consisting of two, and others of three apartments, but each possessing every accommodation within itself. The aspect of each house is neat and pleasing, and the arrangements for insuring cleanliness and ventilation satisfactory. Houses with two rooms are let for a rent of from 3s. to 5s. per week, according to size; and the sets of three rooms from 4s. 6d. to 7s. per week. These charges include taxes, parish and water rates, and gas in the staircases. 'Even they might have been less, but for the oppressive operation of the window-tax, which exacts, according to the mode of assessment insisted on, the same taxation for ten of these dwellings as that for one forty-windowed house; while each of these sets of rooms would have been exempt from the tax had they been separate cottages.' This exaction we cannot understand; for in Scotland all dwellings on common stairs are legally considered to be distinct houses, and each accordingly pays no window duty if it has fewer than the chargeable number of windows belonging to itself. An appeal to the lords of her Majesty's treasury would surely rectify the mistake here complained of.

Considering the cheapness, the commodiousness, the airiness, and respectability of the dwellings which have been so meritoriously got up by the Association, it might have been expected that they would have been caught at with avidity by the working-men of the neighbour-

hood; but from the account before us, we learn that such has by no means been the case. Much of the dislike to the edifice is perhaps attributable to a prejudice against living on common stairs, as lawyers do at chambers, or as the Scotch, French, and Germans of all classes are in the habit of doing, without any loss of individual independence. Something also is due to an unwillingness to be governed by any sort of regulations. 'A great number of objectors are amateurs of ornithology and zoology; and the moment some of them found they would not be allowed to keep pigs, or pigeons, or fowls, or rabbits, or dogs, they declined inquiring further particulars, and walked away. All this is very lamentable, because it renders the benevolent labours of such associations as the builders of these lodgings, when specifically directed, almost hopeless. The new dwellings, however, are not without tenants; who are indeed of a higher grade than those aimed at by the Association—persons already living in cleanly comfort, though obtained at extravagant prices. The tenants are chiefly artisans of a superior order, such as journeymen pianoforte-makers, composers, and persons who follow chamber trades, such as tailors, flower-makers, chasers, jewellers, &c.; besides clerks, and one or two who possess small independencies. As if to provide an exception on purpose to prove a rule, there is one tenant who belongs to the class for which the building was meant—a gasmaker from the neighbouring works.'

We are told, in conclusion, that 'the labours of the Association for Improving the Dwellings of the Industrious Classes do not end in the Old St Pancras Road. It is their intention to found similar establishments in large manufacturing towns in the provinces; and we trust they will be able to secure another site in the Metropolis, for a building easily accessible to London journeymen. Example placed before the eyes of the inhabitants of squalid neighbourhoods, may in time wean them from the sloughs in which they now choose to exist. If, however, they do not profit by the spectacle of comfort and cleanliness, their children and successors may.'

A PEEP AT MINORCA.

THE following sketch of a chance visit to Mahon—a spot so much out of the beaten track of our English tourists—will not prove uninteresting to our readers, if we may judge from the surprise and pleasure we ourselves experienced, during our twenty-four hours' halt at Minorca, on our voyage to Algeria.

In the beginning of December 18—, I embarked at Toulon in the Montezuma steam frigate, employed to transport from France to Algiers mules, soldiers, and colonists. Three hundred men, four hundred women, and three hundred children, were stowed on the decks of this ship, under the superintendence of the French government. A brilliant sun shone on our departure, a light breeze filled the sails, and before long, the coast of Provence disappeared from our sight.

The sea was calm, the sky serene, the future '*couleur de rose*,' and the deck was crowded with its thousand passengers. Nothing, however, is so treacherous as the Mediterranean; you may feel, as we did, the most perfect security on its tranquil waters, and in a few hours the vessel may pitch and toss in a terrific storm. Such was our case in the present instance. The light breeze which had so gently borne us onward changed to a violent gale, the waters rose, the waves broke against our ship; in short, everything foreboded '*a wild night!*' As if by magic, our decks became deserted, and soon the sighs and moans of the unfortunate sufferers were to be heard on all sides. Englishmen are so well acquainted with the evils of sea-sickness, that I shall only remark, its usual horrors were in this passage tenfold increased by the sight of the four hundred unfortunate women, with their three hundred children, heaped on one another in a space of forty feet by

twenty, through the culpable negligence of the French authorities. Their sufferings during the night were dreadful, especially towards midnight, when the storm became a perfect hurricane. French nature is not rough, even in a seaman; and the delicate attentions of the officers and men to these miserable passengers were unremitting. At length day dawned, but stormy, dark, and gloomy; while the wind and waves seemed to drive us forward towards the coast of Sardinia.

Suddenly the watch cried, 'Land!' 'It must be Minorca,' exclaimed the captain. 'We can now stop at Mahon, our passengers can recruit themselves, and regain their strength, and we can clean out the vessel.' This decision was received with acclamation, and ere long the rocks of Minorca began to rise up before us.

Had it been a hundred times more bare and arid, we should have hailed it as a terrestrial paradise. A cannon from our deck demanded a pilot; and in an instant we saw issuing from the fog, which covered the steep shore of the island, a boat, so small, as to be familiarly termed a 'cockle shell'; it now appeared on the summit of a wave, and then disappeared, as if for ever, in a valley between. Two men steered the tiny craft, which soon approached: a sailor threw a rope; one of them climbed on board; it was the pilot; and in a few moments we perceived a streak of white at the base of the cliff. It was Mahon! or rather the sentinel of Mahon—Fort St Philip.

We steered round an enormous rock, against which the waves dashed with violence—the surge soon subsided; a bay opened: it was the port, and Mahon lay before us.

It is but justice to the Spanish authorities to say, they did not keep us long waiting for permission to land. In a quarter of an hour after casting anchor, we were clambering up the steep rock leading from the harbour to the town.

Mahon is built on a rock, and the port, one of the largest and safest in the Mediterranean, is enclosed within two lines of almost perpendicular cliffs. In the centre, and near the entrance of the harbour, lies a small island, covered with buildings now half in ruins. To this spot the inviolated French soldiers of Algeria resorted for many years, to recruit their strength in the pure air of Minorca, or to make use of it as a resting-place on their passage from Africa to France. But the little island Del Rey is no longer ceded to them for this purpose by the Spanish government; and the French, glad to attribute every annoyance they meet with to the jealousy of the English, allege (with what reason I could not learn) that this refusal is owing to the interference of our foreign office with the cabinet of Spain. 'But,' enthusiastically exclaimed one of my French fellow-travellers, 'what has been the consequence? England ("perfidious Albion") did not foresee the result—Mahon has come to seek France!'

Without doubt the town is now deserted. Its population, formerly amounting to 30,000 souls, at present scarcely numbers 6000. All Mahon is at Algiers, Oran, or Marseilles. The men, clever gardeners, steady and industrious merchants, leave it to make their fortunes at the above-named places; and the young girls, graceful, pretty, and witty, go in quest of husbands: both are eminently successful.

There are two representatives of France at Mahon—one official, the consul; the other officious! the landlord of the Hotel de France. The former, a clever man, is of Dutch extraction, but his family have inhabited Mahon for upwards of a century. His house is a perfect museum of Balearic history, literary and artistic; doubly interesting when examined in the company of its agreeable and well-informed owner. The officious representative, M. Huot, is an old French prisoner of 1809. Brought then to Mahon, he there married, and made his fortune. The houses at Mahon are extremely clean, but our host's hotel surpassed them all. He is most attentive to his guests; and in addition to his other qualifications, is a clever and

most obliging cicerone. Through his means we were enabled, in twenty-four hours, to visit every curiosity of the town. Besides, the Mahonese (or I should say the Mahonese ladies) are so very courteous, that every door is open to a stranger, provided his manners and appearance be that of a gentleman. . . . 'Senor, let us speak of France—let us speak of Paris!' were the first words that greeted us on entering. On my remarking this to my French friend, he replied, with the usual vanity of his nation, 'Ah! mon ami, Paris is the Mecca of all the civilised women in the world!' Not being prepared to prove the contrary, I prudently refrained from pursuing the subject, especially as the Mahonese ladies to whom we spoke seemed to regard it as the 'tomb of their prophet.' Several had made their pilgrimage thither; and their graceful appearance, dress, and engaging manners, bore ample evidence to my companion of the advantages they had derived.

Mahon boasts the manufacture of those flowers in enamel so much prized for ornaments in Paris. Nothing is more attractive or coquettish than the workshops of these flower-makers. There, alone, are to be seen no *jalouses*, or blinds, those stupid jailors of Spanish houses. The *atelier* is on the ground-floor; and while passing in the street, you see twelve or fifteen young girls, all pretty (there is not an ugly woman in Mahon), cease their work, and fix their large eyes on the prying stranger who stops to observe them. As a matter of course, the owner of the establishment invites you to enter and examine her collection of flowers. Who could refuse such an invitation? A selection is soon made, and the purchase concluded; and he who only entered through curiosity, still lingers to answer the numerous questions which are addressed to him in the most fascinating manner, and he departs in admiration of the grace and wit of his fair interlocutors.

The gravity of the Spanish authorities forms a striking contrast to the charming vivacity of this gay people. Inasmuch as the Mahonese love conversation and intellectual society, so are the Spaniards of Mahon morose and melancholy. Their character does not sympathise with that of the inhabitants, who take every occasion to draw the distinction of, 'I am not a Spaniard, I am a Mahonese!'

Mahon contains no public buildings, with the exception of three or four churches, of very doubtful architecture, and still more equivocal ornaments, in which the enamel flowers, as may be supposed, figure conspicuously. In the cathedral are a few monuments of carved wood, gilt, which at first sight make a brilliant effect, though the taste is not of the purest. The organs are the objects most worthy of admiration in the churches. That in the cathedral was made by a German, and the tones are as sweet and full as any I ever heard. A young 'Maestro di Cappella' performed for us on this magnificent instrument for nearly an hour. He was a clever musician, and played twenty different pieces, from a sonata of Bach to the modern airs of Rossini, Auber, and Verdi. During this concert, given for our benefit, the nave of the church became crowded with listeners, and their joyous countenances proved how well they valued the talents of their young organist.

After the church, the cemetery is most worthy of remark. The Campo Santo, or burial-ground of Mahon, is a large yard encircled by high walls, and in which are as many entrances to mortuary chapels as the space permits. The names and rank of the deceased are recorded on a tablet over an altar, and the body lies in a vault underneath. The graveyard itself is nothing but an avenue divided into as many compartments as there are tombs; a horizontal slab contains the style and title of their inmates. The walls, in general, are painted black and blue, which gives them a fantastic appearance.

Nothing looks more melancholy than the gardens in the environs of Mahon. The gardeners, valued for their talents in other countries, have surrounded with heaps of pebbles the squares of cultivated earth which they have created for themselves on the barren rock, whereon

stands the town. They have carried this earth up from the valley in the same way they carried up the pebbles, which prevent its being swept off by the annual torrents of rain. Imagine a country cut into squares like a chess-board by heaps of pebbles, and without the shade of a single tree! On this arid soil grow the vines of Mahon.

Mahon possesses a theatre supplied alternately by Spanish and Italian artistes. The latter enjoyed undivided sway at the time of our visit, and we availed ourselves of the leisure granted us by the storm to hear the 'Elisir d'Amore.' Certainly the singers were far from being first-rate. Their voices were worn, and their instruction incomplete; yet the opera, as a whole, was better performed than in many of the provincial towns of the continent. It must be said, to the honour of the Mahonese, that they possess great musical taste. Far from being indifferent, they applaud every good effect, or well-executed passage. This love of music seems born with them; and the orchestra, which is excellent, is composed of amateurs of the town, who perform like true artists. The interior of the theatre is of a good size, and makes a pretty effect. The first, second, and third rows are divided into boxes, and a considerable portion of the pit is occupied by the orchestra. The Mahonese ladies appear there in full dress. Nearly all wear the mantilla or national veil, fastened coquettishly on their hair, and the fan plays in their hands the same graceful and malicious part which I believed alone to be the secret of the Spanish ladies.

Such is Mahon; and by what it now is, in its abandonment and poverty, we may judge of what it was in the days of its greatness. Of this grandeur of the past, nothing now remains but a vague reminiscence. And, alas! we are told that all this varnish of politeness, this elegance of manners, covers many a moral wound, and a vast deal of misery. Fortunately, we had no time to dispel our illusions by convincing ourselves of this fact. The morning after our arrival at Mahon, a cannon-shot recalled us to our ship. At one o'clock that afternoon we cast a farewell glance at this town, once so flourishing, at this hospitable port, which nature has formed in the centre of the Mediterranean; and, our last look resting on the little island Del Rey, the rugged shores of Minorca vanished from our view.

The following morning, about nine o'clock, I beheld rising before my enchanted sight the rich verdure of the Sahel of Algiers, and the white houses of this capital of French Africa.

TOWN LYRICS.*

We do not know that the term 'minor poetry' is justly applicable to such pieces as these, many of which rank with the highest of their class. They are at least major in their own circle; and that circle, though comparatively humble in point of genius, is far wider in extent, more general in influence, and therefore more important in its bearings upon the public mind, than the one which comprises only the higher and more complicated works of art.

There is one point in respect to which we are inclined to place Charles Mackay at the head of the fugitive or occasional poets of the day; and that is—the suggestive character of his verses. Mrs Hemans, and most of the writers who followed, or walked side by side with her, exhaust the subject they illustrate. There is a neatness and completeness in their pieces which leave the mind of the reader in a state of tranquil satisfaction. Charles Mackay, on the other hand, not only stirs up our thoughts like these, but leaves them in the midst of the turbulence. He makes poets of us all for the time; and when we have come to the end of his verses, our glazed eye rests without speculation upon the page, and we continue in our own

mind the series of images he has suggested. Let any one read the 'Light in the Window,' for instance, and he will comprehend what we mean; or let him read here 'Above and Below,' which is only one of the numerous examples we could give, from this cheap and neat little volume, of the suggestive lyrics:

ABOVE AND BELOW.

Mighty river, oh! mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever
Through the city so vast and old;
Through massive bridges—by domes and spires,
Crowned with the smoke of a myriad fires:
City of majesty, power, and gold;
Thou lovest to float on thy waters dull
The white-winged fleets so beautiful,
And the lordly steamers speeding along,
Wind-defying, and swift and strong;
Thou bearest them all on thy motherly breast,
Laden with riches, at trade's behest—
Bounteous trade, whose wine and corn
Stock the garner and fill the horn,
Who gives us luxury, joy, and pleasure,
Stintless, sumless, out of measure—
Thou art a rich and a mighty river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

Doleful river, oh! doleful river,
Pale on thy breast the moonbeams quiver,
Through the city so drear and cold—
City of sorrows hard to bear,
Of guilt, injustice, and despair—
City of miseries untold;
Thou hidest below, in thy treacherous waters,
The death-cold forms of Beauty's daughters;
The corpses pale of the young and sad—
Of the old whom sorrow has goaded mad—
Mothers of babes that cannot know
The sires that left them to their wo—
Women forlorn, and men that run
The race of passion, and die undone;
Thou takest them all in thy careless wave,
Thou givest them all a ready grave;
Thou art a black and a doleful river,
Rolling in ebb and flow for ever.

In ebb and flow for ever and ever—
So rolls the world, thou murky river,
So rolls the tide, above and below:
Above, the rower impels his boat;
Below, with the current the dead men float:
The waves may smile in the sunny glow,
While above, in the glitter, and pomp, and glare,
The flags of the vessels flap the air;
But below, in the silent under-tide,
The waters vomit the wretch that died:
Above, the sound of the music swells,
From the passing ship, from the city bells;
From below there cometh a gurgling breath,
As the desperate diver yields to death:
Above and below the waters go,
Bearing their burden of joy or wo;
Rolling along, thou mighty river,
In ebb and flow for ever and ever.

A LATE CONTRIBUTION TO THE BANNATYNE CLUB.

THE Duke of Sutherland has made an interesting contribution to the works of the Bannatyne Club. It is a thin quarto volume, containing two ancient records of the bishopric of Caithness, procured from the charter-room at Dunrobin. To the records are attached a few preliminary pages descriptive of the early history of Caithness, of which the county of Sutherland once formed a part. The period referred to is the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when this extreme northern part of the island of Great Britain owned a divided allegiance to the kings of Scotland and Norway—the power of the former latterly predominating, partly from the influence of the church. Some parts of this curious work present a graphic picture of the rudeness of ancient manners.

Earl Harald, for the redemption of his sins, had granted to the church a penny yearly from each inhabited house in the earldom of Caithness, and this revenue was levied by Andrew, the first bishop of the diocese, till his decease in 1185. The next bishop was John, who, it appears, declined to exact the contribution; 'but the Pope (Innocent III.) summoned him to obedience, and even granted a commission to the bishops of Orkney and Rosmarky to compel him to levy the tax, by the heavy censures of the church.

* Town Lyrics, and other Poems. By Charles Mackay, LL.D. Author of 'Voices from the Crowd,' &c. London: Bogue.

Whether the poor bishop complied, or attempted to enforce the exaction of the tax, we are not informed; but his subsequent fate, as narrated in the wild sagas of the Norsemen, might appear incredible, were it not singularly corroborated by a Roman record. Earl Harald Mǫðadson, who had been deprived of his Caithness possessions by William the Lion [king of Scotland], resolved to recover them by force, and crossed from his Orkney kingdom to Thurso with a great fleet. There was no force capable of resistance. The bishop, who was residing in his palace of Skrabister, went out to meet him, as the intercessor for the poor Caithness men; but the savage earl took him and cut out his tongue, and dug out his eyes with a knife. The saga goes on to tell us that Bishop John recovered the use of his tongue and his eyes, by the miraculous intervention of a native saint, written Tröllhæna.

The latter part of the story is not confirmed by any good authority; but some part of the barbarity of the earl, and the bishop's sufferings, is confirmed by the following letter of Pope Innocent, ascribed to the year 1202, addressed to the bishop of the Orkneys:—"We have learnt by your letters that Lombard, a layman, the bearer of these presents, accompanied his earl on an expedition into Caithness; that there the earl's army stormed a castle, killed almost all who were in it, and took prisoner the bishop of Caithness; and that this Lombard (as he says) was compelled, by some of the earl's soldiery, to cut out the bishop's tongue. Now, because the sin is great and grievous, in absolving him according to the form of the church, we have prescribed this penance for satisfaction of his offence, and to the terror of others—That he shall hasten home, and barefooted, and naked except treads and a short woollen vest without sleeves, having his tongue tied by a string, and drawn out so as to project beyond his lips, and the ends of the string bound round his neck, with rods in his hand, in sight of all men, walk for fifteen days successively through his own native district [the district of the mutilated bishop] and the neighbouring country; he shall go to the door of the church without entering, and there, prostrate on the earth, undergo discipline with the rods he is to carry; he is thus to spend each day in silence and fasting, until evening, when he shall support nature with bread and water only. After these fifteen days are passed, he shall prepare within a month to set out for Jerusalem, and there labour in the service of the Cross for three years; he shall never more bear arms against Christians; for two years he shall fast every Friday on bread and water, unless, by the indulgence of some discreet bishop, or on account of bodily infirmity, this abstinence be mitigated. Do you then receive him returning in this manner, and see that he observe the penance enjoined him."

William the Lyon did not fail to exact the penalty of such an outrage. In 1197, he collected a mighty army, crossed the Oikel, and, perhaps for the first time, entirely subdued and intimidated the provinces of Caithness and Sutherland. As usual, the blow fell upon the people. The guilty chief made terms, and left his Caithness subjects to pay the enormous fine of a fourth of their whole possessions.

Such is a picture of the state of ancient Scotland, before the blended light of Christianity and civilisation had softened the natural asperities of society. The important service rendered by the Bannatyne Club, in making such documents as the Caithness Charters accessible to the historian, need not be expatiated on.

HAZLITT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Do not begin to quarrel with the world too soon; for bad as it may be, it is the best we have to live in here. If railing would have made it better, it would have been reformed long ago; but as this is not to be hoped for at present, the best way to slide through it is as contentedly and innocently as we may. The worst fault it has is *want of charity*; and calling knave or fool at every turn will not cure this failing. Consider as a matter of vanity, that if there were not so many knaves and fools as we find, the wise and honest would not be those rare and shining characters that they are allowed to be; and, as a matter of philosophy, that if the world be really incorrigible in this respect, it is a reflection to make one sad, and not angry. We may laugh or weep at the madness of mankind, we have no right to vilify them for our own sake or theirs. Misanthropy is not the disgust of the mind at human

nature, but with itself; for it is laying its own exaggerated vices as foul, blots at the door of others! Do not, however, mistake what I have here said. I would not have you, when you grow up, adopt the low and sordid fashion of palliating existing abuses, of putting the best face upon the worst things. I only mean that indiscriminate, unqualified satire can do little good; and those who indulge in the most revolting speculations of human nature, do not themselves always set the fairest examples, or strive to prevent its lower degradation.

THE LAW'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF QUACKERY.

A case before the Master of the Rolls curiously illustrates the deficient state of medical law in this country. A chemist—who, like all other chemists or persons in this kingdom, is allowed to concoct whatever poisons they please for the cure of diseases, and to sell them, provided they pay for a government stamp—puts together certain ingredients in the form of pills. He calls these consumptive pills; and in order to insure more extensive notice and sale, he uses the name of Sir James Clark, who is well known for the attention he has paid to the study of consumption, and issues advertisements calling his pills 'Sir James Clark's Consumptive Pills,' thus leading the public to suppose that the pills were made from a prescription of this gentleman. He goes even further than this, and gulls the public into the belief that special favour had been shown to him in this instance; and says in his advertisement, 'By her Majesty's permission.' Now if this man were dispensing some harmless sweetmeat, or some form of farinaceous food, Sir James Clark needed not perhaps to have complained; but from an examination of the pills, it appears that antimony and mercury were contained in them, which are known to be specially injurious in some forms of the diseases in which they are recommended by the advertiser. Of this use of his name, then, we think that Sir James Clark has a perfect right to complain; and against such a use of it, in the name of justice, every honest man must protest. The public purchase these pills on the faith of the advertisement, as the result of Sir James Clark's experience in the diseases for which they are sold; and on finding themselves made worse by them, they would have their confidence diminished in the skill of the supposed subscriber. He is therefore directly injured by the sale of these pills. Yet the law of the country has no resource for him, and he is told by the Master of the Rolls that 'it was one of the taxes imposed on eminent men to have their names thus made use of.'—*Daily News*, Feb. 4. [If this be the law of England, no man of any note is safe from aggression; we trust, however, that the subject will not be suffered to rest where the Master of the Rolls seems disposed to leave it.]

MUSCULAR EXERCISE.

Muscular exercise is a direct source of pleasure to every one not suffering from diseased action. Every one must have felt this. The effect of using the muscles of voluntary motion, when all the processes of the economy are being justly and healthily performed, is to impart a marked and grateful stimulus to the sentient nerves of the part, and a corresponding and grateful stimulus to the nervous system generally, sufficiently noticeable by the mind when studious of its analysis, and always ministering indirectly to the happiness of the individual, colouring and brightening the thoughts and feelings. So much is this believed to be the case by some, that it has been asserted—a man may use his limbs too much to leave him in the enjoyment of his fullest capability of pure and abstract thought, and to the extent of making him unduly imaginative. Although this may well be matter of doubt, the fact, and its wise and benevolent intention, remain unaffected: that man derives an immediate pleasurable sensation from using his voluntary muscles, which not only gives to labour a zest, and even to monotonous movements some degree of enjoyment, but produces a reaction on the mind itself, embellishing a life of virtuous toil with a degree of physical enjoyment, and mental energy, buoyancy, and hopeful light-heartedness, that can never be afforded in a like degree to the drones—the mere 'fruges consumere nati'—of the human hive.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen*.

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TRAVELLERS' TALES.

A PROVERB setting forth the small amount of credence due to the reports of travellers, has been found in nearly every country among the dictates of its popular wisdom. The Esquimaux of Baffin's Bay applied it to their countryman when, on his return from a voyage to Aberdeen in one of the Greenland whalers, he informed them that in the far south he had seen 'sledges with feet like the full moon, drawn by creatures larger than four of their dogs together; herds of animals of the size of the white bear, with horns like that of the narwhal; and tall pillars growing out of the earth, with green heads spreading wide as the summer tents of his tribe.'

'Allah, show mercy to the tongues of travellers!' exclaimed a Bedouin, when a Greek interpreter at Grand Cairo told him that in Christian lands he had seen men make fires of black stones, and burn smoke in their lamps instead of oil. Soon after the arrival of the Portuguese in India, a native of Goa, who had journeyed as far as the Himalaya, told a priest of Buddha that he had seen 'hard water' at the source of the Brahmapootra, and wished to bring some specimens with him, but they melted away in his basket. 'Attempt not to deceive a servant of the gods!' said the priest: 'I have read the books of Buddha, and know all things. The rain descends from the clouds, and the streams run to the sea for ever: water cannot change into stone.' And when the man attested the truth of his statement, the priest's palanquin bearers fell upon him with their bamboos.

Examples of a similar kind might be met with nearer home. We remember one of an old dame residing in a small village on the east coast of Scotland. Her only son had become a sailor on board a vessel engaged in the Greenland whale fishery, and just returned from the northern seas. The event occasioned a kind of assembly at his mother's cottage; old neighbours sat round; and he, as the hero of the evening, related his adventures. All went on well, and the company wondered in silence, till the young man told how the sun had shone on the whaler's track for six weeks without setting, and they had killed a great seal off the coast of Spitzbergen larger than a dray-horse, with tusks twelve inches long, when the mother groaned out, 'Jock, Jock, whar did ye learn to lee? Can ye no tell us something that's Christian like, if it was only about a mermaid?'

The origin of a prejudice so widely diffused, must appear inexplicable to those unacquainted with the accounts which early European travellers, in times when commerce was less extensive, and navigation less understood, brought back from the unknown regions into which they chanced to penetrate. Strange and inco-

herent were those fables—sometimes arising out of distorted veins of existing facts, sometimes originating in ignorance of the language of the natives, and occasionally in the mind of the traveller, deeply imbued with the superstition of his age, and therefore unequal to the task of investigating the reports of popular credulity, or the motives of men interested in their propagation. The works of Greek and Roman authors that have come down to us, and remain, after the lapse of so many centuries, the most certain memorials, and the only intelligible records, of that long abolished state of things which scholars call the classic world, are filled with such marvellous fictions. Most of them are indeed found in the pages of the poets, and generally charged to their account; but it is apparent that these gentlemen only enlarged on beliefs already current among their countrymen, and statements which, however ridiculous they may seem to our better-instructed times, were then implicitly believed by both philosopher and student as part and parcel of the knowledge of their age.

The centre of India was said to be occupied by a people who came to their maturity at five years old, and died of age at twenty. The peninsula of Malacca was spoken of as the golden Chersonesus, whose stones were gems, and whose very dust was heavy with grains of gold. The country of the Simoides in Northern Siberia, then part of the greater Scythia, was assigned as the residence of a race with dogs' heads, who barked out their words in true canine fashion; and the Cimmerian Bosphorus, the place of perpetual darkness and all manner of monsters, was fixed between the Black and Caspian Seas, now one of the finest portions of the vast empire of Russia. But it was on Africa that the travellers of the classic times delighted to expatiate. Its western mountains, under the denomination of Atlas, which they still retain, were popularly believed to support the sky. At their foot were situated the gardens of the Hesperides, the trees of which bore golden fruit, and were guarded by dragons breathing flame. The region now forms part of the new French province of Algeria; and unless we include the Gallic colonists, and the marauding Arabs, neither dragon nor Hesperide is to be seen.

The eastern division of the continent—comprehending Upper and Lower Abyssinia, with which the travels of Bruce, and subsequently those of Major Harris, have now made the reading public tolerably acquainted—was then the country of the Blemmyes—a race of men without heads, having their faces in their breasts; and of the long-lived Ethiopians, a pastoral people who roved over great plains near the equator, possessing nothing but their tents and herds of cattle, subsisting exclusively on flesh and milk, and never dying earlier than the age of one hundred and twenty years. Farther still to the south was the land of the Pigmies, a dwarfish

race, whose tallest men never rose above an English foot, and whose greatest enemies were the cranes.

Nor will the abundance of such errors appear surprising, when it is considered how large a portion of the habitable earth was *terra incognita*, or unknown land, to the famous Greeks and conquering Romans. When Alexander wept for another world in which to try his prowess, his whole geographical knowledge was confined to the south of Europe, the south-west of Asia, and the northern coast of Africa, from Egypt to Tunis, which every schoolboy knows scarcely comprehends one-fifth of the peopled world. The countries that have become greatest and most distinguished in European history were unknown to Alexander. Of the greater part of France, the whole of Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, he knew nothing, and never dreamt of Britain, whose ships now bear her commerce to regions that never heard his name, whose authority extends over the vast region of Hindostan, the western frontier of which his legions thought it such an exploit even to approach; and it is remarkable that there is at this moment in the British Museum an empty urn, traditionally said to have contained the ashes of the great Macedonian, which came into the possession of the English troops on the capitulation of Alexandria in 1802, and was presented by George III. to that institution.

At the commencement of the Christian era, in the reign of Augustus, under whose sway Rome was believed to have attained to the zenith of her splendour in power, in arts, and in literature, the Orkneys were called Ultima Thule, the most northern land known; Cape Roca Sintra, on the west of Portugal, was styled the boundary of earth, and sea, and sky, beyond which mortal ken had never penetrated; the whole north-east of Asia in Europe was denominated the trackless Scythia; and there was a dim traditional idea that India extended southward a great but indefinite distance, and was bounded to the eastward by the far Cathay, as the ancients called China, whose frontier no traveller had ever reached, and whose gods and people were unknown to the rest of the world.

It would seem strange that nations so far advanced in civilisation as the Greeks and Romans undoubtedly were, should have been so ignorant of practical geography, if we were not aware that, notwithstanding their boasted superiority in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, not to speak of many branches of literature, they were miserably deficient in both the theory and practice of navigation. Jason's expedition to Colchis, which furnished a theme for wonder and fable to half the poets of antiquity, was a voyage from the north of Greece to western Georgia, scarcely as far as from London to St Petersburg, and less than a week's sail even to a Russian vessel of the present day. In the Roman times, little speed had been attained. It was no unusual circumstance for vessels bound from Syria to Italy to winter in the port of Crete, now Candia; and from a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles, describing St Paul's voyage in this direction in the reign of the Emperor Nero, we find that it occupied several months to travel a distance which a modern steamer could accomplish in a few days.

About a century before, when Julius Cæsar first attempted to conduct the army with which he conquered Gaul, now France and Belgium, into Britain, they absolutely refused to follow him, saying it was beyond the bounds of the habitable earth. A philosopher of that very country, which seemed so isolated and barbarous to the Romans, the celebrated Dr Thomas Browne, in his work on 'Vulgar Errors,' published in the middle of the seventeenth century, has recorded the following curious specimen of their geographical accuracy:—

'The other relation of loadstone mines and rocks in the shore of India is delivered of old by Pliny; wherein, saith he, they are placed both in abundance and vigour, that it proves an adventure of hazard to pass those coasts in a ship with iron nails. Serapion

the Moor, an author of good esteem and reasonable antiquity, confirmeth the same, whose expression in the word *magnet* is this: The mine of this stone is in the sea coast of India; whereto, when ships approach, there is no iron in them which flies not like a bird into the mountains; and therefore their ships are fastened not with iron, but wood, for otherwise they would be torn to pieces.' And the learned author judiciously adds, 'But this assertion, how positive soever, is contradicted by all navigators that pass that way; which are now many, and of our own nation, and might surely have been controuled by Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander, who, not knowing the compass, was fain to coast that shore.'

During that period which elapsed between the destruction of the Roman Empire and the revival of European learning, known in history as the Gothic ages, geographical knowledge, as well as arts and commerce, were crushed into still narrower limits by the general barbarism and confusion of the times; hence fabulous wonders of all kinds were multiplied, and occupy a conspicuous place in the scanty literature which wandering minstrel or recording monk has chronicled. The whole of Asia, then possessed by the Saracens or Mohammedan Tartars, as far as palmer or pilgrim had penetrated, was celebrated for dragons, griffins, and giants; besides which, in Tartary, there was believed to exist a passage of direct communication with the infernal regions, popular superstition having confounded the name of the country with the old Latin term Tartarus. The north of Denmark and Sweden was the reputed country of ogres—savage giants who dwelt in rock-built castles, and subsisted by cannibalism; Lapland was regarded as the grand warehouse of witchcraft; and the loadstone, probably owing to its wonderful magnetic qualities, made a still greater figure in the geography of the middle ages than it had done in the days of Pliny: huge mountains of this substance were believed to form the northern boundary of the world, by which, when the mariner's compass was discovered in the fourteenth century, the scholars of the age accounted for the magnetic needle continually pointing in that direction.

Yet while such reports were generally believed by the populace, and gravely recorded by the learned, the spirit of the old woman's rebuke to her son, which we have quoted, seems to have influenced the countrymen of Marco Polo, a Venetian traveller, who, towards the close of the thirteenth century, traversed Eastern Tartary and the northern part of China, and returned to tell of the great cities, immense wealth, and overwhelming population he had seen in those hitherto untravelled lands. His accounts, however, were considered so incredible, that the Venetians gave him the sobriquet of 'Millioni,' from the frequent recurrence of millions in his statements, which, allowing for the difference of time, and the effects of conquest, modern discovery has proved to be remarkably correct. But even in times much nearer our own than the middle ages, it is curious to look back on the fables of a similar kind, which were in some degree entertained even by the learned. Long after its conquest by the Spaniards, the centre of South America was supposed to be the El Dorado, or land of gold, where the precious metal might be literally gathered like dust.

When James I. issued his celebrated publication against witchcraft, among the earliest prosecutions for the peculiar crime on which the monarch so profoundly enlarged, is one case known in the parlance of those days as 'The great mystery of Thammes Streette,' which strikingly illustrates at once the terrors and mistakes of the time. It is that of a woman who is indicted for having in her possession 'ane magical vessel to work sorcerie withall, the like whereoff was never seen in Christendom, but had been brought to her by her wicked son in one of the Companie's shippes from the Isles of Spice, whar he gat it from certain Chineses.'

It is satisfactory to know that the unlucky dame

escaped the doom of those who dealt in magic, not being even made to swim for her life, the article in question having turned out, on minute investigation, to be nothing more than a china teapot, and the first of the kind ever seen in England. The account sounds strangely now when read beside one of the countless tea-tables of Britain. But regarding china-ware, some singular tales were afloat in still later times. A learned physician, towards the end of the Commonwealth, remarks, 'We are not thoroughly resolved concerning porcelaine or china dishes, that, according to common belief, they are made of earth which lyeth in preparation about an hundred years under ground, for the relations thereof are not only divers, but contrary, and authors agree not herein. Guido Pancirollus will have them made of egg-shells, lobster-shells, and gypsum, laid up in the earth the space of eighty years. Of the same, affirmation is made by Scaliger, and the common opinion of most. Ramuzius, in his Navigations, is of a contrary assertion—that they are made out of earth, not laid up in the earth, but hardened in the sun and wind the space of forty years.' In addition to this, the doctor observes, 'and of those surely the properties must be verified, which, by Scaliger and others, are ascribed to china dishes, that they admit no poison, that they strike fire, that they will grow hot no higher than the liquor in them ariseth. For such as pass amongst us, and under the name of the finest, will only strike fire, but not discover aconite, mercury, or arsenic, but may be useful in dysenteries and fluxes beyond others.'

Such were the powers accorded to porcelain by the medical profession under Cromwell's sway; but so late as the close of the seventeenth century, we find a letter addressed by the Royal Society of London to Sir Philbert Vernatti, resident in Batavia in Java, filled with questions regarding that part of the globe and its productions, propounded in evident earnestness and gravity. A specimen of these, together with the resident's answers, we present to our readers:—

Question.—Whether diamonds, and other precious stones, grow again, after three or four years, in the same places where they have been digged out?

Answer.—Never, or at least as long as the memory of man can attain to.

Q.—Whether there be a hill in Sumatra which burneth continually, and a fountain which runneth pure balsam?

A.—There is a hill that burneth in Sumatra, near Endrapoer; but I cannot hear of any such fountain; and I believe that the like hill is upon Java Major, opposite to Batavia: for in a clear morning or evening, from the road, a man may perfectly perceive a continual smoke rise from the top, and vanish by little and little. I have often felt earthquakes here, but they do not continue long. In the year 1656 or 1657, I do not remember well the time, Batavia was covered in one afternoon, about two of the clock, with a black dust, which, being gathered together, was so ponderous, that it exceeded the weight in gold. I at that time being very ill, did not take much notice of it; but some have gathered it, and if I light upon it, shall send you some. It is here thought it came out of the hill: I never heard of any that had been upon this hill's top. Endrapoer is counted a mighty unwholesome place, as likewise all others where pepper grows, as Jamby Banjar, though some impute it to the hills burning. As for the fountain, it is unknown to us, except *Oleum Terrae* is meant by it, which is to be had in Sumatra; but the best comes from Pegu.

Q.—Whether, in the island of Sombro, which lieth northwards of Sumatra, about eight degrees northern latitude, there be found such a vegetable as Master James Lancaster relates to have seen, which grows up to a tree, shrinks down when one offers to pluck it up into the ground, and would quite shrink unless held very tight? And whether the same, being forcibly plucked up, hath a worm for its root, diminishing more and more according as the tree groweth in greatness; and as soon as the worm is wholly turned into the tree,

rooting in the ground, and so growing great? And whether the same, plucked up young, turns by the time it is dry into a hard stone, much like to white coral?

A.—I cannot tell: I met not with any that ever have heard of such a vegetable.

Q.—Whether the Indians can so prepare that stupefying herb *datura*, that they make it to lie several days, months, years, according as they will have it, in a man's body, without doing him any hurt, and at the end kill him, without missing half an hour's time?

A.—The China men in this place have formerly used *datura* as a fermentation to a sort of drink, much beloved by the soldiers and mariners, called *luzherbier*, which makes them raging mad, so that it is forbidden, under the penalty of great pain, to make use of the same.

Q.—Whether the animal called *abados*, or *rhinoceros*, hath teeth, claws, flesh, blood, and skin, as well as his horns antidotal?

A.—Their horns, teeth, claws, and blood are esteemed antidotes, and have the same use in the Indian pharmacopoeia as *thereica* hath in ours.

Q.—If the best ambergrease be found in the islands of Socotora and Aniana, near Java, to endeavour the getting of more certain knowledge, what of its being reported to be bred at the bottom of the sea, like to a thick mud?

A.—The best that is in the world comes from the island Mauritius, and it is commonly found after a storm. The hogs can smell it at a great distance, who run like mad to it, and devour it commonly before the people come to it. It is held to be a riscosity, which, being dried by the sun, turns to such a consistence as is daily seen. Myraine's father, Isaac Zigny, a Frenchman in Oleron, hath been a great traveller in his time, and he told me he sailed once in his youth through so many of these zequalen as would have loaded ten ships. The like having been never seen, his curiosity did drive him to take up some of those, which, being dried in the sun, were perceived to be the best ambergrease in the world. I have seen one piece which he kept as a memento, and another piece he sold for £1300 sterling. This being discovered, they set sail to the same place where these appeared, and cruising there to and fro for the space of six weeks, but could not perceive any more. Where this place is situated I do not know; but Monsieur Gentillot, a French captain in Holland, can tell you.

Here is an evidence of the amount of information possessed by some of the greatest scholars in Britain, about the period of the Revolution, concerning countries now filled with British commerce, and for the greater part governed by British authority. A man of ordinary education in the present day would smile at the idea of a fountain running pure balsam, and a tree with a worm for its root, which changed into white coral, not to speak of the medicinal claws of the rhinoceros. But when the slowness and difficulty of communication in former ages are considered, together with the barriers of prejudice and hostility which rose between the nations, restricting commerce, and paralysing research, we will no longer wonder that ignorance, and consequent error, on these, as well as on more important subjects, should have been so prevalent.

In our own age, these barriers are considerably broken down by the freedom and extension of commerce, the inquiries of experimental science, and, above all, the general diffusion of instruction, by which more enlightened ideas are communicated to the people, and a more liberal policy prevails among the rulers of every civilised nation. A remarkable example of the contrary state of things existing at the period in which he lived, is given us in the answer of the above-mentioned resident of Batavia to the Royal Society's inquiry whether or not the celebrated birds'-nests, regarded as such delicacies by the Chinese, might be imported into Britain. Be it observed, the Company to which he refers was composed of Dutch merchants, supported by the authority of their government.

'If the question be made—Whether these things may be brought over by permission of the Company? I answer as first, that their laws forbid the transportation of all whatsoever, whether necessary to the conservation of health, or acquisition of wealth, or rarities; and if the querie be concerning the nature and substance of the wood and nests, they are transportable, and can subsist, without decaying, many years.'

Thus did the narrow-minded selfishness of every people in turn impede the investigations of philosophy, and retard the improvement of mankind. It is remarkable, after all, that many an early fable, once believed in the full breadth of its wonder, has been discovered, in later times, to have had its foundation in greatly exaggerated or misrepresented truth. The Blemmyes of the ancients are explained as a savage people of Eastern Nubia, whose short necks and large heads suggested to some early and ill-informed traveller the extraordinary conformation ascribed to them; while the flat faces, coarse features, and guttural tones of the northern Siberians, endowed them with dogs' heads, in the imagination of Southern Europe, for many an age. The ogres of the north were but a distorted and traditional remembrance of the ferocious Sea-kings, or leaders of those piratical bands who issued from the Baltic, carrying ruin and devastation to every coast of Europe, from England to Greece, in the ninth and tenth centuries. In like manner the long tenacious fibres of some Javanese plant or shrub may have given rise to the idea of a living root; and when we take into account the proneness to exaggeration, and love of the marvellous, common to mankind in every climate, similar misrepresentations will be easily explained. They serve, however, to illustrate the power and progress of knowledge, and stand forth as points of comparison between our age and the past, over which we have a manifest advantage. But as the march of discovery is still proceeding with increased velocity, it is difficult to say how much of our own generation's practical wisdom and speculative opinions may be regarded by our successors only as Travellers' Tales.

ARTIFICIAL MARBLE.

We have lately been much interested by an examination of specimens of artificial marble, sandstone, conglomerate, and other mineral productions made by a lady.*

Curious and useful discoveries may be arranged in three classes: first, those which are the result of mere accident, and therefore reflect no honour on those by whom they are made; and second, those made by a new application of known principles or facts, reflecting on the discoverer all the honour due to superior acuteness of mind, and a fine perception of the connection between cause and effect; the third and highest class are those resulting from a preconceived idea, wrought out to demonstration by pure force of reasoning and experiment, which is, in fact, just tangible reasoning.

To this last class belongs the discovery we are about to notice. So far back as 1840, Mrs Marshall was struck with the odd idea, that the animal and vegetable remains so universally found in the secondary and tertiary strata might, by a chemical or electric influence exerted upon the disintegrated particles of these rocks, have been the cause of their aggregation.

Between the first rude outline of this idea and the realisation of Mrs Marshall's wishes, five years, and upwards of ten thousand experiments, intervened. Many of these were forbidden in their detail, and others requiring truly scientific patience to complete; but the whole result has been a satisfactory demonstration that if the constituents of any mineral body of which lime forms a part be mixed in their true proportions (the lime used being free from carbon in any form), and these mixed

with animal and vegetable remains, under circumstances of due moisture and heat, aggregation of their particles will take place at periods varying with the substances under experiment, from a few minutes, to hours, weeks, and months; and these artificial aggregations (allowing for absence of time, and the incalculable amount of superincumbent pressure present in the natural phenomena) come so undeniably near, in appearance and qualities, to the products of nature, as to throw a totally new and interesting light on some of her hitherto most mysterious operations.*

There are two problems which have justly been considered by geologists as among the most difficult in their science: The one is, that the nodules in strata containing fossils, particularly crustaceous relics, contain more lime—taking size for size—than the intervening spaces in the beds. The natural conclusion at first sight is, that the surplus lime accrues from the osseous fabric of the organism. But investigation proves that there is more lime contained in the whole nodule than this will account for. Mrs Marshall's experiments and specimens show that bone or recent shell has, more than any other portion of the animal frame, a power of attracting or of *condensing* lime, while a counter power is exerted by the lime of hardening or solidifying the bone. This of course acts more powerfully and obviously when the bone and the lime come in immediate contact, as in the nodules of the crustaceous fossils, than in the case of the vertebrata, where the integuments interpose like a screen. Thus if portions of bone, or recent shells, be placed in a heap of sulphate of lime, or of magnesia thoroughly free from carbonic acid, with a very small proportion of vegetable matter added, and the heap so prepared be kept in circumstances of moisture, the parts in contact with the bone will first begin to harden or condense, and this action will gradually radiate to an extent corresponding to the size and form of the osseous matter, while at the same time the bone, even the soft cellular portion, becomes hard and stone-like. The very same effect is produced by and on coral; for not only does the lime harden in an extraordinary degree round the coral, but in the same ratio the latter loses its dull opaque, and becomes semi-translucent. Whether 'countless ages' would bring these to a perfect resemblance of natural fossils, it is hard to say; but a year and a half has sufficed to render them extremely curious, and worthy of attention. The experiments conducted with the constituents of sandstone and lias lead to the very same results, but much more slowly than in the pure lime.

The other problem to which we allude is this: From what cause has it arisen that many mineral substances, and even whole strata, are found identical in the nature and proportions of their constituents, yet totally different in their lithological structure? Such is the stratum frequently above coal and lime, and both above and mingled with sandstone. Mrs Marshall's experiments show that if a mass in imitation of such mineral bodies be prepared, and one part of it left at perfect rest, while the other is agitated or disturbed, the one will harden in a few hours or days into a substance not distinguishable by the eye from the natural stone, and capable of resisting water and weather; while the latter will take as many weeks to harden, and then present a mass which readily degrades by exposure to either. The experiment may be varied thus: Such masses always set or harden from the centre outwards; allow the mass to set till within half an inch of the surface; disturb what remains, and the result will be, that on making a section, the centre will be found hard enough to take a fine polish, while the outer crust will be a mere crumbling mass of chalk or sand.

Mr Hugh Miller, in his 'Old Red Sandstone,' conjectures that the curious outstriking of colours which

* Mrs Marshall, formerly of Manchester, now of Edinburgh. This lady is authoress of several popular works for children, on which, at the time they appeared, we frequently drew for the amusement and instruction of our young readers.

* We would be understood as not prepared to sanction the geological speculation here involved, though we decide on allowing the writer to state his own convictions.—Ed.

here and there occurs in that and some other formations, may have arisen from the action of decaying animal matter. Not only is this completely proved by this lady's experiment, but what Mr Miller seems not to have once suspected, that decaying *vegetable* matter has the same effect; and doubtless to this, rather than animal, are owing the more curious and grotesque forms in which these white and gray stains appear.

We were particularly interested by one specimen, in which, with the view of solving two problems by one experiment, there had been laid down upon the surface, while yet fluid, a few of the delicately-rounded leaf-stalks of the *Fucus vesiculosus*: of these some had sunk only half, and others wholly, under the surface. In course of time the vegetable matter shrinks to a film that can be blown out with the breath, and there then remains in the mimic stratum perforations which are lined with white, presenting the most perfect resemblance to those mysterious worm-like borings which occur in the face of compact limestone, and have given rise to so much discussion.

The specimens are divided into two classes—the one terrestrial, and the other marine. We are inclined to consider the latter decidedly the more interesting and curious. Patents for Britain and foreign countries have been taken for the use of this discovery. But we confess that, as devoted utilitarians, we feel a far deeper interest in the *economic* than in the merely scientific results of this discovery, curious and important though they be. Upon the principle developed, two most valuable and entirely new architectural cements have been compounded—the one pure white, the other of a greenish-gray or sage colour.

The first, after the trial of years, has proved itself a certain cure for all damp arising from porosity, or presence of sea salt in building stone, or from want of *sanctity in building even with good materials*—a cause for damp, we regret to say, fully more common than the two former.

It is not easy, on any known or alleged theory, to account for this quality in the cement; but the *fact* is incontrovertible. We have seen walls in sunk flats (done with it more than two years ago) which had been streaming with damp, noxious and offensive in its effluvia, so as to be quite uninhabitable, rendered perfectly dry, and the apartments offering a peculiarly comfortable sensation to the feelings on entering, as if a fire had recently been in them. This arises from the intonaca* being such a remarkably slow conductor of heat, that the atmosphere in all apartments plastered with it is kept at an even temperature—warm in winter, and cool in summer; whereas common lime, being a very rapid conductor of heat, speedily robs the air of all warmth in winter, and throws in great heat in summer—effects which we but partially obviate by covering it with paint or paper.

This cement also resists fire to a very high degree. Half an inch depth of it has been known to protect lath from intense fire for two hours; and even when it reaches the wood, neither flame nor spark is ever emitted—it merely smoulders slowly into a light-white ash. The cement does not, even under a red heat, crack or fly off from the wall; but if water be thrown upon it at this time, its substance and cohesion are destroyed, and it requires removal.

Dissatisfied with this result, the indefatigable experimentalist applied herself to making new combinations, and a few months since succeeded in perfecting a cement combining all the good qualities of the white, with the additional advantage (a grand desideratum indeed!) of remaining perfectly uninjured by water thrown upon it, even when at a full red heat. If a common brick, covered with one-eighth inch of it, be thrown into the heart of a large fire, and brought to a red heat, and from the fire be thrown into a bucket of water, it will

neither crack nor fly from the surface, and when dried, will bear no mark of injury, smoke and dirt excepted. Care must be taken, in laying on the cement, that no opening to the brick be left, otherwise the brick itself will rend on meeting the water.

The advantages of a cement like this, both in domestic and trade architecture, are too obvious to require argument or demonstration. If floors and ceilings be formed of it, fire may be confined to the apartment in which it originates, instead of penetrating, as in so many deplorable cases it has recently done, both in this city and Glasgow, with the rapidity of lightning, from one storey to another, upwards and downwards, through whole ranges of building. And when extinguished, no repair will be required but that occasioned by the removal of smoke and wet ashes.

Both these cements harden and dry in so short a time, that houses or apartments done with them may be inhabited in a fortnight after the plasterers are finished. No noxious exhalation—as from common plaster—or lurking damp remains in them, to injure health or property; and this alone is an immense benefit in cases of alterations, particularly in shops. They both take paint or paper the moment they are dry. But for all unpretending apartments, or for lobbies and staircases, no colour more beautiful or appropriate than that of the gray cement itself could be desired. It is considerably cheaper than the white: but this matter we refer to the manufacturer. It is, however, one of deep importance to the public, that anything preventing the scourge of fire and of damp should be brought within the reach of those building or repairing for the masses, at such a price as to remove all excuse for not using it; and here we would remark, that the rapid and thorough drying of these cements throws a large amount of saved rent to the credit side, which should be considered as reducing the expense of it. We have included damp, along with fire, as a scourge; indeed we consider it very decidedly the severer of the two; nay, we are prepared to hold that in towns it is more the promoter of death than all other causes united—not to name the misery and discomfort it entails on life. We speak of the dirt of the habitations of the poor; but damp and dirt are indissoluble in their companionship: and how often, by the cruel Pandemonium-like window-tax, is the evil deepened and (without a pun) *darkened* to the industrious poor, whose very means of existence is often connected with a free access of the blessed light of heaven to the scene of daily toil!

We have already exceeded our space, or we would refer at length to the boundless variety and importance of the uses to which these cements may be applied. On our table, at this moment, are most delicately-beautiful medallions, executed in white on coloured grounds; specimens of marble, splendid in colouring and polish; and pieces of granite and other stones, rugged from the quarry, united by it with most extraordinary firmness.

THE CRETAN DAUGHTER.

THIRTY years have passed away since the events took place of which we are now about to speak; but though this period has sufficed to change the whole face of Europe, and sweep millions from their habitations in this world, it has brought little or no change to the beautiful island of Crete. Then, as now, this bright flower of the sea was under the dominion of the Turks; and the one noble but disastrous effort by which some few years since the enslaved Cretans attempted to obtain their liberty, has left not even a trace, except in the sad hearts of the widows and orphans of those who were martyrs in the cause. At the present day, therefore, the same scene may often be witnessed which presented itself to the inhabitants of Canea, the capital of Crete, some thirty years since one fine summer morning.

It was shortly after sunrise, the hour most suitable in that climate for any active business; and the bazaars, where merchandise of all sorts was displayed, were

* Mrs Marshall has given this name to her cement—it is simply the Italian word for wall-plaster.

crowded with buyers and sellers, carrying on their traffic in the true Oriental manner by silent pantomime. These consisted chiefly of Greeks and Turks; but there were also a great number of Jews and Armenians, as well as many Egyptian soldiers. A large proportion of this motley assemblage was collected in an immense quadrangle, where a peculiar species of commerce was going forward that seemed especially to interest them. This was the public sale of human beings, which took place weekly on an appointed day. The slave traders were almost all Africans; and the unhappy captives themselves seemed to have been chosen out from among the various Eastern nations, solely with a view to the price they were likely to bring in the market. Very many, however, were Cretans, brought down from the mountains by the foraging troops of the Turkish aga, who, according to a custom not more prevalent then than it is now, was in the habit of sending small parties of soldiers over the island to sack and burn, if necessary, the distant villages, in order to bring him the young and healthy of the wretched inhabitants to be sold as slaves. These were usually taken on speculation by the traders, who then drew what profit they could from them.

The sale had been going on for about an hour with great animation, though in the most systematic manner. At last it came to the turn of an old villanous-looking Egyptian to produce his merchandise; and after having sold off one or two black slaves, he brought forward what he evidently considered the most valuable part of his stock. This was a young man and woman, whose dress and appearance indicated not only that they were Cretans, but that in their own village home they had enjoyed a certain superiority of rank. They were evidently husband and wife, and the helpless silent despair into which they were plunged, showed that captivity was new to them; for although all the inhabitants of the sunny isle of Crete were virtually slaves, yet of course a small proportion only are condemned to the unnatural ignominy of being bought and sold. Their bitter misfortune seemed, however, to have had a different effect on the young couple, according to their different dispositions. The thoughts of both, as they were put up for sale, doubtless reverted sadly to that dear home where the morning of their happy wedded life had dawned so brightly, but to fade into untimely night; that sunlit cottage, nestling in the bosom of the great Mount Ida, with the green vineyards all around it, from whence they drew their little wealth, and the myrtle bushes sheltering it from the mountain blasts. Yet the sharpness of their regrets told not equally on both. The countenance of the young man denoted only an utter and hopeless despondency, for he was not one of those to whom is given the fatal gift of intense feeling; and he evidently partook somewhat of that effeminacy often to be found in men amongst the luxurious nations of the East. Very different was the expression in the large dark eyes of his wife. Here was indeed the full capacity of suffering; and she was rapidly entering on the utmost extent of misery which even she could feel. There was something which lay nearer her heart than the liberty and the joy she had lost; and from this treasure, the gift of Heaven, she believed the unhallowed ruthless hands of man was about to sever her for ever. Clapsed close to her breast, with all the strength of her feeble arms, she held her only child, her little fair-haired daughter, the merry glance of whose sweet blue eyes had been for the last three or four years the very sunshine of her existence; and she knew—this young mother well knew—that it is not one of the least atrocities of the vile traffic of the slave dealers, that a purchaser never will consent to take the children along with the mother, unless they have reached an age when they can be made serviceable, and are no longer only an encumbrance. This her little darling would still most assuredly be considered; and she felt—for she was too utterly miserable to admit the delusion of a hope—that were she

sold, they would not scruple to tear from her that round which, by the decree of nature herself, her heart-strings were twined with a love unutterable.

The sale proceeded. A Turkish merchant of Gallipoli, after much bargaining, agreed to buy the young couple, calculating on their youth and strength, and consequent capacity for incessant labour, as the guarantee that his purchase would long be profitable to him. As usual, however, he would not consent to include the child in the agreement. The Egyptian trader, when he had stolen the young Cretan mother from her happy home, had endeavoured to separate her from the child, in order that he might rid himself and her alike of a useless burden, as he designed that she should perform the journey to the capital on foot; but she clung to her treasure with a tenacity which he could only have overcome by means of such violence as might have perilled her life; he therefore told her with a grim smile that she might burden herself as she pleased, but that he warned her he should find means to make her travel at his pace, whatever weight she might choose to carry with her. To this she offered no remonstrance; but weary, exhausted, and fainting, over hill and plain she carried her child uncomplaining—uttering not a murmur when the blows fell heavy on her, if she seemed about to sink beneath her precious burden. Now, however, the slave dealer did not require to practise even such much of forbearance; her new master might manage her as he would; but in order to perform his part of the bargain, he went up to her at once, and by main force tore from her arms the shrieking infant, whom he flung aside to perish in the street, unless some one compassionate heart existed amongst all that sordid and unfeeling crowd. No words can describe the agony that was expressed in the mother's piercing scream, as she struggled vainly in the stern grasp of her tormentors, who held her down when she would have sprung towards the spot where her little daughter lay. No words burst from her lips but those, 'My child, my child!' yet volumes would not suffice to convey to the mind the deep despair which they embodied.

Amongst the spectators was one who had witnessed the whole of these proceedings with all the horror which must fill a well-regulated and generous mind at so base a violation of laws divine and human. This was a good American missionary, who, with his wife, as good and devoted as himself, had left home, friends, and family, to aid with his best efforts the great work of the propagation of Christianity in the East. He had come to witness this revolting sale, solely in the hope that he might be of use; and he now had an opportunity of learning that such good intentions are, in this life, rarely left to lie fallow, but are ever sure to find some ailment whereon to work. His warm kindly heart had been pierced to the very core by the bitter cry of that wretched mother; and now, acting on one of those noble impulses which, if oftener felt and oftener indulged in, would brighten into day the twilight gloom in which contending good and ill have clad our world, he rushed forward and lifted up the forlorn child tenderly in his arms, then advancing as near to the young mother as the Turkish servants of her new master would allow, he said to her in her own language—'Take this with you for your comfort, poor captive victim, that your child shall have a happy home, and an unwearied protector. I pledge myself before that Heaven whose mercy has sent me to you, that I will be to her not only now, but while I live, all that the parents she has lost could themselves have been.' He had no time to add more, for the Turk had made a sign, and the other slaves were dragging away their new companions; but she had understood him: there was that in the uplifted eye and earnest truthful accents of the American which inspired her involuntarily with a perfect confidence in him, stranger as he was. It is in the very nature of a mother's love to be disinterested; and though she felt that for herself existence must be altogether dark without her darling, it was yet with a look of rapturous joy

and gratitude that she rewarded the missionary, feeling that though despair was claiming her for his own, at least all was well with her beloved child. In another moment she had disappeared among the crowded streets, following her master along with the other slaves, amongst whom walked the husband, apparently stupefied with misery.

The good missionary was left standing alone in the market-place with his new possession in his arms; but he did not regret the solemn pledge he had taken on her behalf, as the poor little child nestled in his bosom, and lifted up to him the confiding glance of her innocent eye. He took her home to his wife; and this lady being accustomed prudently to temper the warmth of her husband's zeal, was somewhat startled at the extent of the duty he had so positively promised to perform. That woman, however, must belie her very nature who could resist the claims of a helpless and deserted child; and no sooner did she feel those little soft arms round her neck, than she had taken her to her heart and home as easily and willingly as her husband himself.

As soon as the heat of the day was over, the missionary went out with the intention of ascertaining the destination of the newly-purchased slaves, that he might not lose sight altogether of the parents of his little charge. But it was already too late: he was told that the Turk had embarked early in the day with all his possessions, animate and inanimate, and had set sail no one had inquired whither. All the information he could obtain was, that he was a wealthy merchant of Gallipoli, a town situated near the entrance of the Sea of Marmora, and opposite to the ancient Lampacus. He returned home, therefore, with the conviction that this poor child, so truly an orphan, though her parents lived, was indeed a gift from Heaven, with which he was to part no more.

The months and years passed swiftly on, and the little Stamata (by which name the missionary had heard her mother call her) grew and prospered under his fostering care. Shortly after she had become one of his family, he had removed from Crete to one of the Ionian islands, where he was called on to take the superintendence of the schools which had been established there by the American mission. He had not been resident in his new abode many years before he lost his wife, and it was then that he began to reap the fruits of his good action. Stamata became all to him that the most devoted and affectionate daughter could have been: she was as sweet and engaging a child as ever lived. Thoughtful, earnest, and with a mind of very unusual powers, she secured the entire regard of the good missionary; and it was his delight to instruct her, and to cultivate her fine intellect as much as he could. She was a most apt scholar, and in the theological branch of her studies especially made singular progress; he had indeed every reason to believe that she might most ably replace him in his care of the schools when old age crept upon him; and this became his cherished hope and dream. He had thought it his duty, when she came to a suitable age, to inform her of all the circumstances of his first acquaintance with her: he found, to his astonishment, that, young as she was at the time, she remembered the whole scene of her parents' ignominious sale most perfectly, even to the minutest detail; and it was very evident that it had made an impression on her so profound, that it was likely to influence her whole life. So deep and painful, indeed, was the emotion she displayed when he mentioned her father and mother, that he at once determined never to revert to the subject, trusting that the recollection of their fate might thus in time pass from her thoughts. Whether this were the case or not, as the years wore on, he never could tell, for he dared not renew the experiment, and one of the most prominent features in Stamata's character, as it ripened into maturity, was a peculiar and invincible reserve. Slight indications sometimes revealed to him that she brooded night and day over thoughts which

she never disclosed; yet as, during the lapse of several years, the name of her parents never passed her lips, he could not but hope that, like himself, she believed that in all human probability they had long since sunk under the weight of their many sorrows, and of their unceasing labour, so that they could no longer either suffer or require to hope even for better things.

Stamata was still very young, when the schools having greatly increased, it became necessary that her adopted father should have an assistant in his arduous duties. To his infinite delight, the directors of the establishment decided that he could have none better fitted for the task than the child he himself had rendered a most able and efficient coadjutor, especially as her singular talent and great instruction were well known. Elevated to this honourable position, Stamata now entered into the receipt of no inconsiderable salary; and this circumstance was the means of bringing out a new trait in her character, which caused the missionary very great uneasiness. Every cepta (the smallest Greek coin) which she could by any possibility accumulate, she hoarded up in the most systematic manner, with all the avidity of the most covetous miser. Although just at that age when young girls are naturally disposed to spend what little they have on the adornment of their person, she employed every imaginable device to spare even what was absolutely necessary for her dress, which was coarse and plain even to meanness; but what was infinitely worse, she never bestowed the smallest relief on the many objects of charity which presented themselves.

Stamata, however, whilst rapidly accumulating a large sum of money, was far more lavish of another treasure which she possessed—and this was the first warm affections of her young heart: these she had bestowed, almost before she was aware of it, on one happily well deserving of the gift. He was a young Ionian, whose father, having wasted all his substance in a ruinous speculation, had left him to find a precarious existence by acting as interpreter to any casual stranger visiting the island. But though poor and unfortunate, Petrachi was a generous, high-spirited, noble young man, and he proved himself capable of a most devoted and disinterested affection from the first moment that he saw the gentle, thoughtful Stamata. She herself, reserved as she was on some points, was too innocent and sincere to hide her silent love from the anxious eyes of her adopted father; and when the young man honestly came to confess to him his deep and passionate attachment, the worthy missionary at once gave him not only his consent, but his promise of assistance in bringing the matter to a conclusion. This could only be, however, when Stamata should herself have realised a sufficient sum for their subsistence, as Petrachi was altogether without fortune. She was destined to arrive at what was evidently the summit of her wishes much sooner than she had hoped. The directors of the schools were so much pleased with her abilities and attention to her duties, that they decided on doubling her salary; and at the expiry of little more than a year from the period of Petrachi's avowal of his sentiments, she found herself in possession of what in that country was considered quite a small fortune. The young man had been repeatedly urging her adopted father to release him from his promise of silence on the subject nearest his heart; and when this occurred, he at last obtained his leave to go and formally ask her in marriage, as the good missionary thought that now the sooner the matter was concluded the better. Petrachi left him joyously to go and seek Stamata, full of hope, which the old man thought most justly founded; but his amazement was very great when, a short time after, the young man burst into his room in a state of utter despair, and besought him to go and remonstrate with Stamata, who, he declared, had positively refused to marry him, even while she honestly confessed that she loved him very dearly. The missionary was exceedingly astonished and perplexed at this intelligence, for

nothing could have been more evident than the warm attachment with which the young man had certainly inspired her; and he could hardly credit the idea that his child had grown capricious or inconstant.

An explanation of this incomprehensible circumstance soon ensued. Stamata informed her foster-father that so far from having ever forgotten her parents, or allowed time to deaden her feelings towards them, she had, on the contrary, lived month after month, and year after year, in one only and fondly-cherished hope; which was, that she might herself be the means of restoring them to liberty; and this project had been her dream by night, and her sole thought by day. She had ascertained from a Turk, resident in the island, what was the price usually asked for a male and female slave; and to earn this sum she had toiled, and laboured, and deprived herself not only of every personal gratification, but of that sweetest of earth's joys—the relief of the suffering—in order to accumulate the necessary funds for this purpose, more than any other just and holy. Silently, and taking counsel from no one, she had matured her plans with a strange mixture of reckless courage and shrewdness, and it was evident that she would follow them up in spite of all obstacles. She appeared never to have entertained the idea that it was possible her parents might no longer require her care: it was her conviction that they yet lived, and on this she acted. She had carefully concealed her hopes and wishes from the missionary, because she knew his kind heart too well not to be aware that had he known how much her whole happiness depended on her success, he would at once have drawn on his own little store to furnish the sum she required; and from such an additional sacrifice on his part her generosity revolted. He had indeed done enough for her already—far more than she ever could repay; and it was from her only that her parents ought to claim the self-devotedness and unwearied exertion which it would require to procure their liberty. That she loved Petrachi, she made no attempt to conceal; but from the first she had been so determined to devote herself and her fortune to her one pious effort, that she had taught herself to hope that his silence had proceeded from indifference; and now, though it pierced her to the heart to find that he also was doomed to suffer by her honourable resolution, yet when the missionary called him in to take a part in the consultation, she would hold out to him no hope that his wish might ever be fulfilled, for it would take all her little portion to purchase her parents' liberty, and she could not bid him wait, wasting his youth and life, till she should have time to amass another. Petrachi's eyes told her he would wait whether she wished it or not; and his look of warm affection seemed to render her desirous of hurrying on to a more complete detail of her plans.

What she had already told them, she said, was merely a retrospect of the thoughts that had engrossed her whilst patiently labouring to earn the money requisite; but now the time was come for her to act, and one cause for her bitter tears had been the consciousness that she ought, without delay, to abandon all that was most dear to her on earth, in order to prosecute her scheme, now ripe for execution. Fortunately, she said, a family with whom they were intimate were about to set sail from the island for Constantinople, and they had agreed to take her so far as Gallipoli, where, if her parents lived, it was likely they still were. If they should, however, be elsewhere, she would follow them; and she had made every preparation for her expedition, having already sewed the greater part of her precious money into the crown of her red *fey* (or cap), in order to secure it more completely. Petrachi and the missionary saw well that it would be vain to attempt to dissuade her from the cherished project of a lifetime; but they both remonstrated loudly against her going alone on this perilous expedition. Stamata, however, displayed a degree of firmness, and even of obstinacy on this point, which they could only attribute to some secret motive;

nor did she deny, when they questioned her, that she had indeed a private reason for refusing to be accompanied by her friends; besides, she showed them, with her usual prudence, that it would have been impossible, at all events, as Petrachi could not have been a suitable escort; and the welfare of the whole party perhaps depended on the old missionary continuing to conduct the schools in her absence, lest they fell into other hands. Finally, after a long and painful conversation, the old man decided that she was to follow her own arrangements; for he was one of those who would always prefer to see the beings he loved perish in the performance of a good action, than live even prosperously in the neglect of duty.

The family under whose escort she was to quit her dear home and dearer friends were to set sail in a very few days, and the old missionary did not regret that it was so; for although he saw that Stamata was perfectly firm in her resolve, it was evident at the same time that she suffered most deeply, and also that she appeared to consider this separation as one likely to be final, which seemed to him little likely. Had he known the secret resolution which caused her so to think, and had indeed seen the reason of her refusing to allow any one to accompany her, he would assuredly have died before he allowed her to leave him. She had determined that if the power of gold should fail, as sometimes happened, or if the sum she possessed were too small to restore her father and mother to the freedom which was their birthright, she would adopt a means she was sure would not fail to liberate one at least, by offering herself as working slave in their stead. Such a resolution as this was no less dreadful to Stamata than it would have been to a free-born British girl; for it must be remembered that not only was her mind highly cultivated, but she had been educated by an American, who had not failed to teach her all his own liberal ideas; although along with them he had also given her those high and noble principles which made her prepare so calmly to undertake the horrors and the ignominy of slavery for the sake of those who had been to her, indeed, parents but in name.

The day of separation arrived. Followed by the prayers and tears of those to whom she was so dear, the devoted daughter left her happy home; but even those who loved her best could scarcely comprehend the violence of her grief, for they knew not to what an extent she meant to carry her sacrifice. Her most bitter trial was over at last, however: she saw the figures of the good old missionary and Petrachi, who had promised to be to him a son, receding in the distance; and soon she could see them no more, remaining all alone with the dread that she never might see them again. Amongst the passengers who were sailing with her, Stamata found, to her great joy, that there was a Greek resident habitually at Gallipoli, whither he was now going, along with his mother, a very shrewd and pleasant-looking old woman. With these people Stamata eagerly made acquaintance, thinking it very probable that they might know something of the Turk who had bought her parents, and whose name she well remembered. She was not mistaken; they knew him perfectly, as he was the most influential merchant in the town; and what was still better, the old Greek lady had often been in his harem, where she had much traffic with the principal wife in the sale of henna, black dyes for the eyebrows, and so on. She was happily quite a person to become acquainted with the most minute details of every one's establishment, and she knew the names of every individual slave. That Stamata's father was amongst them she positively affirmed; for she said she even recollected well the circumstances of his purchase, from the ill-humour manifested by the Turk when he found his bargain likely to prove unprofitable, as the poor mother, bereaved of her child, had drooped and died within a few months. At this intelligence Stamata's grief was excessive; for it was the recollection of her mother's

parting scream that had so steeled her heart against all the joys of life, which for her sake she had sacrificed. But when the old woman proceeded to tell her that the Turk had vowed to make the survivor work for both, and that the consequent toil and torture which her wretched father had endured for years was not to be told, she at once subdued her sorrow for her she had lost, in order to secure the freedom of him who yet remained. Stamata, with all her talent, was guileless and unsuspecting as a child, and she at once opened her heart to her new acquaintances, telling them all her hopes and plans, and even the precise sum which she carried with her for the attainment of her object. At this last piece of intelligence the eyes of mother and son sparkled in a manner that would have put her on her guard, had she known a little more of the world, or even of those countries in which she had resided all her life; for she would then have known that in the East the most worthless characters are sure to be found amongst those persons who, like her new Greek friends, abandon their own land and national peculiarities for those of any country where it may be their interest to reside. Indeed one a little more acquainted with evil in its many shapes than poor Stamata, would have found reason to doubt the sincerity of her newly-made acquaintances, from the very warmth and vehemence of the protestations of friendship and interest with which they now assailed her. But she judged others by herself; and feeling she would have done precisely the same had the case been reversed, she felt no surprise when they invited her, with every appearance of disinterested kindness, to come to their house with them on arriving at Gallipoli, till such time as she could obtain an entrance into the palace of the wealthy merchant. She thankfully accepted this offer, as they promised, without any difficulty, to procure for her an opportunity of entering into the desired negotiation, probably with the wife of the Turk, whom the old lady knew so well, as he himself they believed to be absent on an expedition of some importance.

After a most prosperous voyage, Stamata landed at Gallipoli with her friends, and proceeded at once to their house. Her impatience was now so great, that the old Greek lady could not refuse to gratify her by going at once to visit the harem of the Turk, and prepare the way for Stamata's own negotiation. She was absent some hours, but she returned with the most satisfactory intelligence. She had seen Stamata's father, who had heard that there was a chance of his being restored to freedom with a frantic joy which seemed to have excluded all other sentiment, even the natural pleasure of a parent in recovering a child lost to him for so many years. She had also seen the principal lady of the harem, who had full authority, in the absence of the lord and master, to act in such matters as these, and from whom she had obtained the positive promise that she would accept the sum Stamata had to offer in exchange for her father's liberty. The old woman had also arranged that the interview was to take place next day at an early hour. After having been thus assured that her long-nourished hope was so soon to be fulfilled, Stamata enjoyed the first good night's rest she had known for a considerable period; and although she shared the room of her hostess, she slept too soundly to be aware of any movement which might have taken place there during the night.

The next morning the Cretan daughter proceeded alone to the dwelling of the Turk; and now, when she seemed at the summit of her wishes, it was decreed that her trials should begin. The first bitter disappointment she experienced was caused by her father. On the mind of this man, never remarkable for any very fine qualities, slavery had worked like a corroding poison; self was his idol, and the only boon he craved for that self was his restoration to liberty. Years of torture and captivity had effaced from his soul all other thoughts and feelings, and this one frantic desire alone engrossed him. When he came forward to meet his

generous daughter, a wretched, decrepit, abject old man, he uttered not one word of joy that he beheld her again, or of thanks for her noble sacrifice; but he called out to her in a feeble, querulous tone, to intreat that she would make no delay in procuring his liberty, by paying down the necessary sum for his ransom, as surely he had waited long enough. It must not be denied that Stamata felt a pang of regret at this destruction of many bright day-dreams, in which she had pictured to herself her first interview with her father; but happily she had commenced this undertaking from a high sense of duty alone, and the duty remained as urgent as ever, however little worthy her surviving parent might be of her tender care. She followed him into the presence of the merchant's wife, and was told by her that immediately on the receipt of the ransom, both father and daughter should be at liberty to depart. The old man's eyes glistened at the word; and Stamata, hastily taking off her fey, almost tore out the lining in her eagerness to produce the money. What was her consternation on finding that it was gone, and a few stones substituted in its place, that she might not miss the weight when wearing the cap! For one moment, at this irreparable misfortune, Stamata almost felt her strong trust in Heaven abandon her; she did not, in her guilelessness, dream of suspecting her hostess of the night before, but she believed that, when asleep on board the vessel, it must have been stolen from her, so as to deprive her of all hope of recovering the sum she had so toiled to earn. To add to her misery, the father, as he saw the cup of joy dashed from his lips, became half maddened with the revulsion of feeling, and uttered something very like a curse on his unhappy daughter. The blood rushed back to her heart as she heard it; but mastering her anguish, she turned to the merchant's wife, and made one more attempt to perform her noble duty. She offered herself as working* slave in exchange for her father. The offer was accepted: the strong healthy girl was a good substitute for the decrepit old man; and he was told that he was free, and might leave the establishment at once, since his daughter remained in his stead. At this announcement he uttered a wild cry of rapture, and flew towards the door, as though he could not endure one moment more the captivity he had borne for years; and not by one word or look did he sweeten to Stamata the bitter portion now assigned to her; but she stopped him in his flight—it was only, however, to give him a few ornaments she had received from her beloved friends, now more than ever lost, and by the sale of which she intended he should pay his passage from Gallipoli. One only request she made to him in return for all she had sacrificed: she implored of him to go to her adopted (and far dearer) father, in order to inform him of her fate; and having obtained his promise that he would do so, she saw him depart, and heard the prison doors (for they were such to her) close after him, to hold her captive there for ever.

Stamata entered at once, silent and uncomplaining, on her new and laborious mode of living. In all her ideas and feelings she was as much of a Christian and a European as one who had never left Great Britain could have been; it may therefore be imagined what it was to her to become the slave of Turkish slaves, which was, in fact, the position she now held, and that without a hope of any change; for she felt by no means sure that her unworthy father would even fulfil his promise of communicating her position to her friends. In this she was mistaken: he was not altogether dead to natural feeling, and he faithfully performed her commission, for which he was rewarded, by being received into the missionary's house. The American, as well as Petrachi, would have been in positive despair at the intelligence he brought, had not Providence meanwhile been raising up friends for the Cretan daughter in her hour of need.

* There is a distinction between the slaves so called and those of the harem.

Amongst the strangers who had lately visited the beautiful island where the missionary dwelt, was one of his own countrymen, a man of enormous wealth, and, what is rather more rare, a man who rejoiced in his wealth as a means of doing good. He had been deeply interested in the story of Stamata, and had communicated to her adopted father and to Petrachi his intention of restoring to her the portion she had so dutifully sacrificed, in order to enable the young couple at once to marry and settle for life. When the Cretan slave, therefore, brought the news of his noble daughter's miserable fate, this good rich man thanked Heaven that he had visited the island just at this period. Not an hour elapsed before he was on his way to Gallipoli; there he offered the merchant's wife any sum she pleased to name for her new slave Stamata; and having joyfully paid the very exorbitant price she demanded, he brought the noble girl back to her beloved home, there to reap the reward of her dutiful conduct. His good works did not stop here: he settled on her a sum quite sufficient to enable her to marry Petrachi, and lead henceforward a most happy life—ever tending and caring for her real father with all due consideration, whilst she was at liberty to cherish with a far deeper affection the good old missionary, who had been at least the very life of her mind and heart.

NATIONAL EDUCATION—ITS OBSTRUCTORS.

It is strange how long a point of polity may be established with entire success in one country, while in another the very first principles on which it is based may be the subject of fierce controversy, as if there were no voice to be had from experience in the matter. A system of education in which the secular part is provided for in schools where all sects may meet, while the clergy are permitted to impart religious instruction at certain convenient times apart, has been long established in various countries—as Prussia, Holland, and the United States—and its results are most satisfactory. Yet when this plan is proposed in Britain, it meets with such a storm of objections, as only might be expected to arise against some altogether unheard-of novelty. The chief of these objections it is easy to trace to the anxiety of other institutions about their own interests. At least it appears to us that any real fears on the score of religion may well be quieted, when a body so respectable as the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland sanctions the plan without reservation, professing that, while 'it is not inconsistent with the legitimate functions of civil government to provide for the secular instruction of the subject,' the religious department 'belongs exclusively to the parent and the church.' Perhaps much of the struggling towards a different point is only attributable to the excited state into which the community has been thrown by the political fervours of the last few years. It would certainly, however, be a great pity if, from whatever cause, or with whatever motive, our movements for improved means of education were to land it only more entirely than it has hitherto been in the hands of persons who regard it primarily as a means of maintaining or improving their own place as churches or denominations. This were to make the heart and soul of the country, and all their future tendencies, the subject of a mere scramble for the human selfishness involved in propagandism. It might not much cramp the development of the national intellect, for here we think the press gives good assurance that progress is irresistible; but it could not fail to postpone the day when the best secular effects of Christianity, in the binding of men together as brothers and equals, were to be realised—thus inconceivably damaging the very cause it was professedly meant to advance. At present, we have fully enough of division of one kind and another—from that which wealth produces, to that resting in diversity of opinion on religion and its externals. Who could

undertake to estimate the probable increase of mutually-repelling antipathies, if children were all to be trained under a system which should rank them up in visible separation from each other, and teach each little group to regard with aversion all that belonged to the rest? It seems to us as if, in such a state of things, added to the jealousies of employed towards employers, of industry against rank, and rank against industry, we should be involved in something not greatly different from, though not bearing the name of, civil war.

Such a danger is ridiculous as well as deplorable, when we consider that the whole question under dispute is merely one of arrangement of time and place. It is a mere matter of detail as to school hours. What difference there can be between the imparting of certain ideas, or the inculcation of certain feelings to children all at once, in one room, and doing this in a room set apart for the purpose, we are totally unable to imagine. And how this should appear so objectionable, when it is only done for the sake of impartiality towards various sects all standing on an equality in their right each to entertain its own opinions, is equally inconceivable to us.

Another, but much less obstructive difficulty, lies in the opinion of a small but active sect, which maintains that the state has no title to interfere with education. It is true that a government with opposite interests to the people would be seriously mischievous in exercising arbitrary authority over education. This, however, is to misstate the present case. The system of national education generally contemplated, requires only legislative shape and sanction to be given to a system which shall be conducted and paid for by the people themselves. A right national system would be as much a matter of popular administration as our municipal or police bodies. Such is the plan embraced by the Lancashire Public School Association, who are about to come before parliament for an act to realise their views in that section of England. The part which our government is at present taking in education is unfortunately of a different character—a paltering with the contending selfishness of sects, to not one of which it can afford to say what it really thinks. But that is not an example of national education—it is only one of the miserable make-shifts appropriate to a time of transition.

The time seems come, or coming, when serious efforts would need to be made in order to prevent bad systems from becoming inveterate, if not to cause a right one to be established. We have done what little we can to attract attention to the subject, and to put it in what we think a right point of view. Let us hope soon to see some energetic movements on the part of those who are favourable simply to public and human, as distinguished from sectarian interests. It will be a shame to burn for ever, if they let judgment go against them by default.

CHICKEN FACTORIES.

SOME years ago we described a process for hatching chickens which we saw in operation in London, and since that period, other plans for the same purpose have been attempted with less or more success. It seems to be one of those things on which many ingenious minds have employed themselves from very early times; the transforming quantities of eggs—a comparatively cheap article—into fine marketable poultry on a great wholesale principle, being invested with that degree of possibility which recommends it to the thoughtful and enterprising.

Most of the plans for artificial chicken-production have somehow or other failed, at least to the extent of being generally appreciated. The public have been for a short time entertained with accounts of their practicability, but they have never become part and parcel of our economy. Hens continue, as they have done since the beginning of the world, to be the hatchers of their own eggs, and nurses of their own chicks. Steam, which now-a-days does such wonders, has not yet been

able to assume the function of the decent motherly barn-door fowl. The latest enthusiast in artificial hatching is W. J. Cantelo; and in a pamphlet from the pen of this gentleman now lying before us, we are assured that he has at length discovered the cause of the want of success in previous artists, and is able to furnish the grand desiderata—artificial hatchers to any extent, and of unvarying accuracy.

According to Mr Cantelo's theory, all previous processes have erred in not following nature. Eggs have been put into ovens at a certain heat; but although this will not invariably fail, it is not what experience points out as proper. Nature does not employ ovens, so as to heat the eggs all round; it hatches by *top contact* alone—the warm feathery breast of the mother pressing gently on the eggs placed beneath her in the nest. 'All have overlooked the meaning of the word *incubate*—"to sit upon"—and the necessity for carrying out in their experiments the principle involved in that expression.' Avoiding the error here mentioned, Mr Cantelo has invented an apparatus called the 'Patent Hydro-Incubator.' This machine, which resembles a cupboard, is furnished with trays or drawers, into which the eggs are put. Gently pressing on the top of each tray of eggs, lies a bag of impermeable cloth filled with water, which, by means of connecting tubes with a cistern and boiler, is kept at the desired temperature (106 degrees Fahrenheit). Air is allowed to circulate around and through the trays, by spaces left for the purpose. 'The fowl naturally leaves her nest every day, in search of food, for twenty or thirty minutes; this we must imitate also, as the cold has the effect of causing the air in the vacancy of the egg to contract, whereby a fresh supply is drawn in for the nourishment of the germ. The eggs must be turned or moved about twice every day—that is, at intervals of twelve hours—which prevents the adhesion of any part of the egg to the shell, and also gives the small blood-vessels a better opportunity to spread around the surface of the egg in search of nourishment for the germ. This is effected by nature; for as the fowl leaves her nest, or returns to it, and also when changing her position upon her nest, she unavoidably disturbs the eggs.' Such is Mr Cantelo's explanation, which we believe to be more ingenious than correct. It is certain that some hens never leave their nest during the period of incubation, but require to be fed where they sit; and if so, cooling the eggs for a length of time daily seems as unnecessary as the theory respecting it. Be this as it may, the eggs in the incubator are enjoined to be drawn out and turned every twelve hours; 'and once every day, after the first two days, they are left out until nearly cold, say twenty or thirty minutes.'

After describing how the eggs should be occasionally examined, in order to remove the 'suspected,' we are told that 'the hatch should begin pecking at the expiration of nineteen days and a half; thus, supposing a number of eggs to be put to incubate on Thursday, at five P.M., on the Wednesday morning previous to the expiration of three weeks, I should expect many to have pecked, and some even to begin to come out. Those which have not hatched of their own accord, on the Thursday morning, may be reckoned (provided the heat has been kept up to the right point) as good for nothing, even if taken out of the shell; that is to say, those which are last are worth least. If the eggs hatch sooner than this, lower the heat; if later, raise it: as you can tell only *nearly* the heat of the incubator by placing a thermometer under it, lower or raise your heat only one degree at a time. You must be very near the correct point when the thermometer placed in the tank indicates 110 degrees, as then your incubator will not be far from 106 degrees.' What follows is physiologically curious:—'Stale eggs often produce ill-formed feet or legs, and the same effect is produced by oven-hatching, and even by the new process occasionally, when the water is kept at much too low a temperature; but with a proper heat and fair eggs, a deformity

of the chicken will scarcely ever be found under the Cantelonian system. In all cases of deformity, it is most economical and humane to destroy the chicken. If a *cross-bill*, it always grows worse, and will finish by not being able to eat at all; and a *stiff-leg* is pulled about, and made miserable by the other chickens; and inasmuch as a deformed chicken would not have left the nest of the mother, it is not worth while to attempt to do better artificially. I have hatched a duck with three legs—that is, an imperfect and extraordinary one proceeding from below the root of the tail. This lived and did well, as it had two good legs to stand upon; but the third one was often pulled at by the others.' Being at length hatched, and fairly on their legs, the chicks 'may be gathered in a warm place over the incubator, or tank, in order, when dry, to be placed under the *mother*. This consists of a number of warm pipes, about an inch and a quarter in diameter, and about the same distance apart, resting on supports about five inches from the floor. Beneath these pipes is a sliding board, which is always at such a height as to allow the backs of the chickens to touch the pipes, and which is gradually lowered as they increase in size. This board is removed and cleaned every day, or replaced by another, which had served the day before, and had been cleaned and aired during the twenty-four hours. Above the pipes (about an inch and a half) is another board, similar to that below, from which depends a curtain, in front of the *mother*. This board serves the double purpose of economising the warmth, and preventing the chickens from dirtying each other, as they are very fond of jumping up on the *mother*. The pipes above described proceed from a small tank of warm water, the heat being kept at about 104 or 105 degrees. The young chickens having been once placed beneath this mother, will only leave it to eat, drink, and for exercise, and will return to it of their own accord. At four weeks old, the chickens must be removed from the mother, and placed to roost on small perches, three feet and a half from the ground, in a warm place; and every evening, when they go in, they must be put up to roost, as you have no fowl to entice them. In a few evenings they will go up of their own accord, and at six weeks old, they may be put up in a place to roost permanently. Too great crowding of the chickens must be avoided at all times, as this of itself will create disease. Should any appear, such as sneezing, or watery or sore eyes, those affected must be picked out with the greatest care, and killed.' The chickens should have a piece of dry ground for exercise, and be fed on seeds, grain, grass, worms, or a little chopped meat. 'When very young, or during bad weather, they must be fed in-doors.'

The 'Patent Hydro-Incubator' is of different sizes, from one at twenty guineas, which will hatch 100 eggs, to one for 1000 eggs. 'It is not pretended that the patent incubator will hatch and bring up every egg to a fowl. From twelve to thirty per cent., after great experience, has been found to be the discount. A one-tray machine will enable the party who properly attends to it to produce, on the average, 75 birds to a hatch, and 18 of these in the year, being 1350 fowls. A very different result, indeed, to a hen, which sits but twice in the twelve months, and does not rear up above eight chickens at a hatch. A two-tray incubator and one mother will produce 2700 a year; and so on in proportion—a thousand-egg machine being capable of producing 13,500 full-grown fowls per annum. There is nothing in the principle to prevent millions of eggs being hatched eighteen times in a year by one machine. Hens generally lay eggs after being six months old, but the Cantelonian system does not anticipate keeping a tenth of the poultry for laying stock, so that the quantity and profits arising from eggs are not here taken into account. To feed up an ox to twelve hundred pounds weight usually takes five years; to feed the same weight of poultry can be accomplished in ninety-six days, at less than half the cost for food. This makes the return

quicker, and a small capital employed in the Cantelonian poultry business to do wonders.*

We have followed Mr Cantelo to the end of his description, as it was proper to do, considering the interest which is attached to the subject. That his plan is one of the most feasible yet presented, there can be little doubt. We have no fault to find with his mechanical ingenuity. His incubator will hatch chickens by the million, and the cost of doing so will be comparatively a trifle. If nothing else were wanted but hatchers, hens would never more be heard to cluck, and all the world would grow fat on poultry. The misfortune is, that Mr Cantelo, like his predecessors, has not invented a patent process of feeding as well as hatching. It is easy to bring the chick into the world; but the question is, how we are to find it in food when it gets there? Our author speaks of hens generally laying at six months old; whereas they rarely lay till they have reached nine or ten months, and then their eggs are very small. At ninety-six days old, as we understand, chickens are to be ready for market; had Mr Cantelo said six months, he would have been more correct, for fowls do not fatten till they have done growing. The whole difficulty, therefore, resolves itself into a question of economy. Would it be possible to feed fowls on a great wholesale principle with bought food, for six months, so as 'to pay?' We are pretty sure it would not. Fowls cannot be fed by the hundred or the thousand any more than by the dozen, with any prospect of remuneration, unless the food is got for little or nothing. Some housewives, in fits of thrift, fall into a frenzy about keeping fowls: they are to have such delicious new-laid eggs every morning to breakfast, and such tender well-fed fowls for dinner, and all at such a mere nothing of expense! What is the result? Each egg costs at least sixpence, and every fowl five shillings or more! On this account we fear that, after all, mankind must just leave chicken production to those farmers' wives who are provided with barn-yards, or those cottagers who are not above allowing their fowls to pick up food from the doorways of their neighbours; and to such, incubators on a small scale can alone be of any value. Fowls, in short, can be reared advantageously only on *waste*, and where there is a run, free in every sense of the word. If we are wrong in this assumption, which seems to us borne out by all ordinary experience, we hope Mr Cantelo, in the next edition of his work, will prove it by facts that cannot admit of controversy. Until he does so, we are constrained to believe that the notion of 'chicken factories,' however specious, must take its appropriate place among ingenious but impracticable projects.

M O R O C C O.

Few persons in Europe are aware of the extraordinary policy of the emperors of Morocco, and few therefore were prepared for the solid support received by the Sultan Abd-er-Rahman from his subjects when attacked by so formidable an enemy as Abd-el-Kader had proved himself, by his religious and military prestige, as much as by his unbounded activity and energy.

The policy, however, which has made the fortune of the Edrisite dynasty, has at all times been a very simple one—namely, with foreign powers, no relations, complete isolation; and at home, *alliance with all the great families of the kingdom*. This double line of conduct explains the existence and the strength (if 'union is strength') of the empire of Morocco. Let us enter more fully into the particulars of this twofold system,

the originality of which will not fail to surprise those of our readers who may not be familiar with the ideas and principles of Oriental monarchies.

Morocco, in its geographical position, stands almost isolated. It is bounded on the west by the Atlantic, on the north by the Mediterranean, on the east by Algeria, which, up to the period of the French conquest, seventeen years ago, counted as nothing; and on the south by the Desert, and different tribes who obey no form of government. It was not difficult, therefore, for the founders and successors of the dynasty of Morocco to enclose themselves in a moral manner within a species of insurmountable barrier—that is to say, to have no relation with foreign powers. This they have done. No commerce, no diplomacy. They have imprisoned themselves in their own country; they have lived, and made their subjects live, in a perpetual enclosure, the country sufficing, by its own resources, for the few wants of its inhabitants. What has been the result of this singular policy? That this monarchy has had to engage in no foreign wars, and thus has been enabled to consolidate itself without fear of any dangerous foe.

Being unapproachable by enemies from without, they have turned their thoughts to avoiding hostility in their own territories, and the following is the plan they have adopted for centuries:—

Since the foundation of the dynasty, every reigning monarch has taken a wife from every important family of the country. Any of those who have reigned twenty or thirty years, like the two last sovereigns, Mokei-Sleinau and Moulei-Abd-er-Rahman, have numbered two or three thousand wives from the great families alone. At the present moment, Abd-er-Rahman has no less than seven hundred lawful consorts—namely, two hundred at Morocco, two hundred at Mecknez, and three hundred at Fez. It is to this multitude of ladies, whose support is ruinous, that the low state of the imperial treasury must in a great measure be attributed. Let it not be imagined that these are unhappy concubines, kidnapped by the eunuchs for the seraglio; they are seven hundred daughters of the great families of the empire, who wait for and desire a fruitful marriage, to return then to their paternal home, with a young cherif, son of the sultan! The result of this matrimonomania is, that the emperors, when they reach the age of sixty, like Abd-er-Rahman, can number hundreds of male children fit to carry arms, thousands of grandsons, and thousands of nephews and grandnephews. If you unite this little army, which derives its blood, its life, from one single source—the fathers-in-law, brothers-in-law, the cousins to the sixth degree inclusively—you will arrive at the strange but positive conclusion, that of eight millions of subjects, one million of individuals belong by the strongest ties to the reigning dynasty.

This may seem monstrous, but it is nevertheless the exact truth. There are whole towns and districts whose inhabitants are offshoots of the imperial family. Thus all the Chourfas of Taflet are cousins, in various degrees, of the emperor. We can mention a fact which confirms, in an undeniable manner, all we have now stated. When General Delarue was about to define the boundaries of the eastern part of Morocco, he ceded a portion of the Ouled-Sidi-Cheikh people to the emperor. Sidi-Homza, chief (sheikh) of this tribe, solicited Abd-er-Rahman to admit one of his daughters into his harem, as a pledge of his faithful alliance with his new master.

But the imperial policy does not stop here. All those with whom the emperor, from peculiar considerations, cannot form connections by ties of blood, such as Moors, Jews, and Christians, if they be of any weight, he chains to his chariot by the link of commerce, of which he reserves to himself the exclusive monopoly. He not only gives to some the privilege of buying and selling such and such an article in such and such a port, but he constitutes himself their banker, and lends them the money necessary for their trade. Some of these loans have amounted to L.80,000. When the Prince de Joinville

* We shall be saved much trouble in answering inquiries, by stating that orders for incubators may be directed to Samuel Gant, 19 Tottenham Court Road, London, or Mr Cantelo, at his temporary establishment, Chiswick. All necessary information, including the pamphlet referred to, we presume, may be had from either of these parties.

bombarded Mogador, he was told that the merchants of that place owed £800,000 to the emperor.

Here, then, is a man who holds in his hands, either by relationship or by interest, almost all the chief resources of his kingdom. His patronage and his strength are increased by the prestige of holiness which he derives from his titles of 'Lineal descendant of the Prophet,' and the 'Head of Islamism in the West.' At the hour of need, he could also count on the valuable assistance of the order of *Moulet-Taleb*, a religious association, as powerful as it is numerous, and whose chief, being invested with the privilege of sanctioning the nomination of the emperors, is necessarily, from his position, devoted to the existing dynasty.

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL ON INFLUENZA.

The last quarter of 1847 was so painfully remarkable for the mortality from epidemic diseases, that a brief summary of the facts may be worthy of general circulation. According to the Report of the Registrar-General, just published, the number of deaths for the three months ending in December was 57,925, being 11,376 over the average, as computed from previous years. It must be borne in mind that the returns are not for all England, but from 117 districts only, comprising a population of about seven millions. Taking the December quarters of the last three years—in 1845, the deaths were 39,291; in 1846, 53,093; and 1847, as above stated.

A slight increase in the mortality was noted in the returns of the *June* quarter, 1846; the mortality in the following hot summer, when the potato crop failed, was excessive; *cholera* and *diarrhoea* were epidemic. In the autumn of 1846, as well as the winter and spring quarters of 1847, the mortality was still higher; scurvy prevailed in the beginning of the year, but in the summer the public health appeared to be slightly improved. Epidemics of typhus and influenza, however, set in, and made the mortality in the last quarter of 1847 higher than in any quarter of any year since the new system of registration commenced. . . . The deaths in the year 1845 were 166,000; in 1847, *two hundred and fifteen thousand*. The excess in 1847 is *forty-nine thousand* or not less than 35,000 over the corrected average of 1839-45.

The deaths in London for the December quarters of the three years 1845-46-47, were 11,838, 13,221, and 18,553; the increase in the last instance being as marked as in the general results. It has been shown that if the chance of dying in the country be set down as 2, it will be 3 in London; and in case of epidemics, it will be greatly increased. Dearthness of provisions, and extraordinary meteoric influences, are put forward as immediately exciting causes. Thus we read that 'on Tuesday, November 16, there was a remarkable darkness; the wind changed to north-west, and amidst various changes, still blew from the north over Greenwich at the rate of 160 and 250 miles a day. The mean temperature of the air suddenly fell from 11 degrees above, to 10 degrees below the average: on Monday it was 54 degrees, on Friday 32 degrees: the air on Friday night was 27 degrees—the earth was frozen: the wind was calm three days, and on Saturday evening a dense fog lay over the Thames and London for the space of five hours. No electricity stirred in the air during the week: all was still, as if nature held her breath at the sight of the destroyer come forth to sacrifice her children. . . . Influenza was epidemic. On the first week of December *two thousand four hundred and fifty-four* persons died—1141 were males, 1313 females; 1012 children, 712 in the prime of life, 730 of the age of sixty and upwards. On the week following, *two thousand four hundred and sixteen* persons died—1175 males, 1241 females; 702 of the age of sixty and upwards. . . . Altogether, the epidemic carried off more than 5000 souls over and above the mortality of the season. The epidemic attained the greatest intensity in the second week of its course; raged with nearly

equal violence through the *third* week; declined in the *fourth*, and then partly subsided; but the temperature falling, the mortality remained high not only through December, but through the month of January.'

The facts here exhibited have a prospective as well as present interest: it is a step towards determining the mode by which contagion is diffused by means of the atmosphere—a subject on which the learned are as yet altogether in the dark, the analysis hitherto made having failed to detect any difference between the purest air from the top of a mountain, and that from the pestilential courts of a crowded city. Still the fact appears to be certain, that the spread and progress of disease is mainly dependent on the state of the atmosphere. The preponderance of female deaths is accounted for by the fact, that there are always more females than males living in London, particularly after the age of fifty-five. 'Influenza attacked those labouring under all sorts of diseases, as well as the healthy. The vital force was extinguished in old age and chronic diseases. The poison, permeating the whole system, fastens chiefly on the mucous membrane lining the sinuses of the face and head, and the air-tubes of the lungs.'

In the Metropolis, as well as in the country generally, certain districts were more severely affected than others. In Edinburgh, 'influenza suddenly attacked great masses of the population twice during the course of November: first on the 18th, and again on the 28th day of the month. It appeared, in both cases, during keen frost, and an excessively damp, thick fog, which came on rather suddenly after a few days of very mild weather.' London, it appears, was visited before Paris; in the latter city, nearly one-half of the population was laid up with the disease during the first week of December. In Madrid, 50,000 persons were attacked. In Constantinople, the disease prevailed in August and September, and has been succeeded by a species of cholera. When the epidemic broke out in Europe in 1782, it was four months travelling from England to Spain; on the present occasion, its appearance has been almost simultaneous in different countries. No information has yet been received of its progress in Italy, Germany, or Russia.

Appended to the Report are brief statements respecting the influenza epidemics that have appeared in this country since 1728. The temperature and weather in 1733 seemed to have been very similar to that of the last three months of 1847; and according to the meteorological records, the next analogous season was in 1806; the epithet 'extraordinary' is not therefore misapplied to that just gone by. 'Extreme cold only,' we are told, 'never raises the weekly mortality in London above 1500; extreme heat still less; intermediate changes affect the mortality but slightly in ordinary circumstances. . . . When once generated, the disease spreads through the air. The great epidemics generally travel from Russia over Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, France, Italy, Spain, in from three to six months; and then reach America. Influenza is often associated with other epidemics. It appears to have preceded or accompanied the plague, in the Black Death of the fourteenth century; it preceded the great Plague of London, 1665; it followed epidemic typhus in London, 1803; preceded it in 1837; occurred in the midst of typhus epidemic of 1847; preceded and followed the epidemic cholera in 1831-2-3.

The English physicians of the eighteenth century agreed in pronouncing influenza *contagious*. By this they did not mean that it was propagated by contact; but that it was introduced into cities, institutions, and houses in England by persons actually affected by the disease. This notion is, however, too exclusive: the word 'contagion,' applied to influenza or cholera is apt to mislead, and to have practically a bad effect. When people ask if a disease is contagious, they generally mean, 'Are we likely to have influenza or cholera, if we touch or go near persons labouring under those

diseases?" Now, if the matter of contagion is very diffusible, and is distributed equally through the room, the house, the street, the city in which a patient is lodged, no one living in the house, street, or city, is much more likely to be infected if he approach the sufferer, than if he remain in absolute solitude, shut up like the grocer of Wood Street in the Plague. The matters which excite influenza and cholera are evidently highly diffusible: in a few days influenza spread all over London; it met you everywhere: nobody, therefore, has attempted to show that medical men, nurses, or others in attendance on the sick, suffered more than other people. If such should ever be the case, either in the influenza or cholera epidemics, it will be in rare circumstances, and should never deter the most timid from discharging their duties to the sick.

'The piety of the ancients,' concludes the Report, 'and of our ancestors, made them consider all plagues the immediate visitations of God's wrath. And there can be no doubt that though, as affecting individuals, there is nothing now judicial in plagues, they are the results of great national violations of the laws by which the Almighty is pleased to govern the universe.'

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have, at divers times, given the public some idea of the general nature of our correspondence; but as the communications of our friends, notwithstanding the deprecating tone of our remarks, increase every week both in number and variety of character, we think ourselves called on to return to the subject. We are sensible that the brief replies we are able to make through the post to so many letters, can give but little satisfaction to the writers, and likewise that many of the epistolary commentaries we receive are deserving of a better fate than the waste basket. At the same time, the task of answering, even on the most limited scale, is no easy one; nor are we sure that we can, in reason, be expected to devote several hours every day to the consideration of subjects with which personally we have no proper concern. A few specimens of the various communications which reach us will, however, give a more clear insight into the nature of an editor's experiences in this respect than any general observations.

We commence with the class of inquiring correspondents, suppressing only the names of the writers.

'GENTLEMEN—If you can assist me in my inquiries respecting emigration to Texas, I shall feel greatly obliged, either publicly, or by a private answer. The subjects on which I wish to be enlightened, and which I should think are of the greatest importance to emigrants in general, are first, the nature, *geologically, naturally, and socially*, of Texas; its *form of government*, the *security of titles and tenure*, as well as *peace*, the *state of civilisation* it is in, the *relative responsibility* of the government to *protect British emigrants against fraud*; the *climate*, and its concomitant results, with respect to *disease or salubrity, fertility or sterility*, whether subject to *very violent storms or rains*, and for what length of time, or during what *months*; the *ability of procuring labour*, and *price of wages*, with the *customs of the labourers*, their *independence or servility*; the inland roads, means of conveyance, *lodging in the country*, public inns, and other public conveniences; the necessary articles for a family to take out; the length and expense of voyage, and the frequency of communication with England or Europe, &c.; and anything else you may deem necessary for an emigrant to know.

'My reason for troubling you is, that I do not feel disposed to rely on what is either published or put forth in form of prospectus by the parties advertising, knowing that whatever information I gain from your kindness may be fully depended on for the benefit of the industrious and deserving. Awaiting your reply, either personally or through the medium of your valuable Journal, believe me to remain,' &c.

Pretty well this; but it is outdone by the following:—

'DEAR SIRs—Although personally unknown to you, my long acquaintance with your writings almost makes me feel as if I stood in the relation of a friend. I admire above all things the genial character of your publications; and feel that so far from there being any intrusion in this letter, you will thank me for gratifying your well known love of imparting information. I have a few little questions to put to you, which I should be glad if you would answer by return of post. Rather than trouble you with them singly, I have kept a memorandum of them as they suggested themselves, or were suggested by my friends; and I now send them in the lump, that you may have but one trouble in reply, and but one postage to pay.

'First, as to the subject of emigration, I have to inform you that there are several parties in our town who are desirous of trying their fortunes in another quarter of the world, but are deterred by the difficulty they find in obtaining the requisite information. In order to settle the question at once, you will be good enough to state which is the best British colony for the following persons to betake themselves to—namely, a farm-servant; a stable-boy, newly married; five sisters, sempstresses, who decline going separately; a shopman, with his mother, wife, and two daughters; a lad of good, though poor parentage, but who has not been brought up to anything; two hair-dressers; and a sign-painter. Mention also what you think of the United States: and in particularising the various places proper for emigration, do not omit to give some account of the climate, productions, and wages, together with the prices of bread, meat, and beer, and any other little matters that may occur to you. It would likewise be satisfactory if you could mention what stores are requisite for steerage passengers of small means, and what is the best preventive of sea sickness.

'Please to let me know at the same time whether you mean to include Phonography in the new series of "Information for the People;" what progress this system has made in the United Kingdom; and how many adherents you think it has obtained.

'In a volume of the "Annual Register" a few years ago, there was an account of a child born at Bloxley with three heads. Have the kindness to let me know the volume, and also the page; and add what have been the other remarkable instances throughout the world of this kind of *lusus nature*.

'The Greek kingdom of Bactria, founded by the successors of Alexander the Great, has doubtless attracted your attention. It is understood to have been swept away by a horde of Tartars; but it is matter of dispute in our Debating Society here what became of the fragments. Please to let us know the route of the scattered people, and with what nations they incorporated themselves; and copy a few of the inscriptions on ancient coins, and other monuments (if any), that have come to light.

'It is considered here that nightcaps, with an India-rubber band round the edge, to retain them on the head during sleep, would be a great improvement. Have the kindness to let me know whether anything of the kind has been tried; and if not, whether it would be advisable for the party to take out a patent for the invention, what the patent would cost, and the steps requisite for obtaining it. Be minute in all these points, as they are of great interest to a lady who is a warm admirer of the Journal.

'The interest you are well known to take in the rising generation, induces me to ask what course of study you would recommend for boys and girls in general?—whether you are in favour of public or private education?—whether governesses should be permitted to dine with the family when there is a party?—and what is the comparative cost of education in the various universities here and on the continent?

To such letters as these, which we are receiving

daily, we can only reply by stating our total inability to answer the inquiries put to us; indeed to attempt to do so would occupy our whole time, to the neglect of our duties to the public. On the subject of emigration, which is a fertile theme of inquiry, we beg to state here once for all, that we decline offering any private or special advice. With the most anxious desire to befriend those who stand in need of information, we shrink from the responsibility of inducing any man to leave his home, whatever may be the general chances in his favour.

The next class of correspondents deserving notice are those who think they have cause to find fault with blunders into which we unhappily fall. The following is a specimen:—

'I have read the Journal from its commencement, sixteen years ago, and must do you the justice to say that I have discovered fewer errors in it than in any other miscellaneous work. This, however, is the very reason why your friends should be watchful, and never fail to rap you over the knuckles when you do go astray. You have lately committed two egregious blunders, which I take the liberty of pointing out, in the hope that for the future you will pay more attention to what you are about.

'A certain number of years ago you printed a translation called "Life's Value," and now we have another called "The Value of Life"—both from the same original! This is unpardonable. Do you expect the public to pay twice over even the sixth or seventh part of three-halfpence? Or have you perpetrated this blunder intentionally, for the sake of a miserable pun—that you might reply to the complaint of your readers, that you had done nothing worse than double to them the Value of Life? Have done with this trash! Your true excuse is inadvertence. You may plead in mitigation that this is the sole error of the kind in sixteen years—the only instance of twins among the many thousand articles that have seen the light within the space. That's your ticket.

'The second blunder is still more nauseous. In an article on "Mottoes," you not only misquote Lord Eldon's famous motto, but you mistranslate your own misquotation! As it is obvious that you cannot plead ignorance of the learned languages, what is it you do plead? I know that in almost every volume that is printed, we see a list of errata quite as incomprehensible; but where is *your* confession? I observe no acknowledgment of error in subsequent numbers, and the fault, therefore, is aggravated by impotence.'

Our correspondent states nothing but the truth when he thus points out the errors in question. The only thing on which we would remonstrate is his want of temper. A very little consideration might have shown that we could have had no motive in committing these blunders. As to the tale, 'The Value of Life,' it is a different translation from 'Life's Value;' and was accepted, paid for, and inserted, without recollecting that another translation, by a different writer, had appeared seven years previously; and we can only now express our regret that such an unfortunate duplication should have occurred. How little does any one know of our anxiety to present varied and original matter, who imputes to us the miserable expedient of voluntarily offering the same articles twice! Our difficulty consists not in finding material, but in choosing from the accumulation before us, which usually amounts to as much as would make up half-a-dozen numbers. As to the second of the errors referred to (the work of a contributor on whose accuracy we had an over-confidence), it was noticed in time for correction only in our second edition.

Along with this class of correspondents may be included those who find fault with our paper and printing, and the binding of our volumes. A gentleman in Glasgow is much displeased because we do not give more margin, though we are not aware that there is any solid ground for complaint in this respect. Persons

who indulge in these maunderings are not aware of what they are asking. At the commencement of our 'Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' a purchaser complained that the sheets were not clipped in the edges. The idea of trimming them had occurred to ourselves, but had been abandoned as impracticable. Such was the vast mass to be cut, that the trimming of each number would have required the work of two men for four weeks, and cost L.7, 4s. To add but a quarter of an inch to the margin of our Journal, would cost L.188 per annum. This is one of the penalties of a large circulation; and we shall mention another, for it will answer several inquiries. We cannot introduce and benefit by advertising sheets in our monthly parts like other magazine proprietors, because a single sheet inserted into our fifty thousand Parts would require 104 reams of paper; and by no possibility could we realise the cost of such a mass from advertisements. Hence 'Chambers's Journal,' with a circulation many times that of any review or magazine, is the only periodical which does not invite advertisements. All we can do is to employ the coloured wrappers for our own or the announcements of others.

The next class we may take up are the mysterious correspondents, of whom in all probability we have not more than our proper share. All editors of periodicals can tell that they frequently receive letters conceived in a strain of meaning so deep, as to be quite unintelligible. It may perhaps be faintly gathered that they refer to some new view of the planetary system, something connected with man's immortal destiny, or some perfectly original project for sailing vessels with stem or stern indifferently foremost. These letters are not a sham—their writers are in earnest; and as an evidence of their sincerity, they occasionally accompany their epistles with pamphlets, which they have gone to the expense of printing. It is well known that a large number of books and pamphlets are printed annually in London on subjects incomprehensible to any one but their writers—a jumble of incoherent nonsense—the works, in short, of men who are mad on one idea. The following is a communication from a queer genius of this character:—

'Mankind may be divided into two classes—the good and the bad; and again into two other classes—the happy and unhappy; and yet again into two more—the black and the white: and over all these there is a heaven above, to use the words of an author that shall be nameless. You no doubt already perceive what is the object of this communication; but whether your feelings thereupon are of an enviable or an unenviable nature, I shall not determine. In a certain number of the E—J— (I shall decline specifying of what date), there appeared an article more or less connected with science, whether moral or physical, containing a sentence, near the middle of the said article, being the one to which you observe I wish to draw your serious attention. Now although this sentence involves no offence to religion, morality, or good government, still it has, in my humble opinion, a deficiency—I will not say of what importance. But observe, I speak hypothetically. We are all walking in the dark, and he who affects to see, adds folly to blindness. You alone can give the explanation I demand; and I consider it only just, and proper, and rational, and I may add *philosophical* (without meaning any reference whatever to particular systems), to await the said explanation, before fulminating the rebuke I have in store for you. Leaving you in the meantime to your own reflections, your own conscience, your own terrors, as it may be, I send this communication by a circuitous route, which it will be impossible for you to trace, subscribing to it the following initials—which are not my own—A. B.'

We may now proceed to the juvenile correspondent, of whose communications the following is an average specimen:—

'DEAR SIR—I take the liberty of sending you a poem, which I hope you will be glad to insert in Mr

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, when you know it is written by a young lady. I am only thirteen on the 10th of next month. I know there are some errors both in the subject and in the spelling; but as it is my *very first* poetical production, I am sure you will look over all faults, and consider it worthy of insertion. The gentleman enclosed is my uncle, and a distinguished D.D.'

The 'gentleman enclosed' certifies that 'the young lady is really only thirteen; that her friends, who move in the first circles, will be delighted to see her poetical works in print; and that in his (the D.D.'s) opinion, the editors can have no possible objection to give them a place.' In plain English, Chambers's Journal is to be a receptacle for nursery rhymes, in order to please those 'who move in the first circles.'

We would pass from requests of this nature to another class of correspondents equally unselfish in their demands. These we may call correspondents-mendicatory. They compose a genera of three species. The first are musical composers in London, who request permission to set verses to music which they see in the Journal. As the request is usually accompanied with some terrible tale of family distress, it is rarely refused. The second cannot be treated so indulgently. They are persons who have taken a fancy to some of the treatises in 'Chambers's Educational Course'—these treatises they admire very much—so much, that they ask permission to turn them into books of question and answer for their own behoof; assuring us at the same time that they are quite certain the transformation into catechisms will not in any respect injure the sale of our productions. Leaving the public to guess at our answer to these civil requests, we come to the third species, of whose communications the following is a sample:—

'DEAR, KIND SIRs—I am a teacher employed by the —, who have been in England two years for the sake of my health. It is my intention to return to —, in the West Indies, in the course of next month, and there resume my labours among the poor children of Africa. Knowing your humane and Christian disposition, as evidenced in your meritorious works (which I have read many a time beyond the Atlantic), I have taken the liberty of asking a favour. It is, to make me a gift of a few of your excellent school books, with a view to the instruction of the negroes, both young and adult. You will be delighted to know that these poor and once oppressed beings show a wonderful aptitude for literary instruction. They are of course very far behind, and even the elder amongst them must be looked upon as children. They are all pleased with books with pictures, and like anything droll. I have seen a whole village kept in amusement for a week with a halfpenny edition of Cock Robin; and for long after, they might be heard singing snatches of that juvenile work. On this account, I ask you to be so kind as let me have some of your books of early lessons, containing wood-engravings. If you could let me have fifty of the "First and Second Book," thirty of the "Simple Lessons," and twenty of the "Rudiments of Knowledge," with, say half-a-dozen of your cheapest "Atlas," it would be conferring not alone a favour on me, but on many poor beings who are now struggling into the light of civilisation, and are crying to their more highly-favoured brethren for help. I am permitted to refer you to —, Liverpool, to whom the packet could be forwarded. Trusting to a favourable reply, &c. 'P.S.—If you could include a selection of the "People's Editions," the favour would be greatly enhanced in value.'

We have, on a former occasion, said something of our literary correspondents, and their distribution throughout the three kingdoms; and we have now only to notice, as an indication of the course taken by education, the surprising increase in the number of translators. A day rarely passes without bringing us several offers of translations from the French and German, but more especially the former; and we have thus the constantly-recurring

task of rejecting services, sometimes eagerly offered, and often by apparently amiable and accomplished persons. The circumstance, however, although productive of trouble, and occasionally of painful feeling to us individually, is one of good promise. It is obvious that in this country we are rapidly establishing an intellectual inter-communion with the two most literary nations of the continent; with whom we may thus be said to be exchanging hostages for the preservation of peace and mutual respect and good-will.

'I AM IN THE WORLD ALONE.'

LITTLE child!—I once was fondled as tenderly as you:
My silken ringlets tended, and mine eyes called lovely blue;
And sweet old songs were chanted at eve beside my bed,
Where angel guardians hovering their blessed influence shed.
I heard the sheep-bell tinkle around the lonely shelling,
As the solemn shades of night o'er heather hills were stealing:
The music of the waterfall, in drowsy murmurs flowing,
Lulled me in half-waking dreams—bright fantasies bestowing.
My nursing ones to Heaven are gone—
'And I am in the world alone.'

Fair girl!—I had companions, and playmates kind and good,
And on the mossy knolls we played, where ivied ruins stood;
The mountain-ash adorned us oft, with coral berries rare,
While clear rejoicing streams we sought, to make our tiring there;
And on the turret's mouldering edge, as dames of high degree,
We sat enthroned in mimic state of bygone chivalry:
Or at the mystic twilight hour, within those arches gray,
We told each other wild sad tales of times long past away.
My early playmates all are flown—
'And I am in the world alone.'

Gentle woman!—I was deemed as beautiful as you;
My silken ringlets fondled, and mine eyes called love's own blue;
And then my step was bounding, and my laugh was full of mirth,
Ah! I never thought of Heaven, for my treasure was on earth:
But now my cheek is sunken, and mine eyes have lost their light—
The sunny hours have faded in a long and rayless night;
Not rayless—no!—for angels still their blessed influence shed,
And still the dreams of peace and love revisit oft my bed.
Of earthly treasures I have none—
'And I am in the world alone.'

C. A. M. W.

HOW TO PUNISH THOSE WHO INJURE YOU.

Addin Ballou tells the following anecdote:—'A worthy old coloured woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing down, and when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and with a pass of his hand knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner; and giving him a dignified look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do!" It touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, and repentant. The tear started in his eye: he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error; and thrusting both hands into his full pockets of change, forced the contents upon her, exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother; I'll never do so again!"—*American paper.*

SCIENCE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

The characteristic peculiarity of the science of the present day is its delight in details. A mass of pebbles are collected together—each one, perhaps, being cursorily examined and named—but they remain useless lumber, by which the highway of science is obstructed; whereas by the exercise of industrious thought, and by enlarged views, they might have been moulded to a form at once beautiful, as illustrating nature's design, and useful, as facilitating the further progress of man.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

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ARTICLE LITERATURE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

AMONG the radical changes that have taken place in the present century, there is a change in the body of our literature which, strange to say, has been little if at all noticed by the generation whom it concerns. The 'miscellanæa,' 'fugitive pieces,' 'occasional poems,' and 'papers' which our ancestors regarded as a mere make-weight, now fill unnumbered volumes. Of the making of many books there may be no end, but there is assuredly an end of the reading of them: their day has gone pretty nearly by, and the present is the age of ARTICLES.

It is a pity that a better word was not chosen to designate what may almost be called a new literature. An 'article' means properly a clause, a part of a whole—a thing incomplete in itself; whereas the brief pieces alluded to, whether in prose or verse, have an entireness, working out a single conception, and are scattered over with thoughts all tending to a single end. An article is not a chapter, or a canto, but a complete work. It stands upon its own legs; it bears its own charges; and like many brevities in the human species, it has a sense of dignity out of all proportion to its deficiency in inches.

The supremacy of articles may be dated from the era when men, tired of perplexing themselves with philosophical questions, and cutting off heads as a solution, set fairly to work to spin cotton, make railways, build steam-boats, and change the whole face of the world. Immersed in such occupations, they had no time for books; and perhaps too (for I will do justice between the two kinds of literature) they lost the taste for study. This preference, however, of the brief, pointed, off-hand article, is rarely a question of taste. It is a mere affair of time. In the hurry of life, comparatively few are able to grapple with a continuous work. Men of business are too much disturbed by anxious thoughts to reunite with any satisfaction the broken thread of study; and persons engaged in laborious and long-continued employments have neither the energy nor the leisure to give up their faculties to what resembles a task. It is a mistake to suppose that the brief papers in such works as the one in which I am now writing, circulate widely merely because they are cheap: they do so because they are constructed on a principle which is applicable to human nature in all ranks of society. If the rich read more books than the poor, it is simply because they have more time; but, generally speaking, the same preference for short articles is found in both classes. This is what keeps the high-priced magazines alive; and this is what introduces the low-priced journals to the 'best company.' Extreme cheapness, however, is in one grade of society as repulsive as extreme dearness in another; and we are only verging by degrees towards that point in civilisation when the quality of the literature will

be estimated without reference to the circumstance of price.

But articles are not preferred merely because the age is practical; for they are themselves born of the practical spirit of the age. They are condensations of thought and knowledge; they have a terseness of style which would be fatiguing in a larger work; they avoid superfluities, and not unfrequently sacrifice elegance to utility. It may seem paradoxical to say that this popular department of literature is the most difficult; yet such is the fact. There are more bad articles, even in proportion to number, than bad books, and it requires a master-mind to fulfil all the conditions of the former. He who would write a good article, must unlearn as well as learn; he must have the idea constantly before him, that he is not meandering through the ample pages of a volume; he must recollect that 'brevity' is not less the soul of wit than the soul of articles.

I have some suspicion that the number of book-readers (for I do not affect to deny that there are still a few) is smaller than is usually supposed. Take any country town of moderate population, and on inquiring into the facilities for such study, you will find that these are pretty nearly confined to a small circulating library, or the works of a reading club. In some towns of considerable size, more especially in Ireland, there is no such thing as even a circulating library; and the family supply of books, in ordinary houses, in all the three kingdoms, is not only very scanty, but appears to have descended as an heirloom for more than one generation. The custom of individuals buying books, appears to have gone almost completely out; and generally speaking, the publishers who still persevere in the old system of business, make their calculations solely with reference to the book-clubs and circulating libraries. The comparatively small number of wealthy families who furnish their book-room, just as they do any other part of their house, has little effect upon trade, and still less, I fear, upon the circulation of knowledge. The classics of the language are more talked of than read; and as a proof of this, if you will examine, in such depositories, the works of the canonised names, you will be surprised at their state of preservation! This is far from being an agreeable condition of things. It shows both a decline of capital and a decline of taste, and it would imply some want of depth in the existing literature of the country. Articles are read for information: he who would acquire knowledge, must read books.

But the limited circulation of books is compensated, and more than compensated in quantity, by the extraordinary increase of articles. No man in our day, who can read at all, is so poor as to be in intellectual destitution. The most ignorant among us is a philosopher, the rudest a sentimentalist, when compared with his grandfather. The knowledge thus disseminated may be,

or rather must be, wanting in depth; but it is knowledge for all that; and the papers that contain it are the winged seeds, light as a feather, that, floated here and there on the unconscious winds, are destined to cover the earth with a glorious vegetation.

Articles (and I now consider them generally, whether occurring in books or otherwise) are of more value than as vehicles either of mere information or mere entertainment. They have a *personal* character which is necessarily wanting in more elaborate productions, and they thus serve as links to interlace and bind together the sympathies of men. In a book, an author loses his own identity in the subject—he does not dare, as it were, to fill so important a space with himself; while in a few stanzas, or a few pages, he is upon less ceremony, and has no scruple in occupying the trifling area with his own feelings as well as his own opinions. Almost all brief poetical pieces are full of this individuality; and even in short tales and essays, the author is usually seen, in his moral being, through the thin coverings of fiction or philosophy.

This may be one reason, independently of other considerations, why such pieces possess so great a charm for ordinary minds. But let not the author fancy, in his fond simplicity, that he is *himself* the object of the readers' interest. He is only known to them in his sentiments. He is an ideal being, as unsubstantial and as fleeting as the creations of his fancy, and he vanishes as suddenly. The article has done its work when it is read. It has laid impressions—perhaps enduring ones—upon the mind; it has suggested thought; it has opened out vistas for the imagination; and is then, when its fruit is gathered, thrown away and forgotten. Perhaps we may think for a moment that we should like to know the writer who has touched a chord of sympathy in our hearts; perhaps we may amuse ourselves with piecing together an image from the fragments of memory, so as to identify his features with those of the loved and lost; but presently the colours fade, the phantom flies, and, hurried on in the ceaseless round of our ever-busy existence, we plunge into new dreams, as fragile and as brief.

Although the article, however, has so short an existence, it is full of dignity and importance in its connection with the system of which it constitutes a part. That system embraces the intellectual world. It forms a perpetual correspondence of mind with mind, of heart with heart. Its business is not only to inform, or amuse, but to refine and humanise, to draw closer together the sympathies and affections of men. This will be obvious if we only call to mind the effect which these 'unconsidered trifles' have had upon ourselves. How often, in reading some page of the kind, which had possibly no other merit than that of suggesting a train of thought to be followed out in our mind—how often have we felt our heart soften, and our eyes grow moist! It has snatched us away from the present world of care, and we walk again with the phantoms of other years, and dream once more the dreams of our haunted youth; and when we awake, it is neither with a start nor a shudder we look around, but with a subdued temper and a chastened spirit, as if the past reacted upon the present, imparting to it a mellowness of hue which is otherwise seen only through the mists of time. Again, how often have we been roused by similar means from apathy, and almost despair! How often have we felt a thrill run through our inner being, awaking our dormant energies, and stirring up our fainting courage, as if with the sound of a trumpet! For my part, I care not to conceal that, in passing through a life of perhaps more than ordinary vicissitude, I have frequently derived from these hasty and laconic monitors a

fortitude that was not my own. I have been nerved to endurance, and incited to perseverance; and as I read, I have felt a warm sunny light breaking anew upon crushed feelings and withered hopes.

I have likened this system to a universal correspondence; and I would have it understood that not one letter fails of reaching its address. Every mind has its like. It belongs to a class, possessing a common calibre, a common standard, and a common language. Within this sphere the article appertaining to it circulates, because it is therein felt and understood, although in other spheres it may be too high for apprehension, or too low for notice. Nothing is written in vain. The volume that is said to drop still-born from the press does its work like the rest. A few copies see the light, and a few kindred minds—were it only those of the trunk-maker or the buttermilk—attest, however unconsciously, its power.

If such is the influence of literature—and the fact will be denied by no thinking person—the moral responsibility that devolves upon authors must be great indeed. It matters not what the piece may be—whether designed for entertainment or instruction, or whether a mere vagary of the fancy—it has still its effect upon some minds, whether few or many, and must therefore assist or retard *pro tanto* the progress of the race. Brief pieces more especially, being usually indications of personal character, should be carefully written, from policy, if from no higher motive. It is vain, for instance, for a man to declaim against public war, who incites class against class, and sows dissension among those parts of society on whose union the safety of the structure depends. It is vain for the moralist to preach against the poison of intoxicating liquors, who disseminates the worse poison of uncharitableness. Without consistency and coherence, we can do nothing. Our guiding principle must be a love of mankind in the aggregate—a devout faith in human nature—for this involves true charity and true liberality; and in the end, as refinement and civilisation advance, it will triumph over the clamour of sects and parties.

Before concluding these desultory remarks, I may be permitted to advert to a most gratifying characteristic of the article literature of the day. I do not confine my observation to what are called tracts—short papers designed for spiritual admonition—or to the essays which circulate as usual among the different denominations of the Christian world; but there appears to me to pervade the respectable portion generally of this department of our literature a deeper and more catholic feeling of religion than has hitherto been manifested in a popular form. But how, indeed, could it be otherwise! The more general the diffusion of letters, the more firmly fixed must be the idea of Spirit. In the last century, when the human mind was in preparation for a mighty political revolution, the comparatively small number of authors were the priests of the people, and, like many an older priesthood, their aim was to confine the popular worship to themselves. This hierarchy is now at an end, and the gates of the temple are thrown wide open. We are all priests, and prophets, and soothsayers. We are all interpreters of the mystic whispers that run through the eternal aisles. Spirits ourselves, we commune with spirits. Imprisoned no longer within the external crust of nature, we *know* that there is something beyond; we read the fact in the 'starry scriptures of the sky;' and hear, as of old, the voice of the Lord God among the trees.

The religious feeling I allude to is not obtrusive, not sectarian, not controversial: it is simply a feeling—an inward conviction, conscious or unconscious—which must

spread and deepen with the progress of enlightenment, beautifying and ennobling the whole system of our literature. If confined to books, its influence would be slow and limited; but imbuing, as it already does to some extent, the articles which are the intellectual pabulum of the masses of the people, it must advance, in defiance of all obstacles, with the steadiness of the ocean tide,

'Which rolled not back when Canute gave command.'

'THE RETURN OF ZEPHYR.'

In the month of January 1808, Jules Morisseau made his first appearance as a dancer on the boards of the Imperial Theatre of Paris. He was the best pupil of the dancing-class of M. Gardel the ballet-master; one of first-rate promise, uniting grace with strength, and suppleness with vigour. At that time two celebrated dancers reigned supreme over the kingdom of Terpsichore—Vestris, and young Duport, his equal, if not superior. These were dangerous rivals. Gardel, however, encouraged his favourite pupil, reminding him that he was twenty years younger than Vestris, and six younger than Duport, while he united the qualities of both these dancers. 'Every star,' he repeated, 'must shine in its turn: youth is the greatest merit in a dancer, especially when he can *pinouette* and bend as you do. Courage, my child, you have a fine figure, and use your arms with grace.'

Fortified by such eulogiums, young Morisseau made his debut without fear. To mark his gratitude to his master, he chose for his first appearance the 'Return of Zephyr,' a ballet of which M. Gardel was the author.

Morisseau, attired in a flesh-coloured web, covered by a short tunic of gauze, and two butterfly wings on his back, bounded from the side-scenes, and flew over the stage with all the lightness of a Zephyr, which gently touches, but bends nought beneath its weight. The public, accustomed as they were to the wonders of dance by Duport, did not the less acknowledge the talents of the new candidate for their favour, and Morisseau was received with thunders of applause.

The next day he went to thank his master, and to learn from him his future prospects. To appear at a theatre is nothing—a regular engagement is necessary. Gardel received his pupil with extreme coldness; no longer like the master of the day before, but now a severe judge, a rigorous ballet-master, one of the sovereign arbiters of Morisseau's fate. Even at the theatre diplomacy has its place: everything is calculated, everything is foreseen, and every actor knows the credit and the power of his comrades. Gardel was secretly flattered at his pupil's success; but this success had disturbed all the dancers of the opera, and the prudent ballet-master did not wish to make enemies.

'The public, I think, were satisfied,' said Morisseau on noticing the sullen countenance of the professor; 'and you, Monsieur Gardel?'

'The public have nothing to say in the matter, sir,' replied Gardel. 'The question now rests with the first dancers of his majesty the emperor's theatre, which is quite another affair. Monsieur Vestris thinks you fail in precision.'

'That reproach must fall on you, Monsieur Gardel, and you well know its injustice.'

'That's true, *mon ami*—that's very true; but nevertheless it is Monsieur Vestris's opinion. Monsieur Duport says you are too tall.'

'We are just the same height,' replied Morisseau.

'Very likely. In short, my good friend, Chevigny, Semblier, Milliére, and Clothilde, declare they will not dance with you.'

'In what manner have I been so unfortunate as to displease these ladies?' asked Morisseau, who felt assured he was handsome enough to find favour in their eyes. 'Do they think me deficient in talent?'

'No, not at all! These ladies have too good taste not to appreciate my best pupil. It is the men whom you displease. You have too much talent, my good

fellow. You must give up all hope of being engaged at the Opera: the thing cannot be done.'

After this strange avowal, Gardel felt anxious to apply a balm to the wound he had made.

'I have a superb engagement to offer you,' said he.

'Let me hear it,' replied the young man despondingly.

'A magnificent engagement—to dance on the banks of the Tiber!'

'The Tiber! What is the Tiber?' asked Morisseau, who was as learned as most dancers are.

'When I say the Tiber, my dear fellow, I mean Rome—the capital of the arts, the country of the ancient Romans. Rome, which has been conquered by the Emperor, where they act French plays, where they perform French ballets—the "Return of Zephyr," for example! My dear Morisseau, you will be the first dancer in Rome, at the theatre Argentina. That is something. The Romans have excellent singers, but bad dancers; if Apollo has remained in Italy, Terpsichore has taken refuge in France! Go, my friend—go show the country of the Cæsars what a dancer really is—four thousand francs a year, and your journey there and back free.'

In those days actors were paid much less than at present. Duport himself had not more than six thousand francs a year at the Opera. Gardel, therefore, offered a large salary to his *élève*, which ought to have been a temptation to one who had no other fortune. The actors, however, of that time were of less roving dispositions than now-a-days, and it was difficult to make them believe it possible that a fortune could be made anywhere out of Paris: the dancers especially imagined there were no Zephyrs except at the *Grand Opéra*. Besides, Morisseau was a gentle youth, timid, but irritable, and one whom a word could frighten. A journey to a foreign country, of whose language he was ignorant, consequently startled him. Gardel thoroughly understood the habits and ideas of the dancing community, and anticipated all Morisseau's objections before he had time to mention them.

Gardel's arguments carried the point. Morisseau signed the engagement, and set about making preparations for his departure. A dancer's wardrobe is not very heavy—five or six web-suits, some yards of gauze, and a dozen of dancing-socks, completed Morisseau's outfit; and he set out on his journey, taking care to make pirouettes and battements in the hotels where he stopped, in order not to lose in agility or grace. He arrived at Rome light as a feather, and bounded rather than walked on the land of Romulus! Without troubling himself in the least about the Coliseum, or Trajan's Pillar, he flew to the theatre Argentina, took some Zephyr-like flights on its boards, and then hastened to pay his respects to the first danseuse. La Signora Camilla was a beautiful Italian brunette, with black hair, the delight of the dandies, and the idol of the Roman princes. Morisseau found it as difficult to pronounce one word of Italian, as the signora did to speak one word of French. But all dancers are good at pantomime, and the two artistes ended by understanding each other. The first rehearsal showed Morisseau in what her style consisted. The signora danced with her arms and her eyes, but little with her feet. She had a good ear, but neither talent, lightness, precision, nor art. Morisseau only assisted at a few representations, when he became convinced that the whole ballet was on a par with the first danseuse. Yet these bad dancers were much applauded; from all corners of the theatre was to be heard '*Bravo, bravi, brava!*'

'Very good,' said Morisseau to himself: 'my success is certain. I shall be the first dancer in Rome, as Vestris is at Paris.'

It is proper to mention that at this time Rome was in the occupation of the French, whom, with their leader Napoleon, the Romans cordially detested; and this dislike they took every means of expressing, as far as it was safe for them to do so. Dancers are not politicians; Morisseau was unconscious of the unpopularity

of his countrymen, and he feared no expressions of such a feeling levelled against himself.

The day for his debut at length arrived, and the expectations of Morisseau were not disappointed. His graceful and correct dancing produced an immense effect: he surprised and astonished the spectators. It is true that many of the audience were French; however, the Romans, in spite of themselves, were highly gratified, and applauded him with enthusiasm. Of late years the ballet has made great progress in Italy. In 1808, a good dancer was nowhere to be found there, and Morisseau appeared before them as the first symptom of the revival of this long-neglected art. The Romans crowded the theatre to admire the lightness of this Zephyr, who seemed to fly from one side of the stage to the other, as if he touched the earth only through complaisance. The extraordinary entrechats, and the suppleness of the dancer, surprised them, while they loudly applauded the man who gave new excitement to their pleasure. Morisseau redoubled his efforts to merit this approbation; and yet, by degrees, the 'bravuras' became less enthusiastic, and the concourse of spectators gradually diminished. The pleasure which dancing gives charms only the eye, but says nothing to the mind. Morisseau's companions, too, had a great advantage over him; though bad dancers, they excelled in pantomime. In a heroic ballet they were below mediocrity, but in comic performances they were first-rate. Harlequins, Burchiellis, Pantomimes, and Polichinellos, were played by them in perfection. Even Signora Camilla herself, badly as she represented an attendant of Flora, was an admirable Columbine. The countenances of these Italian dancers, full of animation and vivacity, expressed at will all those comic passions which for centuries have so much amused the Roman people. Morisseau, on the contrary, could put no expression but in his feet! A perpetual smile reigned on the lips of this Parisian Zephyr.

Morisseau's happiness was not destined to last. His first cause of disquietude was an attachment which he formed to Signora Camilla, little as he thought of her dancing. The poor Zephyr—and may not a 'Zephyr' have feelings like everybody else?—did not know what a storm was brooding over his head. His attentions to Camilla roused the indignation of a rival, and he learned with horror from the 'Pantalon' of the company that a design was formed to assassinate him. After this dire intelligence, Morisseau never left the theatre without being armed with a pair of pistols. He no longer ventured to look at the Signora Camilla. In the 'Return of Zephyr,' his flight across the stage was no longer performed with that ease of mind which gave such lightness to his every movement.

Another bitter grievance was preparing for the Zephyr. One night, on making the very first light-footed bound which brought him in face of the audience, he heard an ill-suppressed titter in boxes and gallery.

'Bravo! Calzetti! Bravo! bravissimo!' was echoed from all sides. 'Bravo! that's it exactly!'

Morisseau understood neither the laughter nor the bravos, which evidently were not intended for him. Not speaking one word of Italian, and addressing persons who understood him badly, or did not wish to answer him, he was persecuted by this name—Calzetti!—without being able to find out its meaning. If he asked his friend the Pantalon, the treacherous dancer shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back: if he overcame his fear, and ventured to question the Signora Camilla about this invisible enemy, she looked at him in astonishment.

'Calzetti!' said she; 'Calzetti!'—opened her beautiful lips, displayed her fine teeth, and made the scenes resound with her boisterous laughter.

Melancholy, dispirited, and wounded in his self-love and his love of the signora, Morisseau absented himself as much as possible from the theatre and the *corps de ballet*. He wandered through the streets of Rome, and passed by the magnificent palaces, the fountains and

columns, indifferent alike to their history and beauty. The classic beauties of Rome were in his eyes inferior to the decorations of the Opera-house in Paris. His master, M. Gardel, had spoken to him of the 'banks of the Tiber.' Morisseau determined to see the Tiber; but its yellow waters said nothing to his imagination. Like the children of Jerusalem at Babylon, he sat on the banks of the river, and wept as he thought of the flowery meadows watered by the Seine. One day he was walking with his usual indifference down the Corso, the rendezvous of all the idlers of Rome, when, perceiving his dreaded rival at a distance, he turned off quickly to avoid him, and found himself before the Palazzo Fiano. From an entrance to a cellar or vault, of uninviting appearance, rose up an Italian head—a head with brown curly locks, and eyes like coals of fire. 'Enter, signor; enter,' cried the Italian.

Morisseau stopped and stared at the man.

The Italian perceiving this hesitation, added, 'Signor Francese, enter! A comedy, an opera, a ballet! It is il Signor Calzetti who invites you.'

At the name of Calzetti Morisseau started back; but the crowd pressing on to the Palazzo Fiano, carried him forward. He descended a few steps, threw a piece of money to an old woman who was sitting at the counter of this strange theatre, which he now discovered was a puppet-show. The audience was numerous and select; for the simple reason, that the Romans seek with avidity every description of pleasure, no matter under what shape, and the puppets of Signor Calzetti were very amusing.

Morisseau seated himself in the pit: just above him hung the chandelier which lighted up the salle. He now saw before him a little theatre, five or six feet high by twelve broad; a crimson curtain, trimmed with gold fringe, hung before it. The overture was played; the director gave the three knocks, and the curtain roe. The stage represented a pretty saloon; a door at the far end opened, and a young cavalier appeared, who with much grace gave an explanation of the piece in which he was himself to act a principal part. The lover was succeeded by the beloved one, then by the soubrette (waiting-maid), the valet, and the noble father. All the actors were about twelve inches high; they were suspended by invisible wires, and moved by other wires concealed under the boards of the stage. These were the puppets, or rather the *fantoccini*, of the 'illustrious Signor Calzetti!' The play terminated amidst the laughter of the audience: after the play came the opera. Male and female singers, concealed behind the scenes, made the puppets sing with taste and brilliancy. Morisseau stared, and not understanding Italian, he scarcely appreciated the merit of these performances. At length they announced the ballet; this touched him especially, and he now redoubled his attention.

'Can you tell me,' said he, addressing himself to his neighbour, whom he had recognised as a Frenchman, 'what the name of the ballet is which they are going to perform?'

'With pleasure,' he replied. 'I must first explain to you, my dear sir, that this ballet is a parody. At the theatre Argentina they have been dancing a new ballet!'

'The "Return of Zephyr!"' said Morisseau.

'The very same. A dancer from Paris has been engaged to perform in this ballet, and the Romans began by applauding, because the young man really dances very well; but!'

Morisseau was about to exclaim, 'I am that young man!' when this 'but' stopped the words on his lips. His neighbour continued—'But Signor Calzetti, cleverer than all the professors of Paris, has supplied them with a far superior pupil to this Morisseau.'

'Far superior!' said Morisseau with horror.

'You will soon be able to judge for yourself.'

'Monsieur Calzetti! Monsieur Calzetti!' said Morisseau again; 'Monsieur Calzetti is a man!'

'Is a man of talent,' responded his neighbour. 'His pupils are faultless; his Zephyrs are of an astonishing lightness; and his dancers do not touch the ground. You shall see!'

Morisseau was confounded; his head was on fire, and yet he trembled all over: his mind, not one of the most brilliant, did not perfectly comprehend the mechanism by which Signor Calzetti's 'fantoccini' were moved; and his artistic vanity was irritated at hearing himself pronounced inferior to a puppet.

'Attend now,' said his neighbour; 'the ballet is about to commence.'

The curtain rose; the theatre represented a landscape of flowers, with myrtles and rose-trees in full blossom gracefully filling up the sides. On a sudden the foliage became agitated, the roses trembled on their flexible branches—Zephyr appeared. One might have imagined that he descended from a cloud towards the earth: he did not touch the boards. What a Zephyr! He passed through the midst of the flowers; he caressed them by his looks; he flew all round them, gently moving his wings, like the bee who, seeking the best hooded flower whereon to fix himself, stops for an instant in his flight to admire the rose before he extracts its perfume. It was no dancer, it was a winged god—swifter than Iris, lighter than Mercury. He went—he came: from the flowers he flew towards the nymphs, who escaped into the groves: from them he returned to the flowers. In the movements of this little aerial figure there was so much suppleness, so much grace, and, above all, so much truth, that this work of Signor Calzetti realised the imaginary creations of the poets. Zephyr had descended from Olympus to caress the flowers, and Signor Calzetti had accomplished the difficult art of feigning life and action with a surprising perfection. The enchanted Romans applauded with so much the more vehemence that they knew the amusement they were enjoying would not last long. Zephyr at length, after having coquetted with the nymphs, and made the leaves of all the trees tremble, took flight, and was lost in the clouds, returning to that Olympus from whence he probably came.

'That is Zephyr!' said Morisseau's neighbour; 'that is the light god, the messenger of Flora! Now you will see the parody.'

The tops of the trees became immovable, the flowers no longer shook on their trembling stalks; nothing stirred. By a stream of light scientifically arranged, the perspective of the scenery was destroyed, just as at the Opera. Zephyr appeared, not in the horizontal position of a flying aerial spirit, but like a human being whom the laws of nature compel to preserve his centre of gravity. The criticism was unjust, but the contrast was amusing.

'Morisseau! Morisseau!' was shouted on all sides; and an immense burst of laughter echoed through the theatre. Morisseau, the Zephyr, or, if you wish, the puppet of Signor Calzetti, placed himself in the middle of the stage, raised one leg, and commenced one of those interminable pirouettes in which French dancers too frequently indulge; then stopping suddenly, the little puppet, rising from the stage, commenced an *entrechat*, not of eight, but of sixteen—ay, thirty-two cuts—an eternal *entrechat*, performed with such vigour, that the noise of his heels, when meeting together, could be distinctly heard. After this exploit, Zephyr came down again on the boards, sighing forth an 'Ah!' that went to prove his fatigue and loss of breath.

'Eccolo il Zephro Francese!' ('There is the French Zephyr!') cried out the perfidious Calzetti from behind the scenes.

The laughter and the stamping of feet recommenced with greater noise than ever; and Morisseau, transfixed to his place, bent down his head, and peered anxiously around, fearing to be recognised by the spectators. The Romans dared not resist the French authorities; they bowed their necks before the idol image of the Emperor. But the hatred of the nation had need of

some means of demonstration, and it vented itself on a dancer.

The performance was at length ended, and Morisseau was able to leave this little theatre, where they had hissed him with so much bitterness. Dancers are unaccustomed to criticism; the press has little influence on them, and in 1808 it had none at all. At that period many dancers did not know how to read. The chastisement Morisseau had undergone was as novel to him as it was unexpected. The blow struck him in the most sensitive part, and found him defenceless. He regained the solitary chamber which he occupied near the theatre, and went to bed—not because he was ill—hoping to drown in sleep all recollection of his wrongs. It was about nine o'clock when he returned home. At this hour the Romans leave their houses to saunter through the streets and public squares; for here, as in most warm climates, the people turn night into day. The house in which Morisseau lodged was therefore nearly empty. He had scarcely laid his head on the pillow, when he heard a footstep in the corridor adjoining his room, and in a second after some one knocked at his door.

'Monsieur Morisseau!—Monsieur Morisseau!'

The dancer recognised the voice of the manager of the theatre. He rose, wrapped himself in his dressing-gown, and opened the door.

'How now, Morisseau!—in bed? Are you ill?'

'No, sir, but—'

'No!—that is sufficient: then come with us. Dress yourself, Morisseau, and come to the theatre. The performance is changed, and we have substituted the "Return of Zephyr." Come and dance.'

'Never!—never!' cried Morisseau.

'What!—never? The cardinal chamberlain particularly wished to see the celebrated French dancer; so come at once!'

'I will never dance again at Rome,' said Morisseau sulkily. 'To-morrow morning I start for Paris.'

The manager took an immoderate fit of laughter; and placing his hand on the dancer's shoulder, said slowly, 'Leave for Paris!—you, Morisseau! You are engaged to me for three years: I have your engagement signed by yourself; and as you acknowledge that your health is good, you shall dance this evening—or sleep in prison.'

This was a serious affair, and Morisseau knew it.

Poor Morisseau was forced to dress himself and go. He was obliged to put on the costume of Zephyr, and to fix on his back the little butterfly wings. But the self-reliance of the dancer was gone: he had lost all belief in his talents. The fantoccini of Signor Calzetti had disgusted him with his *entrechats* and his *pirouettes*. He appeared on the stage—he danced—his legs failed him—his head grew dizzy—he made a bound forward, but believed he was falling—his eyes became dazzled, and a thousand visions surrounded and confused him. At his feet, on his head, all around him, he saw flying myriads of Zephyrs, who teased and beset him like so many little spirits. The audience first laughed, then cried at and hooted him; and he heard his name pronounced, coupled with that of Calzetti—'*Morisseau!—Morisseaumasio! e viva Calzetti!*'

Such were the sounds that reached him from all sides. If he looked at the boxes, he saw spectators who seemed to enjoy his torture; if he looked behind the scenes, it was his friend the Pantaloon who was tittering, or the Signora Camilla, who joined heartily in the universal laughter. Distracted, beside himself, frantic with grief and shame, he danced out of time, stopped, and then darted forward: in four bounds he was off the stage, and out of the theatre. He escaped up a staircase which lay before him. The stairs led to a corridor; at the end of the corridor was a window. Meanwhile the audience grew more excited, and cried out loudly for 'Zephyr.' Morisseau's comrades ran after him to bring him back: the wretched man heard them at his heels, and knew they were trying to seize

him: the window at the end of the corridor was open: unfortunate Morisseau made one bound more, and Zephyr fell lifeless on the pavement before the theatre Argentina!

His death caused no small sensation. Rome, a clerical city, holds suicide in horror. Like all events of the kind, no one gave the true explanation. Calzetti was ignorant that the French dancer had seen his own parody, and never imagined he had any share in his death. Signora Camilla, who had favoured his suit, had not to reproach herself with any harshness. A report was drawn up and presented to the governor of Rome, recounting at length the death of Monsieur Morisseau, a French subject, who, during an attack of fever, precipitated himself from a window of the theatre Argentina. No one would have heard more of the event, but for the cruel Signor Calzetti, who made his puppets perform 'The Death and Burial of Zephyr,' which new ballet attracted crowds to the theatre Fiano. The secret hatred of the Romans to the French insured the success of this tasteless performance. But the gay season once past, no one bestowed another thought on unfortunate Morisseau in the city of the Cæsars.

HEAL-ALLS.

THE idea of a panacea or cure for all diseases is one of great antiquity. It falls every now and then into a lull, but seldom fails in a short time to start up again in full vigour, as if the tendency to it were something inseparable from human nature. Considering it rather as a desperate intermittent than a mania, we would say it is at present in one of its cold stages; but we have no doubt that this will pass, and some day ere long we shall be startled with yet another proclamation that at length a true unmistakable universal medicine has been discovered.

It is curious to remark that the real or pretended substratum of the panacea idea is in all cases the same. The pseudo-philosophic mediciner declares, and the intensely ignorant alike believe, that all disease has a common origin, or exhibits a common type. So much being fixed as the starting-point, the rest is done to hand. If typhus fever and hooping-cough, consumption and insanity, or any other incongruous couple we choose to mention, are the products of one course, what is given is to find the remedy for this morbid cause; and the panacea comes in to the rescue with all the authority of a Q. E. D. It would be curious, if it were not too often deplorable, to observe the strength with which a fantastic opinion of this kind holds the mind in its grasp. That which flourished under the auspices of Zeber, the Arabian alchemist, who averred that he was in possession of the elixir of old age, is a cognate idea with a very prevalent error of the nineteenth century. In character, however, with the disposition of the times, this, too, has put on the garments of science. It is at once cloaked and dignified by the terminology of the 'pathies.'

After the reign of Ward's wonder-doing drops in the eighteenth century—the red drops, the white drops, and the essence for the headache—began the reign of tar water. Nor was it much to be wondered at that hogs-heads of this odorous fluid found their way into the stomachs of invalids, when the eloquent Bishop Berkeley* was enlisted on its behalf. Hear this splendid orator on his hobby:—'I freely own that I suspect tar water to be a panacea. And as the old philosopher cried aloud from the house-top to his fellow-citizens, "Educate your children," so, if I had a situation high enough, and a voice loud enough, I would say to all the valetudinarious upon earth, "Drink tar water." Such mighty preaching had its due effect; tar water was in vast requisition for all manner of similar and dissimilar disorders. Rheumatism, phthisis, ulcers, fled at its approach. Yet its brief day soon ended; and with its

learned and fervent patron it descended into the tomb. And the like is the history of countless drops, waters, and elixirs. Carried up into popularity by the ascending swing of the great pendulum of human caprice, and flung down into obscurity as it returned in its oscillations, to bear up some other folly of a day, and to cast it down in like manner.

The history of the galvanic or magnetic panacea—for they are akin in some respects—is sufficiently interesting to deserve a separate notice. To the best of our knowledge, this has come to life about five times. First, many centuries since, under the famous Dioscorides; second, in the seventeenth century; third, in the eighteenth century; fourth, at the early part of our own; and fifth, so recently as two or three years ago. Great medical powers were at an early period attributed to the loadstone. Dioscorides largely used it in practice. Weapons rubbed with it were believed to inflict deadly wounds. The king of Zeilan attached such virtues to it, that he had all his meat served up in dishes of loadstone, conceiving that thereby he preserved the vigour of youth. Aëtius, who lived so early as the year 500, says 'that those who are troubled with the gout in their hands or their feet, or with convulsions, find relief when they hold a magnet in their hands.' It was frequently used as an amulet for the headache. 'Perceiving,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'its secret power to draw magnetical bodies, men have invented a new attraction to draw out the dolour and pain of any part.' Powdered, it was made into a plaster to extract bullets! The case of a young man is given who swallowed a knife ten inches long, and had it attracted to the surface by a loadstone plaster. At the end of the seventeenth century, says Borrelli, magnetic toothpicks and earpickers were made, and extolled as a secret preventive against pains in the teeth, eyes, and ears. Also for hernial protrusions the patient took iron filings internally, and wore a plaster of powdered loadstone outside! More extravagant ideas still were entertained by some; and tales are told that robbers practised their crimes by its assistance; lighting a fire at the four corners of the dwelling, and flinging a loadstone into the centre of the house. The thought was, that the inhabitants would be repelled out of the house; but whether their precipitate retreat was attributable to the loadstone or to the fire, we leave to the learned to determine. Wounds rubbed with it were said to be at once eased of all pain. The eighteenth century, however, saw magnetism *redoubtous*, and with wonderfully renewed energies. In 1770, a Jesuit named Hehl, a professor of astronomy at Vienna, invented some steel plates of a peculiar description, which he impregnated with magnetic virtues, and applied to the cure of diseases. These discoveries became known to Measner, and were adopted by him. Experiments in Paris were made, and a great noise arose in the world about this 'new' remedy. Again magnetic cures ceased to be spoken of, when, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, Mr Perkins, an American, brought his marvellous discovery to the light. By the use of certain metallic bars, which he entitled 'metallic tractors,' and which he drew over the affected parts, he pretended to the cure of a host of diseases. From America the fame of the 'tractors' spread over to England, and set all Bath in a turmoil. Otherwise intractable diseases fell before the power of these 'tractors,' which had the imposing authority of a patent for their protection. And surely never was any panacea so bestimonialed as Perkinism. It enjoyed the overwhelming authority of eight professors of medicine and natural philosophy. But this was feeble in comparison to the roll of high names which followed, among which were nineteen physicians, seventeen surgeons, ten doctors of divinity, and ten clergymen. Will those who have read our extract from Aëtius above, believe that many grave and sober-minded gentlemen wore pieces of loadstone round the neck for the purpose of preventing or curing the gout! So much has thirteen centuries done to immoderate 'panaceism,' Perkinism

was doomed. One or two physicians poked out the fire by producing equally marvellous cures by tractors made of wood, and painted so as to resemble the metallic. One amusing case occurred in which the patient declared solemnly that the (wooden) tractors had 'tormented him out of one night's rest, and that they should do so no more!' The real nature of these mirific tractors was then exhibited, and Perkinsism received its deathblow. Not so magnetism. A few years ago came out the galvanic rings. It will therefore be fresh in the memory of our readers, that the world again raved after this remedy. Every cabman's finger glimmered with the lustre of the galvanic ring. It was 1690 over again. If we cannot, with Borrelli, speak of magnetic toothpicks, we can of galvanic tobacco-pipes; the galvanism generated in a manner of which philosophy is ignorant, by the passage of the smoke through a coil of wires! What this was intended for, we confess we never could rightly discover. Every man carried his battery on his finger, or wore it on his gout-tortured limbs. A splendid ignorance of the laws of electricity sparkled in golden circles; and minute currents of that fluid, instead of traversing the podagric toe or rheumatic thumb, playfully circled in the ring itself. The bands and rings, the galvanic hair-brushes and gloves, and all the other ingenuities of the delusion, are becoming histories; yet a fantasy which has lived and died five or six times, indicates a tenacity of life which may well cause us to be very careful how we pronounce upon its actual death.

Leaving this instructive history, we may recall to the attention of our readers the case of that impostor of mournful celebrity—St John Long. His theory was, that it is possible to extract the morbid matter which produces disease out of the blood. Surely his remedies were sufficiently extractive: they extracted skin from the muscles, and muscles from the bones. By the use of a corrosive liniment of a mineral acid and turpentine, he blistered only too many of his patients to death. As the history of this charlatanism is quite recent, we need not dwell on the temporary delirium which St John Longism produced—the lines of expectant carriages, the list of noble victims, the flocks of country patients, the coroners' inquests, and the death of the operator of one of the diseases himself pretended to vanquish—all these are the common features of 'panaceaism.' And let the empty street, deserted room, and tenanted grave, supply the usual tailpiece to the history. External friction was another popular panacea, under the more captivating title of 'shampooing.' It had the usual symptoms of the disease. It was to cure every 'ill that flesh is heir to.' It had its crowds of votaries; and the shampooer, an ignorant mechanic, for some years cleared five or six thousand pounds annually! If one could say, 'I likes to be despised,' with how much greater truth might it be said of these that they loved to be deluded. On one bad case of incurable paralysis, the parents of a young lady spent four or five hundred pounds in one year! Some of the great ones, we rather believe of the medical profession, having recommended mustard-seed for dyspepsia, then followed the days of this remedy; and no one can tell to what an extent it was devoured by the seekers after health. Folly and fashion took up their plaything, dandled it, and flung it away for brandy and salt. We forget just now how many treatises came out upon brandy and salt; and we are equally forgetful of how many thousands were cured of bodily ills inside and out. Probably no ordinary figures would have power to represent the last, when we are assured that one gentleman, the inventor, gave away a hogshead of brandy, and salt without weight, in this cause. It was the grand *arcum* of an hour. But 'Morisonianism' has had a longer sway, though it, too, is on its last legs. There is a painful similarity between it and St John Longism when at its height of glory. Infatuated patients dozed themselves to death: one is said to have died in the faith, actually swallowing the medicine just before expiring. The

thirty-five or forty pill dose-days are happily gone by: common sense has done its work; but we fly to the opposite extreme in homoeopathy. This was not so much a panacea as a panaceal system: and now came the era of millionths, billionths, and trillionths; and doses were administered in proportions which the human mind is unable even to conceive of. Thus are we conducted to the freshest of all—hydropathy; the system which washes out disorders from the human frame; which has enriched a Swiss peasant of rugged outside and more rugged interior; which has turned the pharmacopoeia into water; which has clothed fashion and fancy, not in silk attire, but in wet sheets; has turned wine into water, and the drawing-room into a cold bath; which, we regret to add—though doing some good as respects temperance, exercise, and cleanliness—has turned slight diseases into dropsies.

Now we may, before concluding, just make the remark, that even among the ranks of the medical profession the spirit of popular panaceaism, in a mitigated degree, only too frequently carries away sound judgment. One, for instance, in the cobbler's spirit, will have it that there is nothing like prussic acid; another doses us with camphor; a third with opium and quinine; and calomel, creosote, mineral acids, iodine, have their respective votaries. Yet we must not be misunderstood either in this or in the former case. We do not deny that there is good in all these, even in Long's liniment, or galvanic rings properly applied and constructed. Many of these panaceas are only the exaggerations of some particular benefit residing in the extolled substance or system. Such, however, is the tendency of the human mind—ever credulous of, and anxious to idolise an impossibility. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu shrewdly observes, 'We have no longer faith in miracles and relics, and therefore with the same fury run after receipts and physicians.' Yet we cannot close our article without expressing our utter abhorrence of that cunningness of covetousness which, itself unbelieving its assertions, enriches itself at the expense of that funded principle of faith planted in the mind for the noblest ends by the Divine Author; and though we attach much blame to the deceived, we would heap infinitely the most upon the impostor, who in so many cases has gathered his riches out of falsehood.

SPARE MONEY.

THERE is something afflicting in the way in which superfluous wealth is used by its possessors. Many men know how to gain money: comparatively few know how to spend it. Some think they do well if they bestow it on luxuries, as it thereby gives employment and bread to artisans and tradesmen; not having yet mastered the doctrine in political economy, that artisans and tradesmen can as well be employed in producing real as imaginary comforts, as far as their own interests are concerned, and that therefore to give them money for what is not enjoyable, is to throw money away. Others hoard, under the frenzied fears of the miser, for a poverty which has no chance of overtaking them, or for the sake of the glory and power of wealth, or to endow heirs with that which they may misuse. How seldom do we hear of a man possessed of means far above his own present or contingent necessities, having the heart or the sense to use them during his lifetime in a way that may redound to the benefit of his less fortunate fellow-creatures! It is not uncommon, indeed, to leave wealth, when it must be left, to endow some benevolent institution, which may be a monument and a posthumous flattery to the testator. But this is very different from the rationality of using wealth in one's own lifetime for similar professed objects.

The condition of endowed charitable institutions

generally, is not that which can offer any pleasing prospect to persons who think of leaving money for such purposes. According to investigations made a few years ago, the larger proportion of all the public charities in England are either dilapidated by mismanagement, or their funds are altogether absorbed by trustees. It was hoped that the announcement of this startling fact would have led to some kind of provision for placing endowments under the inspection of a public officer; but like many other abuses, the subject went to sleep; and up to the present day, nothing, we believe, has been done to insure the proper administration of endowments according to the will of the testators.

Intending endowers, therefore, would do well to consider how far, in present circumstances, their intentions are likely to be carried out by a succession of trustees in perpetuity. Even supposing no malversation in office, it may happen, from the altered state and improved feelings of society, that the execution of the trust in its original form would be positively injurious, or at the very least useless and ridiculous. It is beginning to be a pretty general belief that hospitals for the board and education of children will not outlast another generation, in consequence of the growing conviction that they are not healthy scenes for juvenile nurture and training. Even now, means are in the course of being taken for reorganizing some institutions of this kind on a totally different footing. On this and all other accounts, we would wish to impress on persons of wealth the propriety of disposing of at least a reasonable portion of their spare money on objects of acknowledged utility during their lives. And as this is an age of moral reforms, we are not without hopes of seeing our recommendation in some respects acted upon.

Many elderly single ladies and gentlemen, having no taste for splendour, and no relations so near or dear to them as to call for large legacies, may be supposed to be in no small degree perplexed as to the proper disposal of the wealth which they cannot carry with them out of the world. On these, in an especial manner, is imposed the duty of devoting their spare money to the best objects within their range of view. There could be no difficulty in such persons discovering means and opportunities of doing permanent good by the bestowal of portions of their wealth; and it would surely be a great satisfaction, and one justly due to themselves, if they could see the good beginning felt and acknowledged before they died. What an agreeable thing it would be to observe hundreds of poor children rescued from misery and ignorance, and put in the way of well-doing for life; or to behold a group of poor old decayed people furnished with a comfortable refuge for the rest of their days; or to know that a number of sick, once neglected, were now secure of due care and attendance, all through the means which Providence had intrusted to our hands! A no less blessed thing it were to set apart the superfluity, year by year, as it accrued, and bestow it on the succour of individual cases of undeserved misfortune. The close-fistedness of age is explained as a panic of the self-preservative instinct, excited by the sense of growing helplessness. Money-bags are thought to form a good entrenchment; but the grateful blessings of the wretched would surely be a better. What consolation more substantial can there be for advancing infirmity, and the near approach of unavoidable fate, than the consciousness that, through our humble means, many poor bearers of the

same feeble nature are having their last days alleviated, and sending towards us the sympathies of bosoms on which the same sad shadow is falling? Let us preach of independence as we will, cases are constantly occurring where, from the operation of irresistible causes—forces which no foresight could avert—utter ruin is threatened from the temporary want of a small sum of money. A vast amount of misery might be prevented, whole families might be saved from pauperism, were such small sums advanced at the proper juncture. Here alone is one great channel of usefulness opened to the benevolent over-rich. What happy pictures might they thus provide for the future regalement of their highest feelings!

There are humbler and less interesting, but still laudable ways of bestowing spare money during the life of the possessor. In every considerable town there is occasional need for improvements, which there is no means, in the shape of public money, of effecting. Not one but might be the better of some bridge, or footway, or public green, or garden, which, however, is wanted for years, because of the lack of funds. Here the possessor of superfluous wealth might step in, and in the spirit of social kindness, and as a graceful courtesy from the fortunate one to the industrious many, effect the improvement, or bestow the needed public work. Were a man to act in this manner, governing his conduct by good judgment, and leaving no room to doubt that he merely wished to do good, what a social position were his! He might become almost an object of worship to his fellow-creatures.

If the rich were also the wise, this word might, in its sphere, be enough. As matters are, let it go forth and do its best.

A WALK OVER THE AMPEZZO PASS, TYROL.

WHILST Switzerland is overrun every summer by tourists from all quarters, threading every valley, and mounting every pass, the Tyrol, another part of the same Alpine chain, is in comparison little visited. With the exception, indeed, of that portion which is contiguous to Switzerland, and of the valley of the Inn, there is small likelihood that an English traveller will fall in with a dozen of his countrymen in his rambles through the whole of what the Austrian geographers and lawyers term the princely county of the Tyrol. The reasons for preferring the western division of the Alps are, however, sufficiently obvious. In the first place, the Tyrol is more distant from the north-west of Europe; and in the next, unless the traveller is proceeding from Vienna or Munich, it is out of the way to Italy, the goal of so many thousands, whereas Switzerland is directly in the path. Again, the roads in Switzerland are more numerous, and in better order; the inns on a larger scale, and more adapted to the wants of wealthy persons; the staff of guides and the means of transit far greater, and more complete, in Switzerland than in the Tyrol. In short, the science of touring is studied in one country, and neglected in the other. All the appliances for a pleasant travel, and the requisites for a comfortable sojourn, are nearer at hand, and better understood amongst the Swiss than the Tyrolese, whilst the scenery is more diversified, and the grandest parts of it more accessible. With regard to roads, Austria of late years has perceived the necessity of paying some attention to the matter; and in order to attract travellers and traffic, considerable sums have been expended in opening up new routes and improving the old ones. Over the Pass of the Stelvio, at a height of eight hundred feet above the line of perpetual snow, a broad and well-built road has

been conducted to connect the basin of the Danube with the plain of Lombardy, whilst a readier access to the shores of the Adriatic, from the upper part of that vast basin, has been given by the recently-formed road over the Ampezzo Pass.

A glance at the map will show that, for the length of about eighty miles, the southern part of the Tyrol is traversed by a deep groove, running nearly east and west. This groove is termed the Vale of Puster; but singularly enough, it is formed of two valleys. The whole may be compared to a long narrow trough, the bottom of which slopes from the middle to each end; and from the middle, therefore, the streams flow in opposite directions. At this point there is a mile or two of elevated table-land, called the Plain of Toblach, which is found noticed in the annals of the country as the arena of a bloody contest. Through the Puster valley runs one of the principal post roads of the Tyrol; and one day last summer I travelled along it from Lienz as far as Niederdorf, with the intention of investigating the branch road over the Ampezzo, which quits the former on the Plain of Toblach. Sleeping at Niederdorf, I started betimes, and in less than an hour reached the tall wooden cross that marks from afar the point of divergence. The new road sweeps at once into the jaws of the mountains. In the first ravine lies a small shallow sheet of water, called the Toblach See, such as we should call a tarn in the north of England. But for an embankment at the foot, all the water would run out; and perhaps it is only retained for the sake of the fish, which appeared to be numerous. I turned aside a few yards in order to view the precipices at the head of the ravine, across the sheet of water, and I strongly recommend all travellers to do the like, for the effect was very striking. Soon after leaving the lake behind, we pass through two magnificent portals of dolomite, bare rocks, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the road, and then find ourselves fairly admitted into the Pass, for we have now no longer a view into the vale below. At Höllenstein, a name I would rather leave in its original tongue, there is a neat-looking inn and post-house standing on the margin of a level green meadow. The rocks around this recess are uncommonly fine. The dolomitic peaks, for which this part of the Tyrol is remarkable, are seen rising above the pine forests on all sides. One mass in particular rivets the eye with its long jagged ridge, in the midst of which there is a deep notch holding a glacier. These curious mountains have sadly puzzled geologists, to whom they are a constant object of examination. Mr Murray has described their appearance so accurately in his 'Handbook,' that I shall take the liberty of transcribing his words. 'The dolomite mountains are unlike any other mountains, and are to be seen nowhere else among the Alps. They arrest the attention by the singularity and picturesqueness of their forms, by their sharp peaks or horns, sometimes rising up in pinnacles and obelisks, at others extending in serrated ridges, toothed like the jaw of an alligator; now fencing in the valley with an escarped precipice many thousand feet high, and often cleft with numerous fissures, all running nearly vertically. They are perfectly barren, destitute of vegetation of any sort, and generally of a light yellow or whitish colour.' Von Buch, the mineralogist, started a theory respecting them, which has been adopted by many geologists, though others have dissented from it. He supposed that a bed of mountain limestone had been violently displaced, and thrown into a vertical position, by an outburst from underneath of melaphyr or pyroxenic porphyry—an igneous rock, which has a base of augite or pyroxene, holding crystals of felspar—and that magnesia in a state of vapour was evolved by the melted rock, and penetrating the heated limestone, gave it the crystalline structure of dolomite. The guide-books recommend travellers to visit the secluded valleys of the Gader and the Gröden, for the purpose of inspecting the dolomite rocks. For those, however, who have traversed the Puster

valley between Toblach and Lienz, such a proceeding is unnecessary, since specimens are well seen from several points of the vale; and at Innichen they come down, in eminences of moderate elevation, close to the road. The path we are now describing leads right across the range, and its rocks are seen to great advantage in all their varieties.

Höllenstein being passed, we reach another sheet of water, through which the road is carried by means of a raised terrace. By this time I began to feel the pangs of hunger, and a small inn presenting itself opportunely at a turn, I entered, and inquired what edibles could be procured. A mutton chop? No. A veal cutlet? No. Nothing but boiled beef, and, as usual, boiled to rage, in the German fashion—a dish that for nearly a week I had been compelled to feed upon. No potatoes, or indeed vegetables of any kind, were to be had, and even the meat looked so abominably like horse flesh, that my knife and fork sickened at the sight, and in a hurry the dish was sent away just as it came. At that moment a hen came hopping in front of the window, and a happy thought struck me—perhaps they had heard of eggs! Eggs, in fact, were found; half-a-dozen ordered to be boiled; and during the operation I looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to a tolerable meal. Imagine my disappointment when the six eggs were brought in rolling about on a plate, stripped of their shells, and as hard as stone!

It was not long before I was treading the summit level of the Pass, which is gloomy, from the quantity of pine-wood. There is a peak in the neighbourhood with deep stains of blood-red, as if the top had once formed an altar for some sanguinary sacrifice. A gentle descent leads down to some buildings called Ospitale, from their having formerly been a hospice or place of refuge, charitably founded, and tenanted by monks. The principal dwelling is now an inn. The chapel is yet in existence, swept clean, and garnished with a little furniture, and the bell still hangs over the roof. How indescribably solemn must its faint tones have sounded amongst the hollows of those gigantic mountains, when it called its hearers, a few holy men, to join in the services of the church, or when it knelled over the remains of some storm-lost wayfarer as the brethren consigned them to strange earth!

A short distance below the hospital, the ruins of Beukstein Castle are seen in relief against a mountain black with pines. The formation of the road has here been attended with great labour. It is supported along the hill flanks by immense accumulations of earth, and is carried, by bridges of wood and stone, across divers streams and gullies. One of the finest stations on the whole path is at one of the wooden bridges. On the right hand, immediately above the spectator, but at a great height, the eye runs up a gully, and at length reaches a huge hole in the rocky ridge, through which the sky is plainly visible. In another direction there is a mighty pile of rock, which, by the illusion of distance, seems belted with spiral terraces, like another tower of Babel. When I had gained the neighbourhood of the castle I quitted the road for the sward that slopes gently up the nape of its peninsulated rock, and getting over the outer wall, climbed to the highest fragment of the crumbling ruin. I shall never forget the singularity and magnificence of the scene from that point. My position commanded views in three directions: first, there was the vale I had just travelled through; then, deep, deep beneath, there was a recess that appeared to be a common vestibule to several others that branched off among the hills; lastly, there was another vale, more broad and open than either, along which the collected streams from the glaciers find their way into the sunny Adriatic; and this last the route taken by the road to Venice. The castle of Potestagno, as the Italians term it, has been built on the extreme verge of a precipice at least one thousand feet high, a spur from the grand Alps. It stands at the angle of three radiating vales, and looks, like a wary warder, right down

that along which an enemy from the powerful south might be most probably expected. The new road down to this point has been several degrees removed from the perpendicular; in fact its gradient has been easy. But now it arrives at the edge of a steep step, and much circumspection is required to effect a safe descent. That done, by means of a bold curve, followed by some tourniquetting, it runs forward in a straight line from under the eye, until lost in the long-drawn valley. Lifting one's gaze from the vales to the towering peaks around them, we are struck with astonishment by the variety and strangeness of their shapes. Too grand to admit the feeling of grotesqueness, too fantastic to include a sense of the true sublime, they rise above the forests that clothe their feet in naked and inaccessible majesty, their white rocks exposed to the day, as if a thousand tempests had gathered their whole energies for a single stroke, and, by one explosion of their wrath, had stripped the mountains of their covering, as the lightning strips a tree of its bark.

I left my precarious standing-place with caution: I did not see exactly where a slip would terminate. Instead of rejoining the high road immediately, I made down a bank towards an old wooden foot-bridge visible from above. This bridge is placed across the stream flowing from the Pass, shortly before it reaches the precipice whereon the castle is planted. I found it so crazy an affair, that I had some doubts whether it would be prudent to place my foot upon it; but I crossed safely by a hurried movement, refraining from puzzling my eyes with the fearful gulf beneath. The path on the other side was narrow, much broken away, and required a steady head, as it conducted along the very brink of the ravine through which the stream wormed its way, at a dizzying depth below, to join the Borta. I was rewarded, however, by the splendid view of the castled rock which it presented, seen hence in distinct profile. Two women whom I met on the highway, in answer to my inquiry as to the distance of Cortina, said, '*Una ora.*' The first words of a new language always startle one; hitherto I had heard nothing but German, and these were the first words of Italian that saluted my ear. On referring to my map, I saw that the names of the hills and villages were all Italian, and my guide-book informed me that the valley I was now walking in—the Val Ampezzo—had belonged to the Venetians, until the Emperor Maximilian took it from them, and annexed it to the Tyrol. To my left was a massive wall of dolomite, of amazing height, rent in several spots from top to bottom. When this ended, I looked into a side vale, and with some chagrin perceived the mists creeping down it. Very soon they appeared over other heights, and began descending into the valley; but pushing forward to Cortina, I succeeded in reaching it before the rain commenced.

All through the Tyrol this had been the arrangement of rooms in the inns:—On one side of the entrance, and on the ground-floor, there was the guests' reception-room; and on the other side, or beyond, were the kitchens and private rooms of the house. Frequently the entrance was a wide passage, paved with stones, or flagged, into which carriages and carts were wheeled out of the wet. At Cortina there was a new order of things, and this, combined with my ignorance of Italian, occasioned me much perplexity. I walked into the principal inn, a large building, highly recommended in the guide-book, but searched in vain for anything like a room that I could sit down in. A servant girl came to me, and looked upon my wanderings apparently with some amusement; but as we could not understand one another, she threw no light upon the mystery, and I left the house with an indignation I have now reason to be ashamed of. Trudging farther into the village, I encountered the post-house, and concluded at once that it was also an inn, as post-houses usually are. Again I endeavoured to find on the ground-floor the guests' *salle à manger*; but, worse and worse, all the doors were locked. I applied my stick

pretty fiercely to one, and the noise caused a woman to descend from the upper part of the house; but being unable to make her comprehend what I wanted, I thought there would be no harm if I extended my search above stairs. There I stumbled into a room where there were papers and letters scattered about, giving the place an official look. A man was writing at a table. Doubtless, thought I, here I have got into the august presence of the post-master himself; and I began a short address of deprecation and request, beginning, 'Signor,' but could not muster another word; so I repeated 'signor.' The man of office came to my relief by speaking in German. But when I began to feel at my ease, and ordered some refreshment to be brought, I discovered I had made the old mistake of taking a private house for a caravansary. The man good-naturedly put on his hat and took me to an inn near at hand. By this time I had become acquainted with the fact, that the entertaining-rooms of the inns in this country were on the first floor, the lower rooms being appropriated to domestic uses. At the 'Star,' then, I proceeded at once up stairs, and soon had a savoury dinner before me. The rain descended in torrents, and forbade the execution of my plan, for this day at least, of proceeding across the hills into the Gader valley. There was no help for it but patience; and in the hope of the morrow proving propitious, I employed my thoughts upon the exceeding beauties of the path I had travelled over during the day. Broad enough to hold five carriages abreast, it wound its way amongst the hills, in spite of obstacles, with such easy inclinations, that the traveller requires no extra horses to pull his vehicle up the steeps, and need scarcely have his wheels locked once on the descents. True, the height of the Pass is much lower than most of the other roads across main ranges of Alps, for it does not leave behind the climate of pines: there are no tunnels, and little danger from avalanches, the cause of so much damage to the Stelvio and the Splügen; yet the Ampezzo Pass afforded me, with its extraordinary scenery, one of the most delightful rambles I ever remember to have taken.

When I awoke the following morning, the rain was falling in a calm business-like manner, as if it had made up its mind to go on for a month. It seemed quite clear that I must continue upon main roads, and not think of mountain by-paths. Two courses were open—either to pay a visit to Venice, about 110 miles distant, or to return the way I had come. Venice had great attractions, but my wardrobe was not fitted for the inspection of civilised eyes, being confined to the smallest possible compass, so as to be easily carried in a single knapsack. I gave up the idea of Venice with a sigh, and loitered about until after dinner; then, like a discomfited 'vagrom man,' I shouldered my pack, and marched with a rebellious mind towards the north. I ought to mention, as a specimen of the low charges of the Tyrol, that my bill at the 'Star' for two dinners, bed, breakfast, and three flasks of wine, amounted to half-a-crown! With the maid who waited upon me, the landlord's daughter, I was obliged to communicate by signs. She was attired in a peculiarly pleasing manner: her tight-fitting bodice, laced in front, and little cloth cap with a long tassel, gave her so picturesque and classic an appearance, that I lamented her nose was slightly, though very slightly, *retroussé*, instead of the Grecian form; and I lamented still more that I could not learn from her whether she had ever left her native valley, or where she had studied the aesthetics of dress. As I said before, I re-trod the road I had traversed the preceding day. Stretching a black waterproof cape over my shoulders, to the intense amusement of some little boys congregated under a gateway, I pushed over the hills without stopping, until I reached my night quarters in the Puster valley. All the beauty of the Pass was blotted out by low drooping mists. I hurried on, mortified by my total defeat. The evening had closed in by the time I reached Niederdorf. After a twenty miles' walk, I felt much tempted to put up again at

my former lodging; and in truth it was hard work leaving the lights of the village for three additional miles of darkness; but I had fixed on Welsberg for a resting-place.

AKKATOOK, THE ESQUIMAUX BOY.

THE whalers of the port of Kirkcaldy, which make an annual visit to the stormy, ice-bound shores of Davis' Straits, have often gratified us with live specimens of bears, wolves, foxes, and such-like members of the inferior creation; but last autumn they presented us with an importation of a different kind, being nothing less than a fine Esquimaux boy, named Akkatook. His father is, or rather was, chief of one of the small tribes who contrive to pick up a miserable subsistence on the western shores of these Straits, and hold occasional intercourse with the vessels when they happen to approach the land. Yielding to the boy's curiosity, and influenced no doubt by their notions of the wonderful country from which the large ships and fine things come, his parents delivered him over to Captain Kinnear of the 'Caledonia,' with strict injunctions to take care of him, and under a solemn promise to bring him back next season. When received on board, the boy was covered with the grease and filth inseparable from the native habits; but under the hands of the sailors, he soon underwent a thorough renovation, and became a great and general favourite. At first, the new dietary was far from palatable, and he might be seen making alyly free with such pieces of blubber and drops of oil as came in his way; but he soon became perfectly reconciled to the change, and relished the delicacies of civilised cookery as much as any on board. His dress consisted of trousers, coat, hood, and boots, all of seal-skin, neatly sewed, and tastefully figured with threads and braid of sinew, the smooth glossy hair giving it a variegated and very beautiful appearance. The skirt of the coat was of one piece, and descended almost to his heels, making him look like a large monkey.

What were Akkatook's feelings when he arrived in this country it is difficult to conceive. A greater change than from the barren, treeless, houseless, snow-clad shores of Davis' Straits, to the towns, gardens, and fields of Scotland, cannot be imagined. It was literally a 'new earth' to him; everything wonderful, incomprehensible; yet he deported himself with marvellous propriety, and was scarcely less a wonder to us than the country must have been to him. Akkatook was thirteen years of age, and of low stature, with a broad round chest, short neck, and long, lank, glossy hair, black as the raven's wing; skin soft as velvet, of a hue between the negro and red Indian; the eye dark and lively; and his general expression highly agreeable. The forehead was rather low; but he was of quick apprehension, and his general abilities were good. I should say he was deficient in bone and muscle, and proportionally in strength, compared with our boys of his size and mould.

The best school for Akkatook was free and frequent intercourse with other boys. He necessarily wanted many of those elementary ideas which are acquired in childhood, and form the groundwork of all education. But it was deemed expedient to make some direct efforts for his improvement, and two gentlemen were selected for this purpose, of whom the writer was one. I confess I had previously no idea of the difficulties that had to be encountered. As my pupil's term was to be very short, I was anxious to teach him all I could; but his total ignorance of our language precluded all access to his mind except by signs. I resolved to reach his understanding in every possible way, and the expedients were sometimes amusing enough. After teaching him the letters, and exercising him in the more difficult sounds, I selected a spelling-book which abounds with the names of familiar objects, in order to accustom him to connect the sign with the thing signified. With a multitude of nouns I found no difficulty; he soon knew the

names of all the articles in the room, and of a great number of animals. The latter I explained by imitating the sound of the animal: thus the word *ox*, *moo, moo*; sheep, *may-ay*; dog, *bow-ow*; cock, *cock-akoo-hoo*, &c. an exercise in which he delighted and excelled. The meaning of verbs I endeavoured to explain by going through the action they express; but as may be supposed, words expressing quality and manner, adjectives and adverbs, caused the greatest difficulty. Akkatook was a shrewd observer, and displayed remarkable proficiency in the habits of native life. He knew the number of dogs belonging to every individual in his tribe, and most of their names. Nothing pleased him more than pictures of animals with which he had been acquainted in the far north. On showing one day specimens of the ptarmigan in its winter, spring, and summer plumage, he recognised it instantly; and lighting a bit of paper, pointed out the different altitudes of the sun, to show the season of each dress. A representation of the capture of a whale threw him into raptures, and he acted the part of the harpooner to the life. He was admirable at finding and following the trail of an animal; and with his bow and arrow, would pursue small birds for a whole day, along hedges, and through thorny brakes, with wonderful success. As an instance of his quick-sightedness: I had lost a small key in the dusk of the evening, and sent my own boys to find it; but in vain. Just as we had given up the search, Akkatook made his appearance. Taking another key from my pocket to show him what I wanted, he set out with the speed and keenness of a pointer; and beginning with a large circuit, he contracted it at each round, and in an incredibly short time placed the lost article in my hand. His natural disposition was exceedingly amiable, and his filial affection strong. One night as he sat musing and melancholy, looking into the fire, his kind hostess, who felt a truly maternal interest in his welfare, asked what was the matter; when laying his hand on his breast, and with tears in his eyes, he said, 'Apukia—Apukia!' which was his mother's name. His father had two wives, and it was remarked that he never mentioned the other. Thus in some traits at least, human nature is the same amid the polar snows as in the more congenial regions of the south.

The favour which Akkatook obtained, especially among the young, was as general as the interest he excited. Wo to the luckless urchin who would have dared maltreat him! At the tables of the wealthy, far and near, he was feasted and caressed. A kind invitation reached him from the Duke of Buccleuch; and it is almost needless to say he returned with substantial proofs of his Grace's kindness. The tact he displayed in conforming to our conventional rules of good-breeding was truly astonishing. The only habit he found it difficult to overcome, was that of going away at meals as soon as he was satisfied. The attractions of the window, or rather of the moving world in the street, he could not resist. On a fine day in early spring, a famous regatta was got up, in which our polar hero played a principal part. Troops of the curious lined the shore for upwards of a mile. Among a number of boats, all gaily decked out, might be seen his frail bark canoe, himself seated in the centre, in his native dress, having a single oar, double-bladed, and poised before him, with which he struck the water on each side alternately, and impelled it along with amazing speed, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

As the time for his departure drew near, presents poured in in great abundance and variety; some of which, by the way, were sufficiently remarkable, considering the country in which he was to live. It is worthy of notice, as a general rule, that the higher the station of the donors, the more appropriate were the gifts, thus evincing proportionate judgment and taste in the selection. He embarked in his old ship, the 'Caledonia,' whose officers tell us that his progress in English during the voyage was matter of general remark and surprise; and indeed it was evident, before

his departure from Kirkcaldy, that his mind was full, and just on the eve of bursting forth, like a bud in spring. But the voyage proved unfortunate: the good old 'Caledonia,' crushed between two floes of ice, became a total wreck, the sailors having just sufficient time to save their lives and a few articles of clothing. In this disaster nearly all his valuable presents were lost. After this he was transferred to the 'Chieftain,' and ultimately delivered to his kindred, with one or two fowling-pieces saved from the wreck, and an ample supply of ammunition from the ship's stores. His father, Makkarook, had died during his absence.

Thus ended the visit of Akkatook, of which different opinions will be entertained. Some will doubt the propriety of bringing him to this country at all, especially when his stay was to be so short and unproductive; and we fear that prudent benevolence will pronounce against it, as preparing him for discomforts and dissatisfactions which otherwise he had never known; but there can be little doubt that the partial training in civilised habits which he enjoyed amongst us, and the smattering of our language which he was able to pick up, will prove advantageous as respects his own people and their intercourse with whalers. His safe return will alone be useful as an instance of the integrity of the English in keeping their promise. What was effected for Akkatook's education may be said to demonstrate the improbability of the Esquimaux, and how much could be done for them by a repetition of such visits as that now described. The only subject for regret is, that Akkatook's stay in Scotland was so short. Had he remained for a few years, he might have been rendered available as a missionary of arts and religion to his tribe—one of that noble band who, in different parts of the world, are toiling in the cause of humanity and mercy.

THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

THE attention recently excited towards the Indian Archipelago, is owing to peculiar circumstances—at least so far as the body of the public is concerned—more of a romantic than practical nature. Perhaps a brief sketch of the trade, resources, and business prospects of that great island country, may be considered an acceptable contribution to the general stock of knowledge on the subject, and one likely to strengthen, and turn to useful account, the impressions left by more popular and exciting details.

The Archipelago covers an area of between five and six million statute miles, including land and water; and lies directly in the ocean route between the eastern nations from the Arabian Sea to the Sea of Japan, and midway between this route and the Australian continent. By sailing vessels, its eastern extremity is only three days from China, and its western only three weeks from Arabia. On the west it is entered by the Straits of Malacca, between the Malay peninsula (dotted with the British settlements of Penang, Malacca, and Singapore) and the island of Sumatra; and the Straits of Sunda between Sumatra and Java. On the east there are various wide passages or channels, taking their names from the great islands of Luzon, New Guinea, &c. On the south the inlets are narrow and intricate; and on the north and north-west spreads the continent of Asia. The whole of the Archipelago is comprehended within the tropics, the equinoctial line running through the centre of the region.

Such is the geographical position of a country which would appear from its site and other natural advantages to be destined for the seat of a great commercial empire. 'Their boats and canoes,' says Crawford, 'are to the Indian islanders what the camel, the horse, and the ox are to the wandering Arab and the Tartar; and the sea is to them what the desert and the steppes are to the latter'; and a more recent writer remarks, that 'the seemingly permanent dominion founded there by the mean and huckster-like policy of the Dutch, will ere

long be eclipsed by the energy of some other maritime nations of the west of more large and generous views; and the Indian mariners will become merchants instead of pirates; and instead of creeping within the circle of their thousand isles, their flag will be seen in the farthest emporium of the Asiatic and Australian continents.' It is supposed by some that these groups in the aggregate—known to the Arabs under the name of the Twelve Thousand Islands, and said by Marco Polo to comprise 7448 isles—contain a population of nearly forty millions, though the estimate of recent Dutch authorities falls considerably short of half that amount. Even taking the lowest estimate, however, the country must be considered of high importance; and indeed, though comparatively little has been done either to extend the consumption of our own goods, or to stimulate the natives to develop the resources of their several countries, a pretty considerable trade is actually carried on with articles produced in Great Britain, or in the British colonies and dependencies, though not immediately by our own countrymen. We have hitherto contented ourselves, however, with establishing at Singapore a mart, where inexhaustible supplies might be obtained, and have left it to the native merchants to distribute our commodities according to their own means and inclinations. The chief persons engaged in this traffic are the Bugis, natives of Celebes, who, ever since their first appearance in history, have been famous for their daring and industry. Being almost wholly given up to maritime pursuits, they possess numerous prahus, or small vessels, in which they fearlessly traverse the seas, and brave the worst system of piracy that, to all appearance, ever followed in the wake of commerce. These prahus will carry cargoes varying in value from ten to forty thousand Spanish dollars; and as the Bugis are believed to possess several hundreds of such craft, some idea may be formed of the extent of their mercantile operations.

Formerly, the native merchants resorted to Batavia for their annual supply of European goods; but since the establishment of Singapore in 1819, they have very much preferred dealing with the English, chiefly, perhaps, on account of the freedom of our port and the reasonableness of our prices. This circumstance, however, has excited much jealousy and ill-will among the Dutch, who, having in vain endeavoured to allure them back to Batavia, Samarang, and Somabaya in Java, have recently conferred the privilege of a free port on Macassar in Celebes, in the hope of at least sharing the commercial advantages for many years possessed almost exclusively by the English. But there appears to be something like caprice in the course taken at different times by commerce. The Bugis, having once forsaken the Dutch markets, are unwilling to revert to them, so that hitherto little progress has been made towards turning the trade of the Archipelago into its ancient channels. Besides, the new settlement on Labuan will now confer on us additional influence, and greatly facilitate the commercial speculations of our countrymen.

The Bugis, in numbers varying greatly in different years, taking advantage of the easterly monsoon, usually set sail for Singapore about the month of September. On their arrival, understanding the value of time, they diligently apply themselves, by barter or otherwise, to the purchase of a suitable cargo, consisting of bright-coloured cottons, firearms, gunpowder, cutlery, arrack, and opium. It has been remarked that the natives of Celebes themselves prefer their own cotton fabrics, which are much stronger than ours, and of more showy and brilliant patterns; but elsewhere throughout the Archipelago, British goods are much coveted, partly for their cheapness, but partly also for their lightness and elegance. Our manufacturers, however, should be reminded, that if we desire to maintain our hold on that rapidly-growing market, we must be careful to employ bright and fast colours, as the natives are at first taken by show, but must be retained by the excellence of the articles we supply them.

Having completed their cargoes, the Bugis sail eastward, distributing, as they advance, the produce of our looms and forges, and other forms of industry, among the innumerable islands of the Archipelago, receiving in exchange the gold, diamonds, and camphor of Kalamantan or Borneo, the rice of Bali, the eggs and poultry of Sanbock, the coarse sugars of Sumbawa, and the edible birds'-nests, trepang-pearls, tortoise-shell, ebony, nutmegs, cloves, and other spices of the Arru islands and New Guinea.

On almost every one of the articles just enumerated a paper full of interest might be written. The trepang fishery, for example, which depends chiefly for its existence on the peculiar luxury of the Chinese, would supply numerous striking pictures illustrating the manners and character of tribes in various stages of civilisation; so likewise would the occupation of searching for the edible birds'-nests, exposed as it is to innumerable dangers on those wild and desolate coasts, where the sea-swallow delights to build. The same remark will apply to the working of the gold and diamond mines among the mountains in the interior of Borneo, by reckless Chinese adventurers, who exhibit the ingenuity and daring of smugglers in the arts to which they have recourse for defrauding the several chiefs and governments under whose protection they labour; the collection of the camphor gum in remote and unfrequented forests; the cultivation of the spice-trees in the Moluccas; the preparation and pearling of sago, with the great improvements constantly introduced into these processes.

When they have made the circuit of the Archipelago, and reached the Arru group, the Bugis, and other native traders, make directly for the village of Dobbo, erected on a spot of sand projecting northward from the coast of Wama. During the rest of the year, this village, like Berbera, on the eastern coast of Africa, is totally uninhabited. In fact the merchants and traders no sooner depart, than the islanders set fire to the houses which had been erected for their accommodation, in order to be next year employed in building new ones. Immediately, however, on the appearance of the first prahu in the offing, the Arrafuras of Wama flock towards Dobbo, bearing along with them beams and rafters, with an abundance of *utap*, or palm-leaves, for the thatching of the newly-constructed dwellings. Where there was before the most complete solitude, there is now the greatest bustle. Merchants and mariners throng the beach; the prahus are drawn ashore, and protected from the weather by sheds; houses are run up as if by magic; and the goods of the seafarers having been deposited in them, are defended by the guns of their vessels, which are ranged round the habitations, loaded, and ready for use. Five or six thousand strangers often find themselves thus suddenly encamped together, collected from the four winds, for the purpose of selling on that remote outpost of Asia the cottons of Manchester and Glasgow to the crisp-haired blacks of Polynesia.

Nearly all the inhabitants of this suddenly-created emporium are foreigners, who dislike the presence of the natives among them, either because they are addicted to pilfering, or for other reasons found good in trade. The vessels which are too large to be drawn up on the beach, cast anchor on the eastern or western side of the sandpit, according to the monsoon which happens to be blowing. As the season for holding this great mart or fair is universally known, the dwellers in all the surrounding islands come in their prahus to Dobbo, to exchange their produce for the European manufactures. Thither comes the coal-black Papuan, in his long grotesque prahu, containing all his worldly wealth, together with his wife and children, who inhabit two or three huts erected in the after-part of the vessel, and thatched, like everything else in those parts, with *utap*. A railing runs round the prahu, to prevent the little ones from tumbling overboard. Thither also come the natives of Amboyna and Banda, of Timor and

Kiassa, of Gilolo and Oram, and of the Ky and Tenimber groups, each in his own characteristic costume, and prahu of peculiar construction.

Over the whole of this motley assemblage the Bugis exercise the greatest influence, from the energy and fierceness of their characters, their knowledge of the world, and habits of command. The love of gain is their ruling passion, while the natives of the more easterly groups appear to value nothing so highly as the enjoyment of ease. For this reason, the bold merchants of the west, placing no reliance on their enterprise, hire and equip, immediately on their arrival, numerous small prahus adapted to the navigation of the neighbouring seas, and send them forth in all directions in search of such articles as happen to be in most request, taking advantage of that season of calm and beautiful weather which occurs between the monsoons. From the various isles and islets of the Arru group they obtain pearls, mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, trepang, and birds of paradise. These birds are shot with arrows by the natives, who, having disembowelled them, wrap them in a thin leaf, and hang them up to dry in the smoke of their fires, after which they are fit for exportation.

Along the coasts of New Guinea, familiar to those eastern navigators, though not to us, the Bugis and their agents collect tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, birds of paradise, ebony, ambergris, nutmegs, cloves, massay bark, rosamala, and odoriferous wood, and kayu-bakn—a wood much prized for cabinet-work. On the extent of the resources of Papua it may be rash to hazard an opinion, because by far the greater part of the island remains hitherto unexplored. We venture, nevertheless, to anticipate, that when Captain Stanley shall have surveyed the coasts, and examined the banks of the great rivers, it will be found that no island in the eastern seas is richer, or more deserving of attention. A large proportion of the slaves scattered through the eastern parts of the Indian Archipelago are thence obtained, and it likewise supplies the native navigators, who frequent it, with immense quantities of provisions. Its timber, like that of the Arru islands, is of the most magnificent description, particularly adapted for ship-building; and we may, without a figure of speech, pronounce its forests to be inexhaustible.

When the smaller prahus have obtained cargoes, they return to Dobbo, where, on the approach of the easterly monsoon, preparations are made for sailing once more towards the setting sun. One feature observable in the aspect of this fair world greatly offends the eye of a European—we mean the number of slaves, particularly women and children, kidnapped from the most distant isles, and assembled here to be speedily afterwards dispersed in servitude. On this subject a great difference of opinion exists between English and Dutch writers; the latter contending that slavery in the Archipelago is not accompanied by so many evils as elsewhere, while the former maintain that the atrocities of the system nowhere display themselves in a manner more shocking to humanity. All the disclosures which have come to our knowledge, incline us to take the latter view of the question. But we shall not now enlarge on this unpleasant topic; though it may be permitted us to remark by the way, that a considerable proportion of the slaves are disposed of in the Moluccas, and other possessions of the Dutch.

The traders by this time have exhausted their stock of European goods, and chiefly employ themselves in disposing of their captives, for whom they receive in exchange the commodities of the several isles. But their iniquitous proceedings are not carried on in complete tranquillity. As soon as they have passed the longitude of the Moluccas, a danger is to be looked out for which they dread far more than typhoons or tornados—we mean those cruel and daring pirates, who, under a variety of appellations—Sulus, Illanuns, Jakkarans, and Sea-Dyaks—diffuse terror and desolation through the whole western division of the Archipelago.

Formerly, the chief strongholds of this abandoned race were to be found in Borneo, and more especially in the sultanate of Borneo Proper, or Bruni; but since the operations of the Dido, and of the squadron under Sir Thomas Cochrane, they have betaken themselves to their old haunts in the Sulus and Mindanaos.

In spite, however, of all obstructions, a majority of the native traders find, ultimately, their way to Singapore, where they dispose of their cargoes at a profit for the most part of two hundred per cent. The imports into Singapore in this way are rattans, birds'-nests, bees'-wax, tortoise-shell, gold dust and diamonds, trepang, pearl and raw sago, camphor, rice and paddy, mother-of-pearl shells, garro and lakha woods, paper, seaweed, mats, ebony, and antimony ore. These are from Borneo. From Manilla we have hemp and ropes, cigars, sugar, tea, and sapan wood. From Celebes, sarongs (cottons) of their own manufacture, in addition to the chief productions of Borneo, which last are likewise brought to us from the other islands to the eastward and southward. From Sumatra, Java, and various other places, come bees'-wax, betel nut, coffee, cotton, raw sago, gold dust, copper, tin, rice, and spices. In return for these articles, we distribute opium, iron, British cotton goods, China cotton goods, China crockery, raw silk, and spice.

Before the rise of Singapore into importance, a considerable trade was carried on between the Archipelago and China, which is now merely confined to the few goods brought by Chinese emigrants. In like manner, the influence of the Anglo-Indians has nearly destroyed a commerce carried on with the Talingas of south-western India; while that with the Arabs was greatly injured by the discovery of a route to India by the Cape. The intercourse with Bengal and the Coromandel coast is merely confined to the interchange of opium and cotton goods for gold, tin, and pepper. Attempts have, within the last few years, been made by the Americans, French, and Dutch, to share in the advantages of this trade; but hitherto without much success: not that the field is incapable of being enlarged, and rendered more productive, but that the adventurers have gone injudiciously to work, partly through ignorance, and partly through their reckless and expensive habits. The native traders live in the most frugal manner, often taking along with them in their prahus nothing more than a little rice and sago, with the requisite seasoning; trusting for the rest to the fish, which may everywhere in the Archipelago be found in inexhaustible abundance, and taken with the greatest facility. Nowhere in the world is fish so plentiful, or so varied and excellent, as among the Twelve Thousand Islands, where whole races of men might derive their entire subsistence from the sea alone. The example has been set by that strange race of men the Biasus, or sea-gipsies, with whose history, character, and manners, Europeans are so little acquainted. However, as our commercial relations with that part of Asia are multiplied, our knowledge of the inhabitants will naturally increase, though the history of the world furnishes several examples of long-continued intercourse between distant countries, while each remained almost wholly ignorant of the other.

TEACHING HISTORY.

'WHILE in the country,' says Jean-Jacques Rousseau, 'on a visit for some days at the house of a lady who devoted herself to the education of her children, I happened one morning to be present when the tutor was giving a lesson in history to her eldest son. My attention was particularly attracted at the moment that he was relating to him the anecdote of Alexander of Macedon and his physician Philip. He told of Alexander being sick, and receiving a letter warning him that it was the intention of Philip to administer poison in the guise of medicine. The really honest, faithful physician approaches the monarch's couch with the heal-

ing draught. Alexander puts the warning into his hands, and even while Philip reads, the king drains the cup. When the tutor had ended his recital, he launched forth into warm eulogiums of the courage and intrepidity of Alexander. Though not at all pleased with his remarks, while sharing his enthusiasm, on different grounds, I yet avoided making any objection likely to depreciate him in the estimation of his pupil. At dinner, the boy did not fail to chatter away, his parents, as is usual with parents in France, allowing him to engross nearly the whole conversation. With the liveliness natural to his age, and encouraged by the certainty that he was giving his auditors pleasure, he uttered a thousand absurdities, not unmixed, however, with some happy traits of artlessness and good sense. At length he came upon the story of Philip, and told it admirably. The usual tribute of applause required by the mother's vanity having been paid, some discussion arose upon what had just been narrated. The majority blamed the rash imprudence of Alexander, while some, like the tutor, were loud in their praises of his firmness and courage; but amid the different opinions, I soon perceived that not one single person present had apprehended in what consisted the real nobleness of the action. "For my part," said I, "it seems to me that if there be the least courage in the action, it ought to be regarded as a mere piece of madness." Every one exclaimed at this; and I was about to answer rather warmly, when a lady seated beside me, who had hitherto been silent, bent towards me and whispered, "Save your breath, Jean-Jacques; they would not understand you." I looked at her for a moment, then convinced she was right, I remained silent. After dinner, suspecting, from several slight indications, that my young professor had not taken in a single idea from the anecdote he had told so well, I invited him to accompany me in a walk in the park; and there, availing myself of the opportunity to question him at my ease, I discovered that I was mistaken, and that his admiration of the so highly-lauded courage of Alexander was genuine, and far exceeded that of any one else. But in what do you think he conceived the courage to consist? Simply in the fact of his having swallowed a nauseous draught at one gulp, without the slightest hesitation, or a single wry face! The poor boy, who, to his infinite pain and grief, had been made to take medicine about a fortnight before, had the taste of it still in his mouth, and the only poison of which he had any idea was a dose of senna. However, it must be owned that the firmness of the hero had made a great impression upon his young mind, and he had inwardly resolved that the next time he had to take medicine, he, too, would be an Alexander. Without entering into any explanations, which might have served rather to darken than enlighten his mind, I confirmed him in his laudable resolutions; and I returned to the house, laughing internally at the wisdom of parents and tutors, who flatter themselves that they have been teaching children history. It may be that some of my readers, not satisfied with the "Save your breath, Jean-Jacques," are now asking what it is, then, that I find to admire so much in this action of Alexander? Unhappy dolls! if you must needs be told, how can you understand when told? I admire Alexander's faith in the existence of human virtue, a faith upon which he staked his very life. Was there ever a more noble profession of this faith—a more sublime instance of generous, implicit trust in another, than this potion drained at one draught?'

A VETERAN.

THE following communication respecting an unfortunate veteran has lately been received by us, and is submitted to the consideration of our readers:—

GLASGOW, February 9, 1848.

GENTLEMEN—I beg to bring the following case under your notice. The subject of it is an old naval veteran, whom I found on going into one of the cottages on an

estate in the vicinity of Glasgow, of which I have lately had the management intrusted to me. His name is George Robinson, and he will be eighty-five years old next July, while his wife is only three years younger. How they manage to exist I cannot comprehend, except it be through the kindness of individuals in the neighbourhood. I have never heard a word of complaint from them, and they are generally the first to pay their small mite of rent of any of the tenants on the property, although they must have great difficulty in scraping it together, having no income, except the produce of a small patch of potatoes, which George cultivates in a sort of a way; but having fallen off the roof of his cottage when repairing the thatch two or three years ago, and broken his left arm, which he thinks had not been properly set, he is not able to do much. Could a trifle be got for them, I am sure it would be most gratefully received. The proprietor of the estate, much to his honour, generously agreed to remit the amount of their rent for the remainder of their lives, and placed five pounds at my disposal for their use, on my bringing their case before him. The following is George's history, in his own words:—

"I was born in the month of July 1763, in the town of Stirling; was sent to learn the weaving business at Latham, in the care of Bothkenner, between Falkirk and the village of Airth, when I was ten years of age, where I continued for four years, and then went to Paisley to follow the silk gauze weaving. I left Paisley in the year 1793, in consequence of a great depression of trade, and set out for Manchester: having got as far on the way as Carlisle, I found my funds would not suffice to carry me to Manchester, I turned accordingly to Maryport, and entered the tender lying there. After remaining about eight days, was sent to Liverpool; and after a sojourn at that port of about six weeks, was sent off to Plymouth, and drafted into the *Theseus*, a seventy-four gun ship, Captain Calder, in which vessel I spent the first year, cruising in the Channel. Next year was sent out to the West Indies, and remained there for eighteen months. From the West Indies I returned in the *Theseus* to Quiberon Bay, on the coast of France, and lay there all winter. In the spring, we got orders to pursue the French admiral. We followed him as far as the Canaries, then lost him, and came back to Cadiz, where, having discovered that our mainmast was crippled, our vessel was sent to Plymouth to refit, where Captain Calder died. After refitting, set sail again for Cadiz with stores for the fleet; when lying there, two Spanish frigates hove in sight, making for Cadiz, and pursued by two English frigates, to which they very soon struck.

"After lying some time at Cadiz, we got orders to capture a Spanish galleon from South America, loaded with bullion, which we expected to fall in with at the island of Tenerife. While at this island, we were landed to attack and destroy the town (Yera Cruz), but had to abandon the attempt for want of the necessary provision having been made for victualling the troops. It was afterwards resolved by the commander, Lord Nelson, to attack the fortification next night from the gun-boats. I was drafted into one of them, called the *Fox* cutter, having sixteen sweeps. We left the ship about midnight, and were running right in shore, when a tremendous fire was opened from the Spanish batteries. When abreast of the fort, a shot went right through our boat, which immediately began to fill. The officer in command ordered the sweeps to be put out, and the cutter run out to deep water. On examination, the pump was found choked; and as a last resource, I was ordered to cut the jaw-rope and topping-lift with my tomahawk, for the purpose of easing the cutter; but seeing her rapidly filling, and that she would soon go down, every one endeavoured to save himself the best way he could. I stripped off my clothes, except the shirt and napkin, and jumped into the sea among the sinking and drowning sailors, one of whom got hold of me, and down we both went; but having let go his hold, I rose to the surface again, and swam out from the wreck through the clearest place I could find. I continued to swim and make for the land so long as I had strength; but having become completely exhausted, I turned myself on my back, fully expecting that my glass was now surely run, and repeated a verse from a well-remembered psalm. While doing so, I heard the sound of voices approaching, which turned out to be one of our own boat's crew that was sent to pick up any of the survivors who might be found floating on the fragments of the wreck. When the boat's crew discovered

what it was they had found, one of them declared they would not save any more, as the boat was already too full: but one of my messmates thinking he knew my voice, cried, 'Is that you, George?' 'Indeed,' said I, 'it is;' and they immediately drew me to them with a boat-hook, and I was taken into the boat: it was during this night's attack that Lord Nelson lost his arm.

"After this engagement, we sailed back to Cadiz, Captain Montgomery having been in charge of the *Theseus* since Captain Calder's death. After lying there for about six months, we sailed to Toulon, and from Toulon, through the Straits of Messina, to Malta; sailed again from this port to Alexandria, in Egypt, in search of the French fleet; but not finding them there, returned to Syracuse to take in wood and water; and sailed from thence to Aboukir Bay, where we found the French fleet lying at anchor. We had our share of the battle that was fought there: the first French ship that struck was the antagonist of the *Theseus*, now commanded by Captain Miller. After the battle, we sailed to Lisbon with the prizes, took in stores, and returned to Aboukir.

"From Aboukir I was sent to Acre, and drafted into a gun-boat, forming part of the squadron which was to attack this strong fortress. We were ordered in this gun-boat to take up a position opposite Acre; but the wind shifting, we could not double Cape Carmel, and had to anchor for the night. Next morning, about eight o'clock, our lieutenant spied some vessels in the distance, which he supposed to be Frenchmen; orders us to put the helm hard up, and out with studding-sails, in the hope of escaping, as the French fleet was coming fast up. I was sitting on the end of the mainyard of the gun-boat, when a shot from one of the French vessels cut our yard brace through, and the yard swung round; we then struck, and were made prisoners, and drafted among the gun-boats belonging to the French fleet. The French were very desirous to learn from us what English frigates were at Acre; and on inquiry, some of our men told them there were a number of corn ships there, although they knew that the Tiger man-of-war was lying there. Next day, on the Tiger making her appearance, the French commander called me, as being the most sober of the prisoners, and asked what ship that was; and on my telling him, he turned coolly round and said, 'They prisoners to-day, we prisoners to-morrow;' which soon took place, as we were all recaptured, and our French captors made prisoners. After fourteen months spent at Acre, came home to Spithead, and the following spring was drafted into a forty-four gun-store ship at Woolwich, and sailed out to Egypt with stores; from thence we sailed back to Malta, and arrived there the same day that the corpse of Sir Ralph Abercromby came from Egypt. After spending two years about Malta, and various places in the Mediterranean, came home, and was discharged at Deptford; and from thence I made my way back to Paisley in the year 1802, having been nine years at sea. I lived in Paisley till the year 1822, when I came to Springburn, my present residence, where I have resided constantly since. I had four of a family, two of whom are dead. I have one son, a weaver, living in Glasgow, and another son, who went out to America; but not having heard from him for thirty years, I suppose he must be dead."

"Such is the substance of the poor old veteran's narration. If a condensed notice of it could be made in your widely-circulated Journal, it might be the means of drawing a little assistance to the old couple, who cannot now have many years to live; and I shall be glad to administer such aid in any way that may be deemed most conducive to their comfort. And, apologising for the liberty I have taken, I am, &c.

THOMAS M'GUFFIE.

Mr M'Guffie's address is 125 Montrose Street, Glasgow, and communications may be addressed to him by parties interested in the veteran, whose eventful and ill-starred life he has taken the trouble to record.

SNAIL GARDENS.

ON this curious subject the following paper has been translated for us from the 'Leipsic Illustrated Newspaper':—

In Vorarlberg, the collecting and rearing of the large garden snails, which are so injurious to vegetation, forms a peculiar branch of agricultural industry, and amounts even to no inconsiderable trade. Whole cargoes of these snails

are sent from Arlberg to the South Tyrol, where they are consumed as dainties. The mode of procedure in collecting and feeding them is as follows:—In various parts of Vorarlberg, from the beginning of June till the middle of August, the snails, which, as is well known, seek their nourishment at this season in damp places, and creep about gardens, hedges, coppices, and woods, are collected by boys and girls, and carried to the feeding-places, which are commonly in the neighbourhood of the dwellings of the owners. These snail gardens have usually an extent of from one to three hundred square fathoms of dry garden ground, are quite divested of trees and shrubs, and are surrounded on all sides by a stream of running water. The stream, at its exit, is made to pass through a wooden grating, in order to prevent such of the snails as happen to fall into the water from being washed away. The grating is examined once or twice a-day, generally morning and evening, and the snails found there are replaced in the interior of the garden; this is necessary, as they would otherwise collect into too large quantities, and would become weak and sickly by remaining long in the water. In the interior of the garden, little heaps of pine twigs, generally of the mountain pine, mixed loosely with wood moss, are placed on every two or three square fathoms, for the purpose of protecting the snails from cold, and especially from the scorching rays of the sun. When the pine twigs become dry, and lose their leaves, they are replaced by fresh ones.

Every day, and particularly in damp weather, the snails are fed with the kinds of grass found most suitable for them, and with cabbage leaves. In harvest, at the return of cold weather, they go under cover—that is, they collect under the heaps of twigs, and bury themselves, if the ground under these has been previously dried, two or three inches below the surface, and there they *seal themselves up* for the winter: when this is completely accomplished, they are collected, packed in suitably perforated boxes lined with straw, and sent off.

Careful foddering, and a good harvest season, are essential to the thriving of the snails; and even in spite of this a great many are lost. Wood snails are larger and more savoury, but are more subject to casualties. In each garden there are generally fed from 15,000 to 40,000, and these are sold at about three florins per 1000. This manner of making use of the snails is of double advantage—freeing, on the one hand, fields and gardens from burdensome guests; and affording, on the other, to those so employing themselves, a considerable source of profit.

RUSSIAN GOLD MINES.

During the ten years ending with 1846, the total quantity of fine gold produced in the dominions of the Emperor of Russia was 8,387·96 poods, or 358,063·69 British pounds troy, the value of which, at the rate of 113·001 grains troy weight per pound sterling, will be L.18,761,310. In 1837, the quantity produced was 402·68 poods, or 17,669·60 British pounds troy, the value of which is L.900,673. In 1838, the quantity was 448·93 poods, or 19,699·06 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,004,120. In 1839, the quantity was 448·61 poods, or 19,685·00 pounds troy, and of the value of L.1,003,403. In 1840, it amounted to 498·52 poods, or 21,875·06 pounds troy, of the value of L.1,115,037. In 1841, the quantity was 588·66 poods, or 25,830·40 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,316,653. In 1842, the quantity was 826·58 poods, or 36,270·33 pounds troy, and its value was L.1,848,808. In 1843, the quantity amounted to 1,178·25 poods, or 51,781·61 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,635,386. In 1844, the quantity was 1,220·84 poods, or 53,570·46 pounds troy, and of the value of L.2,730,647. In 1845, the produce was 1,248·34 poods, or 4,777·16 pounds troy, of the value of L.2,792,156. In 1846, the quantity produced amounted to 1,586·55 poods, or 66,985·01 pounds troy, and of the value of L.3,414,427. The above return comprises the whole produce both of the public and private mines. The Russian government levy a duty of from 12 to 24 per cent. on the produce of the private mines; the rate being subject to no rule, but varying according to localities and other circumstances. During the ten years ending with 1846, the return of produce shows—first, that there has been scarcely any difference in the supply from the Oural Mountains; secondly, that the produce of Siberia has increased more than tenfold; and thirdly, that there has been an augmentation of nearly four to one in the total annual supply. It is said that new mines have been discovered in the Oural; and the fact of

an imperial ukase having lately forbidden the sale of public estates in the region of the auriferous sands of Siberia, justifies the inference that the government have made successful surveys in that direction, and anticipate a further profitable development of the gold-washings which have been so fruitful during the last four years. Under these circumstances, it seems reasonable to expect an increase of supply, of which, however, it is quite impossible to estimate either the proportion or the continuance.—*From a Statement drawn up by Sir E. Baynes, English consul in Russia.*

THE FOOL'S SONG.

[From '*Der Templer und die Jüdin*' ('The Templar and the Jewess') of W. A. Wohlbrück.]

It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
'Tis the word of a fool! but the word it is true;
And if you be wise, you will think so too.
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!

This sighing, and moaning, and raging, and raving,
But adds pain to pain, and new griefs to your grieving.
Oh! shake not and shrink not in ill—look above!
Time changes and changes wherever you rove.
Oh! shake not and shrink not in ill—look above!
Time changes and changes wherever you rove.

It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
'Tis the word of a fool! but the word it is true;
And if you be wise, you will think so too.
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!

And why should you sink in a fit of despair,
Because luck for a moment has planted you there?
Or why thus complain that the night is so black,
When the next morning's sun will bring sunshine back?
Or why thus complain that the night is so black,
When the next morning's sun will bring sunshine back?

It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
It will go better yet—it will go better yet!
The world it is round, and will roll if 'tis let!
'Tis the word of a fool! but the word it is true;
And if you be wise, you will think so too.

M. S. J.

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Or the new edition of this work lately commenced, four monthly parts, embracing sixteen weekly numbers, have now been issued, and the remainder are in course of publication. The present edition, improved in typography and general appearance, may be described as almost a new work—such is the extent of the alterations which it has been deemed necessary to make, in order to include the later discoveries in science and the arts, and also the freshest information on subjects of general knowledge.

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PAY AND DECORATIONS.

GIL BLAS tells us that Don Hannibal de Chinchilla, after trying for years in vain to get some consideration for his warlike services, in the course of which he had been reduced to a very fragmentary state, was like to go mad when a poet was gratified with a present of five hundred ducats for an ode on the birth of an Infanta. In sober reality, in our own time, we have seen a painter of undoubted merit pass into a fatal insanity on seeing the exhibition of his pictures neglected, while unreckonable wealth was poured upon one whose sole merit consisted in his being about two-fifths of the ordinary stature of mankind. These are types of a whole host of cases. Literature, history, and common conversation are full of the disproportion of dignity and reward to desert. It is a system, after all, not without some redeeming traits; but on the whole, the unsoundness and injustice are its prominent features.

Among authors, who are the honoured and the rewarded?—not the writers of laborious instructive works, not the profound students who develop new and beneficent ideas for the regeneration of society, not even the bards who excogitate that which is to purge the soul with pity and terror unto all time. Well off are these if they escape persecution and starvation. The coin and cheers of mankind are reserved, in great measure, for those who merely amuse their passing hours. The lighter, the more superficial and evanescent the literature, the better the remuneration; the more certain the ovation. Even in the division of results, the immediate bit of bread is usually the author's share, while in the event of the speculation being successful, there is reserved for the bookseller the felicity of battenning on the long-drawn copyright:

'The court awards it, and the law doth give it.'

Perhaps this is an extreme way of stating the case; but undoubtedly the temptations presented to the man of letters are not to great, but to trivial works, and the book tradesman has ten chances of thriving for one within the hope of the mind-devoting author.

Mankind have a perfect sense of the absurdities involved in such anomalies, but they seem helpless to remedy them. Since ever we can remember, the small gains of teachers, as contrasted with the immense utility of the men to society, have been heartily and universally acknowledged. It has been a case like that of Dolph Heyliger's mother, for whom people always said that something ought to be done, but yet never did anything. The point of credit and dignity seems to be in as sad a state. All admit that the teacher should be held in honour; but nobody ever acts on the idea. There is an inveterate tendency to look on schooling as something necessarily connected with

charity (nobody ever scruples to beg for a school), and the poor pedagogue suffers by the association. Snubbed by the parson, patronised by the squire and his daughters, interfered with at every turn by both papas and mammas, who would be a schoolmaster that could be anything else? But is the schoolmaster the only sufferer by this anomaly? Not likely.

The public is tenderer towards the armed force of the country, perhaps from the sympathy we naturally feel for those who expose themselves to danger. Yet here, too, there are anomalies. Our partiality goes all in the form of empty honour; in point of pay, the case of the soldier is not greatly different from that of the teacher. Perhaps the case is all the worse of the honour, since it unavoidably leads to falsity of position. If not endowed with independent means, there must always be an unpleasant contrast between the external pretensions of the poor officer and his actual circumstances! View him in the management of his little income. Study his 'lady,' if he unfortunately has one. The army, we suspect, is only sustained by an endless series of individual delusions, concluding in disappointment. Always looked forward to as a position of distinction; always found, in reality, a routine of meaningless duties and a struggle with sordid circumstances; terminating at the best in something only a little above penury. Grant that money ought not to be an exclusive object, the poor officer cannot help contrasting his own life with that of his prosperous mercantile brother, whose spendings throw ridicule on his own empty purse, and whose ultimate fortune makes half-pay sound like a byword and a reproach. It would be better to have humbler ideas as to a red coat at starting—to know that the brilliancy of a military career means guarding carts of corn to the mill or the port in Ireland, serving as an armed police over refractory operatives at Birmingham, and becoming constables to protect New Zealand settlers from the unruly natives. Were it regarded as simply a position of usefulness, like that of the professional man or tradesman, it would call forth a different class of minds; and there is no reason to suppose that these would be less fitted for the purpose.

It is one of the good traits of the system that the productively useful, as a class, and as against the classes which are not productively useful, are, when they confine themselves to practical objects, well rewarded. The world has never known such wealth as industry has within the last century brought to England. Even the landed aristocracy have derived their noted wealth, and consequently no small part of their importance, from the value which the industry of the country has conferred on land. This is so far gratifying. In the case of the individual, our sympathies will sometimes prevent us from seeing the matter clearly; but when the general case is presented, and we find that services

tending to a practical and positive good are more sure of high remuneration than services which merely gratify the violent passions of mankind, or at best remedy their consequences, we feel as if a great requirement in the fitness of things were yielded to, and a great law observed. Perhaps the triumphs of all occupations and professions could be shown as founded remotely in a principle of philanthropy—the thriving being in proportion to the good design kept in view with regard to the public, or the good actually effected towards the community. Thus a mass of manufacturers who should, by their ingenuity and industry, cause clothing to be twice as easily obtainable by the masses as it had formerly been, would have a good chance of exceeding all their competitors in prosperity. And such would relatively be the case with the practisers of a system of agriculture causing two blades to grow for one, and thus cheapening food. It is essential, however, to all such benefactors of their kind, that they see to their own special remunerations in a purely commercial spirit, and in accordance with commercial methods; for society has as yet no regular or consistent means of rewarding great benefactors of the disinterested species, and no one can doubt of it as a possible event, that a man who had devised the saving of annual thousands of lives, should yet be allowed to breathe out his own in hopeless penury. Bating this drawback, it is so far satisfactory that lines of vocation which clearly and directly contemplate the wellbeing of mankind, are those which it is safest and most profitable to have to do with.

It is, on the other hand, distressing to consider, that within the range of these productive and useful occupations, the success, in special cases, does not depend on the highest and noblest of human qualities, but partly on a group of faculties and feelings which are no more than secondary in the great scale of humanity, and partly, and perhaps in a superior degree, on mere good fortune. Many men of very noble qualities are undoubtedly engaged in industrial pursuits; but they would all acknowledge that, for the transaction of business, they have to place in abeyance both their best intellectual faculties and their loftiest moral aspirations, and call forth into exercise mere sharpness or cleverness, and consult acquisitiveness and love of approbation somewhat more than benevolence or justice. We have known many successful men who had the grace to acknowledge that it was even so. We have known others who had the manliness to admit how much they felt to be owing, in their case, to chance, even while the world gave them credit for an unusual display of the personal qualities which are most likely to promote prosperity. Such being the determining conditions, it is not to be presumed that the most successful are the most worthy, or the least successful the least worthy. The fact is, that all occupations call for a modification or adaptation of human nature for their own needs or duties. The requirements of mercantile life are something not perfect as to absolute human nature, but perfect as to mercantile life. There must be good, but not brilliant ability; enterprise, but not rashness; and so forth. Often, too, it must happen that the dullest qualities, exercised with quiet perseverance and caution, make in time that result which even more perfect mercantile character will forfeit by one false or unfortunate step. So, then, distribution may be faulty as to persons, even where it is most just as to classes.

There is even an inequality with respect to the different portions of one career. Commencements are usually attended by immense difficulties. The saving of the first sovereign costs a fearful struggle, not merely with appetite for expense, but with necessity. The first few years may be passed in the greatest prudence, but they only serve to overcome the general disposition to fear and suspect the untried. Afterwards, money almost saves itself, and character flourishes, although the primary brightness of virtue may have been dabbled a little in the muddy ways of the world. The might that lies, for the control of human destiny, in the first savings of

means, is an astounding consideration for modern men. For the warlike fame and force which made one master over others in the middle ages, there now comes the power of Capital, the command of the lockers and store-houses in which the food and raiment of mankind are accumulated. The possession of a key to these receptacles is what makes thousands fall under the will of one, helping him to store still more and more up in reserve, till his puissance attains a pitch almost fearful to look upon, by reason of the contrast it presents with regard to the laggard fortunes of those who daily spend the daily gain. How far the actual merit can be said to go hand in hand with the increased power, need scarcely become matter of discussion. The two things are notoriously independent of each other.

If absolute merit be little regarded in the distribution of pay, it is no better kept in view in the matter of honours. A man is more apt to fall at the feet of a dog which has saved his own life, than to pay homage to the greatest of sages, who never conferred on him any particular obligation. The army is here in luck; for we appreciate, as matter for approbation and honour, the services of those who take risks in our behalf; and accordingly no small portion of the honours which the state can confer, is reserved for the military, while sages and gentlemen of the pen are left to obtain, if they can, distinctions wanting the government stamp. It were foolish to rail too violently at such things, since it must be a deep-seated tendency of human nature to be actuated more by its feelings—we might almost say its instincts—than its intelligence; and who is to arbitrate between a writer and his race? Let us live in hope, nevertheless, that something like a regulation of the impulsive by the reasonable will come in time, and that decorations, as well as pay, will be distributed more in accordance with justice towards real, though not immediately operative or significant merit.

GOSSE'S BIRDS OF JAMAICA.

This is the work of a minute and faithful observer of nature.* Mr Gosse appears to have studied the birds of Jamaica in their woodland homes; like Wilson, he has shot and described for himself; or at the most, he has only accepted the assistance of one or two enthusiastic resident naturalists of his own stamp. The result is a book composed wholly of original observation, and more readable and entertaining than books of natural history now generally are. Jamaica possesses, besides a moderate show of the swimming and wading birds, and a small group of the accipitres, a great variety of the perchers and climbers—comprising not merely the crows, starlings, thrushes, finches, and swallows, which are common with us, but sundry species of parrots, fly-catchers, honey-suckers, and humming-birds, which we only know as strangers, or from their appearance in museums. Regarding the last of these families, Mr Gosse presents a great deal of new information. He has discovered that, while devotedly fond of the juices of flowers, and will eagerly suck dissolved sugar, they look chiefly to minute insects for their sustenance.

The fine woods of the Bluefields range of mountains are a favourite haunt of the long-tailed humming-bird (*Trochilus polytmus*). To pursue our author's description, 'Not a tree, from the thickness of one's wrist up to the giant magnitude of the hoary figs and cotton trees, but is clothed with fantastic parasites: begonias with waxen flowers, and ferns with hirsute stems, climb up the trunks; enormous bromeliads spring from the greater forks, and fringe the horizontal limbs; various orchideæ with matted roots and grotesque blossoms droop from every bough, and long lianes, like the cordage of a ship, depend from the loftiest branches, or stretch from tree to tree. Elegant tree-ferns, and towering palms are numerous; here and there the wild plantain or heliconia waves its long flag-

* The Birds of Jamaica. By Philip Henry Gosse; assisted by Richard Hill, Esq. of Spanish-Town. London: Van Voorst. 1847. Pp. 448.

like leaves from amidst the humbler bushes; and in the most obscure corners, over some decaying log, nods the noble spike of the magnificent *limodorum*. Nothing is flaunting or showy; all is solemn and subdued; but all is exquisitely beautiful. . . . The smaller wood consists largely of the plant called glass-eye berry, a scrophularious shrub, the blossoms of which, though presenting little beauty in form or hue, are pre-eminently attractive to the long-tailed humming-bird. These bushes are at no part of the year out of blossom, the scarlet berries appearing at all seasons on the same stalk as the flowers. And here at any time one may with tolerable certainty calculate on finding these very lovely birds. But it is in March, April, and May, that they abound: I suppose I have sometimes seen not fewer than a hundred come successively to rifle the blossoms within the space of half as many yards in the course of a forenoon. They are, however, in no respect gregarious; though three or four may be at one moment hovering round the blossoms of the same bush, there is no association; each is governed by his individual preference, and each attends to his own affairs. It is worthy of remark, that males compose by far the greater portion of the individuals observed at this elevation. I do not know why it should be so, but we see very few females there, whereas in the lowlands this sex outnumbers the other. In March, a large number are found to be clad in the livery of the adult male, but without long tail-feathers; others have the characteristic feathers lengthened, but in various degrees. . . . One day several of these "young bloods" being together, a regular tumult ensued, somewhat similar to a *sparrow-fight*—such twittering, and fluttering, and dartings hither and thither! I could not exactly make out the matter, but suspected that it was mainly an attack (surely a most ungallant one, if so) made by these upon two females of the same species, that were sucking at the same bush. These were certainly in the skirmish, but the evolutions were too rapid to be certain how the battle went.

It appears that, small and beautiful as they are, the humming-birds are excessively pugnacious. Near Mr Gosse's chamber window at Phoenix Park, near Savanalle-Mar, there were two Malay apple-trees, covered with blossom, to which a Mango humming-bird had for several days been paying his devoirs. One morning, another came, and the manoeuvres of these two tiny creatures became highly interesting. They 'chased each other through the labyrinth of twigs and flowers, till, an opportunity occurring, the one would dart with seeming fury upon the other, and then, with a loud rustling of their wings, they would twirl together, round and round, until they nearly came to the earth. It was some time before I could see with any distinctness what took place in these tussles; their twirlings were so rapid as to baffle all attempts at discrimination. At length an encounter took place pretty close to me, and I perceived that the beak of the one grasped the beak of the other, and thus fastened, both whirled round and round in their perpendicular descent, the point of contact being the centre of the gyrations, till, when another second would have brought them both on the ground, they separated, and the one chased the other for about a hundred yards, and then returned in triumph to the tree, where, perched on a lofty twig, he chirped monotonously and pertinaciously for some time—I could not help thinking, in defiance. In a few minutes, however, the banished one returned, and began chirping no less provokingly, which soon brought on another chase and another tussle. I am persuaded that these were hostile encounters, for one seemed evidently afraid of the other, fleeing when the other pursued, though his indomitable spirit would prompt the chirp of defiance; and when resting after a battle, I noticed that this one held his beak open, as if panting. Sometimes they would suspend hostilities to suck a few blossoms, but mutual proximity was sure to bring them on again, with the same result. In their tortuous and rapid evolutions, the light from their ruby necks would now and then flash in the sun with gem-like radiance; and as they now and then hovered motionless, the broadly expanded tail—whose outer feathers are crimson-purple, but when intercepting the

sun's rays transmit orange-coloured light—added much to their beauty. A little Banana quit, that was peeping among the blossoms in his own quiet way, seemed now and then to look with surprise on the combatants; but when the one had driven his rival to a longer distance than usual, the victor set upon the unoffending quit, which soon yielded the point, and retired, humbly enough, to a neighbouring tree. The war, for it was a thorough campaign, a regular succession of battles, lasted fully an hour, and then I was called away from the post of observation.

Mr Gosse took several of these birds, and attempted to domesticate them, sometimes with partial success; but generally they quickly died. Amongst those which he kept for some time, he observed much variety of temper; 'some being moody and sulky, others very timid, and others gentle and confiding from the first.' He adds the remark, 'I have noticed this in other birds also; doves, for instance, which manifest individuality of character perhaps as much as men, if we were competent to appreciate it.'

Wilson has already made us acquainted with the mocking-bird; externally handsome, but with nothing brilliant about him; easy and animated in his movements, and possessing 'a voice capable of almost every modulation, from the clear mellow notes of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle.' His powerful notes silence all other birds, and he becomes a substitute for all. 'A bystander destitute of sight would suppose that the whole feathered tribes had assembled together on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He many times deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him. Even birds themselves are frequently imposed upon by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied call of their mates; or dive with precipitation into the depths of thickets at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrow-hawk.' In the domesticated state, 'he whistles for the dog—Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He squeaks out like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking, to protect its injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, follow with great truth and rapidity.' While pursuing his imitations, 'he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself round the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his own music.'

Of this extraordinary bird Mr Gosse speaks 'as one of the commonest in Jamaica, bold and forward in his manners, of striking though not showy colours.' Many a time has it caused disappointment to our naturalist. 'Hearing the voice of, as I supposed, some new bird, or some that I was in want of, I have found, after creeping cautiously and perhaps with some difficulty to the spot, that it proceeded from the familiar personage before me.' A friend of Mr Gosse has been at the pains to study the ordinary or proper song of the bird, and has ascertained that it comprehends no fewer than eighteen notes.

'It is in the stillness of the night,' says Mr Gosse, 'when, like his European namesake [the nightingale], he delights

—— "With wakeful melody to cheer
The livelong hours,"

that the song of this bird is heard to advantage. Sometimes, when desirous of watching the first flight of *Urania sloaneus*, I have ascended the mountains before break of day, I have been charmed with the rich gushes and bursts of melody proceeding from this most sweet songster, as he stood on tiptoe on the topmost twig of some sour-sop or orange-tree, in the rays of the bright moonlight. Now he is answered by another, and now another joins the chorus, from the trees around, till the woods and savannas are ringing with the delightful sounds of exquisite and innocent joy. Nor is the season of song confined, as in many birds, to that period when courtship and incubation call forth the affections and sympathies of the sexes towards each other. The mocking-bird is

vocal at all seasons; and it is probably owing to his permanency of song, as well as to his incomparable variety, that the savannas and lowland groves of Jamaica are almost always alive with melody, though our singing birds are so few.

"It is remarkable," observes Mr Hill [Mr Gosse's principal coadjutor], "that in those serenades and midnight solos, which have obtained for the mocking-bird the name of the nightingale, and which he commences with a rapid stammering prelude, as if he had awaked, frightened out of sleep, he never sings his songs of mimicry; his music at this time is his own. It is full of variety, with a fine compass, but less mingled and more equable than by day, as if the minstrel felt that the sober-seeming of the night required a solemnity of music peculiarly its own. The night-song of the mocking-bird, though in many of its modulations it reminds us of that of the nightingale of Europe, has less of volume in it. There is not more variety, but a less frequent repetition of those certain notes of ecstasy, which give such a peculiar character, and such wild, intense, and all-absorbing feeling to the midnight song of the European bird. Though the more regulated quality of the song of our nightingale is less calculated to create surprise, it is the more fitted to soothe and console; and that sensation of melancholy which is said to pervade the melody of the European minstrel, is substituted in the midnight singing of our bird by one of thoughtful and tranquil delight."

The nest of the mocking-bird is not so elaborate a structure as that of many birds. It is built with little attempt at concealment in some bush or low tree, often an orange near the dwelling-house. When young are in possession, their presence is no secret; for an unpleasant sound, half-hissing, half-whistling, is all day long issuing from their unfledged throats; delightful efforts, I dare say, to the fond parents. At this time the old birds are watchful and courageous. If an intruding boy or naturalist approaches their family, they hop from twig to twig, looking on with outstretched neck, in mute but evident solicitude; but any winged visitant, though ever so unconscious of evil intent, and though ever so large, is driven away with fearless pertinacity. The saucy ani and tinkling instantly yield the sacred neighbourhood, the brave mocking-bird pursuing a group of three or four even to several hundred yards' distance; and even the John-crow, if he sail near the tree, is instantly attacked and driven from the scene. But the hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evenings; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange-trees, to wait for a lucky windfall. The mocking-bird, feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins to peck the hog with all his might. Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down, and turns up his broadside to enjoy it; the poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again; but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair.

THE CHEAP EXCURSION.

CHEAPNESS! What wonderfully clever things are done and thought of in thy name—what mighty sums saved—what pleasures realised! We shall not, however, celebrate thy praises in an essay. The philosophy of cheapness may be best detailed in a story—the story of a terribly saving couple whom we lately heard of in Paris.

The morning of the fête of St Cloud shone bright and beautiful, and Monsieur Krukaine, who had set himself on enjoying a holiday, was anxious to be off. 'I think, my dear, it is time to start,' said he to his wife; 'as we mean to walk, it will be wise for us to go before the heat comes on.'

'Well, Monsieur Krukaine,' screamed a shrill voice from an inner room, 'you may be off if you like; but Alexander's face is not washed, and my things are not on yet, and I shan't hurry either.'

M. Krukaine looked at his watch and groaned; but he knew by experience that to endeavour to hasten Madame Krukaine's preparations would only occasion further delay: so, after ascertaining once more that it was really a fine day, he glanced over the newspaper with as much composure as he could preserve. This was a great day in the life of the Krukaines, who had long looked forward to it with keen anticipations of the pleasure it was to afford them. St Cloud is a pretty village on the banks of the Seine, at a short distance from Paris. It possesses a palace and very handsome gardens, which on the fête day of the patron saint of the place are thronged with visitors, and offer a very gay appearance. The Krukaines were retired grocers in comfortable circumstances; their elder children were settled in the world, but the youngest, Alexander Krukaine, a boy about nine years of age, still remained with his parents, who resided in the Rue de l'Arbre, near the Place Dauphine. As the heavy cares of life were over for them, M. and Madame Krukaine might have been considered very happy people, but for the unlucky parsimony of their habits. Nothing literally seemed so difficult to M. Krukaine as to spend a few francs for any purpose not strictly indispensable. To save money was his first consideration in everything; and his contrivances to get cheap bargains, and conduct matters on all occasions cheaply, were most exemplary. Unfortunately, his cheap often turned out dear purchases, when all the cost was counted; but better luck was hoped for next time; and failure accordingly only led to new experiments. Madame had not originally been a votary of cheapness; but from living in an atmosphere of economical devices, she at length rivalled her husband in saving, and after that it would have been difficult to say who was the cleverest in scenting out a bargain, or contriving means for holding in money. In carrying out their projects, they stoically deprived themselves of the most innocent pleasures, lest they should cause any expense. They declared that their means would not allow them to see company. As every one knew this to be false, the Krukaines were soon called selfish, avaricious people; but to this they remained perfectly indifferent; M. Krukaine, who piqued himself on being a philosopher, remarking that as calumny was the usual reward of merit, they had no right to be surprised at the treatment they experienced from their neighbours. If the truth must be told, they were rather glad than otherwise at the turn which reports took against them. They had the pleasure of thinking they were unjustly persecuted, and this pleasure they had the satisfaction of enjoying without cost: it was a cheap way of getting amusement.

Such being their disposition, it was not without mature deliberation that the Krukaines had adopted the resolution of going to the fête of St Cloud; but the beauty of the weather rendered the temptation irresistible; besides, they determined to spend so very little, that it would be scarcely worth mentioning. A circumstance which increased their wish of seeing the fête was, that several lodgers of the house in which they resided had resolved to go to it in a party, and spoke enthusiastically of the pleasures they anticipated from the excursion. The Krukaines had been invited to join them, but had churlishly refused; for as M. Krukaine prudently observed, 'What was the use of going with other people, when you could gain nothing by them?' They accordingly determined to go alone. Madame Brenu, a sarcastic widow who lived on the same landing with them, and who was to be one of the picnic party, did indeed make some malicious and spiteful remarks about stingy and unsocial people; but as Madame Krukaine loftily observed, in emulation of her husband's philosophy, 'She was above such things, and should treat the woman's impertinence with the calm contempt it merited.'

Though M. Krukaine, after waiting a very long time, ended by thinking madame would never be dressed, she was ready at last, and appeared in the full glory of a

bright yellow bonnet and brick-red shawl, which, though somewhat out of date, were still as good as new. On one arm she carried a large and heavy basket, well stored with provisions for the day, whilst in her other hand she brandished an old blue parasol. Madame Krukaine was a thin, little woman, with pinched features, and a long shrewish nose. Behind his maternal parent came Alexander Krukaine, a dull, sleepy-looking boy, whose face now shone with uncommon brilliancy, owing to the recent application of soap and water. M. Krukaine needs no description: he was a thick, commonplace-looking man, possessed of a tolerable share of good-nature; but long habit had enabled him to lay this superfluous quality under such remarkable control, that few persons could have suspected its existence. He now no sooner perceived his wife and son, than, notwithstanding the philosophic spirit on which he prided himself, he betrayed his impatience to be off by immediately leading the way down stairs. Madame Krukaine followed him, secretly hoping they might leave the house without being seen by Madame Brenu. But the watchful widow had been waiting for them the whole morning; and they no sooner appeared on the landing, than she opened the door of her apartment, and thrust out her head, observing with a sarcastic sneer, 'So you are going! I hope you may enjoy yourselves. I know we shall, for Monsieur Theodore, the lawyer's clerk, is to bring his flute, and Monsieur Ledru, the first-floor lodger, his guitar. Then we each take something to eat with us; I have a fine melon for my part. But bless me, Madame Krukaine, you are not going to carry that heavy basket, and surely you do not mean to walk in this heat? We have hired a char-à-banc, which is to take us there and bring us back again for a very reasonable sum indeed. But I suppose you would be too proud to go in a char-à-banc?'

Without heeding this impertinent speech, the Krukaines passed loftily on, and deigned her no reply. The day was fine, but uncommonly warm. M. Krukaine, who carried his wife's heavy basket, soon discovered this, and they had not proceeded far, when he observed to madame, 'I think, my dear, we shall be very much fatigued by the time we reach St Cloud: had we not better ride there? Perhaps this countryman, who seems to be going our way, might give us a lift.'

The countryman was indeed willing to take them to St Cloud in exchange for a small sum, which, by dint of haggling, Madame Krukaine reduced to a very trifling one. The whole family accordingly got up, M. and Madame Krukaine exchanging looks of congratulation on their excellent bargain. They soon discovered, however, that the cart went rather more slowly than they could have walked. As this would not answer, the countryman urged his horse, which went off at a smart trot; but the cart not happening to be upon springs, the Krukaines were in consequence so unmercifully jolted, that they soon asked for a respite. They still felt much cramped, for there was only very scanty room in the cart; but this they bore with the heroism which belongs to true economy, when, as ill luck would have it, a light and handsome char-à-banc, containing the pic-nic party, passed by them. Madame Krukaine devoutly hoped they might not be recognised, but her yellow bonnet was too conspicuous not to attract Madame Brenu's eye. The widow not only saw them, but drew the attention of the whole party upon them, and gave them an ironical nod as the light vehicle passed swiftly by, and left the slow, jolting cart far behind. Though the Krukaines were greatly mortified, they affected to treat the matter lightly. M. Krukaine, especially, took a very philosophic view of it, and was at great pains to prove to himself and to his wife that a cart was by no means inferior to a char-à-banc; but although madame agreed with him, and went so far as to say that she preferred the cart, they both got down very willingly from the vehicle as soon as they had reached St Cloud. They had come so slowly along that it was now about twelve, and the

Krukaines soon discovered that they were hungry. Their first care, therefore, was to select a convenient spot where they might take a slight repast. They were quarrelling on the subject—for Madame Krukaine wanted to remain within sight of the fête, and her husband as energetically remonstrated against this course—when the good lady suddenly gave a shriek of horror, and exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest dismay, 'The basket!'

M. Krukaine turned hastily round, filled with prophetic dread: the basket, which should have been on his wife's arm, was gone.

'In the cart!' screamed madame; 'you left it in the cart.'

'I think, my dear, it would be more correct to say you left it. What had I to do with the basket?'

'I say you left it, Monsieur Krukaine: had I not Alexander to mind? You ought to be ashamed of yourself—a new basket I bought only the other day, besides a cold roast capon, a pâté, a bottle of wine, a porcelain dish, and a damask cloth. Well, I do compliment you on your day's work. Oh you may sneer away!'

M. Krukaine here suggested that the cart might not be gone yet, and he accordingly ran back to the spot where they had alighted; but vain hope! no trace of it remained—cart, basket, cold capon, wine, and pâté, all had vanished. This was the more provoking, that it was very rarely the Krukaines ventured to indulge in such luxurious fare as they had promised themselves for that day. M. Krukaine's hunger silenced his philosophy for a while, and he slowly returned to the spot where he had left his wife in a very bitter mood, which the thought of the capon on which the countryman was going to feast rendered particularly desponding.

'Well, sir,' triumphantly exclaimed Madame Krukaine, 'where is the basket?—your basket, sir!'

'It is useless to talk of it now, my dear; the question is, what shall we eat?'

'You may eat what you like, Monsieur Krukaine; but surely you cannot be very hungry, or you would not have left your basket behind you.'

Without heeding this taunt, M. Krukaine immediately proceeded to a restaurateur's, where, on paying a very high price, he procured some cold meat, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of wine. With these provisions the family made a very indifferent meal, the relish it might otherwise have afforded them being destroyed by the consciousness of their loss. When the repast was over—and, as Madame Krukaine bitterly observed, it did not last long—M. Krukaine proposed that they should take a walk; his wife sullenly consented; and they accordingly went over the gardens, looked at the fête, and endeavoured to admire the fine prospects around them. But it was in vain they sought to be amused; disappointment and vexation damped their joy, and a cloud even came over M. Krukaine's philosophic spirit every time he thought of the cold capon. As though to increase their annoyance, it so happened that, in going through one of the pleasant woods near the gardens, they came to a grassy spot which had been chosen by the pic-nic party for their resting-place. A large tablecloth had been spread on the grass; the meal was laid out upon it, and though a somewhat heterogeneous one, it looked sufficiently tempting to awaken keen feelings of regret and envy in the Krukaines. It was also remarkably aggravating to see in what good spirits the whole party seemed to be. M. Theodore's flute and M. Ledru's guitar were giving forth sweet sounds for the amusement of the company, and to the great delight of a few children who were amongst the pic-nic party, and danced on the grass with a glee which showed their entire satisfaction. This sight produced a great effect on Alexander Krukaine's feelings, which had hitherto been in a dormant state; he perceived at a glance the enjoyments of which he had been deprived, and insisted on joining the party forthwith. His parents peremptorily refused; and as they had fortunately escaped Madame Brenu's

eye, they hastened to leave the spot whilst still unseen. Alexander felt aggrieved; this feeling increased when Madame Krukaine positively forbade him to go near the stalls, temptingly covered with toys and sweets; and snappishly declared that too much money had already been thrown away on that day for her to think of squandering any more by the most trifling purchase. There was a good deal of stubbornness in Alexander Krukaine's disposition; he was, moreover, accustomed to great indulgence, and on the present occasion he thought himself extremely ill-used. To show a proper sense of his wrongs, he spared no pains to render both himself and his parents thoroughly uncomfortable. This was easily effected. Whenever they wanted to rest, he insisted on going on; and when, on the contrary, they wished to walk, he declared himself too fatigued to proceed. Madame Krukaine scolded, M. Krukaine remonstrated and threatened by turns; but nothing could produce the least effect on Alexander, who was now roused to a state of dogged resistance.

The Krukaïnes were heartily glad when evening came on. M. Krukaine, who felt a most unphilosophic appetite, hinted something about having dinner; but madame sharply observed that they had already dined; and though her husband felt this to be a most lamentable fiction, he was compelled to acquiesce. The question was now how they were to go home. They endeavoured to secure some conveyance, for fatigue had so far conquered their feelings of avarice, as to make them willing to sacrifice a few francs to comfort. But this was the hour when every one was returning—the most insignificant vehicle suddenly rose in importance, and extravagant sums were asked and given for a seat.

'We will walk home,' indignantly exclaimed Madame Krukaine, on beholding this deplorable state of things; and as her husband seconded the heroic resolve, they set out immediately. The evening was close and sultry, and before they had walked a quarter of a league, Alexander Krukaine, exasperated by this forced march, sat down by the roadside, and expressed his solemn determination of not going one step farther. His parents walked on, pretending to leave him behind; but Alexander, who had grown accustomed to misfortunes, remained insensible to this one, and was fast asleep by the time they returned near him. What was to be done? M. Krukaine suggested a sound whipping as soon as they should reach home. But as this afforded no present relief, his wife sharply bade him hold his peace, and began a long recriminating speech, by which she clearly proved that all their sufferings originated in M. Krukaine's loss of the basket. They were still in this dilemma, when a *fiacre* drove up to the door of a villa, near which they were then standing. A gentleman came out of the house and stepped into the coach. 'Place Dauphine,' said he to the coachman, who nodded and took his seat.

M. and Madame Krukaine exchanged a rapid look of intelligence. Place Dauphine was close to their abode; the seat at the back of the *fiacre* was wide; the night was dark, no one could see them. In short, after a very brief hesitation, they seized on the slumbering Alexander, and sprang up stealthily on the convenient seat, whilst the unsuspecting coachman drove off.

The Krukaïnes actually chuckled with exultation at the success of their stratagem. There was something so truly delightful in the idea of riding home for nothing, that it made them forget the miseries of the day. It is true that they were rather uncomfortably seated, and that Alexander, who seemed determined to drown the remembrance of his woes in sleep, was every minute in danger of falling off; but, as M. Krukaine wisely remarked, 'What would be the use of philosophy, if it did not teach us to bear patiently such trifling inconveniences?'

They accordingly bore their trials with exemplary fortitude, until they discovered, to their dismay, that it was beginning to rain, or, as Madame Krukaine bitterly declared, 'to pour.' The unhappy lady opened her

parasol in the vain hope of sheltering her bonnet; but the only consequence of this arrangement was to transfer to it some of the blue of the parasol. She fortunately remained unconscious of this unlooked-for result, and entertained herself by lamenting the loss of her husband's basket, as she persisted in terming it. M. Krukaine was thoroughly fatigued and hungry. These were sufficient evils even for a sage, and he accordingly fell fast asleep, heedless alike of madame's scolding and of the rain which poured upon him. It was not until the *fiacre* stopped that he awakened with an alarmed start; but he immediately recollected the necessity of silence, and alighted noiselessly. His next task was to take down Alexander, who was still in the embrace of Morpheus, and to rouse Madame Krukaine, who had followed the example of her husband and son. These delicate proceedings were conducted with so much discretion, that neither the tenant of the *fiacre* nor the coachman suspected what was going on. Whilst there was a chance of detection, the Krukaïnes prudently remained within the deep shadow of one of the neighbouring houses; but as soon as the *fiacre* drove away, M. Krukaine, who felt uncomfortably cool about the head, exclaimed, 'My dear, will you be kind enough to give me my hat?'

'Your hat!' indignantly echoed his wife; 'what have I to do with your hat, sir?'

M. Krukaine was stupefied by this new misfortune. Though he had evidently lost his hat whilst sleeping behind the *fiacre*, he refused to believe in this melancholy truth, and repeatedly declared there must be some mistake, that it could not be. Madame Krukaine listened to her husband's lamentations with bitter triumph, and sarcastically asserted that she felt delighted at what had occurred. This was extremely aggravating, and her spouse took it in very ill part; he and madame therefore quarrelled on the subject until they grew tired of it; after which they began to think of going home. But though they knew they ought to be within a very short distance of their dwelling, they could never succeed in finding the turn which led to it: they at first ascribed this to the darkness of the night.

'Most extraordinary, to be sure!' exclaimed M. Krukaine, rubbing his eyes to ascertain that it was not in them the mistake lay. 'Will you be kind enough to tell me the name of this place?' he asked of a man who happened to be passing by.

'Place Dauphine,' was the answer.

M. Krukaine breathed freely, and next inquired for the way leading to the Rue de l'Arbre.

'I don't know the street.'

M. Krukaine's doubts returned. Perhaps this was not the Place Dauphine; but the man reiterated his assertion. Then where was the Rue de l'Arbre? The man again declared he did not know.

'But, my friend,' coaxingly observed M. Krukaine, 'let me tell you it must be very near this spot.'

'And let me tell you,' testily answered the man, 'there does not exist such a street in all Versailles.'

'Versailles!' echoed M. Krukaine in a hollow tone.

'Versailles!' screamed Madame Krukaine.

Alas, they were indeed in Versailles, which possessed a Place Dauphine as well as Paris! The unhappy couple, forgetting all their causes of dissent, looked on one another in mute despair. Versailles was much farther from Paris than St Cloud; the rain still fell heavily; a neighbouring clock struck twelve; in short, their misery seemed complete. M. Krukaine, whose imagination seemed affected by the misfortunes of the day, scrupled not to declare that they were persecuted by an inexorable fatality. One moment he felt tempted to defy his destiny; but on second thought, he resolved to delay doing this until he should be safely home—an event which, as he bitterly observed, did not seem likely to occur for some time yet. In the meanwhile, Madame Krukaine, who, according to her own assertion, had been prepared, since the loss of her basket, for

everything which had occurred, learned from the individual who had apprized them of their melancholy situation, that they would find a little inn in one of the neighbouring streets, where they might probably gain admittance for the night. It was not without much difficulty that the unhappy Krukaines succeeded in discovering this place of refuge, and in rousing the inmates, who, on beholding their pitiable condition, consented to receive them, although they were unprovided with a passport. But even when they found themselves in a comfortable room, and to all appearance safe, M. Krukaine remained sceptical, and refused to believe that their misfortunes were over.

'Don't think yourself safe yet, my dear,' he gravely observed to his wife, as they retired for the night; 'we are the victims of fatality.'

M. Krukaine's first act on awakening the next morning, and on ascertaining, though he declared himself astonished at such an escape, that he had not been spirited away during the night, was to send for a hatter, in order to replace the indispensable article of wearing apparel he had unfortunately lost. Of course he was dreadfully cheated; the hatter knew that he lay at his mercy, and made the most of his advantage; but M. Krukaine was now prepared for anything, and he bore the imposition with a kind of desperate resignation. Madame Krukaine did not yield so readily to the decrees of fate; she gazed with unutterable dismay on her bonnet, to which her parasol, through the agency of the rain, had imparted a green tint; and like those struck by some sudden calamity, she remained incredulous, and long refused to believe in the reality of this lamentable metamorphosis. When the Krukaines had breakfasted—and they now felt a sort of recklessness at whatever expenses they might incur—they secured a vehicle, of which the owner engaged to take them to their own door for what M. Krukaine termed an enormous sum; but this was of little consequence, as he had made up his mind to submit to all the exigencies of destiny until he found himself at his own door in Paris. There they arrived at length, after undergoing, as he observed in a melancholy tone, a series of unparalleled misfortunes. They had indeed the appearance of travellers returning from a disastrous voyage. Madame Krukaine's features were haggard and fatigued; Alexander looked stupefied and dirty; and though M. Krukaine had suffered least in outward appearance, his startled air plainly bespoke the unhappy victim of fatality.

The family had no sooner alighted from their conveyance, than they perceived the sarcastic countenance of Madame Brenu looking down on them from her window.

'Why,' she screamed out, 'where have you been all this time, we were so uneasy? I hope you enjoyed yourselves. We had quite a delightful day of it I assure you; dined in the wood, and came home just in time to escape the rain. I hope you did not get wet. But dear me, what is the matter with your bonnet? Green! I declare; surely it was yellow yesterday? And where is your basket? Ah! empty of all the good things by this, I dare say?' And so the provoking woman went on, whilst the unhappy Krukaines, now resigned to anything, did not even attempt to retort, but retired to their apartment.

For several days the Krukaines could think of nothing but the disasters which they had met with in the pursuit of pleasure; and M. Krukaine clearly proved to his wife that a more unhappy couple had never gone to the fête of St Cloud. His next act was to ascertain the precise sum they had spent in their unlucky expedition. After a good deal of nice calculation, he found that, including the loss of the basket and hat, besides the total ruin of the bonnet and parasol, their expenses amounted to fifty-seven francs twenty-five centimes. Madame Krukaine raised her eyes and clasped her hands as she heard this lamentable result, from which she concluded that it was perfect ruin to think of pleasure—a sentiment in which her husband entirely acquiesced.

But even this soothing delusion was not granted to the Krukaines; for as Madame Brenu took good care to inform them of the exact sum which had been spent by the whole pic-nic party, they soon perceived that there are two methods of economising—one by which pleasure can be procured at a moderate expense, whilst serious loss and inconvenience are too frequently entailed by the other. The effect produced by this discovery is not yet known; but it is thought that the fit of rheumatism from which M. Krukaine suffered shortly after the fête of St Cloud, considerably softened the rigidity of his economy, whilst the loss of her yellow bonnet produced a similar effect on Madame Krukaine's feelings.

Though the Krukaines have not yet had the magnanimity of acknowledging their mistake, they have lately manifested signs of improvement in a more liberal style of living. What must be considered a good sign of approaching common sense, was an observation which madame made the other day to a neighbour, 'that she was afraid there is no way of getting a franc for a centime;' or, as this wise saw may be Anglicised for general benefit, 'THERE IS NO GETTING A SHILLING FOR A SIXPENCE.'

THE BREAKWATER AT PLYMOUTH.

AN account of this great work, the most successful of the kind ever executed in this country, which involves so many important principles in theory, and displays so much skill in the construction, can scarcely fail of being generally interesting. A large book, just published, at the expense of an eminent engineer, puts us in possession of authentic documents from which we may compile a connected narrative of the proceedings from their commencement.* From the earliest periods of our history, Plymouth has been a much frequented port, well situated for trade, and the headquarters of government expeditions. The town stands at the inner end of the inlet known as Plymouth Sound, of which the two extremities to seaward are the Lizard and Start Points. Properly speaking, the Sound comprises an area of three miles in length and width, receiving the waters of three rivers. The shores are hilly, and in some places project, so as to diminish the width to a mile and a half, and form bays more or less secure, which, before the erection of the breakwater, were the only refuge for vessels. The Sound is exposed to winds, ranging easterly and westerly over twelve points of the compass. The south-westerly are the most prevalent, and drive in waves from the Bay of Biscay and the Atlantic with a force that appears altogether irresistible, and is often productive of disastrous effects. Notwithstanding these risks and inconveniences, and the commercial importance of the station, no attempts were made to remedy its defects during a long course of years; and although one of the most capacious harbours in the kingdom, it was really useful only in fine weather, or with the wind off shore. At length, in 1806, the idea of a breakwater was suggested by Earl St Vincent; and in the same year Mr Rennie, architect of the Bell-Rock lighthouse, and Mr Whidbey, a naval officer of great experience, were ordered by the Admiralty to make a survey, and draw up a report on the subject. Proposals had been made to construct piers running out from the land on either side of the Sound, as a practicable means of affording protection to shipping; but these were disapproved of by the surveyors, as favouring the deposition of shoals, and at the same time taking up the deepest water. Their recommendation was for a detached mole or embankment, to be built on a line of shoals, known as the San Carlos and Shovel Rocks, already existing in the middle of the channel, which would shut in an area of about 2000 acres as a secure anchorage, and accommodate from

* A Historical, Practical, and Theoretical Account of the Breakwater in Plymouth Sound. By Sir John Rennie, F.R.S., &c. Folio. London: H. G. Bohn, and J. Weale. 1848.

forty to fifty vessels of the line, besides merchantmen. The surveyors' report contained, in addition, the plans and specifications for supplementary moles, to project from the shore as circumstances might require. Most skilful precautions were taken against the formation of deposits and the influence of currents, and the calculations, as shown by the result, were in all cases well founded.

Here the matter rested until 1811, when it was again resolved to attempt something for the protection of the 'magnificent harbour,' one of the reasons urged being, that it was 'so well situated for the stationing of his majesty's fleets that are to oppose the navies of France and Spain.' Projectors came forward with their schemes: the most noteworthy were those of General Bentham: he proposed to construct huge frames of wood, and moor them in the required situation, so as to break the force of the waves. These were objected to, from their liability to be carried away by every gale. Another plan was put forward, which comprised the building of 140 hollow towers of stone, each fifty feet in diameter, with walls six feet thick, to be floated out to the station, and there filled with stones, and sunk in two rows; the towers of the inner row opposite the intervals in the outer one: the force of the waves would thus be broken, while no impediment was opposed to the tidal currents. Some discussion arose out of these plans; but the mole or breakwater, as first recommended, was finally decided on.

The depth of water on the rocks varied from five to eight fathoms; the proposed structure was to be ten yards wide at top, seventy yards at the base, and to rise ten feet above the surface at low water. Experience had demonstrated the uselessness of throwing down a heavy mass, and trusting to its weight to resist attacks of the sea. Old ocean is not famed for docility: the action of waves, and other natural laws, had to be considered; and 'under all the circumstances, the plan of depositing loose angular blocks of rubble, or rough stone, as raised from the quarries, from half a ton to ten tons weight each, and upwards, mixed with smaller materials, in the line of the intended breakwater, was considered the best and most advisable plan, and was accordingly adopted. These blocks of stone, it was justly considered, would naturally find their own position, and slope or inclination, according to the depth of the water, the strength of the waves, and their own specific gravity; and after a time, would become wedged and consolidated together by the sea, in a much more effectual, substantial, and economical manner than could be effected by any artificial means; and great saving of time and cost would be effected in carrying on the work, and in giving protection to the Sound.'

This method of throwing down rubble, which was known to the Tyrians and Carthaginians, had been adopted in constructing the harbours of Howth and Holyhead, but never before attempted in this country on so large a scale, or with so successful a result. Abundant materials for the work were found in the hills forming the shores of the Sound: the corporation of Plymouth offered to supply 2,000,000 tons of stone, free of charge, if quarried according to the terms they prescribed. The quarries, however, were opened at Oreston, a place which presented facilities for shipping the stone, and operations actually commenced in March 1812: rails were laid down, wharfs built, and vessels and machinery provided. Two mooring chains, 1200 yards in length, were sunk, one on each side of the site of the breakwater. Smaller chains, connected with buoys, were attached to these at certain intervals, to mark out the line of work. The larger stones were conveyed in vessels of peculiar construction, from seventy to eighty tons burden. These were fitted, both in the hold and on deck, with a double line of rails, with windlasses for heaving loaded trucks from below, and tilting platforms at the stern. The trucks, loaded at the quarry, were lifted in by powerful cranes, or, when the tide permitted, run on board by inclined tramways. The vessel, with

her load, was then removed to the ground marked out by the mooring chains, and made fast at the required spot; a truck was heaved up, run along to the tilting platform, and the block of stone dropped into its place. In this way the entire lading was deposited in less than an hour, and in favourable weather the vessels made three or four trips a day. Besides these, there were forty-five smaller craft, for the conveyance of smaller stones and loose materials for filling up interstices. The rails, trucks, wagons, and vessels, were provided by the government, and kept in repair by the contractors, who, on their part, furnished labour, tools, and implements, and powder for blasting. The expense of working the tilting vessels, and of conveying all stones above five tons in weight, was also borne by the government.

On the 12th August 1812, the Prince-Regent's birthday, the first stone was deposited on the Shovel Rock. As the best means of determining the length of the structure, the work was commenced in the centre, and carried towards the two extremities. By the end of March 1813, 43,789 tons of stone had been thrown down, and in some places the blocks appeared above water. In another year the mass was of sufficient size to afford a protection to ships: the Queen Charlotte and some other large vessels rode out a gale in safety, anchored inside the breakwater. Eleven hundred yards were above the surface in August 1815, when, instead of ten feet above low water, it was determined to raise the barrier to twenty feet, at which height it would be two feet above high water, and afford shelter to small as well as large vessels. The engineers' anticipations as to the tidal currents were completely verified; their flux and reflux were found to be scarcely if at all interfered with. In November 1816, heavy gales broke out, and continued for several days; but the work stood firm, although 300 yards were up to the full height. Two months afterwards, gales, at times fierce as a hurricane, and accompanied by spring tides, set in, when the value and efficiency of the breakwater were proved by the preservation of the vessels anchored within it, while two others beyond the line of protection were wrecked with a serious loss of life. About 200 yards of the rubble were displaced; blocks weighing from two to five tons were carried over from the outer to the inner slope. The former had been built up one foot perpendicular for each three feet horizontal, but after the gale the proportions were five feet to one. The sea had thus found its own slope, and washed the rubble to an angle at which it would remain undisturbed. The slope of three feet to one was adopted, in deference to the opinion of Mr Whidbey, although Mr Rennie had from the first recommended an inclination of five to one. In their report to the Admiralty on the extent of the derangement, the engineers declared that, far from being injured, the stability of the work was greatly increased, the only circumstance to regret being that the storm had not occurred twelve months earlier. In such an undertaking a gale was the best artificer; and they recommended that the whole should be finished in the same way, and left to the weather to prepare it for its casing of masonry. In defiance of experience, the slope of three feet to one was adhered to, and by the middle of 1824, 1241 yards in length of the mass had been raised to the full height of two feet above high water. In November of this year another gale occurred; the tide rose seven feet higher than usual, 796 yards of the work, comprising many thousand tons of stone, were thrown over to the inner side, and the outer slope again reduced to one foot perpendicular for five feet horizontal: below the level of low water no disturbance of the rubble had taken place.

Mr Rennie died in 1821. The Admiralty appointed four gentlemen, two of them the present Messrs Rennie, to inspect the breakwater after the gale, and draw up a report. After careful investigation, they determined to leave the slope at the angle formed by the sea; the centre line of the work was removed thirty-six feet nearer the shore; and the width of the

top reduced from fifty to forty-five feet. Both slopes were to be evenly paved with the largest blocks of limestone and granite, and the top laid at a curve of one foot in its whole breadth, so as to throw off the water readily from the surface. The granite paving was first placed, but was continually undermined and displaced by the waves where it met the low-water line. To remedy this defect, a benching or foreshore of rubble was thrown in, and brought up so as to cover several feet of the granite, to which it afforded complete protection, by breaking the force of the waves before they reached the toe of the paving. Below or above this line but little risk of displacement was to be apprehended. Before laying down the surface blocks, the interstices of the rubble were filled with refuse and screenings from the quarries, to increase the stability; and vent-holes were left in certain parts, to facilitate the escape of compressed air from below. In this way the work has gone on to the present time; and so solid has it become, that it appears to be but one huge stone. Whenever excavations are required, they can only be made by quarrying in the usual way. The fact of the foreshore and lower blocks being thickly overgrown with seaweed, is considered the surest indication of permanency.

The centre line of the breakwater is 3000 feet long, from either extremity of which an arm or kant 1050 feet in length runs off towards the shore at an angle of 120 degrees. Three faces are thus presented to the sea, which have the effect of promoting the regular flow of currents, and preventing the eddies which would have been caused by one straight unbroken line, while the 'inrun' and force of the waves are correspondingly weakened. Two entrances remain for the passage of shipping—the western one being 1600, and the eastern 1000 yards wide, with ample depth of water for the largest vessels, and space for the discharge of alluvium brought down by the three rivers, besides affording means of ingress and egress in all winds. Everything, in fact, that was contemplated by the original promoters of the measure has been accomplished. A safe anchorage is provided without any loss of depth: surveys made so recently as 1845, prove that shoals have neither been formed nor increased.

In the first year of the works, 16,045 tons of stone were thrown down; in subsequent years, the quantity has varied from 4000 to 373,773 tons: the total in June 1847 was 3,620,444 tons. Seventy lineal yards of the eastern arm remain to be finished, which will require 50,000 tons more, making altogether 3,670,444 tons. In addition to this enormous bulk, there are 2,512,696 cubic feet of granite and other stone used in the paving and facings. The cost of limestone laid down on the breakwater is 1s. 10d. per foot, granite 2s. 8d. The blocks of rubble not exceeding two tons in weight were quarried at 1s. per ton; conveyance to the work, and sinking, cost at first 2s. 10d. per ton, but as the contractors gained experience, the charge was reduced. In 1816 it was 1s. 10d., and in 1843-47, 1s. The greatest number of workmen employed at one time was 765; at present there are but 120: masons earn from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per day, labourers 2s. to 3s. The whole cost of the breakwater, when complete, which will be in the course of a year or two, will be £1,500,000.

In the original design of the breakwater, two light-houses, one on each extremity, were contemplated. The erection of a beacon, however, on the eastern arm, has been considered sufficient for the purposes of navigation. This is forty-two feet high, surmounted by a hollow copper globe six feet in diameter, contrived so that a shipwrecked seaman may take refuge within it. The end of the western arm was strengthened by facings of masonry, and finished off in a circular form, to serve as a foundation for the lighthouse, which was finished in 1844. It rises sixty-eight feet above the surface of the breakwater; the lantern is eight feet in height, supported by gun-metal pilasters, and provided with

four refractors, and five tiers containing 118 mirrors. There is, besides, a bell, which in foggy weather is struck a certain number of times every minute by clock machinery. The light can be seen at a distance of eight miles: it is red to seawards, and white when looked at from the land, or within the line of the breakwater.

So great were the protection and security afforded by the breakwater, that vessels of every class resorted to the Sound. A supply of fresh water was wanted to render the benefit complete. This has since been found at Bovisand Bay, opposite the eastern arm. Here the authorities have established a reservoir capable of containing 12,000 tons of water, and erected a pier and jetty accessible at all times of the tide; and water is supplied to any vessel at any time free of charge.

In addition to the breakwater, there is much at Plymouth to repay the traveller for a visit: the dock-yard, extending over more than 100 acres; another, of nearly equal extent, in course of construction for steam-vessels; and barracks, marine and military, for the accommodation of 3000 men. The great victualling establishment built in 1834, we are informed, 'covers a surface of about fourteen acres, which includes all the buildings and machinery for manufacturing and storing flour, bread, biscuit, beer, casks, fresh meat, vegetables, and water; the last distributed by flexible hoses, laid to the principal landing-places and wharfs, which boats and vessels can approach, and thus complete their watering without loss of time.' Three small and imperfect establishments were superseded by this arrangement: they were far apart; when the wind served for one, it was contrary for another: the expense of shipping stores was consequently enormous, especially when required in a hurry. As Sir John Rennie observes, the system ought to have been changed years ago; 'but we go on patching up old establishments, and submitting to the losses arising from them, whereas, with a little courage and determination to apply an effective remedy at once, we should be more than amply indemnified for all the expense incurred in making new and efficient establishments adapted to their several objects.'

ANDREW WYNTOUN, THE CHRONICLER.

AFTER getting tired of the modern poets, with their eternal straining after the transcendental in thought, sentiment, and description, it is pleasant to fall back upon some of the simple bards of bygone ages, who thought of little beyond a clear and faithful recital of events. One of those on whom the *blasé* critic of the present day might have some satisfaction in resting, is Andrew Wyntoun, who lived at the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, and is only known to have written a Chronicle of Scottish history in verse. It was a simple time, before the revival of learning had spread to this island. The Stuart family was newly seated on the throne. Men alive remembered the wars of Edward III., by which Scotland had been brought to a condition of such distress, that her continued independence looks almost like a miracle. The great men of the country were the nobles, and the leading churchmen, bishops, abbots, and priors: the king was comparatively a weak power. Beyond these exalted classes, all was rudeness and darkness. And yet the people do not appear in general to have been ill off or unhappy. Andrew was himself a high ecclesiastical personage, being a canon-regular of St Andrews, and prior of the monastery of St Serf's Inch, an insular establishment in Lochleven, in Fife.

He tells us that he was requested to write a History of Scotland by a lord to whom he owed service, Sir John of the Wemyss, 'ane honest knight, and of gude fame.' This was a man of old family in Wyntoun's time. If we are not mistaken, its lineal representative still sits in the grand old chateau, which it has occupied since the days of the Maiden of Norway—Wemyss Castle on the Forth. Such instances of permanency may there

be even in a country so harassed by external and civil wars as Scotland has been. Andrew begins before the beginning; for he prefaces his Scottish narration with a sketch of ancient history generally, garnished with descriptions of the ark of Noah and of the spate (still a Scottish word for flood); of how the land of Afrik lies; how the land of Europe lies; and so forth. Even the early part of his history of Scotland is full of monkish tales, which might well have been spared, though it must be admitted they are not always as dull as they are incredible. For example, a notice of some of the wonderful doings of St Serf:—

'In Tullibody ane ill spirit
A Christian man that time tarrit;¹
Of that spirit he was then
Delivered through that haly man.
In Tilllocoutry, till a wife
Twa sons he raised fra dead to life.
This haly man had a ram,
That he had fed up of a lamb,
And used him to follow aye,
Wherever he passed in his way:
A thief this sheep in Athens stall,²
And ate him up in pieces all.
When St Serf his ram had missed,
Wha that it stall was few that wis't.³
On presumption, nevertheless,
He that it stall arrested was;
And till St Serf syne was he brought:
That sheep he said that he stall nought.
And theretill for to swear an aith⁴
He said that he wald not be laith;⁵
But soon he worthied⁶ red for shame;
The sheep there bleated in his wame!
Sae was he tainted shamefully,
And at St Serf asked mercy.'

An awkward sort of miracle this last, surely, yet effectual for its purpose.

Andrew was probably not unlearned after the manner of his age. He makes reference to both Homer and Virgil, to Horace and Ovid, to Josephus and to Valerius Maximus. The entire list of authors mentioned in his book is, however, limited. It fills only a page, and gives us a striking idea of the narrow field on which a literary man of that age was at liberty to pasture his Pegasus. He alludes with respect to his contemporary Barbour, whose metrical life of Bruce is a work of genuine merit. That he was not ill-informed on physical subjects, may be inferred from the explanation he gives of an eclipse of the sun:—

'In the time that the host there lay,
A great eclipse was of the sun.
Therefore folk that was not won⁷
To see sic event as they saw there,
Abased⁸ at that sight they were.
But had they known the cause all
That gar⁹ sic eclipse to fall,
They should not have abasing.
Eclipse is nane other thing
Than when the moon that runs near
Till us, than does the sun by far,
Happens even to come between
Our sight and the sun, that is so sheen,¹⁰
It lets us the sun to see
In as mickle quantity
As it passes betwixt our sight,
And of the sun lets¹¹ us the light.
The sun all time, withouten weir,¹²
Is in the self bath light and clear.'

He is not so enlightened, it must be confessed, on comets.—

The comet appeared that year [1401],
A fair bright stern and a clear:
That stern appearing signifies,
As clerks find in great treatise,
Death of princes and pestilence,
To fall or wede¹³ with violence, &c.

But this was a superstition which lingered long after his day. It is interesting, moreover, to find that this monk of four hundred years ago, while aiming at none of the graces of literature, could pronounce rationally on

the moral affairs of the world. Take as an example his remarks on Fortune:—

'Wha will of Fortune understand,
It is her law to be movand:
She were false, if she should be
Stedfast standing in a 'tree.'¹
Reprieved she should not be forth²
Of falsehood and of treachery,
For till overturn that is above,
Sin' Nature gives her eae till move,
Whiles giving great thing, and whiles small,
Fools to gar trow that she shall
Aye truly in that freedom last;
But when they trust her all their best,
All that is given by that lady,
She overturns it suddenly.'

As a history, the Chronicle of Wyntoun is of course not to be received with implicit credit. Where the general facts, however, can be authenticated from other sources, the details given by Andrew may be adopted as good material for filling up the outline, being generally very minute and graphic. For the century of Bruce and his successors, his history becomes of considerable value, for there he gives many particulars which must have been derived more or less directly from persons who had been eye-witnesses of, and actors in, the events. He himself must have lived close upon the dismal time during which Edward III. ravaged Scotland with a view to its subjugation; accordingly, we find him rich in traits of that period, as where he tells that, from the desolation of the country, the deer waxed numerous, and approached towns without terror. So likewise we may suppose it to have been from immediate knowledge that he described the simple, but well-meant legislation of the warden of Scotland, Sir Thomas Murray:—

'He gart ordain, in that tide,
Wha man that through the land wald ride,
Fra he lighted, he should knit
His bridle fast; and if that it
Happened to be stolen away,
The sheriff of that land should pay
The price of that bridle then,
But¹ lang delay, to that man.
And that, before all other thing,
Allowed should be intill reckoning,
The next count, that that sheriff there
Should give, where halden the 'Chequer ware.
He bade, that ilk² man aise
Should not frae their ploughs ta³
Their plough-irons, but let them lie
On their ploughs, or near thereby;
And if they happened stolen to be,
Till him that aught⁴ them ordained he
The sheriff to pay shillings twa,
And that allowed to be aise.

A greedy carle soon after was
Burning in sic greediness,
That his plough-irons himself stall,⁷
And hid them in a peat-pot⁸ all.
He plained to the sheriff sair,
That stolen his plough-irons were;
The sheriff then paid him shillings twa,
And after that he done had sae,
Soon a great court he gart⁹ set,
Witting¹⁰ of that stealth to get.
The driver he gart, and other ma,
Sae be examined, that soon they
Tald him that the carle them stall,
And hid them in the peat-pot all,
And took syne the payment.
Therefore, by leal judgment,
To the gallowes he gart hari,¹¹
And there he gart hing up that carle.'

In pithiness this could not be excelled, except by the conduct of the warden himself.

Some of the particular actions which took place in the course of the wars are narrated by Wyntoun with no small force and spirit, while it never appears that he has the least wish to exaggerate. There is, indeed, a merit in these parts of his Chronicle, that would make us wonder that it has never been presented in a popular form, if we were not aware how difficult it is to induce the masses to read what they think anti-

¹ Distressed. ² Stole. ³ Knew. ⁴ Oath.
⁵ Loath. ⁶ Waxed, became. ⁷ Went, accustomed.
⁸ Frightened. ⁹ Cause. ¹⁰ Bright.
¹¹ Hinders. ¹² Injury. ¹³ Rage.

¹ Degree. ² Therefore, for that. ³ Without. ⁴ Each.
⁵ Take. ⁶ Owned. ⁷ Stole. ⁸ A hole in a moss.
⁹ Caused. ¹⁰ Knowledge. ¹¹ Drag.

quoted, however wrong they may be in this supposition. In reality, the language of Wyntoun is the English of the present day, with only a few obsolete words and phrases scattered throughout; and when presented, as it is here, in modern orthography, all that is necessary to understand it is to read a little more slowly and carefully than usual. We select the account of the taking of Edinburgh Castle from the English in 1341, as an event interesting in itself, and here, as we think, remarkably well told:—

Worthy William of Douglas
Intill his heart all angry was,
That Edinburgh Castle see
Did to the land annoy and wae. * * *
He thought to cast a jeopardy:
With Wat he treated of Curry,
That purveyed a ship intill Dundae,
And hardy men therein put he.
William Fraser was one of tha',
And Joachim of Kinbuck alae,
And William Bullock, that was then
The King of Scotland's sworn man. * * *
They feigned that they were merchants,
That came there of their own chance,
Out of England, with wheat and wine,
And other sundry victuals. Syne
Till Inohketh they come in by;¹
And this Wat then of Curry
Went to the castle, and can say,
That merchants of England were they,
That had made hither their travel
In that land, with sindy victual;
And, for till have his maintaining,
They wald him send in the morning
A present of victual and of wine;
And, wald he mair, he should syne
Have at his will what he wald buy;
And that the master wald early
Come, and a part of his shipmen,
To speak with him, and bade him then
Let them come hardily him till,
And they should enter at their will. * * *
The shipmen soon in the morning
Turned² on twa horses their flitting;
[Ane] a pair of coal-creels³ [bare],
That covered well with cloths are;
The t'other barrel-ferrers twa;
Full of water als were they,
Before, and they all twelve followand,
Ilk ane a good burden in hand;
And rude frocks on their arming,
To cover them for perceiving,
And all their beards shaven were.
Wat of Curry was with them there,
That convoyed them upward the gait,⁴
And went before them to the yett,⁵
And fand the porter. "Thir are they
The warden spake of yesterday:
Open the yett anon," said he:
Him had been better letten it be.
The meikle yett opened he then,
And he that neist was till him, ran,
And laid him at the earth flatly.
Then a staff took Wat of Curry,
And set under the portcullis,
That come down might it on nae wise.
Syne the coals and creels withal
Upon the turnpike let he fall,
And ane syne blew a horn in by,
Then in the castle raise the cry.
The folk syne sped them to the yett;
But they fand stout porters thereat,
That them rencountered sturdily.
They fought a while right cruelly,
While that William of Douglas,
That in the walls ambushed was,
Has heard the noise and the cry;
Then in the castle hastily
He sped him fast. When he came there,
Fighting he fand that there were;
But he that mellec staunched soon;
And in short time sae has he done,
That the castle he has ta'en,
And vanquished the castellans ilk ane.
Some he took, and some he slew,
And some fled down o'er the heugh.⁶
The yett he gart keep stoutly:
They of the town then come in hy;
Of that winning they were all blythe,
And Scottismen become right swythy.

¹ Haste.² Road, street.³ Packed.⁴ Gate.⁵ Panniers.⁶ Precipice.

In preparing this paper, use has been made of the only printed edition of Wyntoun, a very elegant specimen of the typography of Bensley, in two volumes, 1795, which was given to the world under the care of David Macpherson, with a glossary and notes.

THE SORROWS OF A LIEUTENANT, R.N.

I AM a lieutenant in the royal navy. I am on half-pay, and have been so for several years. As it is well known in our service, that nothing short of immense interest, or extraordinary merit, can insure promotion or advancement, a man who expects to get on should marry into some old family, have the command of a dozen votes in an intractable county, or invent some wonderful machine for doing that which human power has hitherto been unable to accomplish. Now it so happens I am unfortunately a married man. To commit bigamy would never do: my first chance of getting on is consequently stopped. With regard to the second means of promotion, I regret to say I am equally deficient, having not the shadow of a vote, or the power of influencing one. I am, however, an ingenious fellow; and the third mode is therefore widely open to me, which will yet serve to make an admiral of me before I die. To tell my tale, however, I must go back to the year 182—, when William, our late sailor king, became lord high admiral of Great Britain. It was a happy moment for us tars: down to the very cabin-boy we all rejoiced. Like triumphant electors, who had just secured the return of their favourite candidate, we naturally felt that we should now begin to look up—that the naval service, which had been neglected for many years, would obtain its fair share of patronage—that the soldiers would not *now* carry away the honours—that 'Britannia rules the waves' would again become a popular air, and brevets prove a little less partial than hitherto. Of all this we received assurance by the pride with which our royal patron donned his admiral's uniform on every occasion, and the pleasure he evidently felt in talking like a British tar. The whole service rejoiced, but none more cordially than myself. I had just been placed on half-pay. Here was a brilliant opportunity for re-entering on active service, and 'winning honours at the cannon's mouth.' I had an invention, a long-perfected invention, one that would have done great credit to, and benefited the service in no common degree. Under the patronage of my own ingenuity, I determined to present myself before our royal chief. For weeks I watched the newspapers, anxiously following him through the course of visits he paid, and the inspections he made. I must confess I thought he was *rather* too fond of reviewing the red-coats, and not quite so liberal as I had expected towards his own brother officers.

At last I heard that our gracious commander had arrived at Chatham, and was about to hold a levee. I bought a new set of uniform (which, by the by, looked like an artilleryman's turn out), mounted my swabs, set my fore and aft, and under the patronage of Sir —, made my first bow to our royal head.

'This is the young officer of whom I spoke to your royal highness,' said Sir —, as I made a sea scrape: 'this is the person I mentioned.'

'Ain't you on half-pay?' quickly demanded the duke.

'I am, your royal highness.'

'Then pray, sir, what do you mean by appearing in uniform?'

I had been told how best to please our chief, so I replied without hesitation—'It is not, perhaps, customary; but I feared to appear, before one so exalted as a lord high admiral, dressed otherwise. If I have done wrong, I trust your royal highness will pardon me for the excess of my loyal zeal.'

In an instant he was mollified. 'All right—all right! What do you want, eh?'

'Nothing save your royal sanction to my invention I am'—

'Yes, yes, I know: a telegraph, an extraordinary telegraph, isn't it?'

'No, please your royal highness. My invention is pumps, by which an immense quantity of water may be drawn up and thrown to any distance required, so great is the force of them.'

'Pumps! pumps! fine things pumps: very creditable, young gentleman, very creditable indeed. Sir —, we must look to this young man. Where are your pumps?'

'They are in London.'

'Go and fetch them directly.'

'They will require some short time preparing.'

'Then what do you want here? What do you bother me for?'

'For leave to submit them to your royal highness's inspection.'

Sir — whispered something in the duke's ear.

'Well, well, that'll do. Bring them to me next Thursday at the Admiralty. Very creditable for a young officer to employ himself so well. Shan't forget you: there, be off.' And I was at once dismissed.

In what blissful dreams of hope did I now depict the almost certainty of employment and promotion awaiting my next interview, not to speak of the fortune I was sure to make. During the ensuing five days, away I trotted as happy as a prince. Loyalty is a delightful feeling: I never felt so buoyant, so happy in my life.

On the following Thursday I was exact to my appointment, and marched into the Admiralty hall with all the pride and consequence of a favoured protégé. I strutted up to the porter, on whom I had hitherto looked with no small degree of respect, but whom I now regarded as the mere menial of higher powers.

'I am come by appointment to see his royal highness.'

'You can't see him,' gruffly replied Cerberus, without even looking up.

'I repeat I come by appointment.'

'You can't see him, I tell you: his royal highness is engaged.'

'I'll wait then.'

'It's no use: I've no orders to admit you. Where are your vouchers?'

'I am an officer in the navy, and I give you my word of honour as such. I come by his royal highness's commands. If you will take my name up, you will see I'm correct.'

'I shall do no such thing: you can't see him; so it's no use talking further.' And the sulky old fellow turned to talk to a knot of flag officers, who were standing by, and who evidently looked upon the porter as a person of considerable power.

'Gentlemen,' said I, appealing to them, 'you will of course have no objection to bear witness to this scene, as I shall most certainly report it.' They bowed. The old porter grinned a sneer at me, and I left the Admiralty mortified, yet determined on having ample revenge.

I instantly went home and wrote an account of the occurrence to Sir —; and the next day, to my great delight, I received a most polite reply, assuring me that my complaint should be attended to; the case would be thoroughly investigated; and that if I called on the Monday following, his royal highness would receive me.

'Bravo, Sam!' cried I, addressing myself—'Bravo, Sam! you're a made man.'

On the day appointed, again I hurried to the Admiralty. No officious porter dared to stop me this time. I was ushered straight into the presence of the royal duke.

'Ah, ah; come about the old story: been saucy, eh? Tell him to come in.' Ere the words were out of his mouth, old Cerberus walked in, no longer, however, the surly overbearing jack-in-office. The mighty were indeed humbled. Crestfallen, he tremblingly approached. 'So, sir, you've chosen to be impudent! Tell me, sir, when you refused to take this gentleman's word, did

you know he was an officer in the navy? Eh, eh, sir?'

'Please your royal highness, I am very sorry. The gentleman—— And here, overcome by emotion and conscious guilt, he stopped short.'

I stepped forward and pleaded for him.

'Well, Mr —, as you solicit for him, I'll pardon him this once. You owe your pardon, do you hear, sir? you owe your continuance in office to this officer's kindness. But now, listen to me: if ever I hear anything of the sort again, although, as I understand, you have been twenty-two years in the service, I'll turn you off at an instant's notice, without a farthing of pension; so now look out. Come, no reply: cut your stick.' And away went the penitent porter. He now turned to me. 'Where are your pumps?'

'Please your royal highness, I have brought only the plans.'

'I want to see the pumps themselves: where are they? Can't you run and fetch them?'

'Impossible: they would take some time packing.'

'Well, then, go and pack them, and bring them here next week, and don't come again without them. Do you hear, sir—eh? Let the next come in.'

I was ushered out, with my pet plans unopened in my hands.

On the levee day following, behold me strutting into the courtyard of the Admiralty, followed by a cart, in which my precious pumps were carefully placed, and two or three shabby-looking assistants, who were destined to unpack them and carry them up stairs. Old Cerberus looked monstrously savage at me, and would not stir from his chair to lend me a hand; but that signified nothing. I had foreseen this, and, as I said before, brought my own men, who removed them from the vehicle, and placed them in a chamber, which the porter sulkily pointed out to me as the one in which they were to be inspected. All this done, I waited half an hour, till his royal highness condescended to come and look at them. After a short nod of recognition, and a significant 'hem,' which rather indicated approval, he suddenly turned to me. 'Pump away, pump away. Let us see how they work. Pump away, sir!'

'I have no water, please your royal highness.'

'No water! no water! Then what did you bring the pumps for, eh?'

'By your royal highness's commands.'

'True, true: but what's the use of them if they won't work? Can't you get any water?'

A sudden thought struck me.

'Please your royal highness, I'll remedy this in a minute.'

I rushed out, and ordered the men who had accompanied me to fetch half a dozen buckets of water. These brought, I conveyed the sock of my pump into one of them, and began to work away. I caused the window to be opened, and to the great admiration of the lord high admiral and the officer that attended him, I ejected the water at least fifty yards into the space beneath. The duke was delighted. He rubbed his hands in an ecstasy, and passed several glorious compliments on me. I was a made man. I wouldn't have given up my chance for the swabs of a post-captain. At last he desired me to let him try his hand. Not content with pumping out of the window, he pumped upon the ceiling, he pumped at the door, he deluged the walls and all around; and as the water sprang back from the force with which it was driven, he continued to applaud the powers of my pump, the utility of my invention. Tired at length with his exertions, he suddenly stopped.

'Here, take these pumps to Sir B. M——: tell him I approve of them highly; say I desire that he'll forthwith report upon them officially. Lieutenant——, you are a very meritorious young officer. Tell Sir B. M—— to communicate his report to me forthwith; and do you hear, sir, come back to me next Thursday?' And with these words he left me, while I hastened to Sir B. M——, who shook me cordially by the hand, assured me of his

readiness to further my interests, and congratulated me on my probable reward.

How I behaved that week I scarcely know. My head was light, lighter even than my purse, and my heart was the lightest of the three. I wrote to every one out of town a long account of good luck; I told every one in town the whole story. I left off boots, and walked in thin shoes, in order to make puns about 'pumps,' and committed a thousand extravagances. I fancied myself already a man of rank and fortune, and spoke of 'Sepings and I——' as the benefactors of the royal navy.

At length the important Thursday arrived. As I walked through the hall with the air of a duke, having instantly been allowed free ingress on pronouncing the magical words, 'by appointment,' I bowed with a patronising air to the now humbled porter. I felt that my own certain exaltation should make me condescending towards others less fortunate. To two or three admirals, whom I had hitherto treated with the most distant respect, I now nodded with a familiar jerk, as much as to say, 'How do you do, my fine fellows?' In a word, I was about as elated and proud as a jackdaw in borrowed plumage, or a peacock with his tail spread out.

This time I was received more graciously than ever. So condescending, so kind was the manner of my royal patron, that I almost began to lose sight of the immeasurable distance of rank which placed him above me. His encouraging manner, as he assured me Sir B. M——'s report had been most favourable, sent me up to the seventh heaven in a fit of ecstasy seldom equalled.

'And now, sir, how shall we begin with this experiment?'

'May it please your royal highness, the best mode will be to have a set of these pumps fixed on board a man-of-war, to give them a fair trial.'

'Perfectly true: it shall be done. You will of course see them fitted yourself?'

'Yes, your royal highness, I should like that.'

A pause in the conversation occurred; I ventured to interrupt it.

'On which of the vessels shall I place them?'

'In one of the first that are about to sail.'

'I cannot do this without your royal highness's order.'

'I will give one.'

'But, please your royal highness, at which dockyard am I to get them fitted?'

'Which you like. But run away now: don't you see I'm busily engaged? Do you want anything more?'

'Merely a treasury order, your royal highness, for the expenses.'

'Sir!' cried the duke, starting up.

'The mere expense of placing them. I shall not ask anything for my own trouble, your royal highness, till they have been proved.'

The duke's manner changed.

'You will cause them to be put up at your own expense.'

'My expense, your royal highness! Impossible! I am only a poor lieutenant on half-pay, without a sixpence to bless myself with, anxious only to benefit the service.'

He interrupted me. 'Benefit the service indeed! and wont pay for your own trumpery! Here you come every day bothering me with your pumps, worrying my heart out, and then wont pay for their erection! Hark ye, sir, pack up your traps there (pointing to my plans, which I had laid before him), pack them up quickly, and be off; and never let me clap eyes on you again as long as you live. Be off, sir, with your pumps!' And without condescending again to look at me, he turned his back, leaving me to hurry from the room, crestfallen and abashed, my glories vanished, my pumps despised!

A year or two passed over. I hid my silent griefs in a country town. I tried to forget my unlucky pumps, and retrieve my extravagances during the week of my

delusion. By degrees I began to get over my disappointment, and was more than half determined to give up the naval profession, when one fine day I learned that our late commander had suddenly become our 'Sailor King'; that blue jackets had come into fashion; that his majesty always wore an admiral's uniform in preference to any other dress; and that he had been heard to declare, now that he had the power, he would once more restore the glories of the 'wooden walls of old England.'

Again my hopes revived. My excellent invention once more rose to my view. No niggardly excuses could now intervene to crush them. I hurried up to London, and ordered a full suit of regimentals (for our gracious sovereign had suddenly, in his great interest for our service, changed our facings, and given us a uniform closely resembling the artillery), and having secured an introduction, hastened to one of the first levees of our naval society.

My heart fluttered in my bosom as it came to my turn to advance. I did so with no little agitation. I felt how much depended on the future opinion of my king. My name was lowly muttered. I made one step forward. Fortune, that arrant jade, placed something in my way. To this very moment I cannot say what it was; but some object or other either caught my foot, or got between my legs, or those limbs refused their office, or—but it matters not what the cause was, I fell down sprawling on the floor. The good-natured monarch took one pace towards me, and actually held out his hand to assist me. At this moment I raised my head: he espied me, and suddenly recoiled, as if bitten by an adder. 'Take him away, take him away!—it's that fellow with his pumps again;' and I was led out amidst a general titter, the word 'pumps' still ringing in my ears.

From that hour to this I have never again visited court, or looked at my unfortunate invention; studiously avoiding the presence of my superiors in the Admiralty, lest I should chance to inherit the sobriquet of 'Monsieur Tonson, R. N.'

TRAITS OF THE PENINSULA.

THE two countries of the Peninsula are in one respect the least interesting in Europe. The political and military convulsions that elsewhere excite, only disgust and confuse in Spain and Portugal. We are wearied by their monotonous extravagance, and turn away with contempt from the ceaseless spectacle of rebellion without patriotism, and loyalty without common sense. But for this very reason the character of the people is an important subject for philosophical inquiry, although one, unluckily, that has been but little treated by competent observers. In such an inquiry, the book now reprinted by Lord Carnarvon* will be found of considerable value—but only as materials. It is a lively, gossiping, amusing production, full of sketches of manners, and stories of forgotten feuds, with a thread running through it of personal adventure, which gives something like the charm of romance to the whole. Avoiding the politics as stale, and even the hairbreadth 'scapes of the author, we shall devote a few columns to those details which bear most upon the character of the people.

The following is the general opinion of our author:—'If I could divest myself of every national partiality, and suppose myself an inhabitant of the other hemisphere, travelling solely for my amusement, noting men and manners, and were asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal. This perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society,

* Portugal and Gallicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces. By the Earl of Carnarvon. Third edition. London: Murray, 1848.

and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial, of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindness of feeling. He then comes to particulars; asserting that in Portugal the infliction of pain in conversation is not only disagreeable to both parties, but a proof of ill-breeding in the aggressor. A man will not even show that he is aware of being deceived by the person he is conversing with, for fear of hurting his feelings! This is surely the *ne plus ultra* of politeness; and after hearing of it, we are not surprised to be told that in Portugal society resembles a vessel impelled by a favouring breeze over a calm sea, undisturbed by any displeasing inequality of motion.

'The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit in Portuguese society; and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose. Dandyism is unknown among their men; and coquetry, so common among Spanish women, is little in vogue among the fair Portuguese. They do not possess to the same extent the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours; but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate.' These women, however, though naturally lively, witty, and observant, have but little conversation, in the proper sense of the term, and can only be properly appreciated by those who form part of their own circles. This characteristic politeness 'appears in the intercourse of the higher with the middling and lower orders, and softens the natural jealousy arising from the distinctions of rank. An English gentleman, unprovided at the moment with money, sends a beggar to the devil; the sovereign of Portugal calls him his brother, and regrets that he has nothing to offer him. The pride of the Portuguese *fidalgo*s is chiefly directed against each other, and usually relates to their family alliances. A *Puritano*—that is, a *fidalgo* who traces a purely noble descent from the earliest times—is supposed to form an unequal alliance when he unites himself to the scion of any house, however illustrious, if not also a *Puritano* by descent. The higher will not ally themselves to the inferior nobles, and these again will form no connection with the commonalty. But precedence of rank is occasionally superseded in public opinion by ancient birth; and some untitled families have constantly refused to marry into the houses of particular *grandezes*, because their own descent is unquestionably more ancient, and therefore considered more illustrious.'

But the kindly flow of Portuguese society is only seen in the lowlands, and in the larger congregations of the people. In other parts of the country we find something very different. In the *Traz os Montes*, for instance, 'the stately manners which characterised the nobility of the feudal world are still sometimes retained among the families of the great. I have said that a strong feeling of vassalage exists in their dependants; a haughty sense of superior birth divides these nobles from the rest of society: even in the bosom of their own families, and where their nearest affections are engaged, a solemn and somewhat unbending spirit marks their social habits; indeed, where the old ancestral forms are kept up in their ancient rigour, the children of the house inhabit separate apartments in the distant wings of the old rambling mansion, and long after the period of adolescence has elapsed, receive on bended knees the blessings of their parents. They are not permitted to take their meals at the same board with their parents, and must not remain covered in their presence, or even sit down without express permission. But although the familiar habits of modern life have not invaded

those ancient and patriarchal halls, still where these forms—the legacy of a primitive and wholly different age—are thus inflexibly maintained, it may be observed that the essence of the old Portuguese honour is, generally speaking, preserved equally inviolate, and the slightest falsehood or deceit is held in generous disdain.

'But however strict the forms occasionally maintained in these antiquated establishments between parent and child, a graduated subordination of respect appears to pervade the household; a similar homage is exacted by the children from those beneath them, and a similar state observed. In many great families, the young lady of the house, even when she merely goes out to take the air, is preceded by the *escudeiro*, or shield-bearer of the family; though he now no longer carries the shield, but only walks a few paces in advance of his charge, with a solemn and measured step, bareheaded, and holding his hat humbly in his hand. These shield-bearers, attached to noble families, were formerly, like our ancient esquires, gentlemen by birth, though for the most part greatly reduced in circumstances.' The humility of servants, however, is conjoined with an extent of familiarity from which the pride of the English—among whom no such humility prevails—would revolt. 'A servant standing behind his master's chair corrects his statements if he considers them erroneous, and not unfrequently makes observations on any question under discussion. A *grandez* of the kingdom attempted to combine the dignity of his elevated station with the national habits of familiarity towards his domestics by a whimsical mode of proceeding; for he invited them to join the family circle at cards, but required them to remain on one knee during the whole of the game.'

This *grandez*, however, was an exception. The kindly feeling between the family and the domestics is general throughout the country; although persons of rank are proportionately rigorous in questions of ceremony with each other. In illustration of this latter peculiarity, the following amusing anecdote is told by our author:—

'I called one morning on a high dignitary of the church, and ascending a magnificent staircase, passed through a long suite of rooms to the apartment in which the reverend ecclesiastic was seated. Having concluded my visit, I bowed and departed, but turned, according to the invariable custom of the country, when I reached the door, and made another salutation; my host was slowly following me, and returned my inclination by one equally profound; when I arrived at the door of the second apartment, he was standing on the threshold of the first, and the same ceremony again passed between us; when I had gained the third apartment, he was occupying the place I had just left on the second; the same civilities were then renewed, and these polite reciprocations were continued till I had traversed the whole suite of apartments. At the banisters I made a low, and, as I supposed, a final salutation; but no: when I had reached the first landing-place, he was at the top of the stairs; when I stood on the second landing-place, he had descended to the first; and upon each and all of these occasions our heads wagged with increasing humility. Our journey to the foot of the stairs was at length completed. I had now to pass through a long hall divided by columns to the front door, at which my carriage was standing. Whenever I reached one of these pillars, I turned and found his eminence waiting for the expected bow, which he immediately returned, continually progressing, and managing his paces so as to go through his share of the ceremony on the precise spot which had witnessed my last inclination. As I approached the hall door, our mutual salutations were no longer occasional, but absolutely perpetual; and ever and anon they still continued, after I had entered my carriage, as the bishop stood with uncovered head till it was driven away.'

A Portuguese gentleman never quits an apartment, after having taken leave, without turning round at the door (as actors do on the English stage) to make a parting

obscure to the ladies; and this is expected by them as a matter of course, and gracefully responded to. 'When upon any occasion,' says our author, 'a Portuguese tender his arm to a lady, he is bound to proffer his left arm, on the chivalrous principle that the heart, the seat of the affections, should be placed as nearly as possible in juxtaposition with the fair being to whom, for the moment at least, the homage of its possessor is due.' Why, then, is the right arm offered in most other European countries? Because, we shall be told, it is the best. The writer of these paragraphs had once the misfortune, through momentary inadvertence, to tender his left arm to a Russian lady of a much higher rank than his own, for the purpose of leading her to the dining-room, when she started back as if he had struck her in the face, and sweeping round with the air of a tragedy queen, took hold of his right arm. An English or a French lady, he ventures to think, would have attributed the solecism either to ignorance or forgetfulness, and have accepted with a smile what was offered to them, without making any fuss about the matter.

Ceremony, however, interposes its chilling effect only in the higher circles of Portuguese society: elsewhere there is a delightful simplicity, which reminds one of what provincial Scotland was some quarter of a century ago. 'In the evening, I accompanied a friend to a party at the house of a Portuguese lady. She had two daughters, the eldest a pretty person, with pleasing manners, and extremely well informed, the youngest a very decided beauty. The party were playing at blind-man's-buff when I entered; a game in which, as it is played in Portugal, success depends upon the rapid recognition of different persons by their voices. Being immediately required to take a part, I was blindfolded, and placed in the centre of the ring. I first, however, pleaded ignorance of every individual present; upon which the lively beauty led me round the circle, hastily naming every person—an ingenious operation, which did not much assist me, as I could not bear in mind a volley of names which I had never heard before. However, trusting to chance, I began my career, and soon touched a lady with the wand. I asked the regular question, and was answered in the feigned voice as regularly assumed. "Whom have you found?" was the general cry. I paused. "Well, but mention some one; the game is at a stand-still." But I could specify no one. I looked stupid, and my new friends probably thought me profoundly so: at length, by a prodigious exertion, I was delivered of a name, but it did not enlighten the party; and I afterwards discovered that the name I had given was a compound of two or three others, which had become most egregiously mixed up in my puzzled brain. This attempt having proved unsuccessful, I exclaimed, "*La dame qui est habillée en noir.*" "*Mais nous sommes toutes habillées en noir,*" was the perplexing reply. At length I named the eldest demoiselle of the house. "No, it is not; it is C—," said the young beauty, naming herself in a lively tone of mock reproach, perhaps a little displeased that so soft a voice once heard should not be immediately recognised. We played several other games. Every lady was required to sigh for a particular gentleman, who in turn was called upon to sigh for a lady, and generally felt bound in gratitude to mourn for her who had mourned for him. This reciprocal grief was very diverting. As might naturally be expected, a sigh is rarely bestowed on the real object of the mourner's affection. So closed an evening of uninterrupted good-humour.'

The 'calm flow of society' in Portugal (when interrupted by religion or politics) appears to depend upon the calm flow of individual feeling. This may be broken, occasionally, and exhibit all the phenomena of emotion; but in an instant the confusion is over, and everything is as placid as before. Our author tells a story on this subject—a romance, if you will call it so, but still a Portuguese romance—where excitement is expected, but never comes.

'Soon after I left Ovar, I overtook a young woman, of great personal attractions, journeying to Oporto, attended by three servants. I greeted her, according to the custom of the country; and as we were travelling on the same road, we naturally fell into a conversation, which she kept up with liveliness and spirit. Her servants were barefooted: they wore a red sash, a laced jacket with rich silver buttons, a large hat, and earrings of solid gold. The curious mixture of familiar dialogue and good-natured authority which characterised her intercourse with them, seemed to realise the description of the Grecian dames amid their handmaids: other circumstances contributed to keep up the illusion. Her regular and noble features reminded me of those beautiful models of ancient art with which no modern sculpture can bear competition. Her costume might in some degree be considered classical, and was admirably adapted to set forth the faultless outline of her face. She stopped at a friend's house near Oporto, and we separated; but we afterwards renewed our acquaintance, and I heard from her own lips the story of her life—a simple but romantic tale. It is but short, for she was still very young.

'She became acquainted, at the early age of sixteen, with a young man, only a few years her senior, but greatly her superior in rank. Acquaintance gave birth to attachment, and the difficulties which prevented their union heightened that feeling into the most ardent love. Her lover's family contemplated the possibility of such an event with dread; but her father encouraged their intercourse, and the plighted couple met every evening under the shade of the garden fig-tree, and exchanged vows of eternal fidelity. The impetuous but resolute attachment of her young admirer at length appeared to overcome the opposition of his family; and he arrived one evening at the trysting-place in high spirits, and entertaining sanguine hopes. They spent a few delightful hours in the full enjoyment of reciprocal confidence, and separated with the belief that they would speedily be united, to part no more; but from that hour they never met again either in sorrow or in joy. Her lover's father, anxious to avert from his family the disgrace of an unequal alliance, had appeared to relent, for the purpose of executing his designs with greater facility. He had already conferred with the civil authorities, and that very night his son was arrested, and conveyed to a place of strict confinement, where he was seized with an infectious fever, of which he died in a few days, in spite of every exertion to save him.

'She married two years afterwards, and confessed to me that she was perfectly happy. A prior attachment sometimes continues to exist in a woman's mind long after marriage; but except in a person of very deeply-rooted affections, rarely survives the birth of a child: from that hour the current of her thoughts becomes changed; new duties, new feelings, new hopes arise, to banish former regrets, and

"She who lately loved the best,
Forgets she loved at all."

'I observed in my pretty heroine a striking instance of those sudden bursts of quick and sensitive feeling which seem inherent in the southern temperament. Although she spoke of her first ill-fated lover with calmness, almost with indifference, and confessed that she had long ceased to regret the difficulties which prevented their union, yet once, as she dwelt upon past scenes, and recalled a thousand instances of his boyish devotion, her voice changed, her dark eyes filled with tears, and her whole soul seemed to revert, with undiminished affection, to the object of her early love. Her emotion was but transient; yet I am convinced that, while it lasted, she would have renounced every earthly tie to be restored to him who had been the first to win her affections, and was then mouldering in the grave.'

The word romance draws our attention to another bit, a brief incidental picture, which Scott would have considered as capital materials. The noble author, ar-

rested by the royalists, and travelling under the escort of soldiers, has arrived at a small village, where the party halt for the night in a ruinous building. Here they sup upon black broth and bread of the same colour, and after this refection, draw in around a roaring fire, to amuse one another with stories of sorcerers and banditti. 'The night was far advanced, when a loud knocking was heard at the door; two servants being admitted, announced the approach of their mistress—the most influential person in the immediate neighbourhood. Directly afterwards, she appeared, followed by a train of domestics, and evidently decorated to the utmost advantage. Her dress was extremely antiquated, but had been gorgeous in days of yore; it was, I have little doubt, an heirloom in the family, and had probably been worn by herself, and by her maternal ancestors for some generations past, on every solemn occasion. The soldiers received her with every demonstration of formal respect. The stately dame began by saying she had only just been informed that a party of troops engaged in the royal service were quartered in a miserable building near her house. She expressed her hopes that no circumstances displeasing to his majesty's government had given rise to such an unusual occurrence; she trusted her devout aspirations on this head would be confirmed, but at all events esteemed it the bounden duty of a loyal subject to congratulate the troops on their safe arrival, and to assure the individual intrusted with the command that the loyalty which had ever distinguished her family had suffered no diminution in the person of their actual representative. She concluded by declaring that her house, her grounds, and all her goods were at the entire disposal of the king's troops as long as they remained in the neighbourhood. The sergeant answered in a strain as formal and polite, and in language far above his station: he thanked her for the affection which she bore the royal cause, and for this mark of attention to his majesty's servants. He spoke in gratifying terms of the proverbial loyalty of her house, and wished that his majesty possessed more supporters, true-hearted as herself, in these degenerate times, when in too many instances the son had fallen away from his father's faith. He touched lightly, and with address, upon the object of the expedition, and concluded by declining her offer of accommodation, as the night was far spent, and his troops were obliged to renew their march at break of day. A profusion of parting compliments were then exchanged, which, time and place considered, were rather entertaining. The door was then opened

—"Wide and high,
To let the queen and her train go by."

Two menials went forth in advance to clear the way, and after them paced forth the pompous dame; then all her attendants followed; but it must be confessed, their ragged attire spoke ill for the fortunes of the loyal and illustrious line. This scene reminds one of Lady Margaret Bellenden and 'his most sacred majesty'; but the Portuguese adjuncts, as the reader may gather from the context, render the above much more striking. The ruined hut, the wild features and picturesque costumes of the soldiers, muleteers, and peasants, basking in the ruddy light of the fire, and rising with the politeness of the country to receive their distinguished visitor—all serve to throw an air of romance over an incident which would otherwise have been merely ludicrous. The dresses of the bystanders may be taken from another page:—"The strange wild figures that meet the eye in some of the sequestered parts of Spain, and recall the memory of another age, are not here to be seen: here, indeed, we do not see the pilgrim in his partycoloured garment, the courier with his breast of fur, bare neck, and waist encircled by a belt crowded with quaint devices rudely traced, as if to guard the wearer against a host of Gouls and Afrits. These uncouth figures do not in this part of the country startle, yet delight the eye by their grotesque appear-

ance; still there is much beauty of costume: the men were attired in satin waistcoats, richly figured, and of a crimson colour; some had handkerchiefs tied round their heads, after the Oriental fashion, but not in the graceful folds of the turban, as I have seen them worn in that paradise of the Christian world—the Vale of Murcia. Many of the boys, and some of the men, were dressed in a loose garment, resembling in form, but not in beauty, the Highland kilt; and a broad-brimmed hat, a red scarf, and a blue jacket, not worn but thrown over the shoulder, complete the provincial dress. They also carry the *pao*, or long pole, as in the neighbourhood of Lisbon.'

The stories with which the night was whiled away on this occasion related to the spectral wolves common likewise in Breton superstition, and to a more original band of robbers, whose magical number—thirteen—was never diminished even by the death of one-half of the band. It mattered not what casualties they met with, what troopers they lost, when they were mustered after the fray, the force was undiminished and thirteen voices answered to the roll-call! Another singular superstition is described in a later page:—"I was ill and shivering, though the evening was really warm; I therefore gladly established myself in the kitchen for the sake of its roaring fire. The room was spacious and imperfectly lighted, the chimney huge, and the roof high and pointed. Here I observed a man of singular appearance, sitting apart, not speaking himself, or spoken to by others. His face was pale and haggard, his eyes deep sunk, and his hairs were prematurely gray.

'The Borderer whispered in my ear that he was one of the dreadful Lobishomens—a devoted race, held in mingled horror and commiseration, and never mentioned without emotion by the Portuguese peasantry. They believe that if a woman be delivered of seven male infants successively, the seventh, by an inexplicable fatality, becomes subject to the powers of darkness, and is compelled on every Saturday evening to assume the likeness of an ass. So changed, and followed by a horrid train of dogs, he is forced to run an impious race over the moors and through the villages, nor is allowed an interval of rest till the dawning Sabbath terminates his sufferings, and restores him to his human shape.

'If, therefore, a peasant chance to meet a pale and weary traveller at an early hour on a Sunday morning, he shudders, and in fancy sees the traces left by the infernal chase upon the stranger's haggard countenance. A wound inflicted upon the poor victim of this unhalloved agency during the very act of transformation, can alone release him from this accursed bondage; a liberation supposed to be most rarely effected, because few men have courage to behold the appalling change in progress, and still fewer have sufficient coolness to strike the critical blow at the exact moment. Such is the superstition of the Lobishomens, diffused more or less over the whole of Portugal, but subject to different versions in different districts, and only credited implicitly in the wild and lonely wastes of Alentejo.'

We have now done. Our notice is a thing of shreds and patches—just like the book; of the amusing parts of which it may be taken as a fair specimen.

WAR.

The operations of genuine war may bear a triumphant aspect; but that is only the fair disguise with which men cover the gravest and saddest of human intentions.

*** INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.—We are obliged to several correspondents—particularly to S. M.—for some valuable suggestions, which shall be duly attended to.

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SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

MUNICH TO LINZ.

COUNT RUMFORD, or—to call him by his original and unsophisticated name—Benjamin Thomson, has left the impress of his masculine intellect in various institutions in Munich. It will be recollected that this ingenious and enterprising person, when expelled by political intolerance from America, found an honourable refuge at the court of the Elector of Bavaria, and was permitted by him to remodel various educational and criminal establishments. By this means Munich may be said to have got the start of other continental cities in some of its social features; and till the present day, it keeps pretty much ahead of them. It is agreeable to find that in a place where the fine arts have met with so gracious a friend and patron as Ludwig I., and which is rapidly growing up a cisalpine rival of the famed Italian cities, an enlightened and humane policy is pursued with regard to those momentous subjects—pauperism, education, and crime.

What came under my observation as respects the reform and punishment of criminals, was so unlike anything I had previously seen in prison arrangements, that I deem it worthy of special remark. Taking a calèche and guide, I drove to a spot outside the town, to see the great central prison of Bavaria, in which were confined nearly five hundred détenus. The establishment did not, however, look like a prison. Formerly used as a monastery, it consists of a cluster of detached buildings, interspersed with courtyards, the whole occupying a considerable space of ground. Soldiers walked as sentries around the walls and within the courtyards; but beyond this, there was little appearance of force, although the strictest discipline was maintained. A stream of pure water, led apparently from the Isar, flowed through the premises, insuring cleanliness, and furnishing what water was desirable for economic purposes. Without any other introduction than the presentation of my card, and a few words spoken to the governor—a gentleman in a military dress—I was politely conducted through the establishment, and every required information afforded. The principle on which the prison is conducted differs entirely from that which is now extending itself over Great Britain—the seclusion of individuals separately in cells. It is the imprisonment of persons together in apartments, but all under the obligation of silence—or, at the utmost, free to converse only on certain subjects—and all kept hard at work by superintendents. That there will be improper communication with each other by such a plan, is evident; but placed under judicious regulations, I would not anticipate serious evils from this species of association; and at anyrate, it is a question if the separate system, which is clearly a vio-

lation of nature, is in all respects preferable. One thing is certain, there was much more cheerfulness in this Bavarian prison than I had been accustomed to see in houses on the Pentonville principle; and I am inclined to think that without cheerfulness there can be little virtue. Not driving at any fine-spun theory, the Bavarians have, to all appearance, tried what work will do in the way of reclamation. The prison is a factory, in which the greater number of détenus labour in bands at the various branches of the manufacture of cloth. Some are attending carding-machines, others are dyeing, spinning, weaving, and performing the finishing processes; the result being a fine light blue fabric, which is used for clothing the army. Another branch of employment is the manufacture of linen, which engages many hands; and the cloth, when finished, is done up with as much taste as is usual with our finer Irish linens.

Besides these staples, other trades are carried on, chiefly to meet the wants of the establishment. There were smiths' and carpenters' workshops, stocking-weaving, and shoemaking. In the large kitchen, I found several men-cooks, dressed in the usual snow-white costume of the continental cuisine, and who were détenus like the others. Some soup and pudding were offered to me to taste: as it was Friday, I cannot say the specimen would have exactly suited the palate of a Pentonvillian.

The greater number of the prisoners are men; and there are included amongst them convicts condemned to a long imprisonment, and for life. Capital punishments are not abolished in Bavaria; but they rarely take place, and only for murder under greatly aggravated circumstances. I here saw twenty men at work in a room by themselves, who had been convicted of murder, and were condemned to imprisonment for life. Their employment was carding flax with hand-cards. The appearance of these men, dressed in a prison garb, with heavy clog shoes, and manacles on their legs, was not pleasing. Their looks were downcast and subdued, and I could fancy that they felt the humiliation and misery of their situation. Yet, all things considered, their condition was creditable to the country, and an advance on the treatment of a similar class of criminals in England. In the department for female détenus, there were pointed out several women also condemned to imprisonment for life. One, a young woman, engaged in some laundry work, had been convicted of killing her child. As crimes of this atrocious nature are usually committed in gusts of passion, in which the actor can scarcely be said to be an accountable being, how much more reasonable and humane to confine for life, under proper restraints, persons of this unfortunate class, than to strangle them amidst the yells of a depraved and horror-loving multitude! On quitting

the prison, I learned, by a few words from the governor, that all that a prisoner of the ordinary class gains by labour over a certain sum, is placed to his credit, and paid to him at the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Few, he said, come back for second offences; 'one visit was usually enough.' I returned to Munich, much pleased with what I had seen and heard; and not without some misgivings as to the alleged superiority, in all circumstances, of the Pentonvillan system of discipline—the truth being, that as yet all systems of prison treatment are tentative, and possibly a century may elapse before we arrive at the solution of the problem.

Having exhausted Munich, we bade farewell to its many interesting objects, and proceeded on our journey towards Vienna. It was immaterial how we went; but as it was possible to take Salzburg by the way, we adopted a route which would bring us to that ancient town. The distance to Salzburg was eighty-two miles; and sleeping for the night at Wasserburg, an ancient town on the rapid-flowing Inn, we were able to reach it by voiture in two days. On quitting Wasserburg, we were getting towards the frontier of Austria, with the lofty peaks of the Tyrol on our right, the country around which is well wooded, being mostly arable, and studded with numerous villages. The houses were for the greater part of wood, some with fancifully-carved gables to the road, and all less or more decorated with sentences from Scripture, carved in the old German character.

Before crossing a wide stream, which, swollen with a late heavy rain, hurried perturbedly on its course from the Tyrolese mountains, we were brought to a stand at the office of the Austrian douane. English guide-books speak of such rigorous examinations on entering Austria, that I made up my mind to half an hour's overhauling. To our surprise and satisfaction, however, the scrutiny was exceedingly superficial: a number of books—said to be proscribed articles in Austria—which lay on the top of our portmanteau, were not even looked at; and with passport *visé* we were in a few minutes pursuing our journey. Were we to enter the country now, while the continent is in a state of agitation, I doubt not we should experience a somewhat different treatment.

We had been gradually approaching the mountains on our right, and now entered the vale of the Salza, up which we were conducted for a few miles, till the hills closed in around; and at a turn of the road, the very curiously-situated town of Salzburg burst into view. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, we were lodged at a hotel at the centre of this walled and ancient city, our windows looking out on a central square or place, in which was situated the cathedral, and the old archiepiscopal palace, transformed into a barrack for Austrian soldiers. Salzburg is reputed to be the most picturesquely-situated town in Germany. It is certainly a strange huddle of buildings, crowded within a kind of ravine, and with scarcely standing-room on the banks of the Salza, which, wide, deep, and of a milky hue, rushes through the town at a speed setting navigation at defiance. The greater part of the town is built on the left bank, and this portion is backed by a high rocky knoll, on which grimly stands the castle of Salzburg. The face of the hill, on the right bank, spreading away above and beyond the houses at its base, is beautifully dotted over with woods, villas, and gardens, and commands a fine view of the opposite castle and the valley behind it. The two portions of the town are connected by a wooden roadway, fastened on boats, which are anchored in the stream—a simple unexpensive species of bridge common in continental countries, which we might imitate with advantage in various situations. The sight of Salzburg, with its castle and environs, suggests recollections of Scottish scenery. Wilkie, in speaking of the spot, says—'It is Edinburgh castle and the Old Town brought within the cliffs of the Trosachs, and watered by a river like the Tay'—a remark worthy of this ingenious artist.

Out of the way of general traffic, conquered, and held down, Salzburg may be said to be merely the ghost of a city—the dull tomb of a listless population. Formerly the seat of an archbishop, who was also an independent prince, it was, without a shadow of justice, taken possession of by Austria, of which it is now a poor provincial town, with a garrison to keep it in order. The houses are generally massive and grand; monasteries and churches are seen in all quarters; while palaces of ecclesiastical dignitaries, faded and dull in aspect, give shelter to regiments of foot and cavalry. On the morning after our arrival, and with a written permission from the commandant, we climbed the hill to the castle, where, at a height of two hundred to three hundred feet above the Salza, the toil of our ascent was rewarded by a view rich, varied, and pleasingly picturesque, though limited on nearly all sides by the peaks of the not far distant mountains. Having penetrated through several storeys of a building occupied by soldiers, we arrived at a suite of apartments containing a few antique objects; and here we were indulged with a view of the torture chamber, in which a wooden machine or rack, for raising prisoners with weights at their feet, still remains as a thing to interest travellers, and as an evidence of the means once adopted to punish religious contumacy. Beneath is a dungeon or oubliette, accessible only by a trap-door, the dismal receptacle of the unhappy victims of the misjudging religious tribunal which held its sittings in the castle. Shall we break into a fume of indignation at seeing these indisputable evidences of ecclesiastical oppression? Alas! does not the history of all nations reveal tyrannies equally horrible? Coming from a country where nonconformity and the impossible crime of witchcraft were alike punished with the stake, it behoves us to pass over in silent sorrow these memorials of a frailty common to unenlightened human nature.

The rocky protuberance on which the castle is situated has all the appearance of being the remains of a hill which had once blocked up the valley of the Salza, and been reduced to its present irregular form by the action of the water. It is composed of a species of rock which is peculiarly susceptible of assuming new forms when exposed to meteoric influences. At a level somewhat lower than the spot occupied by the garrison, the knoll extends in one direction with an irregular surface, forming a sylvan scene of wood and green fields, open for the recreation of the inhabitants. As if to show that the former rulers of Salzburg were not all mere oppressors, an undertaking of great public importance, executed by a prince-archbishop, is here pointed out, and we descended from the hill to examine it. This is a lofty and spacious tunnel, upwards of four hundred feet in length, which has been cut right through the rock at the level of the streets, so as to admit a free and convenient communication for foot passengers and vehicles between the town and country beyond. A bust of the benevolent ecclesiastic, Archbishop Sigmund, who executed this useful public improvement about eighty years since, is placed over the entrance.

The finest thing about Salzburg is the vale, which spreads its richly-clothed fields behind the castle, and over which a delightful drive of eight miles conducts the tourist to the salt mines of Hallein. We spent a whole summer's day in visiting spots of picturesque beauty and historic interest in this charming plain, the limit of our ride being the newly-built château of Neftin, erected in the midst of a small lake, but accessible by a bridge from the land. I am sorry it is not in my power to throw any light on that archaeological mystery, 'château-life,' in consequence of our visit to this imitative mediæval mansion; for the house was still in the hands of the workmen, and our curiosity was necessarily confined to an examination of the freshly-executed frescos which decorate its walls. From the leads on the highest turret, we had a fine view of the wooded environs, overhung by lofty alpine heights, which even at this advanced season were plenteously covered with snow. On

the way back to Salzburg, we visited a manufactory of articles in marble—pedestals for statues, columns, and other objects, which are transported hence to different parts of Germany. The machinery for sawing and polishing the blocks is moved by a stream which dashes from an adjoining height. At a little distance, and higher up the hill, within the recesses of a most picturesque ravine, we were shown a more novel and curious operation: this was the making of boys' marbles; and a more simple process can hardly be conceived. Small pieces of marble being put into a peculiarly-shaped stone trough or dish, a top of the same material, fitting into certain grooves, is made to whirl about by little streamlets led from the main torrent, and the marbles are soon ground into a spherical form. There were about twenty of these little sputtering mills, one above another on the stream, so that the scene was busy and amusing. At a glance, we were let into the secret of cheap pebble-grinding in Germany. No expense whatever had been incurred in constructing the mills: the apparatus was of the homeliest kind; the sluices on the impetuous streamlets were each nothing more than a turf; the raw material came out of the hill-side; and the superintendent of works was a female, who probably considered herself well paid at a remuneration of twopence a-day. And from this primitive manufactory boys' marbles are sent in vast numbers all over the world.

Every town is glad to have something peculiar to boast of, if it be nothing more than a happy knack of baking buns or gingerbread. Salzburg boasts of having produced Mozart; and the house in which he was born (1756), being the third or fourth floor of a large and handsome building in one of the main streets, is pointed out to all strangers as an important curiosity, which it is expected they will visit. If any town could rationally derive merit from being the birthplace of genius, Salzburg would assuredly be entitled to occupy a high place in the world's consideration; for of all the marvels of precocity in musical science, Mozart is the most marvellous—his taste and skill in composition the most remarkable. His statue, in bronze, ornaments the Michael's Platz.

At the end of two days we had seen all that appeared interesting in this ancient city, and then proceeded with our private conveyance to Ischl by St Ghilgen (the *gh* guttural). The road was hilly, and disclosed scenery of the greatest beauty. St Ghilgen is a small town situated at the end of a lake, which I should think is about five miles in length; and the view of this sheet of water, with its projecting woody promontories—St Wolfgang, with its church at the farther extremity, and the craggy steeps around, towering to the clouds—is one of the finest things of the kind I had ever seen, and rivals in beauty the scenery of Lucerne, though on a much smaller scale. At a neat small inn, scrupulously clean, in St Ghilgen, we stopped to rest the horses and dine; our repast consisted principally of a delicate species of trout, with a pale blue skin, the product of the adjoining lake. After dinner we continued our route, which lay along the south margin of this pretty expanse of water, and on quitting its eastern extremity, entered a defile, rugged, woody, and several miles in length. Occasionally, at ascents, I got out of the vehicle to chat with our driver, a good-humoured German, and to catch glimpses of striking points in the scene. The most remarkable thing on all sides was the density of the dark fir woods, which grew from the edge of the road to almost the tops of the mountains. So prolific was this species of timber, that miniature trees appeared to be spontaneously starting into existence on every inch of open ground—the land seemed to be groaning under wood—a mine of railway sleepers for the universe! Vast quantities of the timber were cut, barked, and thrown into the river which flowed through the defile, there to find its way to its place of destination. All this wood, and also the territory hereabouts, are the personal property of the Emperor of Austria, who derives

a large revenue from the produce and rents. The district is locally called the *Salzkammergut*, or chamber property of the salt mines—salt being its most valuable product.

Early in the evening we made our entry into Ischl, the principal, or at least the most fashionable, town in this dependency of the empire, situated in a hollow, surrounded by lofty mountains, on whose rugged sides strata of vapour reposed like masses of white wool, at different altitudes. Ischl seems to be an excellent central spot whence to radiate in short tours over this charming district. During summer, it forms a favourite resort for health-seekers, there being here hot and cold baths of natural brine, with all the accessories of recreation found at most watering-places. At the time of our visit the season had not commenced—the saloons were empty, and billiard balls were reposing since last year's fatigues. The only things which showed life were the salt manufactories—elegant buildings, not at all resembling our odious smoky salt-pans—from whose half-open roofs steam rose in clouds high above the town. There being nothing to detain us in Ischl, we went forward next morning to Ebensee, which is only a few miles distant, at the mouth of the river Traun, where it falls into the lake of Gmunden. Scenery still beautiful, and piles of cut timber increasing so enormously, that we begin to wonder what is to be done with it—no want of fuel for the salt-works of Ebensee, to which brine for evaporation is conducted in wooden pipes from Ischl.

When we arrived at Ebensee, a poor little vapoury village, we had, in the meanwhile, got to the end of land travel. Hills crowded in right and left, leaving not an inch for road, and before us lay a lake, frowned upon by stony mountains, the very riddlings of creation. The lake has for some years been navigated by a small steamer, and in ten minutes after our arrival, this vessel came in sight from behind a projecting promontory; in ten minutes more we were on its deck and under weigh. It was a pretty toy of a thing, smart in its movements, and seemed to be under capital management. I should say that I made up my mind as to these points of the boat's character before knowing anything of its commander, who turned out to be a Scotchman, and, what was better, an affable traveller; for during the whole voyage, he entertained us with observations on the country and its inhabitants, whom he described as a people industrious, orderly, and well-to-do in their small holdings. Now and then the conversation diverged to the scenery of the lake, which was always getting the prettier and more interesting. On our left or northern side, the hills are less high than on the right, and better clothed with vegetation. Villages are stuck about in picturesque spots, and green knolls bask under the shade of cherry-trees. On the right, half way down this charming lake, the Traunberg, a huge bare mountain, rises sheer from the water's edge, and lifts its scarp head high above the tumultuous sea of hills. Here we have a fine view of the town of Gmunden, whose white houses are reflected in the clear waters. We landed at Gmunden, after a sail of little more than an hour, during which we had come nearly ten miles.

Disembark—dine in a bustling restaurant—and in an hour are seated in a railway carriage for Linz, on the Danube—distance twenty to thirty miles. The reader will of course imagine that we reached Linz in at most an hour and a half. All a mistake. This was one of those innocent railways on which horse-power performs the part of a locomotive, and where, from the rate of progression, there is not the least chance of being dashed in pieces. The truth of the matter is, it is a tramway for bringing the salt from a depot at the foot of the lake; and at offings on our journey we passed hundreds of wagons loaded with that valuable material. The trip through woods, across hedgeless fields and sandy plains, occupied seven mortal hours! At dusk, after a scramble with douaniers and passport examiners—a sorry conclusion of a long day's journey—we were allowed to enter Linz, and grope our way to a hotel. Pleasant

sight—beautiful apartment—tea urn hissing on the table—and glad to have reached the capital of Upper Austria in time for the *fête Dieu*, which is to take place to-morrow.

W. C.

THE FOUNDLING.

How often have I longed for the uplifting of that veil which shrouds my birth in darkness! How many a midnight hour have I passed in intense yearnings for one moment's glimpse of those first brief hours of my existence when I still lay folded in a mother's arms, and felt her soft embrace! The indulgence of such feverish thoughts was wont to be followed by dreams of mingled agony and joy, from which I awoke only to experience more fully the loneliness of my degraded position.

My earliest recollections are connected with a cottage in the county Wicklow, where I formed part of a numerous family of children, under the care of a woman whom we all addressed by the endearing name of mother. Nurse Conolly (so she was called by the neighbours) belonged to a class which is not uncommon among Protestants in the eastern parts of Ireland; removed from the poverty of the cottier, and yet not wealthy enough to rank among farmers.

On her husband's death, she was left in possession of a few acres of land, which, under her prudent care, became a source of comfort to her family. Her dwelling was not of that squalid kind too often found by the wayside in Ireland. It contained four rooms, the largest of which served the united purpose of kitchen and sitting-room for the whole household. Adjoining this apartment was a smaller one, appropriated to the use of her son and two or three boys, who formed part of her charge; and the low garrets situated over these were occupied by Nurse Conolly and her daughter, with a little band of destitute children, who were committed to her care, having been sent out by charitable institutions in Dublin, that they might enjoy the advantages of fresh air and a good homely education. And truly Nurse Conolly was worthy of the trust reposed in her; for she was a conscientious, kind-hearted woman, who watched as sedulously over our health and wellbeing as if we were her own home-born children. Under her care we were trained to habits of order, cleanliness, and industry; and while our fare and clothing were of the cheapest kind, there was nothing slovenly or rude in their arrangements. We rose with the early dawn, and after sharing in her household labours, and partaking of brown bread and milk for our breakfast, we hastened to the parish school, bearing with us our dinner, as we did not return home until four or five o'clock in the afternoon. The intermediate hours were divided between 'books, and work, and healthful play,' so that our spirits were still fresh and gay, as we scampered homeward over fields and hedges; nor lingered on our way, unless when tempted by the wild rose or the butterfly to a chase or a scramble. If the delay had been a long one, Nurse Conolly would surely be found at the garden wicket straining her eyes in the direction of the school; and ever and anon glancing at the flowers, which were her pride as well as her pleasure; for (as she was sometimes heard to boast) the *quality* often stopped to admire her whitewashed cottage, with its trailing roses and honeysuckles.

At such times a gentle reproof awaited us. 'Sure, childer, I thought you were gone astray entirely; and the praties are boiled to rags by this time. I ought to be after chastising ye for your misbehaviour.' But a word of explanation sufficed to pacify the good dame, and we failed not to do justice to the potatoes, over-done as they might be, after they had been thrown out on a deal table, so white and clean, that the daintiest lady

in the land need not have turned away from our evening repast. As soon as the household work was done, we plied our needles and learned our tasks for the morrow; nor was the evening far advanced when, the family Bible being opened, a chapter was read aloud, verse by verse, each one bearing a part in its perusal. This was followed by a short and simple prayer, after which we retired to rest.

Such was the tenor of our peaceful and yet busy life, whose course, unmarked save by the petty troubles incident to humanity, and often enlivened by those cheap pleasures which the country affords, was full of healthful enjoyment both to our minds and bodies. I have a faint remembrance of my early childhood as having been a time of unalloyed happiness. Even now I can recall the little poultry-yard whither my kind nurse allowed me to accompany her, with oats in my apron for her family of chickens; and the small spot of waste ground wherein we used to stick twigs of Mayflower and sweetbrier, calling it our garden—an indulgence given to the younger children occasionally, 'by way of keeping them out of harm's way.' At that time my little world of thought was an unclouded one, but too soon 'a change came o'er the spirit of my dream.'

How well do I remember the first perplexing idea which occurred to disturb my mind, and to imbitter my whole being! I had nearly completed my fourth year, when one of our orphan group was attacked by pulmonary disease; and the village doctor having advised a temporary removal to her native air, her widowed mother was sent for; and on her arrival, the child flew into her arms, weeping with joy, while the poor woman lavished on her daughter such fond expressions of anxiety and love, that we all stood gazing at her, with silent emotion. On their departure, my heart felt heavy, as it had never been before, and the depression of my spirits was soon noticed by Nurse Conolly, who, in her kind, brusque way, inquired, 'Arrah, then, child! what ails ye, that ye lave the victuals untouched? Is it sick, sore, or sorry that ye be?'

'Oh, mother,' I replied, 'have I got a mammy like Kate Terry, who is gone away to-day? Tell me where is my mammy?' said I, while the tears trickled down my cheeks.

'Don't be after talking such nonsense,' was her answer. 'Sure haven't ye got me for a mammy, and isn't that enough for ye? Ain't I as good as any mammy Kate Terry has got?'

'Yes, you are very good to me, but I want a mammy of my own. Where is she?'

'Go along, child, and ask no more such questions, for I wont answer one of them,' said nurse, looking more stern than ever I had seen her before; so that I dared say no more, but crept to bed, where I soon sobbed myself to sleep.

This was a new era in my life. The existence of sorrow had scarcely been known to me before. Now I began to feel its withering influence on my own being. The thought of 'my own mammy' would often disturb and perplex me; but the crowning misery was yet to come. About two years afterwards, as a young lady was one day visiting our cottage, she patted my head, and looking at me very kindly, inquired of our nurse, 'Who is this nice little girl, Nurse Conolly?'

'She is called Mary Hammond, please your ladyship.'

'She looks delicate. Is anything the matter with her?'

'Oh, ma'am, that sort of childer are a sickly race entirely; but there's not a ha'porth the matter with her; and in troth she is not like the most of them, for she is a mighty genteel child, and very tender-hearted like.'

'Poor child!' rejoined the lady with a look of pity; and asked, 'Have you many more foundlings under your care, nurse?'

'Only two; and thankful enough I am not to have more of them, for I have had a power of trouble with

some of them before now. Come here, Sally Loman and Nanny Creed—come, show yourselves to the lady,' continued nurse, addressing herself to the only two girls of our family for whom I felt a secret dislike—not that they had ever been unkind to me; but little children, without being able to define their feelings, usually shrink from coarse, low-minded people; and such were the two girls now called over by Nurse Conolly. They were often in disgrace at school for their idleness and stupidity, and at home they were disliked on account of their sulkiness and their untidy ways. And these were my fellows! belonging to the same proscribed race! differing from their companions in some way which was an enigma to me, but which, from its very mystery, was all the more fearful to my childish imagination. This new glimpse of my degraded position brought with it a weight of misery I had never felt before. I lay awake the following night, recalling all that had passed between my nurse and her visitor; and strange as it may seem, even the praise that had been bestowed on me was gall and wormwood to my soul, for I felt humiliated at belonging to a class from which it was esteemed an honour to differ.

Few people are aware of the depth of thought and wretchedness that may dwell within the heart of a young child, unknown to those who occupy the same house, and sit around the same hearth. Happy for such a one if there be at hand some tender but experienced friend, who may gently probe the wound, and pour balm into its hidden recesses! There was no living being to whom I could look for information or comfort. The remembrance of nurse's stern manner on a former occasion withheld me from applying to her; and I shrank from making inquiries of my companions, through a fear of their scorn or raillery. So I resolved to conceal all my bitter thoughts within myself, and this self-concentration elicited the latent pride of my character; so that, from being the playful favourite of the household, I gradually became shy, sensitive, and proud. It was not long before Nurse Conolly observed the change, and expressed her anxiety lest 'something amiss should have come over me;' but her kind words, which formerly had been so grateful to me, were now unwelcome, as they seemed to me only pity in disguise; even as the pure fresh air, which is life to the healthy man, becomes poison to any part of his body which may have grown sensitive from the infliction of a wound.

Time wore on; and in spite of the one dark shadow which was cast around my path, life had many a blithe and joyous hour for me; for there is a happy buoyancy in youth which bears it up, even when passing through the deepest and most troubled waters, so that it sinks not, but rather gathers strength from each trial to rise more elastically above the next: even like those tiny skiffs which we may often have watched with fear, as they descended into the deep furrows of the ocean, and then anon we beheld them riding triumphantly over the giant-crested wave, as if exulting in their conquest over difficulty and danger. Many such hours of triumph were mine, when I found myself the acknowledged superior of those around me in every work of skill and in every intellectual acquirement.

At our yearly school examination I often detected the teacher's eye turn unconsciously to me when any difficult question required an answer; and at the annual feast that followed I was frequently noticed by the visitors, whose ill-timed praise not only increased my pride, but made me the object of envy to my companions. On our return from one of these school festivals, I was displaying my prizes to our nurse, with a spirit perhaps over-elated by success, when her son and daughter entered the room. Henry Conolly was then a youth of eighteen, his mother's pride and darling; Norah was about my own age. She was a good-humoured, kind-hearted girl of fifteen, whose chief failing was an impetuosity of temper, which occasionally impelled her to utter words which she would afterwards vainly long to recall. At this moment she was annoyed at her failure in the

morning's examination, and the sight of my prizes by no means tended to soothe her temper. Her mother unfortunately inquired where were her prizes.

'My prizes indeed! Sorra a prize I have to show. Some people are mighty clever in ingratiating themselves with the quality; but after all, it may be that they pity the poor creature who was thrown on the wide world without a skreed to her back or a friend to look after her. They who are born of honest parents don't want these things,' said she scornfully, while taking up a neat chintz frock which lay upon her mother's lap.

My heart was swelling with rage and pride as she uttered these taunting words, and I knew not what bitter retort I might have been tempted to make, but that Henry, laying his hand on her arm, said in an earnest tone—'Are you not ashamed of yourself, Norah, for speaking such cruel words to her, just because she is cleverer and prettier than yourself? If God gave you honest parents, it is no merit of yours, remember: and no matter how Mary came into the world, she is the jewel of the parish, so she is; and I won't let any one insult her as long as my name is Henry Conolly. Don't take on so, dearest Mary,' added he, on seeing the tears roll down my cheeks: 'everybody loves you: even Norah does, though her tongue is somewhat over-hasty now and then. Are you not sorry, dear Norah,' said he soothingly to his sister—'are you not sorry to vex poor Mary? Come, both of you kiss one another, and forget all that is past.' Saying this, he drew us both together, and Norah muttering some excuse, we embraced, and were at peace.

Although Nurse Conolly was by no means pleased at her daughter being 'set down,' as she called it, on my account, yet she could not be angry with her favourite Henry; and therefore contented herself by saying that he was 'a trifle too hard on his own sister,' adding, however, with a smile, that 'the minister himself could not have spoken more finely' than he did. Henry looked grave, and taking up his book, sat down in the corner of the window, where he was wont to pursue his studies. If Nurse Conolly indulged a mother's pride in her only son, others there were in the parish who thought no less favourably of him than she did. About two years before the time now alluded to, his education being completed at the minister's school, his master, a man of worth and ability, offered to instruct him in Greek and Latin if he would assist him for two or three hours daily in teaching the younger boys. This offer was joyfully accepted by Henry, who henceforth devoted every leisure moment to his new studies; and through the kind aid and counsel of our pastor, it had recently been settled that Henry should enter Trinity College as a sizer, preparatory to his undertaking the office of missionary in Canada, to which he was prompted by an earnest desire to do good, as well as by a thirst after seeing strange lands.

It was a proud, and yet sad day for his mother, when she saw him dressed in his new black coat, and setting out with the weekly carrier to Dublin. It seemed to her, she said, as though her right hand were cut off, and the joy of her heart taken from her. Her tears flowed abundantly, and all my proud ungrateful thoughts vanished as I beheld her sorrow, and knew how truly it was my own. But she needed not to conceal her sorrow; whereas I trembled lest it should be suspected that I felt his loss more acutely than the other girls of the household, knowing that the finger of scorn would be lifted against the outcast foundling, who should presume to identify her joys and sorrows with those of an 'honest-born' youth.

It was about this time that the curate of our parish having recently married, his lady undertook the instruction of some girls in psalmody; and I, among others, was desired to attend weekly at her house to receive lessons in singing. There was a calm, gentle penetration in this lady's look which attracted, and yet awed me. On the ensuing Sunday, when I entered the school-room, where we were wont to assemble for an

hour in the morning, it gave me pleasure to see her seated as teacher of the head-class, to which I belonged. Her eye rested so kindly on us all, as if it were her office not only to instruct, but to comfort us, that our young hearts could not but expand under the influence of her sunny mind. Nor was her intercourse with us confined to the hours of instruction; for she visited us weekly at our homes, and took many opportunities of seeing us alone at her own house, when she inquired kindly concerning our plans and prospects. Mrs Boyd soon gained an unbounded influence over me. I felt that she not only loved, but understood me. Whenever my forlorn position in life was alluded to by others, I felt my cheeks glowing with pride and shame; but when she gently touched this chord of sadness, my whole heart responded to her sympathy, and bursting into tears, I fell at her knees, and buried my face in her lap.

It would be impossible for me to detail the many deeds of kindness I received from this excellent lady: her reproofs, so gentle; her forbearance, so tender; her advice and aid, so judiciously bestowed; and, above all, the affectionate wisdom with which she guided me to Him who alone can heal the broken heart; and of whom she delighted to speak as my heavenly Father. Oh how sweet was that name of Father to one who knew no earthly parent! She also taught me that self-respect, so far from being akin to pride, was best cherished in a humble heart; and that the safest cure for a morbid sensitiveness was the diligent fulfilment of each practical duty which lay in my path. To crown all, having learned that the term of my school-girl life was nearly ended, and that my destination (in common with most 'people of my sort') was to be bound apprentice to some farmer's wife, she received me for a year as an inmate of her house, prepared me carefully for the office of a nursery governess, and finally placed me in her eldest sister's family, where I had the charge of three charming little children, who were my pupils and companions during the larger portion of each day.

My position was an enviable one, and I felt truly grateful to my benefactress for having procured me so desirable a home. It would have been a happy one, but that I felt one aching void, which no outward advantage could supply: I felt alone in the world. All those around me had some beloved friends who rejoiced in their weal, and wept when they were sad; but the painful conviction would often force itself upon me, that my life was not needful to the happiness of any fellow-being, and that my death would cause no blank in any human heart. Deeply sensible as I was of the kindness which had been lavished on me, I longed to be loved for my own sake, without any admixture of pitying regard. The image of Henry would often present itself to me as one whose affection was of the kind I yearned for; but we had not met for many a long day, and it seemed doubtful whether his watchful kindness might not have sprung from a desire to protect the friendless, and might therefore have faded away, during absence, into a cold remembrance of early regard. This thought cast a shadow over the brightest moments of my past life, and imbibed the present blessings of my lot.

Six months had elapsed since I had entered Mrs Aylmer's family, and on the approach of Easter, a few days' holiday were offered to me, which I thankfully accepted, with the desire of visiting my benefactress, and also the foster-mother of my early years. Mrs Boyd had invited me to her pleasant happy home, from whence, she said, I could visit the cottage daily.

How many mingled feelings of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, strove for the mastery within my heart, as the mail-car drove up to Rose Hill! The cordial welcome which awaited me gladdened my whole being; but no sooner had that soft searching glance rested upon me for a while, than I felt its magic influence as in days of yore; and before many hours were elapsed, the whole secret of my burdened soul was known to my best earthly friend. She did not chide, or wonder at my

feelings; but only observed that the most innocent affections, if allowed too unbounded a sway, often grew to be very hard masters, and that I was therefore on slippery ground: 'but,' added she, 'we will talk over all this another time, for Mr Boyd will be here immediately, and we are expecting a guest at dinner who will surely not be unwelcome to you—a young man in whom my husband is much interested, having just obtained for him the pastorship of a parish in one of the newly-settled districts in Canada.' As she spoke, my heart beat violently, and my emotion was so great, that she perceived I had guessed her meaning. 'It is your old friend Henry Conolly,' continued she; 'and he seems so humble, and yet so earnest in his desire to do good, that I trust he will prove a blessing in the country which he has adopted as his home.'

At this moment the door opened, and Mr Boyd entered with Henry. I strove to be calm, and uttered some words of welcome as he pressed my hand almost silently within his own. It was evident that he expected to see me there, and that my presence was not indifferent to him. During the evening, few words passed between us, except inquiries concerning people in whom we were mutually interested; but I felt that his eyes were upon me, and this conviction made me confused and awkward in my demeanour. As he rose to depart, I mentioned my intention of visiting his mother on the morrow. 'May I have the pleasure of escorting you to the cottage?' inquired he in a grave tone. I gave an affirmative, which seemed to me cold and formal, but I dared scarcely trust myself to speak. That night was a sleepless one; and on seeing my pale haggard countenance the following morning, I felt an uneasy sensation of disappointment, which might be deemed akin to restless vanity, but was altogether alien from it.

Nurse Conolly's cottage was about a mile distant from Mrs Boyd's dwelling. Henry called for me at the appointed hour. The beginning of our walk was silent and constrained; but soon we came in sight of the cottage, as it lay nestling beneath the hill-side, shaded by the hawthorn hedge, which separated it from the road, and sloping down in front towards the broad vale, across which we were then wending our way.

'Those were happy days,' observed Henry, 'when we all dwelt together in that cottage. Were they not, Mary?'

'Yes,' I replied hesitatingly: 'I had many happy days there.'

'And many unhappy ones too, I fear, dear Mary.'

'Was it for such as me always to feel happy?' I replied, scarcely knowing what to answer.

'Ah, if it depended upon me, there is no breath from heaven but should waft you joy and peace! no living tongue but should utter blessings on your head! no day of your life but should overflow with happiness! Perhaps I am not worthy of you, dearest Mary,' continued he; 'but even if you cast me off, never, never can I love any one as I love you.'

'Do you know what you are saying, dear Henry? Or are you mocking the misery of a—foundling? Not worthy of me! Ah, no! my fate is to live lonely and unloved; for I will never bring disgrace upon an "honest" family.'

While these words passed between us, we approached a rivulet, whose soft bright current flowed on in sparkling beauty towards the ocean. Henry stopped, and pointing to the brook, said in an agitated tone, 'Mary, can you tell from whence that bright stream has taken its rise, and yet it imparts grace and fertility to our humble vale? Even so your birth may be involved in mystery, but you are nevertheless the fairest and most precious gift which Heaven has given us here. Only tell me that I may hope to call you my own for life, and then there will no longer be a single cloud overhanging my days and darkening my prospect as it does now. Only say one word, dearest Mary,' added he in an earnest and impassioned tone.

'Your mother, Henry, what will she say to your wishes?'

'She will welcome you as you deserve to be welcomed—as an honour and a blessing to our family.'

Few words more were spoken; but they were such as can be uttered but once in a whole life, for there is no second spring-time to the heart. As we drew near the cottage, we found Nurse Conolly watching at the wicket door, even as she used to do in my childish days; and on our approach, she hastened to throw her arms around my neck, invoking a thousand blessings on my head. Then retreating a moment, and gazing earnestly upon me, she exclaimed, 'Sure, then, ye are grown such a beautiful young lady that I would scarcely have known ye; and yet ye are come to see the old woman in her cabin!'

'And who else should I like better to see than my dear nurse—my mother?' I added, being unwilling not to call her by her old name, and yet conscious that it had now a new meaning. Henry, taking his mother's hand, placed mine within it, saying, 'You will now be her mother indeed, for she has consented to be my own dear Mary.'

I will not attempt to describe the confused joy of that happy day; nor how affectionately Norah greeted her future sister; nor how we wandered over our old haunts, recalling many a childish token of sympathy or love which had soothed me in hours of grief and vexation.

I found Nurse Conolly's establishment of orphans reduced in number, as she wished Henry to have a room appropriated exclusively to his own use, whenever he had leisure to pass a few days at the cottage; and I never felt how dear Norah might be to me, until I saw the care with which she had adorned his little apartment, that he might not 'find it so strange when he came out from the fine city' to see them.

Towards evening we returned to Mrs Boyd's, lingering many a moment on our way to gaze at each familiar scene of beauty. All nature seemed to be bathed in light. Even the gray Sugar-Loaf mountains, with their dark stern peaks, looked glowing in our eyes.

But I must not linger on this part of my history. It need scarcely be said that Mr and Mrs Boyd cordially approved of our union. They, however, earnestly recommended Henry to go out first alone to Canada; and having made acquaintance with his parish, and prepared our future habitation, to return and claim me for his bride. Henry, though unwilling to oppose their wishes, warmly combated this plan, and I trembled at the thought of being separated from him; but their reasons were so convincing, and their desire so imperative with us, that it was finally decided that he should sail by the earliest packet for Canada, from whence we might look for his return in the course of eight or ten months; and that meanwhile I should resume my duties in Mrs Aylmer's family. Before another week had elapsed, he was ploughing the wide Atlantic, and I was seated among my little pupils in Fitzwilliam Square, more desirous than ever worthily to fulfil the duties that were assigned to me.

Before parting from my benefactress, she reminded me that this was the time to test the strength and sincerity of my principles, by an earnest devotion of my thoughts and talents to the round of occupations at present allotted to me, rather than suffer my mind to exhaust itself in anticipations of future happiness.

'Remember, my dear young friend,' were her parting words, 'that to-day alone is ours; and that each accession of moral strength you may now acquire will fit you more thoroughly for the arduous although happy path that lies before you.'

I carefully treasured up her words, although little dreaming of the early trial that awaited me in my new circumstances of life.

I had never before found my task as a teacher so pleasant a one; for it no longer required any effort to enter into all the little domestic joys of those around me.

No painful thought of my own utter loneliness would now check my sympathy with the daily cares and blessings of a family circle; and the resolute determination with which I concentrated all my mental faculties on the present scene during my working hours, made my leisure moments all the more sweet and welcome. Each mail brought me letters from Henry, giving details of all that interested him in his new position, and filled with yearnings for the time when my presence would change the wilderness into a fond and happy home.

The period of his return approached, and already had he named to me the ship which was to convey him to Dublin, as well as the day on which he expected to sail. Each morning I observed anxiously from what quarter the breeze was blowing; and at the end of ten days or a fortnight, began to form a restless expectation of his appearance. Each tap at the school-room door caused an agitation of feeling, which it required a strong effort to overcome, and I found it hard occasionally to repress a tendency to irritation at the mistakes and faults of those around me. Five weeks had elapsed since the time fixed for Henry's departure, and quiet hope was giving way to fear and despondency, when one afternoon, at the hour which my pupils usually spent with their mother, little Alice, the youngest, and the darling of the house, ran into the room clapping her hands, and saying, 'There is Aunt Boyd below stairs, and she is asking for you. She will come up to see you immediately; and I knew you would be so glad! so I came to tell you.'

The words were scarcely spoken when my honoured friend entered the room; and no sooner had I beheld her countenance, than its grave expression filled me with sorrowful forebodings. 'Oh, Mrs Boyd,' I exclaimed, 'what has happened to him? Tell me, I beseech you—you cannot deceive me.' She took my hand affectionately, and seating me beside herself, assured me that my fears were exaggerating the truth, and that she had only come to share my anxieties, as well as to make me acquainted with real facts, knowing how often they were distorted by report.

I interrupted her with passionate intreaties that she would let me know the worst at once.

'There is a report of the Dolphin having been seen in distress on the western coast, but the result is not known. The weather was too boisterous to admit of aid being given her. Now you know all!'

The blow was overwhelming. I fainted away. On my restoration from insensibility, I found Mrs Boyd sitting by my bedside. Her hands were gently clasped together, and from the calm, elevated expression of her countenance, I knew she was commending me to Him who is never heedless of the afflicted. Her presence recalled at once the full extent of my misery. I closed my eyes in despair. Let me not be judged too harshly by those who, when one treasure is withdrawn from them, are still attached to life by a thousand links of affection. Mine was a *foundling's* woe, and no other but one, who, like myself, has been cast homeless and nameless at pity's door, can fully sympathise with my desolation at that moment. But prayer and reflection came to my aid, and before many hours were past, I was able gratefully to acknowledge my benefactress' silent but compassionate tenderness. She proposed my accompanying her home for a while.

'No, dearest madam,' I replied; 'you have taught me the blessing of diligence in our appointed tasks, and I wish to act upon your advice. To-morrow I hope to resume my duties with those dear children.'

'You know not what you undertake. It will be impossible for you to collect your mind at a moment of such intense anxiety.' I burst into tears, and consented that Mrs Boyd should make an arrangement for my absence during a few days.

'I will stay here until to-morrow,' she said, 'and shall be at hand if you wish to see me; meanwhile I will take charge of the children, so you shall not be disturbed.'

I could only press her hand to my lips with silent thankfulness, and then was left alone.

The struggle of that afternoon was a fearful one; yet it wrought out its work of hope and trustfulness during many a future day of trial.

Towards the close of the evening Mrs Boyd once more visited my room.

'Well, dear Mary, it is all settled: you are to return with me to-morrow,' were the first words she addressed to me. There was a tremulousness in her voice which startled me.

'For Heaven's sake, what new misfortune has happened, dear madam!' I inquired hastily.

'You forget, dear Mary, that it is our business rather to hope than to fear; and indeed I cannot bear to see you look so wretched, when there is far more ground for hopefulness than for despair.'

'Do you really think so?'

'Yes, I repeat it; there is every ground for hope. Only try to be calm, and let me see that you can bear joy more courageously than grief.'

'Joy! Can there ever again be joy for me?' I asked in a desponding tone.

'Yes, joy,' she replied gently; 'if so it please Him who is the dispenser of happiness.'

The handle of the door turned, and in a moment Henry, my own beloved Henry, folded me in his arms. Words could ill describe the weight of joy which overwhelmed my spirit, and made me speechless. Yes, joy is wont to be spoken of as a light elastic feeling, which bears up the soul on its bright and buoyant wings; but this is the common daily joy of life—not that intense and concentrated emotion beneath whose pressure the whole being seems ready to sink and dissolve, as if unable to bear it.

I soon learned the history of Henry's escape, as well as the extent of my kind friend's consideration in concealing from me the earlier and more fatal reports that had reached her ears. But now all was over, and I was blessed beyond my fondest hope.

A few weeks later, we were united in the parish church, from whence the earliest prayers of our childhood had ascended. Mr Boyd pronounced the marriage blessing, and his excellent lady insisted on our all meeting around her table for the repast that followed. About a week afterwards, we parted from the home and the friends of our youth, and sailed for Quebec, bearing with us many blessings, and a store of useful gifts suited for our future residence.

It was a calm bright day on which we sailed across the Bay of Dublin; and our course was so slow, that we had leisure to trace out every well-known spot on that most lovely coast. My eye rested a moment on the great city itself, and the momentous question once more flashed across my mind, 'Have I a mother within its confines? and if so, where and who is she?' But remembering the train of miserable thoughts always flowing from this speculation, I quickly turned to gaze on the range of Wicklow hills and the peaceful vale which lay beneath them. Henry pressed my hand, saying, 'You have left kind friends behind you, my own dear Mary; but I hope to make your home beyond the seas so happy a one, that you will not regret having left all for your husband's sake.' My heart was too full to answer: but he understood my silence.

Five years have passed away since we left our native land—five years of happiness, undisturbed save by those trials which occasionally chequer the brightest existence. My husband is the beloved and honoured pastor of a wide district, throughout every part of which his presence is hailed as an omen of peace and blessing. From the windows of our well-built loghouse we catch a glimpse of the church which has recently been consecrated as our parochial house of prayer, and whose precincts are doubly hallowed to us, as being the resting-place of our first-born treasure; lent to us for a little while, and then garnered safe above—'not lost, but gone before.'

Two other lovely babes have since been given me; one of whom, my little Henry, runs already prattling by his father's side. The other, Norah, is still an infant; and as often as I fold her in my arms, I cannot refrain from thanking Heaven that my daughter enjoys a mother's care—that she is not a Foundling.

POPULAR ARCHITECTURE.

THAT architecture has become popular as a taste there can be no doubt, but it is far otherwise as an art. Vast piles of buildings are heaped up every day around us, and receive their name from the turn of an arch or the capital of a column; but we neither know nor care what are the true distinctive characters of the styles. This edifice is Gothic, because its windows are pointed; that Grecian, because it has a Doric portico. We even distinguish between Greek and Roman, and are able to tell at a glance to which the Ionic capital belongs—by the direction of the ears. All this is the learning of a schoolboy, who thinks that his '*propria quæ maribus*' conjurations are sufficient to evoke the spirit of Latin poetry.

We have only to look round us for a moment, to be sensible of the advantage that would be derived from the diffusion of popular information on this subject. Time was when honest men were satisfied with lavishing their taste and money upon public buildings, and leaving their own dwellings, as the Greeks and Romans did, in quiet inornate uniformity with the rest of the street. But our houses and shops must now vie, on a small scale, with the national monuments. We must at least be able to tell, if we are asked the question, to what order of architecture they belong; and since this necessity exists, it would be well that we could tell correctly. One answer would perhaps do for us all—*none*. Only let us get the length of this avowal, and there is no fear of us. We are far from insisting either upon the antique or mediæval model, which in our case *must* be modified by climate, and the changed circumstances of social life; but so long as we fancy that we are doing the Greek and Gothic, by getting in some of their peculiarities, head and shoulders, into our mason-work, the conception of a new order, or the adaptation of an old one, is out of the question.

In a recent reprint,* there are some amusing instances given of the popular mistakes on this subject. One relates to the Doric portico of Covent Garden theatre, which, on account of its *four columns* (the façade being of a totally different kind), is said to be 'after the model of the grand temple of Minerva, situated on the Acropolis!' Another relates to the new church of St Pancras, which, we are told, is 'the finest edifice that has been built on purely Grecian principles of architecture, and with strict adherence to the Grecian model. It is designed from the Erechtheum, or Triple temple on the Acropolis of Athens; the eastern portico of which was dedicated to Erechtheus, the sixth king of Athens; the western to Minerva Polias; and the wing to Pandrosus, the granddaughter of Erechtheus. The tower or steeple is after the manner of the Tower of the Winds, also at Athens, and follows as closely as possible the classic beauty of that celebrated building; its form being octagonal, consisting of two storeys, supported by eight pillars, the whole surmounted by a cross. The vestibule of the church is a correct representation of the Temple of the Winds.' The similarity here, Mr Cleghorn tells us, and the *only* similarity, is

* Ancient and Modern Art, Historical and Critical. By George Cleghorn, Esq. Second Edition. Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1848.

the mere portico and four caryatides, borrowed from the temple of Pandrosus, and attached, without any apparent meaning, to each flank of the church.

We have referred more especially to Greek and Gothic architecture, because, in point of fact, these are the only two styles that are affected generally by the present generation. The taste for the former, however—if that can be called a taste which is unaccompanied by intelligence—is the more generally diffused of the two; and perhaps by and by the southern part of Great Britain will be the last stronghold of the Gothic, which some architectural writers contend should be called the English.

Greek architecture is supposed to have sprung from the vast and massive forms of that of Egypt, refined and softened by a more accomplished and elegant people. The characteristic of the latter is stability. It resembles one of its grand erections, the pyramid, constructed for immortality. The pyramidal idea, indeed, runs throughout the whole system; door, window, and building alike, being set down on a broad base, narrowing upwards, as if to defy at once the assaults of time and the convulsions of nature. The plan, the ornaments, the hieroglyphics, the symbols, even the stone material, all are the same from the earliest epochs: nay, the very degree of solidity appears to have been uniform, Mr Hamilton remarking that when the edifices have not been injured by human force, they are all in the same state of preservation or decay.

About eight hundred years before the Christian era, the Greeks, whose buildings were till then chiefly of wood, began to construct walls and edifices in a species of masonry, designated, from its vastness and solidity, Cyclopean. The genius of this people, however, was not long of infusing grace and elegance into these Egyptian masses, and the three Grecian columns soon distinguished three separate orders of architecture. The Doric, however, was the national order of European Greece, and would seem to be regarded by imitators of the present day as the general type of Grecian architecture. The earliest and more remarkable specimens were grand and massive, as if betokening its descent from the colossal forms of Egypt; and even the elegance and finish which these received in after-ages, caused a surprisingly slight variation in character and expression. The Ionic was the invention of the Asiatic Greeks, and is nearly coeval with the Doric. The Corinthian was introduced towards the end of the Peloponnesian war; but the only examples of this order now extant in Greece are the Tower of the Winds, and the Choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. 'The taste and perfect composition of the Corinthian capital,' says Mr Cleghorn, 'sufficiently demonstrate that it could not have been of Egyptian origin, but the legitimate offspring of Grecian genius and Grecian art. Whatever hints the Greeks may have borrowed from Egyptian or Phœnician architecture, as regards the three orders of their decorative features, their superior taste, science, original genius, and fertile imagination so improved and remodelled, as to make entirely their own: they breathed into them new grace and beauty, new life and vigour; in a word, they stamped them with the highest perfection of which they were susceptible.'

These three orders were complete in character and in their sequence. 'The massive and imposing grandeur of the Doric, the adorned yet simple majesty of the Ionic, the festive sumptuousness of the Corinthian,' to use Lord Aberdeen's words, comprised all that taste and judgment could require, and left invention at fault.

De Lorme and Perrault imagined a new French order, with plumes of feathers and the insignia of royalty ornamenting the capital; in Spain, heads of lions and cornucopias were substituted; in Germany, branches of leaves were so arranged as to form sixteen volutes; and in America, heads and leaves of Indian corn vindicated the nationality of the republic. In this way men sought to make the classic models their own, by vying with the worst extravagances that were perpetrated in the decline of Grecian art.

'The Romans,' says Mr Cleghorn, 'adopted and imitated the architecture of Greece, and not only employed Grecian architects, but often had the columns and decorations executed in Greece, and transported to Italy. A sensible deviation from the style of their masters is, however, evident in most of their works. Columns are calculated more for ornament than use—they adorn the wall, or at most support the pediment. In the Greek they support the edifice, and form the wall itself. Amid the splendid structures and gorgeous display of imperial magnificence, the marks of corruption are but too conspicuous when compared with Grecian models. It is only necessary to compare the Doric and Ionic of the Greeks with the Roman orders of the same name, to be struck with the decided superiority of the former, not only in the forms and execution of the parts in detail, but in the chaste grandeur and symmetrical effect as a whole.' The Romans, however, made the comparatively neglected Corinthian their own, and by combining this ornate column with the Etruscan arch and vault, originated the style which has been chiefly followed by modern nations. They likewise added two orders, which, however, are usually regarded as mere varieties—the Tuscan being the Doric stripped of its distinctive ornaments, and the Composite, a combination of the Ionic and Corinthian. As regards the Composite, its origin is obvious enough; but we venture to think that the degradation of the Doric could hardly have occurred in the same age, and through a people whose great error was extravagance in ornament. The Tuscan column resembles the bare trunk of a tree rising from the level earth, and instead of a modification of the Doric, may more reasonably be looked upon as the antique root of Roman architecture.

The mixture of the lower Latin and Greek empires, together with the rise of Christianity, gave birth to numerous innovations. The Pagan temples were not arranged for the accommodation of a numerous congregation; and the new religionists had recourse to the basilicæ, or halls of justice, resembling in some degree a barn, with the interior divided into a central nave, and two or more aisles formed by columns supporting an entablature, with a transept at one end, swelling out from the central nave into a semicircular recess. This form was found to be so convenient, that it formed the model for the Christian architects; and the Italian term *basilica*, accordingly, describes a church of the higher order.

The Byzantine style, with its Greek cross and centre dome, supported by converging arcades, followed the separation of the eastern and western empires. 'Arches rising on arches, and cupolas over cupolas,' says Mr Hope, 'we may say that all which in the temples of Athens had been straight, and angular, and square, in the churches of Constantinople became curved and rounded, concave within, and convex without; so that after the Romans had begun by depriving the architecture of the prior Greeks of its consistency, the Christian Greeks themselves obliterated every mark of the architecture of their heathen ancestors still retained by the Romans, and made the ancient Greek architecture owe its final annihilation to the same nation which gave it birth.' The Lombards came next, producing out of the Byzantine and corrupt Latin a fantastic style of their own, which, by means of their secret societies of free-masons, whose ramifications extended on all sides, they succeeded in spreading over western and northern Europe.

But this, in process of time, was swallowed up by the GOTHIC—the distinctive feature of which was the pointed, or lancet-shaped arch, only occasionally used in the other romantic, as contradistinguished from the classical styles. The Gothic is supposed by some writers to be an imitation of the overarching boughs of the woods and groves in which the earlier nations assembled for religious worship; and Mr Cleghorn supports this theory with great warmth. 'No attentive observer,' says Bishop Warburton, 'ever viewed a regular avenue of well-grown trees intermixing their branches overhead, but it presently put him in mind of the long vista through the Gothic cathedral—or ever entered one of the larger or more elegant edifices of the kind, but it presented to his imagination an avenue of trees; and *this alone is what can truly be called the Gothic style of building.* Under this idea of so extraordinary a species of architecture, all the irregular transgressions against the art, all the monstrous offences against nature, disappear; everything has its reason; everything is in order; and a harmonious whole arises from the studious application of the means and proportions to the end. Nor could the arches be otherwise than pointed, when the workmen were to imitate the curve which branches of two opposite trees make by their insertion with one another; nor could the columns be otherwise than split into distinct shafts, when they were to represent the stems of clumps of trees growing together. On the same principles they formed the spreading ramifications of the stonework of the windows, and the stained glass in the interstices, the one to represent the branches, the other the leaves of an opening grove; and both concurred to preserve that gloomy light which inspires religious reverence and dread.' Mr Cleghorn is even of opinion that the stained glass windows and oriels were constructed on purpose to imitate the harmonious and chastened gleams of sunshine passing through the branches and openings of the richly-variegated foliage.

'The Gothic and its varieties,' says this writer, 'differ essentially from the Greek, and the styles derived from it, in this, that the great lines are vertical and upright, while in the other they are horizontal. The strength and solidity of the Gothic are the result, not of the quantity or size of the stones employed, as in the Greek and Roman, but of the art of their disposition. In the Gothic, the different details of the edifice are multiplied with the lines and scale of the building; in the Grecian, they are only expanded and enlarged. In the Gothic, the shaft bears nothing—it is only ornamental—in the Greek, the columns support the entablature. In the Gothic, buttresses are essential, and stop horizontal lines; in the Greek, there are no buttresses, and the projections are stopped by horizontal lines. In the Gothic, a pediment may be of any pitch or angle; in the Greek, the angle is fixed. In the Gothic, there is no regularity of composition, no limit to openings or variety of ornament; in the Greek, regularity of composition is essential, and openings are limited by the proportions of the column. In the Gothic, vertical lines are carried to any height; in the pure Greek, spires, towers, and domes are inadmissible, and if adopted, resemble unconnected excrescences piled above each other.'

When Roman architecture was at length restored in Italy, it was incorporated with, and enriched by, the romantic styles. Sumptuary laws no longer prohibited citizens from adorning their private dwellings, and compelled them to lavish their taste upon the national monuments. Houses, accordingly, swelled into palaces; and as wealth increased, the grandeur of antiquity was lost in modern sumptuousness and elegance. Then came, as a closing epoch, the restoration of Grecian architecture; a consummation which, if aided by popular intelligence, would fill the world with beauty.

But Mr Cleghorn complains that the English are only parcel-Greek. 'Their attention seems exclusively directed to the mere orders themselves and their details, as if in that consisted the secret and excellence of Grecian architecture. The Doric is their favourite

order. Every master-mason, every plasterer, every carpenter who knows how to work a Grecian Doric column and entablature, piques himself on his knowledge of Grecian architecture, and looks with ineffable contempt on the Roman and Italian styles, and the ignorance of his predecessors. Every dwelling-house and shop-front must have its tiny, fluted, baseless, Possum Doric columns. Every public building, be it a church or meeting-house, a palace or hospital, a college or club-house, a theatre or jail, has its Grecian, Doric, or Ionic portico. Whatever may be the style or character of the building, it becomes henceforth a genuine Grecian structure.' To this may be added the authority of the Quarterly Review:—'That the porticos themselves are admired, we need no other evidence than the universal fashion, we had almost called it *mania*, for their application. In our suburban streets we have salmon and mackerel lying in stately funeral under Doric pillars, and tripe surmounted with metopes, triglyphs, and guttæ, of the most classic proportions. In some of our fashionable club-houses, after every accommodation has been provided for the members, a portico is superadded, apparently commensurate, not so much with the building itself, as with the unexpended residue of the subscription, and adorned, like the family picture of Dr Primrose, with as many columns as the artist could afford for the money: while undecorated windows are left, like Tilburina's maid, in primitive simplicity, a portico, the indispensable necessary of architectural life, is patched on to any visible wall of our pseudo-palaces.'

A pediment and portico, unless the termination of a real roof, and an integral part of the building, is a meaningless ornament, and is no indication whatever of the Grecian style; and in like manner, if the columns do not support the roof, they are nothing more than the ornaments into which they were degraded by Roman taste. But in point of fact, the term Grecian among us merely means *something not Gothic*. 'It would be of essential advantage to the progress and purity of the art, and be the means of preventing much error and misconception, were the three styles carefully distinguished from each other both in theory and practice. Our common street elevations, shop-fronts, and dwelling-houses, mimic, in mock majesty and tawdry plaster enrichment, the style and decoration of palaces; while our public buildings are meagre without simplicity, ornate without magnificence, and costly without grandeur or durability. In the Metropolis, stone is rarely used for private houses, and not always for public buildings. Everything is sacrificed for present effect—for the caprice, novelty, and excitement of the moment. We are perfectly contented with that tawdry glitter and brilliancy, that vicious and overcharged ornament, which strikes the vulgar and ignorant. We have no classical taste, no extended views, no perseverance, no ambition to hand down lasting and national monuments to future ages.'

But the invention of window glass in the sixth century rendered a purely Greek building practically obsolete. Vases and cups were manufactured of glass by the ancients; but the adaptation of the material to windows being unknown to them, their edifices were more or less exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Their few windows were placed high in the walls, and many chambers were lighted exclusively by torches. In some temples the colonnade supporting the roof was open. Windows are now a grand feature in the building, for cupola light is not always attainable or always desirable; and windows, therefore, instead of being merely 'poked out,' should exhibit some distinctive characteristic of the order. This, however, is rarely the case. The most familiar specimen, for instance, of the Doric, so far as many of our readers are concerned, is the Royal Institution on the Mound at Edinburgh; and this magnificent building, leaving out the colossal statue and questionable sphinxes on the roof, fulfils all the conditions of a Greek temple—but with glass windows superadded. The glass windows are not incongruous in themselves, being a modification of abso-

lute necessity in the present age; but, unluckily, they are mere holes in the wall, with no more reference to the Doric than to the Gothic style of architecture. But this is a solitary grievance. The prevailing fault is the abuse of the classical forms as mere nicknacks, while the prevailing folly is the Grecian name we give to the anomalous result.

The Gothic, in like manner, becomes in our hands merely ridiculous. Baby-house towers and turrets—battlements where no battle can be waged—mock machicolations—niches in the walls for dolls instead of statues—what can be in more pitiful taste? 'The Gothic,' says Mr Macculloch, 'is not fit for dwelling-houses. Its dwelling-houses were its abbeys and castles, and were on a large scale. When we attempt to reduce them to a small scale, they become mean. The turrets of the castle, which were meant to contain men, will scarcely hold a cat; the towers will hardly admit of staircases, much less of chambers; the battlements are like the ornaments of an escutcheon; and instead of the machicolations, we have a paltry pretence.' . . . 'In partial restoration of cathedrals,' adds Mr Cleghorn, 'and other Gothic ecclesiastical and castellated structures, the same ignorance and bad taste prevailed. It consisted of little more, as Mr Rickman observes, than making clustered pillars and pointed windows, all the genuine principles of the different styles being totally neglected.'

It will be deduced from the above sketch that the people of this country want information; and without information on a subject like this, taste can do nothing. Mr Cleghorn's book, which embraces the whole of the fine arts, is so far useful, and will always be acceptable to the scholar and the artist; but its character is not sufficiently popular to supply the existing desideratum: a work for the people on ancient and modern art is still wanting.

THE DISTRESSED LEXICOGRAPHER.

NAPOLÉON reigned as emperor in France. The learned and modest lexicographer Boiste had just put the finishing stroke to his dictionary. He had arrived at the point of time so happy for an author—he had just corrected the last proof-sheet, and sent it to his publisher. Sweet was his sleep with brilliant dreams of future fame! The next day the book that would give him name and wealth was to see the light. He awoke to find his bed surrounded by gendarmes.

'Gentlemen, you have certainly made some mistake; I am Monsieur Boiste, grammarian to the Emperor.'

'The very man,' answered the laconic brigadier. 'It is all right; here is the order for the arrest of Boiste, grammarian!'

The argument was conclusive; there was no appeal; go with them he must; and soon the vehicle stopped before the Fort of Vincennes.

Once arrived at the prison, poor Boiste had some hope that the obstinate silence hitherto maintained would cease. He humbly supplicated to be told the cause of his arrest, protesting his innocence and devoted allegiance. The official, through some little feeling of respect for an old man, deigned to open the order for arrest; and after reading it, coolly answered, 'To secure the public safety.'

Poor Boiste was then sent off to a room, the iron bars of its windows securing to him three months' leisure to torture his brain in the endeavour to discover how he, who had spent his whole life arranging words under their different heads, from A to Z, could have compromised the public safety. He said to himself, with all the tranquillity of an untroubled conscience, 'It cannot be for my book that I am arrested, since it has been examined three times over, corrected, and considerably diminished, by both the heads and the subordinates in the office of the imperial censorship.'

Boiste did not content himself with lamentations, he

made strong appeals by memorials addressed to all the influential persons of his acquaintance, always concluding with this most logical conclusion, 'I have done nothing; but only tell me what I have done, that I may justify myself.'

But unhappily not one of his letters was answered. At length one appeal from the unlucky prisoner fell into the hands of Fontanes, the head of the university, who knew and esteemed the poor grammarian; and fully persuaded of the innocence of a man whose whole life had been devoted to his dictionary, he hastened to mention him to the Emperor, who, happening to be in a favourable mood that day, smiled at the artless epistle, and viewing the matter in the same light with Fontanes, sent for the Duke of Otranto. Fouché was as ignorant as they were of the ground of arrest, and was quite surprised; he had probably signed the order without reading it, and he in his turn summoned the prefect. The prefect could give no explanation, and sent for his deputy, who, after two days of research, at last found the fatal document. It was taken to the Tuileries, and there it was found that it was made out upon the denunciation of the censor, who had actually charged Boiste with having spoken of Bonaparte as a spoliator. 'How?—when?—where?' This the denunciation did not mention. The censor was ordered to make his appearance; but he was about a hundred leagues off, on a tour of inspection, exercising his vigilant superintendence of the provincial press.

'Let Boiste himself be examined,' was Napoleon's next order; 'for besides that I believe him incapable of such an act, it really would not be common sense in a dictionary.'

The next day Boiste was once more permitted to see the sun, and was carried to the cabinet of the Duke of Otranto, where Fontanes was already in attendance.

'Sir,' said Fouché, 'you are accused of a libel against the august prince who reigns over this mighty empire.'

'A libel! I, my lord? Surely you cannot believe it? A libel comes from *libellus*, a little book. Ask that gentleman, sir, at the head of our university. I know too well the meaning, the force of words, to'—

'Nevertheless,' added Fontanes, showing him the information, but keeping his finger over the signature—'read this.'

Boiste cast his eye rapidly along the paper.

'Well!' cried Fouché, seeing the quiet countenance unchanged.

'Is that all?' said Boiste.

'All! and is it not quite enough? I hope, for your sake, it is a mistake.'

'Not at all; it is the truth.'

'The truth!'

'Unquestionably; it was all to do honour to our Emperor.'

'To do honour to him!'

'Yes; to show that he was as great a linguist as he is a hero.'

'Come, sir,' said Fouché impatiently; 'it is quite time to put an end to such foolery. This is no jesting matter.'

'God forbid that I should make a jest of it; I would not take such a liberty in your excellency's presence.'

'Be good enough to give some explanation then.'

'Nothing more easy;' and taking a copy of his dictionary, which lay on the table, he opened it at the word 'spoliator,' and pointed to two words in the following order:—'*Spoliator, Bonaparte.*'

The two functionaries indignantly exclaimed, 'And what could have tempted you to such an audacious libel?'

'I was but giving his majesty the credit due to him. I put his name after the word "spoliator" as the authority for the word; he, when General Bonaparte, having been the first to make use of the expression in the tribune. It is a coinage of his own, and not known in the French language till he used it.'

Fouché and Fontanes turned upon each other a bewildered look. Boiste was set at liberty; but it cost him the expense of the sheets that replaced the seditious page through the whole edition. And Boiste thought himself happy to get off so cheaply, now that he began to perceive that his tribute to the Emperor's coinage was considered so equivocal a compliment.

ECONOMICAL NATIONAL FORCE.

MR FREDERICK HILL, inspector of prisons, has published a small pamphlet, addressed to the question of national defence.* He treats the subject with that practical sense and regard for the economical and moral good of the country which presided over the post-office reform of his distinguished brother. While regarding the late outcry about national defence as uncalled for, and perhaps dangerous, we may go so far as to admit that, in the event of any need for additional force being experienced, Mr Hill's plan will be entitled to respectful consideration. More than this, a force such as he proposes might be substituted with advantage for a certain amount of the present standing army.

Mr Hill remarks very justly, that 'many circumstances tend to keep an army in a comparatively low moral condition, and thereby to act injuriously upon public morals. The early removal from parental influence—the recklessness frequently induced by the feeling that, in a moment of anger or partial intoxication, an engagement has been entered into fatal to the person's happiness, and which it is impossible to shake off—the forced association with the rude, the violent, and the vicious—the idleness of the barrack life, with its temptations to drinking and gambling, alternating with the mad excitement, great bodily fatigue, and exposure to cold, hunger, and sickness, attendant on most kinds of warfare—the thirst for plunder, excited by the opportunities for military license, and the practice of giving prize-money—the improvidence arising from the irregular gains of a soldier, and the constant feeling of the great uncertainty of his life—the habits of licentiousness caused by the difficulties in entering into the marriage state—and the little regard for character generally felt by those who are for ever moving from place to place—these, and other causes, must act with baneful effect on the moral character of the soldiers themselves, and, through them, on the people generally.'

After illustrating this position by a variety of facts, Mr Hill goes on to discommend the raising of a soldiery by conscription, as unjust to classes and individuals, and an absurdity in itself, in as far as it disregards the special qualities requisite for the vocation of a soldier. He then asks if a body could not be formed 'consisting of men prepared by nature for warlike encounter, and trained by art to military service?—ready to resist aggression of all kinds, whether of domestic or of foreign enemies, and yet with the interests and feelings of citizens and yeomen?—of men with homes, families, and friends?—of men who have something dear to them to fight for, and which would be perilled alike by the anarchy of an ignorant mob, the tyranny of a military despotism, or the successful invasion of a foreign foe?'

He thinks such a force might be raised. He suggests it should consist of 100,000 men, under the name of the National Reserved Force, 'to be formed of men chosen from volunteers for the service, and residing, under ordinary circumstances, at their own homes, in different parts of the country.' These men he would have

regularly drilled, and ready to act, when called upon, either as a police force to suppress internal tumults, or as an army to defend the country from attack. The men to receive a small annual stipend, and in addition to be paid for their time when on duty; also to have a claim to an annuity when sixty years of age, if they have spent twenty in the service. In the selection of 'the men, great regard to be had to the moral character of the applicant, and to his being strictly sober; and, other things equal, a preference to be given to those who possess some amount of property. Indeed it is so important that the members of the force should in general be owners either of a house, a piece of land, a stock of furniture, money in a bank, shares in a public company, or some other kind of property, so that they may have a strong interest in the preservation of order—that if the proposed remuneration (together with the other inducements which are likely to exist) be not found sufficient to cause persons of this class to enter the force, it would be advisable to increase it.' Parade and drill at stated times, but so as to interfere as little as possible with the ordinary avocations of the men; every member to be obliged to reside within a certain distance of his place of muster, but to be enabled to exchange from one division of the force to another when the interests of his trade or calling render it necessary. Mr Hill roughly estimates the annual expense of this force at L.900,000; and remarks that if the new force were found to justify a reduction of the army by 25,000 or 30,000 men, it would produce a saving.

'Without stopping,' says Mr Hill, 'to inquire whether men selected on the proposed plan could not, if it were thought important, be readily made to equal ordinary soldiers, even in the minutest detail—without examining this point, it must be remarked that again and again has the proud general of a well-disciplined army found himself woefully mistaken, and compelled to yield to men who, though less erect in their bearing, were animated by a high moral feeling, a strong love of country, and a determination to defend their homes and liberties. Witness the disgraceful defeat of the Austrian and Burgundian armies in the war which gave Switzerland her freedom, and in which the power of infantry was first taught to the well-trained and iron-clad warriors of Europe by a few mountain herdsmen. Witness also the defeat of the chivalry of the first two Edwards in their attack on Scotland, ending in their utter rout at the glorious battle of Bannockburn. Witness again the disgraceful defeat of our troops in the American war; and the discomfiture of the Austrian and Prussian troops in their unjustifiable attack on France in the early period of the French Revolution, and before France had exhausted herself and weakened the attachment of her people by her atrocious invasion of other states, and her fearful conscriptions. Look also at the noble struggle of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his negro associates, and the triumph of Dessalines and his army, formed out of men who had lately been groaning in slavery, over Bonaparte's disciplined troops. And we now see how the countless hordes of Russian soldiers are kept at bay, year after year, by a few brave Circassians.'

'A consideration of these and other similar deeds must, I think, convince almost every one that men with ordinary spirit and energy, who stand on their own soil, who know every yard of the country, who have the sympathy and support of the people, and who, in their homes, their property, and their liberties, have something worth fighting for, will, with a very moderate amount of training, present an irresistible front to any invading army—a front, indeed, the very idea

* Economical Defence of the Country from Internal Tumult and Foreign Aggression. Ridgway. London: 1848.

of which would prevent any but an army of madmen from setting foot upon the coast; and shows, I think, that such a force has inherent advantages which can never be wholly possessed by troops collected even in the manner in which the English army is raised; and far less by foreign mercenaries or conscripts, animated by no pure or noble motive, and in many cases serving against their will.

The objection, that soldiering should be a trade by itself, is met by the allegation that, in reality, it cannot in peace be a trade, since it is then a life of more than semi-vacuity and idleness; a state of things not merely tending to immorality, but to violent discontent, and sometimes even mutiny. 'The gain,' he adds, 'to public morality, by a decrease of drunkenness and prostitution, with their train of misery and crime, which would result from a large diminution of the number of ordinary soldiers, would be great; while the security for our liberties would be increased by the power of the army being in a great measure transferred to men of superior education and morality, linked to society by the thousand ties produced by a family, the possession of property, and the exercise of an industrious calling.'

By some, the employing of an armed force of any kind, even for defence, may be objected to; but all experience proves that peace-officers with staves are powerless in suppressing tumultuary masses armed with muskets and other dangerous weapons, as was exemplified in a striking manner on the occasion of the late riots in Glasgow. While there exist miscreants sufficiently daring to unite in forcibly defying the law, we fear that soldiering of some sort must be considered a lamentable necessity. Mr Hill's plan may be said to reduce this evil within the narrowest possible bounds. His soldiers are to be only armed and trained civilians, ready at a moment's notice to assume a military character; and we should suppose they are to have about them as little of the pomp and buffoonery of warlike array as the most sober-minded could desire.

THE MEDICINE-MAN, OR INDIAN CURE FOR CANCER.

Among all savage nations and tribes, the observance of certain superstitious forms and ceremonies are interwoven in almost every important event, whether civil, social, or political; yet in none, perhaps, are these observances more strictly kept up than in everything relating to the practice of the healing art.

Extensive means of observation, and some length of residence among various tribes of North American Indians, particularly one called the Pottowatomie nation, which, at the time I speak of, were a wandering people on the great prairie lands of the state of Illinois, now called the Wisconsin Territory, gave me ample opportunity of observing many of their superstitious orgies, as well as their medical treatment in curing many violent and severe diseases. When I say that my only object in being among these rude people of the forest was that of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the virtues of the vegetable substances used among them as medicinal agents, being myself a physician, and having, too, the sanction of the chief of the tribe to dwell with them, it may be supposed that my opportunities of observation were unusually great. How I have profited by it, many of my patients suffering under some of the most severe diseases incident to humanity might testify; but on this head I must not enlarge.

Unknown to the classification and arrangement of the great Linnæus or succeeding botanists, many plants of surpassing power in these wild regions bloom, flourish, and decay, whose virtues are confined to the knowledge of the Medicine-man (as the doctor is called) of the tribe, and who, in the wild superstition in which he has been educated, ascribes the remarkable cures he performs more to the influence of his savage orgies than

to the true cause—the healing properties of the plants that grow beneath his tread. To those, too, whose very vocation would seem in a great degree to lie in a knowledge of the powers of the vegetable world, the medical practitioners not only of Europe, but even those of the large Atlantic cities of North America, of the very land in which these plants are indigenous, they are generally as little known as they were to the distinguished philosopher above named. We shall cease, however, to be much surprised at this fact, when we consider for a moment the unvarying system of teaching adopted at medical universities. Hear certain lectures, read certain books for a given time, answer certain questions which these books will teach: you have passed your examination—you are a qualified physician.

To the medical philosopher there are few fields fraught with so rich a harvest of discovery as the investigation of the properties of many of the plants peculiar to the fertile districts of North and South America, in relieving and permanently curing many of the most severe diseases to which the human frame is incident. The ground for these investigations is already broken to some extent by the medicine-men of the different tribes, whose rude experience and modes of practice, which they are ever most willing to exhibit and describe, would be of great value in directing many apparently intricate or obscure applications, the *modus operandi* of which the light of science might afterwards illustrate and explain.

Cancerous affections in stages of extreme malignity; the long train of obscure glandular diseases of more or less severity; the multifiform denotements of severe scrofulous affections; ulcerations of chronic duration; cutaneous maladies of various and loathsome origin and extent; tumours of indolent and malignant character; rheumatism; epilepsy; spasmodic diseases; lumbago; torpid action of the bowels or liver; incipient consumption, and the various inflammatory affections of internal organs; the bite of venomous reptiles; tetanus; and a host of less grave forms of disease, I have seen subdued and cured by these humble pharmacopoliasts.

I will proceed now to relate a case. In a wigwam in which I was for a time domiciled, a fine Indian lad of eleven years of age, in gathering berries, was bitten on the back of the hand by a moccasin snake, which he had provoked; but which he at length succeeded in capturing, and bringing home in triumph. The squaw, the only person except myself present, immediately bound the arm tightly just above the elbow-joint with a strong cord; upon the wound on the hand she applied a succession of plantain leaves (the *Alisma plantago*), wetted with oil and milk; she then prepared a strong decoction of the *Lobelia inflata*, which she gave the boy to drink freely, and placed him in a warm bed. She then strewed some salt upon the ground, burnt a hank of flax in her hand, muttered a form of prayer to the Great Spirit Manitou, and then repeated at intervals to her patient copious draughts of the decoction, notwithstanding the severe vomiting it occasioned. This treatment was kept up throughout the night, the plantain leaves being repeatedly changed for fresher ones. The following day the same treatment was followed with less vigour; and in the evening, a poultice, made of the green leaves of the *Geranium maculatum*, was applied to the wound, and the patient placed in a warm water bath prepared with the balsam of the pine-tree. On taking him out, he was pronounced to be well; and so in truth he was, excepting some degree of debility occasioned by the treatment. To my own knowledge, he was in good health five years after this event. Now, in contrast with this rude yet successful treatment by savage skill, let us place that of the regular faculty of the city of New York in a similar case. Dr Wainwright of that city was bitten on the forefinger by a rattlesnake; he was aware of the danger, and in a situation to have the immediate aid of several eminent physicians; but in vain: the life of this amiable and

talented gentleman was sacrificed for want of that knowledge of the curative properties of plants growing almost at their very doors. The death of Dr Wainwright occurred last December, and the circumstances attending it were noticed in the London 'Times.' When it is borne in mind that the bite of the rattlesnake is far less dangerous than that of the moccasin, the value of the two modes of practice will stand in still stronger contrast.

I will now proceed to detail the treatment of a severe case of cancer, occupying the whole surface of the breast in an Indian female. This woman belonged to a wandering tribe of Indians, whose nomadic habits had heretofore prevented the necessary confinement and attention to diet to effect the cure. The medicine-man, whose pupil at the time I was, having appointed his day for general consultation, and being aware, as in more civilised conditions of life, of the vast importance of assuming a great degree of consequence, had not failed to throw around himself the utmost gravity and mystery of manner on the days devoted to the public reception of the sick. These days are always during the time of the full-moon; and the one previous to reception the medicine-man observes strictly as a day of abstinence, refraining from all food except bread, water, and vegetables. Receptions usually take place in the open air, under the shade of large oak-trees; but in severe weather his own wigwam is chosen. Having divested himself of his ordinary hunting or farming dress, he robes himself in an external garment made of the skins of various kinds of snakes sewed together. This dress is girted tight at the neck, and spreads loosely around him, reaching to his feet, and rattling, at every motion of his body, with more noise than some of the venomous reptiles make when alive and about to dart on their prey. The ground having been marked in a circular form with a spade, flax, pine-tree gum, and various aromatic herbs, are burnt in an iron pot, and thrown around. The medicine-man, whose face is previously painted with red and blue streaks, sits at a table, on which is placed various roots, herbs, and plants. In the centre of the table is a large basin, made of the bark of the birch-tree, containing the blood of a new-born calf that has never cropped the herbage. Among some tribes, and formerly with this, the blood of a new-born babe, slaughtered for the purpose, was used on this occasion; but from the progress of humanity consequent upon their frequent intercourse with Europeans, the blood of a calf has been substituted, and found to be equally efficacious.

On the present occasion, there was placed on the table another vessel, containing a large quantity of clayey earth, of a yellowish red colour, dug at six feet depth from the surface of the ground. This earth had been previously most carefully pulverised, and passed through a fine sieve, every particle of stone and shell, or other extraneous substance, having been thoroughly excluded. An iron pan, containing a little charcoal, made from the wood of the yellow elm-tree (*Ulmus flavus*), in a state of bright ignition, was placed upon the ground.

The patient was brought in, carried in the arms of four men, her relations, and accompanied by a multitude of neighbours and spectators, to whom these exhibitions are ever open. She was seated on a low cork stool within the circle on the ground, and facing the medicine-man. During a form of prayer or invocation commenced by the operator, and joined in by all present, beseeching the Great Spirit Manitou to give courage to the patient, skill to the doctor, and success to the cure, the eyes of the female were bandaged with cloth, and her breast uncovered. The most perfect silence now prevails; every voice is hushed; and the medicine-man proceeds to his examination of the case. He puts no question as to the origin of the disease, or what applications have been used; but after examining the state of the glands in the *axilla* (arm-pit), and those

in the neck, much as the European surgeon would, he takes from his pocket an oval instrument, made of thin iron, about the size of a large table-spoon, and shaped somewhat like a trowel, which he heats to a red heat in the lighted charcoal, and with a sudden and light touch sears the open cancer, already in a state of ulceration, observing to touch the edges, and what he pointed out to me as the roots of the cancer, but which were, in truth, the deep sinuses occasioned by the progress of irregular ulceration. At the touch of the iron, the woman shivered, and slightly shrank back, but uttered neither moan nor cry. Immediately after this, the proper plants, in a green state, previously soaked in the blood of the calf, were spread all over the cancer; the earth was then laid on the plants about the thickness of an inch or a little more, having been made into a clayish paste by mixing the blood with it. Thus much for the treatment. For the prognosis, or probable result, three small peas had for a few days previously been placed in earth and water, until they were just on the point of germinating; being carefully removed, they were pressed down into the covering of the diseased breast, and the earth gently smoothed over them by the fingers. Suitable bandages, made of cloth and the inner layers of the white birch bark, were applied; and to insure the earth keeping in its place, a pair of stays (or garment of their precise form) was tightly secured round the chest. The woman was then delivered to her friends, and placed in a recumbent position upon a species of palanquin; orders were given as to her diet, which was strictly antiphlogistic, and she was then conveyed home, with a caution to remain in the same position until the visit of the medicine-man, to take place on the third day after.

At the moment the medicine-man commenced his treatment with the application of the heated iron, and during its continuance, until her arrival at the door of her own home, the following words were chanted, in a slow mournful measure, by all who accompanied her. The translation has been furnished by a friend versed in the language of the tribe:—

'Fertile earth and growing grain,
Ease this woman of her pain;
Fire to purge thy pains away,
Earth to cleanse and purify;
Sow the seeds in hope to grow,
By thy blessing, Manitou.
Sow the seeds, &c.

The prognosis by the peas is much relied on. In truth, divination is peculiar to all savage tribes; and though frequently deceived, they still adhere with strong tenacity to the ancient superstitious observances of their forefathers. If the three, or two out of the three peas continue the process of germination, so that the earth is slightly broken in their attempt to reach its surface, the result is predicted as highly favourable; if one only, not so favourable; still the woman will recover, but slowly; and the prognosis would be doubtful as to the recurrence of the disease in after-life. Should none of them germinate, which often happens from accidental causes—such as changing the position of the earth by the necessary movements of the body—then an unfavourable conclusion is looked for, and the patient and her friends are apprised that the Great Spirit Manitou needs her presence in the hunting-grounds of her forefathers, and bids her prepare for death.

I should have mentioned, that after the third day, the medicine-man attends the patient at her own wigwam at such times as he considers necessary, and the subsequent treatment is with the decoctions made from the plants useful in the case, together with medicines given internally. In many cases, if not in all, I am assured that the searing of the diseased surface with the heated iron has been attended with most injurious results, increasing the inflammatory disposition, destroying the vitality of the parts essential to the healing

process, and sometimes producing extensive mortification and sloughing. The earth, too, very frequently acts as an extraneous and irritating substance; and as to the value of the pea prognosis, the less we say of it the better.

HELP YOURSELVES.

UNDER this title a small pamphlet or circular was lately handed to us by a correspondent. Consisting of an address to workmen on the subject of economising means, it embraces the history of an operative who, with no remarkable advantages, and without change of position, was able to attain a state of independence. In order to bring it under general notice, we give it a place in our pages.

Englishmen have much to be thankful for, inasmuch as there is probably no country on the face of the globe where sober, industrious young mechanics and labourers can so soon raise themselves to ease, comparative independence, and comfort, as in England. Many instances in real life might be given in proof thereof; yet our present purpose may be best answered by presenting the case of one who, having lost his father and mother in childhood, has been indebted to the kind-hearted for the school learning he has acquired. During his apprenticeship he gained little beyond habits of industry. In the seven years of his apprenticeship, his master fell from a respectable station to one of abject poverty, owing to his taking the one glass, then the two, three, four, and onwards; till, by steps almost imperceptible, his business and family were neglected, whilst he joined his associates at the alehouse. But let us not dwell on this sad picture. On completing his twenty-first year, our orphan boy engaged in a situation where he received 15s. per week wages; 8s. of which he appropriated to food and lodging, and 2s. to clothing and a few useful books to rub up his schoolday learning. Warned by the example of his late master, he shunned the alehouse, and his steady conduct soon gained him the confidence of his employer, who, at the end of the first year, raised his wages to 21s. per week. At the end of the second year he found himself possessed of upwards of L.40; .5s. per week had been regularly deposited in the bank for savings during the first year, which amounted to L.13; and in the second year 11s. per week, which was L.28, 12s. more. We need not follow him, step by step, in his steady but onward course. He has now been nineteen years in his present situation; for the last ten, he has been the foreman, with a salary of 30s. per week. Twelve years ago he married a virtuous young woman, and has now six fine children. The house he lives in is his own; a good garden is attached to it, and a fruitful and lovely spot it is; it serves as an excellent training-ground for his children, whose very amusements in it are turned to good account. The mother brought no fortune with her except herself. She had, indeed, lived as servant some years in a respectable family, where she had high wages; but all she could spare was devoted to the support of an infirm mother, who, on her marriage, was received into her husband's house, where the evening of her life is rendered happy. How is it, you ask, that a man at forty years of age, who has had nothing to depend upon but his own labour—who has a wife and six children, and an infirm mother-in-law to support—can have bought a piece of ground, built a house upon it, and can have it well furnished, and, after all, has upwards of L.200 out on interest? for he has been a servant all along, and is a servant still. Well, let us see if we can find out how it is. In the first place (and which, after all, is the main point), he spends nothing at the alehouse; the money which too many worse than waste there, he saves.

At the age of twenty-three, we found he had in the bank of savings L.40.

At the age of 24 he has	-	-	-	L.70
At ... 25 ...	-	-	-	109
At ... 26 ...	-	-	-	135
At ... 27 ...	-	-	-	170
At ... 28 ...	-	-	-	206

He now marries, and expends on furniture L.40, reducing the amount at interest to L.166; but his wages are now advanced to 25s., and his expenditure is increased to 20s. per week; his saving of 5s. per week and interest in the year, amount to L.21, added to L.166, makes L.187, when twenty-nine years of age.

At thirty years of age he has L.210; wages now 30s. per

week; saves 10s., and interest, he has L.247 at thirty-one years of age.

At thirty-two years of age he has L.286; buys a plot of ground for L.100; expends L.150 in building his dwelling-house; so that he reduces his money at interest to L.36; saves his 10s. per week, and interest on L.36—L.27, 16s.; making L.63, 16s. at the age of thirty-three.

At 34 he has	-	-	-	-	L.93
At 35 ...	-	-	-	-	123
At 36 ...	-	-	-	-	155
At 37 ...	-	-	-	-	181
At 38 ...	-	-	-	-	207

He now expends the interest, and saves only 10s. per week.

At 39 he has	-	-	-	-	L.233
At 40 ...	-	-	-	-	259

In addition to his house and garden.

These calculations have been made in consequence of the writer having been informed that there are at the present time from 300 to 400 workmen employed by one company in Hull, many of whom are earning great wages, and spending no inconsiderable portion of them in a manner which their best friends regret. It is with a view of directing their *close* attention to the great good that they might do for themselves, by proper forethought, that these remarks are penned. There is nothing in this calculation which 80 out of every 100, who earn from 25s. to 80s. per week, might not effect, if they were wise enough to pursue the same plan. Mind that your houses be comfortable, well-furnished, supplied with useful books—above all, the Bible, and read a portion of it every day, with prayer that it may be blessed to you and yours. Contrast, for a moment, the condition of those who thus rightly employ the means placed within their power of providing comfortably for themselves and families, with those who squander in thoughtless waste, first the few shillings, then the many pounds, in procuring that which yields *no comfort*, brings *no health*, affords *no solace* for declining years; then judge for yourselves which course you will pursue.

WHAT IS EDUCATION?—ANSWERED.

THE inquiry as to what education really is—whether it be verbal teaching or practical training—has been satisfactorily answered, as follows, by Mr David Stow, honorary secretary of the Free Normal Seminary, Glasgow, in a small work recently published on the subject of National Education:—

What the education is that will best enable a man to educate himself, ought surely to be the sovereign question. Is it *instruction*, or is it *training*? Is it the amount of elementary knowledge communicated, or is it the exercise of mind required by which the pupil may educate himself? Till lately, the term used to define education was *INSTRUCTION*. Give religious instruction, it was, and is still said, and this will be sufficient. Teach the poor to read the Bible, and forthwith you will make them holy, happy, and good citizens—good parents—obedient children—kind and compassionate—honourable in their dealings—and crime will diminish. Hundreds of thousands have received such an education.—Are such the results? We trow not. Have we hit upon the right kind of education, or the proper mode of communication? Will all the instruction it is possible to give produce the results which are so fondly anticipated? Will all the *telling*, or teaching, or instruction in the world, enable a person to make a shoe, construct a machine, ride, write, or paint, without *training*—that is, without *doing*? Will the *knowledge* of religious truth make a good man without the practice of it? The boy may repeat most correctly, and even understand in a general way, the precepts, "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath," "Render not evil for evil," "Be courteous;" but see him at play among his companions, neither better, nor perhaps worse, than himself, unsuperintended, and his conduct unreviewed, by parent or schoolmaster, and what do these Scriptural injunctions avail him when engaged in a quarrel? Reason is dormant, passion reigns for the time, and the repeated exercise of such propensities strengthens the disposition, and eventually forms evil *habits*. The father cannot be with his child to train him, whatever his business or profession may be, during the day, and a healthy boy will not be tied to the apron-strings of his mother—out he will go, and out he gets to the streets, to be with such companions as he can pick up.

'In education, as hitherto conducted in school, even under the most highly-intellectual system, we have had instruction, and not training. Schools are not so constructed as to enable the child to be superintended—the master has not the opportunity of training, except under the *unnatural* restraint of a covered school-room; and it is imagined, or at least stated, that children are morally trained without their being placed in circumstances where their moral dispositions and habits may be developed and cultivated; as if it were possible to train a bird to fly in a cage, or a race-horse to run in a stable.

'Man is not all head—all feeling—or all animal energy. He is a compound being, and must be trained as such; and the varied powers of mind and of body, although distinct, so act and react upon each other, that it is difficult to say where the influence of the one begins and that of the other ends. The intellectual, to a certain extent, influences the physical, and *vice versa*; while the moral influences both, and is influenced by both in return. The most influential and successful mode of cultivating the child is, therefore, when his whole powers are daily and *simultaneously* exercised; and no injury can arise to his varied powers of body and mind, provided they be fed, and not stuffed—trained, and not merely instructed.

'How do we purpose morally, physically, and intellectually to elevate the mass of our population, among whom there is not, on the part of parents, either the opportunity or the intelligence to accomplish this object? If done at all, it must be almost exclusively performed by the school trainer. *It is not now done by the schoolmaster, and cannot be accomplished by the parent.* Therefore our youth are growing up untrained in a moral, and even in an intellectual point of view, although it is announced that "the school-master is abroad." In reality, we have much said, and little done. The truth is forced upon our attention, that *teaching is not training.*'

'The Sabbath school was, and still is, too weak and powerless to contend with the *sympathy of numbers*; there being, even when best conducted, only the *teaching* of one day set against the *training* of an opposite tendency during the other six days of the week. In the Sabbath school there was the teaching of the master, *without sympathy* set against the sympathy and training of the streets, and frequently even of the family. Need we wonder, then, that the one day's teaching or instruction was (and still continues to be) overborne and counteracted by the six days' *training*?'

In other words, the conviction at which Mr Stow appears to have arrived is this—that no mere teaching, no learning of lessons or catechisms, no mere putting on the memory a large variety of psalms or other exercises, is education. Besides technical instruction, *training* is indispensable. Good habits require to be enforced and confirmed by practical acts—by doing that which is right, as well as merely *knowing* what is to be done. For saying as much, educationists have for many years suffered abuse. It is gratifying to find a person in Mr Stow's position vindicating so sound a principle in education.

A PLEA FOR THE MOLES.

The 'Essex Herald' publishes the following letter from the Rev. G. Wilkins to a farmer, who wrote to him inquiring how the wireworm had been exterminated in the reverend gentleman's land. It contains much sound, though, we daresay, unpalatable doctrine to the owners of smooth lawns and trim-bedded gardens:—'Some ten years since, when I came to my living, and commenced cultivating the little land I hold, it was, I may say, full of wireworms. Nothing could have been worse, for my crops were in some places ruined by them entirely. What, then, did I do? I adopted a plan which I recommended and published in periodicals many years since—namely, encouraging moles and partridges on my lands. Instead of permitting a mole to be caught, I bought all I could, and turned them down alive; and soon my fields, one after another, were full of mole-hills, to the amusement of all my neighbours, who at first set me down for half a lunatic; but now several adopt my plan, and are strenuous advocates of it. My fields became exactly like a honeycomb; and this continued even among my standing and growing and ripening crops; not a mole was molested, but I still bought more. This summer I had fourteen brought, which I turned down; but they were not wanted: I have nothing for them to eat—all that moles live upon is destroyed—and so, poor things,

they must starve, or emigrate to some distant lands, and thus get bowstringed by savage men, whom they aim to serve. Adopt my plan, and it will be sure to answer. If you have a nest of partridges, also encourage them: all the summer they live on insects, on wireworms, &c.; and consider how many millions a covey will destroy in a single summer. Again, always remember that moles feed upon insects, and of which the wireworm is the chief; if you doubt this, open a mole, and peep into his stomach. Again, do not fear that moles injure your crops, either in a field or in a garden: it is a low and vulgar error to suppose that they root up young corn; they never go anywhere until the wireworms have first destroyed the plants, and then, innocent things, they are punished for others' faults! If you do not like to see their hills, knock them about with a hoe, as I did; it is a healthful amusement, and they will do your lands good. Do not despise my plan because the farmers will not adopt it in your neighbourhood: farmers adopt nothing till driven to it, and nothing that is new and good.'

GLASS IN DAIRIES.

The attention of dairymen has of late been pretty much called to the advantages of glass as a non-conductor of electricity, in the preservation of milk in glass pans. It was only a short time since that we were shown a glass bottle full of milk that had been preserved in India and China, and when drawn, after eighteen months' preservation, was not only found to be perfectly sweet, but to contain, in a solid and cohesive state, a small quantity of excellent butter; while the milk preserved in a tin case during the same voyage had gone to acid. It now appears that glass milk-pans produce almost equally remarkable results; and from an analysis we have seen of the cream which was thrown up on some of Harria's Compressed Register, it appears that the difference is in favour of the glass, as compared with the wooden or wedgeware pan, by at least ten per cent.—*Scottish Farmer.*

E G Y P T.

'Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro.'

DANTE.

On the deep rock of Ages have I set
My everlasting Pyramid, and look round
From its great throne on oceans without bound;
Time shoreless, shifting sands, and realms as yet
Growing to being. Of all here who met—
Persian, Greek, Roman, Arab—who hath stood?
All, all have drifted onward by my base,
And here I hold amidst their surge my place!
Before me things were not, or such as could
Endure like me, eternal. The broad Nile,
Young as the day it leaped to life, and made
Life wheresoe'er it moved—the godlike sky,
Star-written book unfathomable—the pile
Of mountain-walls around—these shall not fade.
They were—and are—and shall be!—*So shall I!*

M. R. J.

JOHN RAY.

A CORRESPONDENT obligingly forwards the following note:—'As an Essex man, I hope to be forgiven for mentioning that a slight error has been committed in a recent article in the Journal in reference to the life of John Ray. Baintree is stated to be a village in Suffolk, whereas it is one of the chief towns of the northern division of Essex, possessing an endowed grammar school, at which John Ray was educated. Black Notley is the adjoining village to Baintree, and the churchyard in which John Ray lies buried is about three miles distant from that town. The Essex folk are proud of John Ray. His tomb is within a pleasant walk of Baintree, and is occasionally visited by botanists. I have even known pilgrimages to be made thither, on which occasions ferns, mosses, and wild flowers, gathered by the way, have been duly and reverently laid upon his grave. John was evidently fond of Essex; and were he alive, I hardly think he would be pleased with the notion of transporting his remains to Suffolk.'

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DOMESTIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

THE term accomplishments is so commonly applied to what are thought merely ornamental arts and graces, that the use of the sober word domestic in connection with it may excite some surprise. I commence my explanation with an assertion that there are two kinds of utility—the one material, and the other spiritual; the one contributing to the sustenance of the bodily existence, the other to the enrichment of our intellectual nature. Hence when we speak of objects of utility, it is narrowing the word to limit it to visible and tangible things. In one sense, that only is useful which is convertible, in some form or other, into bread; in the other, that is of the first and highest utility which, whether or not it advantage the body, serves to promote the well-being of the mind. If we turn to God's creation, we shall find provision made for both ends, and this more richly than at first sight we may be able to perceive. Let us for a moment imagine a world into which only the lower kind of utility had entered, in order that we may see how marvellously they have been blended in our own. Beginning with rain and dew, why might not the earth have been sufficiently watered by a great black cloud, which should fill the heavens periodically from zenith to horizon? Why might not the flowers have fulfilled all their chemical functions without those delicately-veined petals, and the birds performed their appointed tasks without that dainty plumage and that exquisite song? The outward form of this higher utility men have agreed to call beauty; but unhappily they have too often divorced it from the lower, with which, in nature, it is connected; and thus, on the one hand, we have utilitarians decrying all that cannot be turned into pence; on the other, idle dilettanti, who imagine the world to be a mere spectacle, and forget the saying of St Paul, that 'if a man will not work, neither shall he eat.' One of the great objects for which beauty was bestowed, was undoubtedly that it might be a means of uniting together those who are divided by motives of interest and gain. The essential principle of material utility is exclusiveness, just as that of spiritual is comprehensiveness and universality. Every vegetable I gather for my own table is one less to be given to my neighbour; whereas the greater the number of persons who can inhale the fragrance of my flower-garden, the more perfect my individual delight in the same. Now the larger part of our daily life is a prolonged attempt to obtain those substantial benefits which begin and end with ourselves; and the inevitable tendency of this is to make us selfish and hard-natured, unless some counteracting influence be set to work. Having divided men by the necessities of daily labour, we must endeavour to reunite them by innocent relaxations; and on this account amusements require the

deepest consideration, for they are connected with our social wellbeing in a variety of ways. Business and enjoyment should act and react on one another, as the centripetal and centrifugal forces do in nature: we want the one to give steadiness and stability to the life, the other to provide expansion for the feelings and ventilation for the mind. But for this latter purpose it is impossible to work much on a large scale; we must content ourselves, for the most part, with the resources the family affords; and I, for one, am persuaded, that if these were turned to better account, our social evils would be found to diminish both in number and extent.

But for a wish to leave the reader sufficient interest to pursue the subject for himself, I might have gone into the philosophy of amusements, as connected with morality, and shown how community of enjoyment serves to bind men together in heart. Turning my back, however, on the theoretical side of the subject, I proceed to consider some of its leading particulars, in the hope that an acquaintance with the simplicity of the necessary means may be a stimulus to our efforts in the cause of social reformation.

I would, in the first place, urge that whatever elegant acquirements we may chance to have made, instead of being reserved for rare occasions, should be suffered to shed their softening influence on our every-day existence. The prints should not be carefully kept out of sight of the children of the family, and turned over only for the benefit of the stranger; the pictures should not be curtained except when there is company; or the piano be dumb because there is 'no one but ourselves' to listen. There may be less triumph, but there is surely equal if not greater happiness in singing by the fireside than in warbling in the saloon; and though the thanks of father or of brother be homely in expression, there is more sweetness in them than in all the studied commonplaces of society.

A sadder sight can scarcely be conceived than that of the spirit of dulness taking possession of the family circle. We see it in the husband who, hour by hour, gazes moodily at the fire; in the wife who occupies herself with her mechanical employment, without seeking to break the enchanted silence. Neither entertains the intention of injuring the other, and yet they are mutually defrauded of the happiness they ought to enjoy. Both are conscious of an unsatisfied want, an unfulfilled desire; and this influencing their manner without their being aware of it, the consequence is, that they become mutually repellent. Now what would have prevented them from subsiding into this state at first, and what is most likely to rouse them from it? Clearly something that would not only offer bodily rest, but quiet and gentle excitement of mind; something that would remind them of the world of beauty in which we dwell, and of the thousand objects of inte-

rest by which we are surrounded. Surely in nature or art there must be something that would fix their interest, if they could succeed in finding it out. But the pleasures we desire to enjoy we must be at the pains of making for ourselves.

In the domestic relationship there ought to be no selfishness. The pleasure of one should be the happiness of all; and this surely can be attained without unduly encroaching on individuality. Wives are sometimes heard to complain that their husbands do not talk to and confide in them; they leave them to mope and become nervish. This is undoubtedly true; but the husbands as frequently allege that it is no use pouring out their feelings to their wives, because they don't sympathise with them. Perhaps the misunderstanding arises from women not sufficiently comprehending that men have spirits to be cheered—hobbies, it may be, requiring a degree of sympathy—faculties which cannot brook being subdued, without danger to the temper. Man, in short, 'cannot live on bread alone;' he needs something besides bodily comforts. A wife of course is not without excuse; but granted that she has her express household duties, and also matters of some little moment to herself to attend to, would it not be better that the new cap should go untrimmed, or perhaps be finished by less skilful hands, than that the being she has vowed to 'cherish' should come home 'seeking rest, and finding none.' The common idea with regard to rest is, that it consists of a bright fire, an easy-chair, and a comfortable pair of slippers; and under this impression, when the husband has been provided with tea and toast, he is considered to be disposed of for the remainder of the evening. That for a certain class of persons this suffices, I am ready to admit; but happily there are minds not so easily satisfied—minds for whom comfort is not synonymous with happiness, whose rest is found in change of employment rather than in idleness. Many of these read, and find interest for themselves; an interest in which, unhappily, the wife is no partaker; others seek abroad what is denied them at home, and regard their own houses as places where they can be boarded and lodged. That we are all disposed to seek the causes of our failures anywhere rather than in ourselves, is a fact which no one will be hardy enough to deny. But for this unfortunate tendency, it might have been hoped that our mistakes would teach us wisdom; and that, seeing our present habits were unfavourable to domestic happiness, we should revise them, with a view to remedying what had been wrong. My own impression of the duty of the mistress of a family is, that it is broader than it is commonly supposed to be, and extends to supplying not only the bodily, but also the spiritual wants of its members. I conceive it to be incumbent on her, as far as possible, to bestow happiness on all who belong to her circle; and this applies peculiarly to him whose very existence is bound up with her own. The care of the linen, and the control of the larder, too often stand in place of sympathy and companionship; and sad as it is to hear it imputed to men that they care principally for dinner, can it be wondered at if it is the only thing they can make sure of getting?

Every woman who has an aptitude for music or for singing, should bless God for the gift, and cultivate it with diligence; not that she may dazzle strangers, or win applause from a crowd, but that she may bring gladness to her own fireside. The influence of music in strengthening the affections is far from being

perceived by many of its admirers: a sweet melody binds all hearts together, as it were, with a golden cord; it makes the pulses beat in unison, and the hearts thrill with sympathy. But the music of the fireside must be simple and unpretending; it does not require brilliancy of execution, but tenderness of feeling—a merry tune for the young, and a more subdued strain for the aged, but none of the noisy clap-trap which is so popular in public. It is a mistake to suppose that to enjoy music requires great cultivation; the *degree* of enjoyment will of course vary with our power of appreciation, but like all other great influences, it is able to attract even the ignorant; and this is what the poets taught when they made Orpheus and his brethren the civilisers of the earth. Begin with simple airs, and you may gradually ascend to the highest music, for the taste will be formed at the same time that the mind is refreshed; and those who begin with admiring only the simple ballad of the nursery, will end with delighting in the productions of the great masters of song.

Much remains to be said with regard to music; but my desire is to indicate rather than to amplify. I will therefore proceed to mention another 'domestic accomplishment' to which I attach the highest value—the power of reading aloud agreeably and well. Unhappily this is very rare. For every three women who can sing, it would be difficult to find one who can be said to read *well*; that is, who so completely possesses herself of the meaning of a writer, as to be able to give us his thoughts in all their original freshness and force. Highly as I value music and singing, I do not know whether reading is not, on the whole, more important; for it may be made to include all tastes, and to suit all times, and combines intellectual profit with spiritual delight. The man who can sit by his own fireside to hear his favourite authors in the tones of a voice at once familiar and dear, will feel little interest in public amusements, and little temptation from any kind or species of excitement. And how the happiness that follows is intensified to both by the fact of its being enjoyed in common. It is blessed to be ministered to by those we love—more blessed than anything, save to minister.

And now let me anticipate one objection: that the foregoing remarks are addressed to certain classes, and to those only; that they apply to people who are surrounded by luxuries, and not to those who earn their daily bread in the sweat of their brow. This arises from confounding the graceful and the costly, and imagining that elegance presupposes wealth; whereas it is possible to see the highest refinement in those who are destitute of all the luxuries of life. In cases where musical instruments are not within reach, we may modulate our own voices, and make them give forth sweet sounds; we may sing those simple strains which require neither teaching nor skill, but which, if they come from one heart, are sure of finding their way to another.

On one side of the subject I have been altogether silent—not from having nothing to say, but a great deal too much: this is the importance of 'domestic accomplishments' with reference to education and the training of the young. My reader must consider this question for himself, or for *herself*, for to women my thoughts are specially addressed. Would I could convince them that their life is a beautiful and a happy one, if they will but study its meaning, and carry out its requirements! Has it not been given to us to infuse into the cup of life a large portion of its sweetness,

and to lighten the labours undertaken on our behalf? May these duties be better fulfilled as the years advance, and may our sympathy be yielded with that cordial alacrity which is its greatest charm! Above all, may none of the frivolities of fashion or of custom be suffered to obscure the brightness of our domestic happiness!

THE MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

MONSIEUR HYACINTHE was a quiet middle-aged widower of retired habits, and an exceedingly cautious and timid disposition. It was one of his firmly-rooted beliefs that the whole world was in a kind of league to oppress him, and defraud him of his rights—a feeling which prevented him from agreeing with any one, from his important and stately landlord, Monsieur Moreau, down to his sharp-tempered portress, Madame Latour.

Owing to this peculiarity, M. Hyacinthe resided alone in a small apartment on the third floor of a quiet house in a retired neighbourhood. As he kept no servant, he had economically resolved to underlet, furnished, a small servants' room on the fourth floor, which belonged to his apartment. This room was still to be let, when, on a winter's evening several years ago, M. Hyacinthe, after putting on his nightcap, and settling himself comfortably by the fireside, opened his newspaper, in order to read the continuation of some fearful tale which it contained; for, like most timid individuals, he delighted in the sad and the horrible. He had not read a line, however, when he was disturbed by a knock at the door. His first thought was of thieves; then it occurred to him that the knock, which was now repeated, might proceed from a visitor. It was not until a third impatient knock was heard that M. Hyacinthe suddenly recollected that the individual at the door might be a future lodger. No sooner had this thought impressed itself on his mind, than, snatching up a light, and entirely forgetting his nightcap, he precipitately rushed to open the door. A pale, slender, fair-haired young man, about twenty, but whose manners were very cool and self-possessed, was standing on the dark landing. He was showily dressed, and smelt very strongly of Eau de Cologne; the thumb of his left hand was placed in the corresponding waistcoat pocket; in the other hand he held a small and flexible *badine*.

'Well, sir,' said he, frowning on M. Hyacinthe, as much as his very smooth forehead and eyebrows would allow him to frown, 'do you know that I have knocked five times at your door?'

'I protest, sir,' stammered forth M. Hyacinthe, 'I only heard three knocks.'

'Then, sir,' sternly observed the stranger, 'it was exceedingly impertinent in you not to open sooner. You have a room to let—show it to me!'

But M. Hyacinthe, who disliked his authoritative tone, promptly replied that the room was no longer to be let.

On hearing this the stranger betrayed great indignation. 'Why was there a bill up? Did he think gentlemen were to grope up dark stairs, and knock at doors, to be made fools of? He should insist on seeing the room!'

M. Hyacinthe protested, but the stranger was peremptory; and as it was one of his, M. Hyacinthe's, maxims, that a wise man ought to submit to anything in order to avoid a present risk, he yielded at length, though not without calling on every one to witness that he was no longer a free agent. As the stranger was the only person who could hear this protest, it was useless; but M. Hyacinthe's conscience was satisfied—he had done everything which a brave and peaceable man could do, and he proceeded to show the furnished room to the stranger, now fully warned of his illegal conduct. The young man cast a careless look around him, observed that the room suited him, and throwing two gold pieces

on the table, bade M. Hyacinthe pay himself for the first month's rent, and keep the change until another month was up. Without giving M. Hyacinthe the time to remonstrate, he proceeded to inform him that he could apply to Madame Schillard, his present landlady, for references, but that, as he hated hypocrisy, he would give him his character himself; and in order to do this with due comfort, he composedly sat down on the bed.

'My name,' he began, 'is Henri Renaudin. Is it my real name? That is of no consequence. My father is rich: I might live in his hotel if I liked; but there is a stepmother in the way, and I wish to be free. Still you will say—Why come to a poor place like this? I have private reasons for doing so; but to satisfy you, we will say a whim brought me hither, or rather let it be the wish of studying human nature in all its infinite variety;' and as though pleased with this euphonious sentence, M. Renaudin repeated it several times in a complacent tone.

M. Hyacinthe here wanted to slip in a remark; but the other was too quick for him. 'I know what you are going to say—Does my father allow me much? No; but I make him pay the same tailor's bills two or three times over: I never pay my tailor myself; it is really too shabby,' added M. Renaudin, with profound contempt for the meanness of such an act. 'You need not speak,' he continued, seeing that M. Hyacinthe was opening his mouth; 'I know what you are going to say—How do I get money? The easiest thing in the world: I have already spent three fortunes, of which I never touched a sou. My mother's fortune was the first. Oh, no! now I think of it, it was my cousin's five hundred thousand francs that went first. Ah! they are all gone. Then came my mother's property—gone too: and my old uncle's fortune is going now. He is still alive, but he has made a will in my favour, so that I live on my future expectations. You seem astonished: it is very easy: I can put you in the way: borrow money at the rate of two or three hundred per cent., spend it, give parties, and so forth; you will find that a moderate fortune does not last much more than a year. But you look economical: well, then, let us say eighteen months, if you wish to see old Isaac.'

'Thank you, sir,' precipitately interrupted M. Hyacinthe: 'you were speaking about your character?'

'You are welcome to it. In the first place, I am a dreadful gambler and a fearful spendthrift. I delight in throwing money out of the windows, and seeing the people rush and fight for it. Does this window look out on the street? No: ah, sorry for it. Never mind, we shall find an opportunity. I see you are greatly shocked; can't help it, my dear sir—family failing—my mother was a charming woman, but very extravagant, yet greatly admired by the other sex; and to say the truth, I believe that I have also inherited this peculiarity—that is to say, reversed; but I hate vanity, so we will drop the subject. Well, I think you have my character correctly now. Stop, I was forgetting one very remarkable peculiarity: I am dreadfully violent, a famous duellist, and when excited, would no more mind throwing you out of the window than I would the smoking of a cigar; and as an apt illustration of this happy comparison, M. Renaudin drew a cigar from his cigar-case, and lighting it from the candle held by M. Hyacinthe, began smoking it with great composure.

'Sir,' ejaculated the alarmed M. Hyacinthe, endeavouring to smile, 'this is only some pleasant joke of yours. Remember the window is very high; you would not have the heart to throw a poor man from a fourth floor?'

But M. Renaudin said he had the heart to do anything; should feel extremely sorry when it was all over, but could not help it; had therefore thought it best to mention this weakness, as it would be more pleasant to both parties if nothing of the kind occurred. 'And now,' he added, 'that everything is explained, I think that, as I feel rather sleepy, you may leave me.'

'I cannot allow that,' uneasily exclaimed M. Hyacinthe; 'I must give notice to the police.'

'I scorn the police,' answered Renaudin with deep contempt.

'Sir,' indignantly exclaimed M. Hyacinthe, who was gradually edging towards the door, 'you fail in the respect due to the constituted authorities: your language is very illegal.'

'I delight in everything illegal,' was Renaudin's profane reply.

'Then, sir,' resolutely observed M. Hyacinthe, now on the landing, 'I shall alarm the house.'

'Do,' answered M. Renaudin: 'there will be noise, fighting, smashing of window-panes, &c.—things in which I rejoice—another trait in my character. But if you have a bone or two broken in the affray, do not say you received no warning.'

This was uttered with such suavity of manner, and the speaker had such a fair, meek face, of which the most prominent features were large eyes of a pale blue, a fat nose, and a retreating chin, that he did not seem the most likely individual to carry his threat into execution. But M. Hyacinthe, who never trusted to appearances when his safety was at stake, submitted, though not without a protest, and ended by putting the two Napoleons into his pocket, and leaving M. Renaudin master of the field of battle. Fear was not his only reason for acting thus: being a considerate man, he did not like to disturb a quiet house. Nor was he sorry to let his room to an individual who could afford to throw money out of the window; for though it is very well to discountenance extravagant people, every one knows that it is profitable to deal with them in the long-run. The next morning, however, M. Hyacinthe did not neglect, as soon as his lodger was gone out—for he would not have ventured to leave the house sooner, lest M. Renaudin should carry off something in his absence, though, save an old candlestick and a pair of snuffers, there was nothing portable in the room—to call on his late landlady.

Madame Sébillard gave M. Renaudin an excellent character for steadiness and propriety of conduct; but this only roused the suspicions of M. Hyacinthe, who shrewdly concluded that she wanted to get rid of her late lodger—a fact which afforded him another conclusive proof of the universal tendency which every individual had to cheat and deceive him. He resolved, however, to watch his lodger's motions so strictly, as to leave him few opportunities of effecting any mischief. But though his vigilance was most persevering, he could discover nothing reprehensible in the conduct of M. Renaudin. This singular individual went out early in the morning, and came home late at night, occasionally hinting in a dark and mysterious manner at certain deeds of guilt and horror in which he had been engaged during the day; but though M. Hyacinthe's hair 'stood on end to hear him,' as he elegantly expressed it, this was all he could learn, and every one agreed that the information was exceedingly vague. There was, however, a kind of fearful charm in Renaudin's conversation for the peaceful Hyacinthe; for though of course it was very shocking to hear his guest speak with unparalleled and revolting coldness of the innocent hearts he had broken through mere wantonness, and of the foes whom he had laid in mortal combat at his feet—without speaking of all the tailors' bills which he had never paid—every one knows that those are subjects of the most thrilling interest, as any modern romance or drama can show. No wonder, therefore, that M. Hyacinthe, being fond of the dark and dismal, was fascinated by the gloomy discourse of Renaudin. And indeed he was not the only person on whom this mysterious individual exercised an influence: every one in the house, from M. Moreau the landlord, who lived on the first floor, to the portress in her lodge, and the little tailor in his garret, declared that there was something very strange about him. M. Moreau, who, having once been a deputy, and voted against the freedom of the press,

thought himself a marked man, asserted that it would be prudent to turn him out of the house at once, as he was probably the spy of a gang of thieves or conspirators, both of which characters were in his opinion identical; Madame Latour called him a libertine and *mauvais sujet*, and strictly forbade her niece Minna to cast even a look upon him; the old tailor gave a very diffuse opinion, in which there was something about the degeneracy of human nature, and the cut of M. Renaudin's coat, which was not, it seems, at all orthodox. M. Hyacinthe, who knew most on the subject, said least; 'for,' as he sententially observed, 'walls had ears.' Occasionally, however, he ventured to observe that there was something fatal about his lodger's look—that he was, like Napoleon, a child of destiny, &c.—with which observations every one agreed, as being remarkably applicable to M. Renaudin.

But such, however, was the exemplary conduct of this strange individual, so regularly did he pay his rent, and so nearly did he, upon the whole, behave like other people, that every one began to think him a commonplace fellow, and some persons went so far as to complain that they had been taken in. But events showed that their murmurs had been premature, and Renaudin soon let them see what he could do. First, however, it should be known that Madame Latour's niece Minna was greatly dissatisfied with her lot, which was indeed none of the most enviable. From the unlimited freedom of a country life, she had been transplanted to the gloom and confinement of her aunt's lodge; for Madame Latour, not being able to go out with her niece, had prudently determined that she should remain at home. Minna soon grew pale and melancholy; and her wise aunt concluded that she had formed an attachment for some one in the house. But who could be the object of her affections? Was it M. Moreau? M. Hyacinthe? or the old tailor? Impossible! A flash of light crossed Madame Latour's mind—it was Renaudin! True, she had no proof of this; but suspicion is a powerful magnifying-glass, and it enabled her to read looks, and understand the meaning of certain words otherwise unintelligible. When she discovered, therefore, one fine morning, that her ungrateful niece had run away from her, she could have no doubt that it was with the artful Renaudin, on whom she immediately vowed to be revenged, should he presume to show his face again in the house, which every one declared to be extremely unlikely.

But Renaudin proved that he was capable of anything, for he came home at his usual hour. Madame Latour began the attack by asking him politely—and her politeness being very uncommon, always foreboded some deep insult—what he had done with her niece Minna? M. Renaudin looked surprised, and protested he knew nothing about her; upon which the portress sharply asked him if he thought she was blind, and had not observed the looks her niece cast upon him? M. Renaudin did not deny that the young lady might entertain a tender feeling for him, but asserted that he had never given her the least encouragement. This presumption greatly incensed Madame Latour, who immediately asked M. Renaudin what he meant by it, and without giving him time to reply, overwhelmed him with abuse. It was in vain that he opened his lips to answer her invectives by a word of self-defence; for every time that the portress paused in her speech, being out of breath—which was not often—the lodgers, who had gathered around her, took up the strain, and declared that M. Renaudin ought to be ashamed of himself to speak so of a poor girl who had given-up everything for him! But Renaudin was indeed Renaudin the obdurate; for he refused to confess his guilt, and contemptuously termed the fair Minna a *provinciale*. Madame Latour being now exhausted, became hysterical; and declared that her darling Minna being gone, she had nothing to live for. She partly revived, however, when her friends bade her rouse herself for the sake of her lodgers; and she even exerted herself so much, as to

promise M. Renaudin, who was now going up to his room, that she would soon be revenged upon him.

And faithfully, indeed, did she keep her word. During a whole week, her foe could neither leave nor enter the house without hearing himself reproached by Madame Latour, with the abduction of her niece. But hatred has quick instincts; and the portress soon perceived that the graceless Renaudin was rather flattered at being thus reminded of the impression he had produced on the too-susceptible heart of the fair Minna: she accordingly sought for a surer method of inflicting a wound, and soon found a very effectual one, which she practised thrice with great success. This was to sleep so soundly at night, that she never heard her enemy's knock at the door, and that consequently M. Renaudin had to spend the night in the open air, which, as the portress managed to be particularly drowsy in rainy weather, was not always very pleasant. Of course when he came in in the morning, M. Renaudin raved at Madame Latour in an awful manner, and uttered such fearful threats of vengeance, that the alarmed M. Hyacinthe assured her the whole affair would end in something dreadful. But the portress was a dauntless woman; she continued to brave the anger of her foe in the most fearless manner, and seemingly without suffering in consequence.

Punishment, indeed, seemed in this case to fall on the head of the guilty individual; for such was the persecution M. Renaudin sustained on the subject of Minna, that the unhappy gentleman declared, in a tone of despair, he would leave the house unless it ceased. From morning till night, indeed, he heard of nothing but Minna. The female lodgers looked upon him with evident horror; the men remonstrated with him; and even the timid M. Hyacinthe used the most persuasive arguments in order to induce him to give up Minna.

'Sir!' exclaimed M. Renaudin, rolling his blue eyes in a portentous manner, 'if I hear the name of Minna again, I shall do something desperate!'

As it did not escape M. Hyacinthe that his lodger, whilst speaking thus, grasped a small pocket-pistol which was lying on the table, he hastened to retreat; but when he had left the room, he said in a loud tone, though perhaps not quite loud enough to be heard, 'Hard-hearted wretch!'

But the circumstance of the pistol, which he had never seen before, nevertheless dwelt in his mind. What did his lodger want it for? A duel or a suicide? M. Hyacinthe inclined rather towards the latter supposition. It seemed exceedingly likely that something fatal had befallen the unhappy Minna, and in such a case it was only natural that the guilty Renaudin's mind should be burdened with remorse; and every one knows that, in such dark and mysterious characters, remorse leads to the most dreadful extremities. The more he thought on the subject, the more M. Hyacinthe became convinced that it was his lodger's intention to commit some rash act; and remembering, with the most disinterested humanity, that he owed him nearly two months' rent, he resolved to save him in spite of himself. He immediately communicated his suspicions to the portress and M. Moreau, who both appeared much startled on hearing of the pistol. The landlord especially seemed thrown into an unusual state of agitation. He treated the idea of a suicide with mysterious contempt, and darkly asked M. Hyacinthe if he had never heard of such things as political assassination, and pistol-shots being fired at marked men? After which he made some unintelligible allusion to a warning letter, but ended by declaring that the pistol should be secured by all means; and that, in order to prevent him from committing mischief, Renaudin should be locked up in his room. But who was to beard the lion in his den? The portress and M. Moreau agreed that M. Hyacinthe was the most fit person to be intrusted with such a task. This worthy individual, however, who entertained a most considerate regard for his personal safety, declared it would be as much as his life was

worth to undertake such an office, as he knew Renaudin would fight like a tiger; but he hinted something about M. Moreau's great moral courage, and Madame Latour being safe on account of her sex; upon which the landlord eyed him askance, muttering something about hidden accomplices, whilst the portress sharply asked 'if M. Hyacinthe wanted to get rid of her that way?' It was at length agreed that the deed should be effected by cunning. At dead of night, therefore, when every one in the house was safely in bed, and fast asleep, Madame Latour raised up an alarm of fire in most unearthly accents. The lodgers, being all warned, took no notice of the fact, with the exception of the luckless Renaudin, who flew out of his room, and rushed down stairs as pale and breathless as though it would not have been as sure a method of committing suicide to remain in bed whilst the house was on fire, as any other which he might adopt. M. Hyacinthe, who was lying in ambush on the landing, immediately darted into the room, pounced upon the pistol, which was still lying on the table, caught up a box of razors, and hurried off with his spoil to his own apartment. On discovering that the alarm was a false one, M. Renaudin, who only saw in this another method taken by his enemy the portress to annoy him, gave her a ferocious look, and walked up to his room. His ill-humour was too great to enable him to perceive his loss, and it luckily made him neglect to lock his door.

But the next morning M. Renaudin missed his razors, then his pistol, and ended by discovering that he was locked up. His cries soon brought M. Hyacinthe to his door. The worthy gentleman then explained to his lodger through the keyhole that he was to remain a prisoner until he could prove that he no longer entertained hostile designs against his own person, and might be trusted with a debt. He added, however, that if M. Renaudin would solemnly promise not to throw himself into the Seine, nor to leap down from the towers of Notre Dame, nor to destroy himself in any manner whatsoever; and if he would pay down to him, M. Hyacinthe, the two months' rent which he owed him, and another month's rent to which he was entitled, not having received warning, he would see what he could do in order to free him from his bondage in two or three days' time. These conditions were, however, indignantly rejected by M. Renaudin, who vowed that he would have justice if there was law in the land, and appealed to the police for protection. But M. Hyacinthe reminded him that, as he delighted in everything illegal, and scorned the police, he had no right to complain; and thus ended the conference.

After walking about his room for some time in a state of great indignation, M. Renaudin gradually cooled down, and requested to speak to M. Hyacinthe and M. Moreau. When they were both on the landing, he again demanded an explanation of their conduct. M. Hyacinthe replied by saying that a pistol had been found in his room, and by hinting something about the unhappy Minna.

'Minna again!' groaned the captive in a tone of despair; adding with reckless calmness, 'How long do you mean to keep me a prisoner, and when will you give me anything to eat?'

M. Hyacinthe pretended not to hear this last question; and after a good deal of hesitation, M. Moreau said something about feeding one's enemies, and promised to send up M. Renaudin his breakfast. This meal, however, only consisted of a cup of cold coffee, with a very scanty supply of bread; but such as it was, M. Moreau took the precaution of not delivering it to the captive without previously exacting from him a solemn promise of not attempting to escape for the whole of that day. M. Renaudin, who was hungry, would have promised anything, and readily complied with this condition; the more so, as M. Moreau artfully gave him to understand that he was going to get a *déjeuner à la fourchette*. When he saw the deceit which had been practised upon him, he gave vent to his irri-

tated feelings in bitter and gloomy language 'about blighted hopes, and people being driven to do desperate deeds.' M. Hyacinthe, who was listening on the landing, shuddered as he remembered that the window was not fastened; but Renaudin was probably too much bent on vengeance to think of self-destruction, for he quietly ate his bread, drank his coffee, and when a few hours had passed away, asked if dinner was ever going to come up, or if they meant to starve him. In answer to this question, a dish of onion soup, with cold mutton and bread, soon made their appearance; but on beholding this sorry fare, M. Renaudin became so indignant, that he threatened to break all the window-panes in his room. M. Hyacinthe, alarmed by this menace, pacified him by a dubious promise of mending his bill of fare the next day. As he was meditating, however, on the best means of eluding this engagement, an event occurred which relieved him from his embarrassment.

News were received of Minna, who had now been gone more than a week. The father of the fugitive wrote to apologise for the conduct of his daughter, who, unable to bear a longer absence from home, had returned to the bosom of her family. Madame Latour was greatly incensed by this explanation of the guilty Minna's conduct; and though the innocence of Renaudin was now clearly proved, she threw the whole blame upon him. Every one, indeed, felt disappointed at this commonplace conclusion, and, like the portress, found fault with the luckless Renaudin. They had got into the habit of associating his name with that of Minna—no longer the unhappy; they had looked upon him with suspicion and horror; he had been for them that favourite theatrical character—the traitor of the melodrama; and lo! he now turned out to be a false traitor! In short, M. Renaudin was now despised for not having committed the act which had drawn down persecution upon him. M. Hyacinthe himself, who, when pleading the cause of Minna, had termed his lodger 'a hard-hearted wretch!' no sooner found him to be innocent, than he contemptuously called him 'a mean and spiritless fellow!' M. Moreau was the only individual who showed no disappointment or surprise. 'He knew all along,' he observed, 'that Minna had nothing to do with Renaudin's presence in the house.' And he dropped such mysterious hints on the subject, that every one shrewdly concluded there must be something in it. On being informed by M. Hyacinthe of the turn the affair had taken, M. Renaudin naturally enough expected to be released from his captivity; but though his landlord told him that he was free, it struck M. Renaudin that there was something very peculiar in his manner as he did so. M. Hyacinthe's first act, when this explanation was over, was to request his lodger to pay him the two months' rent, which happened to be due that very same day. M. Renaudin threw him the money with silent scorn; but without heeding this, his landlord examined each piece of silver with minute attention, counted and recounted the sum, and at length, apparently satisfied that it was right, put it into his pocket. When this was over, he produced a small packet of papers, which he laid on the table before his lodger. M. Renaudin saw that the papers were the bills of different tradesmen, concerning heavy debts contracted towards them by a Monsieur de St Maur. After eyeing them one by one with a bewildered look, he asked an explanation of M. Hyacinthe; but his landlord affected not to understand him. 'Surely monsieur needed no explanation; tradespeople had come to inquire whether Monsieur de St Maur lived in the house; and though monsieur had changed his name, they gave such an accurate description of his person, that Madame Latour knew it must be he. He had nothing to do with the whole affair; and if the next time monsieur went out he was apprehended by the *gardes du commerce*, he could not prevent it.'

'Sir,' said M. Renaudin with a sort of desperate calmness, 'before we attempt to elucidate this new and mysterious affair, let me know whether I am to hear anything more about the unhappy Minna.'

M. Hyacinthe gravely replied that the Minna affair was over; on hearing which, his lodger thanked Heaven with great fervour—for he had felt it impossible to divest himself of secret misgivings on this point—and proceeded to inform him that he laboured under a mistake in supposing him to be Monsieur de St Maur. But M. Hyacinthe only smiled incredulously. 'It was no business of his, but monsieur could not expect him to believe this.' Such, however, seemed to be M. Renaudin's intention; but his efforts proved fruitless. M. Hyacinthe remained convinced that 'monsieur's real name was not Renaudin, and must consequently be St Maur. Monsieur had his private reasons for lodging in such a poor place as this; monsieur thought it shabby to pay his tailor; evidently monsieur was the individual in question.'

'Very well,' returned the exasperated Renaudin, 'I suppose I am Monsieur de St Maur. But granting this, what business is it of yours?' he fiercely added.

'Don't bully me, sir!' loftily observed M. Hyacinthe, making a dignified retreat towards the door. 'I am not one of your unfortunate tradesmen to bear with it. If you wish to leave this house, you can do so at once.'

'I protest against this,' exclaimed a voice from the landing; 'and I hope that if monsieur has anything like decent feeling left, he will wait for the arrival of the two police officers for whom I am going to send, and who cannot be long without making their appearance, and allow himself to be quietly taken to prison.'

'To prison!—police officers! Well, what have I done now?' asked Renaudin with a gloomy smile. 'Killed or murdered?'

'Monsieur Hyacinthe,' continued the voice on the landing, 'I call you to witness that he has confessed his horrible intent in the plainest terms! No, sir, you have not done the deed, but your design against my life was not the less criminal. I consider my escape a miraculous one!'

At the conclusion of this speech, M. Moreau, who was the speaker, ventured so far as to look into the room, though he prudently remained behind M. Hyacinthe, whose person acted as an effectual shield for his own.

'Now what does this mean?' wildly exclaimed the unhappy M. Renaudin.

'This means,' continued M. Moreau, 'that monsieur's real character and designs are now known; that there are such things as traitors among conspirators, and that people may receive letters by which they learn that they are going to be murdered; and though the name of the murderer may be concealed, monsieur will easily understand that there is no difficulty in guessing at it.'

The unhappy M. Renaudin heard this speech in the silence of dismay; but when it was over—'So,' he exclaimed, sinking down on a seat in a kind of solemn fury, 'so it seems no silly girl can run off, no madman squander his money, and no fool think himself a murdered man, but I must be the seducer, the spendthrift, and the assassin! Really, gentlemen, I am greatly obliged to you.'

'Sir,' dryly replied M. Hyacinthe, 'I had your character from your own lips; and events have shown that you were, as you boasted, remarkably sincere.'

M. Renaudin thrust his left hand into the opening of his waistcoat, and assumed the Napoleon attitude, in order to bid defiance to his enemies with more effect; but a bright thought seemed to flash across his mind, and he suddenly checked himself.

'Leave me,' said he in an authoritative tone; 'and let me have pen, ink, and paper: there is that on my mind which must be revealed. Yes,' he solemnly added, 'all shall be confessed. But remember,' he continued in a menacing tone, 'to let no one even approach the door of this room, or linger on the staircase, until half an hour at least has elapsed.'

Fear and curiosity induced M. Moreau and M. Hyacinthe to comply with this request; for the former was fully convinced that the alarmed Renaudin was going

to sacrifice his friends to his safety, and reckoned on the names of a dozen accomplices at the very least; whilst M. Hyacinthe gloomily congratulated himself on the tale of horror which his lodger was going to unfold. A lingering feeling of suspicion, however, induced them to remain on the first floor landing until the half hour was over, when they impatiently hurried up stairs. Renaudin's room door was partly open, and M. Hyacinthe cautiously peeped in. A light was burning on the table, and a letter was lying near it; but Renaudin had vanished. The truth flashed across his mind; he rushed in, tore the letter open, and read its contents aloud:—

'The manifold persecutions which I have endured in this house, compel me to retire from the shelter of its inhospitable roof, as I feel convinced that designs against either my life or property are entertained by certain individuals who dwell beneath it. All I say to my persecutors is, that they may live to repent of their conduct.'

'Monsieur Hyacinthe,' exclaimed M. Moreau in a prophetic tone, 'mark my words—I am a dead man; and he retired to his apartment with the heroic air of a man resigned to the prospect of being shot at the first opportunity.

But M. Hyacinthe's personal fears were outweighed on this occasion by his curiosity, which was greatly excited by Renaudin's mysterious disappearance. Madame Latour's assertion, that the fugitive had effected his escape by going down a back staircase, and opening the street door whilst she was asleep in her lodge, he always treated with the contempt which such a commonplace explanation deserved. Indeed M. Hyacinthe would have been rather sorry to find out the truth. As his late lodger owed him nothing, and had done him no real injury, he found it pleasant, upon the whole, to have been connected with such a fearful and desperate character. There was, as he poetically expressed it, 'a horrid charm in it, and food for the imagination.' Fate, however, seemed perversely bent on dispelling the romance and mystery with which he had invested Renaudin, and to show this luckless individual in the most commonplace aspect. In the first place, it was ascertained shortly after his disappearance that he was not M. de St Maur; then, as though this was not bad enough, M. Hyacinthe discovered amongst the few articles which his lodger had left behind him a small book, from which he learned that M. Renaudin had 1500 francs in the savings' bank—a mean and paltry piece of economy, which made M. Hyacinthe justly indignant, as affording another proof of the gross manner in which he had been taken in. He was still smarting under the mortification of this discovery, when a friend of his treacherous lodger came to claim, in his name, the pistol—which also turned out to be a mere counterfeit, as, whether loaded with powder or lead, it would not go off—the razors, and the book. M. Hyacinthe delivered up the articles with a hope that this was the last time he should hear of their owner. Such, however, was not to be the case, for the very same day Madame Latour triumphantly asked him if he knew who Renaudin was? M. Hyacinthe said 'No,' with the air of a man resigned to anything he may hear.

'I got it all out of his friend!' exclaimed the portress with evident exultation. 'He is—a hairdresser!'

M. Hyacinthe was at first stunned by this new blow: the splendid, the extravagant, the terrible Renaudin a hairdresser! But no: it could not be: he would not believe it. But, alas! even his scepticism was obliged to yield to the evidence of his senses; for the hairdresser to whose establishment the redoubtable Renaudin belonged, took a shop in a neighbouring street, so that longer doubt was impossible. There have been, however, such things as romantic hairdressers; but though M. Hyacinthe fancied for a time that Renaudin might belong to that class, this was a short-lived illusion. The young man, according to the universal testimony, led a most exemplary life: instead of going

to drink or dance at the barrier, he spent his Sundays with his family, occasionally indulging in the harmless amusement of taking out his sisters for a walk. On learning these circumstances, M. Hyacinthe bitterly declared that 'he gave him up.' His only comfort under this trying dispensation was, that Renaudin afforded a living proof of the tendency which made every individual seek to cheat and deceive him.

There is no knowing how M. Moreau might have acted under the influence of the dangerous neighbourhood in which he was now placed, if he had not discovered about this time that the anonymous letter which had caused him so much alarm was only a practical joke of one of his friends—a fact which he took in high dudgeon. As for M. Renaudin, he seemed to bear very philosophically the degrading position to which he was reduced in the eyes of his former acquaintances. Perhaps he had learned, from personal experience, that though it is very fine and agreeable to be thought a desperate sort of character, it occasionally happens to be inconvenient, as there are simple people who will take you at your word, whatever ill qualities you may bestow on yourself. However that may be, it will perhaps be gratifying to the reader to state, that Renaudin continues to be the same exemplary character he always was; he has forsworn all ambitious thoughts, and is satisfied with being considered one of the most prudent, economical, and gentle professors of his gentle craft.

THE DINORNIS.

In the year 1839, a sailor on board a New Zealand ship brought to London a fragment of an old bone, which, according to his statement, was declared by the natives of that country to be part of the leg-bone of the 'Movie,' a large bird of the eagle kind, and that similar remains were often found in the mud-banks at the mouths of rivers. The relic was offered for sale at various scientific institutions, but was rejected by the naturalists who examined it, as being nothing more than a portion of the marrow-bone of an ox, or some analogous quadruped. At last it reached the hands of Professor Owen at the Royal College of Surgeons: this skillful anatomist compared it with the bones of various mammalia, but found no correspondence between them; further examination of the structure of the fragment led him to pronounce it to be part of the thigh-bone of a *Struthious** bird, or bird of the ostrich genus. The specimen, which was not more than six inches long, and weighed but a little over seven ounces, was sufficient to enable the professor to predicate on the nature of the animal to which it had belonged; and he described the latter as having been a heavier and more sluggish bird than the ostrich of the present day, offering at the same time, in the communication which he made on the subject to the Zoological Society, to stake his reputation on the correctness of his conclusions. Thus, on a comparatively insignificant piece of bone, was the existence, either actual or recent, of an extraordinary bird affirmed; a remarkable triumph of reason, combined with a habit of correct observation.

In 1843, a letter received from one of the missionaries resident in New Zealand gave some further information on this interesting subject. The writer stated that he had seen large quantities of the bones, numerous specimens of which had been forwarded to an eminent geologist in this country. At a search made, with the assistance of the natives, the bones of as many as thirty birds were collected: the largest of these measured two feet ten inches long. They were described as having been found in abundance at Poverty Bay; and according to the same authority, many singular traditions respecting the bird, which was called the *Moa*, were current among the aborigines. They held it to be sacred, and reported it to be still in existence in the

* See a sketch of the family *Struthionidae*, in No. 613, old series.

sacred district of Tongariro, and the mountains of the middle island. 'Two Englishmen,' pursued the writer, 'had been taken out by a native at night to watch for the bird which he had described to them; they saw it, but were so frightened, that they did not dare to shoot at it, though they had gone out expressly to do so.' Notwithstanding frequent rumours of the birds being still alive, subsequent researches have rendered it probable that their extinction took place more than a century ago.

On the arrival of the bones referred to in the letter quoted above, they were transferred to Mr Owen, who, with the multiplied materials thus placed at his command, was enabled to produce a complete figure of the animal in a drawing. So extraordinary was its stature, that he proposed for it the name of *Dinornis*, from two Greek words signifying frightful bird. The conclusions which the professor had drawn were abundantly verified; the species was found to be distinct from any other large bird with which we are acquainted. 'Its dimensions,' he writes, 'prove the *dinornis* of New Zealand to be the most gigantic of known birds. There is little probability that it will ever be found, whether living or extinct, in any other part of the world than the islands of New Zealand or parts adjacent. At all events, the *Dinornis Nova Zelandiae* will always remain one of the most extraordinary of the zoological facts in the history of those islands; and it may not be saying too much to characterise it as one of the most remarkable acquisitions to zoology in general which the present century has produced.'

That the bones were of comparatively recent date, was proved by their containing a large amount of animal matter, with no appearances of petrification, as seen in fossils generally. Five distinct species have been fully made out, the largest of which, *Dinornis giganteus*, must have stood ten feet in height, with a foot from twelve to sixteen inches in length. Others were seven and four feet high. It is an interesting fact, that a link connecting these extinct tribes with the present time is yet to be found living in New Zealand. The apteryx, or wingless bird of that country, dwindled down to the size of a turkey, remains the last representative of the moa race, destined in turn speedily to disappear, as it is much sought after for its feathers, which are used to decorate the persons of the chiefs. The bird is at the present time extremely rare, and making its appearance only at night, is very difficult of capture.

The arrival of a large quantity of bones during the past year, has greatly increased the interest on the subject of the *dinornis*. They have been made the subject of a lecture, delivered at the London Institution by Dr Mantell, whose son collected and forwarded the bones to England. The writer was among those fortunate enough to be present at the doctor's exposition, an outline of which imparts a general view of what is known respecting the extinct birds. The lecturer had received a letter from his son but two days previously to the public discourse, and was enabled, among his other diagrams, to exhibit a view of the New Zealand coast from Wanganui to New Plymouth, in which district the bones are found in the greatest abundance, and chiefly on the banks of a small river which descends from the rocky heights of Mount Egmont. This portion of the island-shore appears to have been considerably upheaved at no very remote period, as the banks of the river near its mouth are one hundred feet high, the base consisting of a blue clay, covered with a layer of sand five or six feet in thickness, above which, to the surface, is a mass of conglomerate. It is in the layer of sand that the bones of the moa are found. Had it been necessary to dig down through the bed of conglomerate, they would not repay the labour; but in one part of its course the river makes a sharp bend round a peninsulated area, composed of drift, and free from superincumbent rocks. Mr Mantell's excavations in this place were well rewarded by the discovery of more than seven hundred bones; many of these were lying on the table

in front of the lecturer, and their dimensions more than confirmed all that had been previously advanced by Professor Owen. An entire skeleton, it was stated, would have been secured, but for the opposition of the natives, who crowded round the excavators, and destroyed the relics as fast as they were exhumed. The work of destruction was the more easy, as the bones were found in a soft state, owing to the wet condition of the sand in which they were imbedded. In his recent work on the Geology of Russia, Sir R. Murchison records a similar instance of opposition on the part of the Bashkirs, who protested against the removal of mammoth bones from their territories. It was only by working early in the morning, and late in the evening, when no natives were present, that Mr Mantell was able to obtain the bones with which he has enriched the science of this country. Dr Mantell states that the birds must have been exceedingly numerous, roaming over the island in 'swarms,' the largest of them with a length of stride from six to seven feet. His drawing of the entire animal, ten feet in height, presented an interesting specimen of nature's handiwork on a gigantic scale. He described the adze-like form of the bill, and the peculiar conformation of the skull in its union with the neck, the muscular power of which must have been tremendous, rendering it easy for the bird to dig up the roots of esculent ferns, which in all probability formed its food, and which are still among the principal vegetable productions of the country.

In addition to the bones, numerous portions of eggshells of the moa have been discovered; these present all the appearance of having been for some time exposed to the action of running water. The original size of the egg, as stated by the lecturer, was such that a hat would have formed a suitable egg-cup. The fragments are of a light cream colour; and the structure of the shell, which is relatively thin, is altogether different from that of the ostrich and emu. To some of the specimens a portion of the interior membrane was still adherent, showing that a young bird had been hatched within them in the usual way.

In the course of the lecture, Dr Mantell adverted to the objections which have from time to time been made to the fact of the disappearance of certain races of animals from the earth. It is, however, unquestionable, that in the changes which the crust of our globe has undergone, many have become extinct, or have been exterminated by human agency. Even in countries where no convulsion has taken place during the current era, species have passed away, and been replaced by others, as it were in obedience to a definite natural law, under which certain races were endowed with a power of existence for a definite period only. In our own country, the hyena, wolf, wild-boar, beaver, bear, and Irish elk, are among the most remarkable instances of comparatively recent extinction.

Another important instance occurs in the history of that singular bird the dodo. When the Mauritius was first colonised by the Dutch about the year 1640, this bird was found in great numbers in that group of islands, and was for a long time the chief food of the inhabitants. In 1638, a dodo was exhibited in London as a notable curiosity; and in Savery's picture of 'Orpheus Charming the Beasts,' preserved at the Hague, is a drawing of the bird; but at the present time a few fragments only are known to be in existence—a head and foot at the Ashmolean Museum, a leg in the British Museum, and a skull in the museum at Copenhagen. This fact, occurring at so recent a period, amply confirms the arguments brought forward with respect to the law of extinction. It is probable that the disappearance of the moa preceded that of the dodo; both, however, may have taken place within the past hundred and fifty years.

The lecturer, in conclusion, pointed out the remarkable fact, that no native quadruped has ever been found in New Zealand; and that the present indigenous vegetable productions of the country are similar to those

which existed in earlier periods of geological history—the carboniferous and triassic eras—in Europe and other parts of the world, before the appearance of mammalia. The Galapagos Islands, too, lying in the Pacific Ocean, as described by Mr Darwin, furnish another most interesting example; a living specimen, so to speak, of one of the earth's former conditions—the reptile age of the secondary period. The islands are about ten in number, the largest a hundred miles long, and consist entirely of volcanic rocks. In the whole group there are two thousand craters, some of immense height, and still smoking. Everything about these islands is peculiar, and without a parallel elsewhere: the vegetation is chiefly coarse grass and ferns; a mouse is the only mammal, and this is confined to one of the islands; the birds are such as are never met with in other countries, while enormous tortoises and lizards exist in thousands. In fact, to quote Mr Darwin's words, 'this Archipelago is a little world within itself: most of the organic productions are aboriginal creations, found nowhere else. Seeing every height crowned with its crater, and the boundaries of most of the lava-streams still distinct, we are led to believe that, within a period geologically recent, the unbroken ocean was here spread out. Hence, both in time and space, we seem to be brought somewhat near to that great fact—that mystery of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on this earth.'

DIPPINGS INTO OLD MAGAZINES.

THE GENTLEMAN'S FOR 1748.

THE original idea of a magazine was—a receptacle for selections from the newspapers. They were received here, as into a storehouse or *magazine*, and thus redeemed from the ephemeral destiny to which the remaining matters of the public journals were condemned. The 'Gentleman's Magazine,' commenced in 1731 by Edward Cave, and for many years without any worthy rival in this walk of literature, had on its front, besides the well-known rude cut of St John's Gate, Clerkenwell (where Cave had his printing-office), the list of London and provincial papers from which the selection was made. This work, however, was also furnished with original literary articles, in prose and poetry; and seldom did a number appear without one or more engravings, some of these being maps, some of them representations of public buildings, or objects of antiquity, while others depicted new inventions in the useful arts.

The volume for 1748 shows in a sufficiently striking manner the change which has come over magazines in the course of a hundred years. Its dark paper, coarse print, and homely engravings, strike the eye at once as in strong contrast with the externals of the nominally same class of works in the present day. The literary contents are in equally violent contrast, though perhaps the superiority of the modern over the ancient is here less certain. At least we think it might be contended, that if the magazine of 1748 is full of homely and simple matters, few of which ascend to the character of elegant literature, that of 1848 is marked by straining after effect, which is by no means calculated to give greater pleasure to a sound taste. The old work addresses itself to the time. It gives accounts of places where armies or fleets are operating. It overlooks nothing new in science or art. It chronicles all great men deceased, and forms a faithful register of events, which obviously may afterwards be referred to with advantage. It seems to us highly questionable if the neglect of these matters, for the sake of filling the brochure from end to end with extravagant fictions, and long political discussions, is an improvement in the modern magazines. We fear that the magazine has departed from the spirit of its mission in some degree.

At the commencement of the 'Gentleman's' in 1748, we have a treatise on short-hand writing; an edict of the

magistrates of Reading against profane swearing; and an exposure of poor Carte's unlucky account of the cure of king's evil, by the touch of the so-called Pretender. Then follow extracts from the memoirs of the Swedish Academy, making honourable mention of the writings of Linnæus, which must have been new at that time to England. One of the first things of a strongly characteristic nature which meets us, is a remonstrance from Holland, setting forth that the want of corn in France is a thing notorious; that to keep up the famine there, is a point of great consequence to the powers at war with France; that, nevertheless, British merchants are busy introducing corn there, for which they get large prices. 'Sure,' says this precious document, 'there can be no law too severe against such traitors to their country. This is a matter which ought to fall under the examination of his Britannic majesty's council, too wise and too prudent not to discern what mischief the transporting of corn and other provisions into France does to the common cause; more mischief, we may boldly say, than all the troops which Great Britain has in the Low Countries can do good.' Follows upon this a letter from an Honest Farmer, who, though not insensible of the benefit of a good market for the superabundant grain in England, manfully declares—'Though I have a pretty large stock by me, I'd sooner send it to the bottom of my pond, or turn it out into the yard to feed the sparrows (one of our greatest plagues), than let one grain go to help a Frenchman from starving.' The reality of the whole matter is shown by a proclamation given at St James's on the 19th February, to 'strictly prohibit and forbid all our subjects of Great Britain, Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Isle of Man, Minorca, and the town and port of Gibraltar, and of any of our colonies and plantations in America, and all our other dominions, that they do not directly or indirectly carry on any commerce, trade, or traffic with France, or any other of the dominions of the said French king, upon pain of our highest displeasure.' We suppose this would be so far effectual, though it would appear that the instincts of the country gentlemen showed a considerable inclination to stand up for the feeding of the national enemies, on the score of its beneficial effect in enabling the farmers to pay their taxes, so as the better to support active hostilities against France.

Some curious traits of domestic manners are presented throughout these pages. There is an epigram 'On the Ladies Chewing Tobacco.'

* * *
'A sweeter weed Virginia yields
Than grows in all Arabia's fields.
Bright Beauty's queen no longer loves
The posy plucked from myrtle groves;
And alights the flowers of Cyprus' isle,
For the odorous plant of Indian soil;
For well she knows she owes to this
The balmy breath, the ambrosial kiss.'

Several references are made to the Pantin, a kind of toy in the form of a paper puppet, which was then newly introduced to use among British dames, being an invention of Mademoiselle Pantine, 'one of Marshal Saxe's ladies.' It is spoken of as 'what former ages could never have dreamt of, what posterity will hardly believe—a piece of pasteboard, huddled into a head, arms, and legs, is found to be a proper subject of entertainment for a creature always thought something above a machine or a brute.' While the peace was negotiating at Aix-la-Chapelle, there appears a song on this piece of frivolity:—

'I sing not of battles that now are to cease,
Nor carols my muse in the praise of a peace;
To show that she's oft in good company been,
She humbly begs leave to sing Monsieur Pantin.

... pray observe that strange thing made for show,
That compound of powder and nonsense, a beau;
So limber his joints, and so strange is his mien,
That you cry as he walks, look you there's a Pantin!

How oft have we heard that the ladies love change,
And from one entertainment to t'other will range;
In this they are constant, what difference was seen,
When they laid down the fribble, and took the Pantin?"

Rather oddly, that chequered cloth, called in its own country tartan, but which the people of England insist on calling *plaid*—which is much the same as if they were to call velvet by the term *coat collar*—was at this time in fashion, while the legislature was endeavouring to suppress it in Scotland, as a symbol and stimulator of rebellion. It seems to have been assumed as a safe method of expressing favour for a cause past all other befriending. Euryalus lashes the modern *plaid*-wearers in the following somewhat pithy strains:—

'What do I see! ridiculously clad
Our English beaus and belles in Highland plaid,
The dress of rebels, by our laws forbid!
No matter—why should friends or foes be hid?
By this distinctive badge are traitors shown,
Sure as freemasons by their signals known.
Yet say, ye dastards, who in peaceful days
Look big, drink healths, and hope a traitor's praise,
In what dark corner did ye lurk, when late
To the last crisis Edward pushed his fate?
Skulking behind the laws ye wished to break,
Ye dared risk nothing for your prince's sake;
Tameless ye saw his promised succours fall,
And William's arms, like Aaron's rod, prevail.
True to no side, ye bats of human kind,
Despised by both, for public scorn designed,
Still by your dress distinguished from the rest,
Be James's sorrow, and be George's jest.'

A few particulars regarding the unfortunate partisans of the House of Stuart are scattered here and there. We hear of the pardoned Earl of Cromarty going to reside at that place in Devonshire in which he was condemned to spend the remainder of his life. (What a punishment, by the way, for a Ross-shire man!) The death of Cameron of Lochiel is mentioned, 'colonel of a regiment in the French service, composed of Camerons and other rebels.' A writer in the *Daily Advertiser*, speculating on the means of employing the discharged seamen of the navy, is strong for planting them as fishers in the Highlands, and giving them a bounty of five shillings on every barrel of herrings—a branch of industry which 'would people and cultivate those wastes in Scotland which are only a harbour at present for the barbarous clans, who are bred up in ignorance, poverty, and dependence, and are the scandal, as well as a nuisance, to their mother country.' At the peace, Prince Charles Edward is forced to leave France, in order to please the British government. The French king writes to the Swiss canton of Friburg, asking an asylum for him, which was granted. Up then starts Mr Barnaby, the English minister to the Swiss cantons, and expresses to the Magnificent Lords of Friburg the astonishment of the king of Great Britain at learning that they were to give refuge to the Pretender's eldest son, 'whose race is odious to all British subjects, and proscribed by the laws of Great Britain.' 'Such a step on your part, without the participation of your co-allies, would be a pretty odd contrast to the cordial expressions, so full of gratitude, contained in the letter which the laudable Helvetic body so lately wrote to his majesty!' Helvetic flesh and blood could not stand the insolence of the remonstrance, and they accordingly wrote to Mr Barnaby, that his letter 'was drawn up in terms of so little respect, and so improper to be addressed to a sovereign state, that we think it deserves no answer.' After all, the poor prince preferred taking up his residence in the pope's city of Avignon.

A curious illustration of a national, and we fear persevering foible, is given in the form of a *Pharmacopœa Empirica*, a list of quack medicines then in vogue, two hundred and two in number, specifying their professed objects, their inventors and patentees, and their prices. These last do not appear low in comparison with the cost of such articles in the present day: many are 5s., and even 10s. 6d. per box or bottle. Dr Belloc's pills for rheumatism (!) are 20s. a box, and Mr Parker's for the stone

2s. 6d. a pill. Two hundred and two quack medicines, what a battery against the stomach and the pocket of poor Jean Bull! But this was not the only form of delusion about health. A number of reports are given from country correspondents regarding a certain Bridget Bostock, a poor old woman living in a hovel near Namptwich in Cheshire, and who was believed to be able to cure all diseases. One gentleman makes the following statement:—'Old Bridget Bostock fills the country with as much talk as the rebels did. She hath, all her lifetime, made it her business to cure her neighbours of sore legs and other disorders; but her reputation seems now so wonderfully to increase, that people come to her from far and near. A year ago she had, as I remember, about forty under her care, which I found afterwards increased to one hundred a-week, and then to one hundred and sixty. Sunday se'nnight, after dinner, my wife and I went to this doctress' house, and were told by Mr S— and Tom M—, who kept the door, and let people in by fives and sixes, that they had that day told six hundred she had administered to, besides her making a cheese. She at length grew so very faint (for she never breaks her fast till she has done), that at six o'clock she was obliged to give over, though there were then more than sixty persons whom she had not meddled with. Monday last she had seven hundred, and every day now pretty near that number. She cures the blind, the deaf, the lame of all sorts, the rheumatic, king's evil, hysteric fits, falling fits, shortness of breath, dropsy, palsy, leprosy, cancers, and, in short, almost everything; and all the means she uses for cure are only stroking with fasting spittle, and praying for them. It is hardly credible to think what cures she daily performs: some people grow well whilst in the house, others on the road home, and it is said none miss. People come sixty miles round. In our lane, where there have not been two coaches seen before these twelve years, now three or four pass in a day, and the poor come by cart-loads. She is about seventy years of age, and keeps old Bostock's house, who allowed her thirty-five shillings a-year wages; and though money is offered her, yet she takes none for her cures. Her dress is very plain: she wears a flannel waistcoat, a green linsey apron, a pair of clogs, and a plain cap, tied with a halfpenny lace. So many people of fashion come now to her, that several of the poor country people make a comfortable subsistence by holding their horses. In short, the poor, the rich, the lame, the blind, and the deaf, all pray for her, and bless her, but the doctors curse her.'

The lists of marriages and deaths are well worth looking over. In the former case, when the lady has any fortune, it is always stated: thus, 'Vilters, Earle of Tedbury, Esq., to Miss Sterling of Newington, 20,000l.' Nor are personal charms overlooked: '— Sydney, Esq. of Cranfield, Derbyshire, to Miss Sutton, a celebrated beauty, 10,000l.' In the obituary, wealth is also duly noted: thus, 'Mr Halsey, master of a glass-house at Limehouse, worth 50,000l.' or, 'Thomas Walker, Esq. surveyor-general, worth 300,000l.' The legacies of deceased persons to public charities are always recorded. Sometimes a historical name illumines the page with association, as, 'Mrs Bracegirdle, a celebrated actress of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., but had since retired to live on her fortune; or, 'Mr James Thomson, the celebrated author of the *Seasons*, &c. at his dwelling, Richmond, Surrey, of a violent fever. His inoffensive, benevolent disposition, and excellent genius, make his death a public loss.' In the following notice, our attention is called to one whose name will ever be recollected in connection with a useful public service: 'March 7, Rt. Hon. George Wade, Esq. field-marshal of his Majesty's forces, Lieutenant-general of the ordnance, and of his Majesty's Privy-Council, aged 80. His first commission bore date Dec. 26, 1690, whence he rose, under four succeeding reigns, to the highest honours of his profession. . . . In 1724 he commanded in Scotland, and made the roads through the High-

lands. . . . He died worth above 100,000!.' Everybody must remember the Irish officer's distich on the works of this great marshal—

'Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have lifted up your hands, and blessed General Wade.'

THE POOR THE FRIENDS OF THE POOR.

EVERY one who really wishes well to the labouring classes, must equally rejoice when he hears of what is creditable to them, and deplore the reverse. We have heard much of late years of kindness shown by the poor to each other; and for our part, we would rather hear of one act of genuine courtesy and help performed by one humble family to another living on the same *stair-head*, and struck by poverty or sorrow, than be told of the most generous benefaction from a rich man towards a public charity, however well-timed, or however directly serviceable. It were, however, vain to attempt to prove any peculiar limitation of generosity to classes. It is just as true that there is much liberality among the more affluent classes towards the poor, as amongst the poor towards each other; and it is not more certain that the poor find oppressors among the rich, than that they find such among themselves.

A gentleman of humane and liberal disposition, conversing with us on these points, remarked—'One day, not above a week ago, I had a curious series of practical commentaries brought before me, on the notion which some entertain as to who are the sources of misery to the poor. Walking out in the morning, I observed a washerwoman bending under a heavy load at a little distance before me. She had stopped at the bottom of a short flight of steps leading up to the door of what we in Edinburgh call a common stair, where there was a bell and a small name-plate for each family living in the house. As I approached, she asked a working lad who was passing to go up and see if the name of a particular family was among these plates. Not doubting that he would do so, I passed on, but presently looking back, I observed the lad lounging carelessly along, while the poor overladen woman was slowly toiling up the flight of steps to ascertain the fact for herself. I need not say that I lamented being out of time to save the woman the perhaps needless trouble. In the course of the day, a person in extremely reduced circumstances called upon me to interst, for the sake of old acquaintance, a small sum to save his remains of furniture from a landlord of his own grade. In the evening, as I was going home through the dark and rainy streets, I passed a mendicant boy who was endeavouring to excite the compassion of the passengers. Several boys of the humbler class were standing by, mocking him. When I had gone on thirty yards, I heard a cry of genuine distress. It came from the beggar, upon whom I found a couple of the boys had fallen with their fists, apparently through mere wantonness. Alas, thought I, for the kindness of the poor to the poor! From this one day's observations, it would appear to be a rule not without heavy exceptions.'

Another friend, who has extensive connections with working men, remarked to us one day, of his own accord, how often he found instances of oppression exercised towards them by persons of their own grade. He related an instance of the conduct of a man who kept a tavern, in recovering a debt from a very unfortunate person whom the law had placed in his power, entirely against the spirit of equity; it was such as to excite the greatest indignation. On the other hand, the sufferings of small dealers from reckless conduct on the

part of their customers are often very great. The owner of a number of dwellings of a humble kind informs us that the falsehoods and evasions employed by his tenants to avoid paying him any rent, would scarcely be credited by persons unacquainted with the lower walks of life.

Mr Frederick Hill, in his pamphlet on the 'Economic Defence of the Country,' adduces a class of mischiefs which his official duty has brought strongly under his notice. 'Though happily,' he says, 'the leaders in these [trades'] unions are now gradually losing their power by the increased diffusion of intelligence and knowledge, I am convinced that the rules of these unions, and the measures taken to enforce them, still form the greatest tyranny in the country. Indeed even the Irish outrages may be traced to the same principle on which so many trades' unions act—a determination to force upon others, even by the most violent means, their own views of what is just, or at least of what is conducive to their own interests.'

'If the masters, however, suffer by such tyranny, it presses with increased weight upon the more unprotected workpeople.

'The following statement was lately made to me by an inmate of the county prison at Kirkdale, near Liverpool; and the chaplain of the prison stated that, from his knowledge of the man, he should believe what he said:—"I am a collier. I was born at St Helen's, and have lived there most of my life. I have been three times in prison, each time for stealing. I was driven each time by want to steal. I have sometimes been two or three days without anything to eat. I applied several times to the parish, but they would not do anything for me. . . . I could not get any work, because I did not belong to the union. The masters would have employed me, but the men would not let them. Every man, when he first joins the union, has to pay a guinea, and I had not the money. I was anxious to work, but I was not allowed. I had got out of the union in consequence of getting behind with my union money, and not being able to pay up. I had been ill for some time, and could not work, or earn any money." The chaplain of this prison added, that within the last two or three years two sawyers had been murdered, in consequence of their continuing to work contrary to the orders of one of the unions.

'The following statement was lately made to me by the superintendent of police at Sheffield, who said that he could occupy the whole day in reciting similar cases:—"Some of the unions, he stated, forbid those employed at their trade, whether in the unions or not, to work more than a certain number of days per week, and restrict them to a certain number of hours on those days. The following case he mentioned as illustrative of the evils arising from this tyrannical interference with the liberties of others:—"Some time ago, a Sheffield manufacturer received a large order from America, which he was required to complete by a certain time, the goods having to be despatched by a particular vessel. The last day of the term had arrived, and the work was nearly finished, when, at four o'clock (the day being Saturday), the foreman came to the manufacturer, and told him that the men were leaving their work, and that the goods would not be finished in time. The manufacturer directed that the men should be immediately assembled, and he told them that if they went before the work was completed, he should lose several thousand pounds. He said they knew that a few hours would be sufficient for all that remained to be done, and

that he must insist upon their completing their task. He reminded them that he had always been considerate of their interests; and said it was monstrous that in a case in which he had so large a stake, his own interest should be set at naught, and this, too, when he was willing to give them the full value of every stroke of work they performed. He added, that if they persisted in quitting the manufactory at that hour, and leaving the work unfinished, not one of them should ever return, be the consequence to himself what it might. The men replied that they knew he had always been a kind master to them, but that they were not allowed by the union to work after four o'clock on Saturday afternoon; they added, however, that if he would give them a little time to discuss the matter, they would think whether anything could be done. The manufacturer consented to this, and allowed them ten minutes to come to a determination. At the end of that time the men sent a deputation to him, to say that they had resolved to go on with the work, provided he would undertake to protect them from attack—recommending that he should also take measures for protecting himself. The manufacturer replied that he would do his best; and he sent immediately for the superintendent of police to consult with him. The superintendent promised to give the protection required, and for that purpose was obliged to station a police-officer near the house of each of the workmen belonging to the manufactory; and these officers guarded the men to and from their work. This went on for some months; but at length the workmen being weary of such a state of danger and trammel, their employer consented to pay a large fine to the union as a penalty for their offence, on condition that they should no longer be exposed to persecution.

While we now write, the following passage appears in a newspaper, as from a Parisian correspondent:—'Vast numbers of English—domestic servants, operatives, labourers, and others, with their families—are at present being dismissed from their employment in France. Remonstrance against this ungenerous act is useless. Employers have no fault to find with the English, and they indeed have preferred them as assistants, from some peculiar skill or steadiness which they possess; but they dare not keep them, being threatened with personal injury by the French workmen if they do not at once dismiss all the English from their service.'

When from the generous heart of Robert Burns there broke the never-to-be-forgotten verse—

'See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn'—

it never occurred to him, as a possible form of the inhumanity, that the 'o'erlaboured wight' might be forbidden to work by persons of his own condition, exercising a force not resting on law or natural right, but merely on the arbitrary will of a majority, and directly subversive of the freedom of the individual.

These are, we think, honest truths, and, we hope, not unkindly spoken. It seems to us as if the humbly industrious classes could immensely advance and improve their condition if they understood it better, and could more truly be their own friends. A carman passes through a herd of cattle on a street, and taking little trouble to avoid disturbing or dispersing them, gives great annoyance to the drivers, who immediately let loose their rude tongues against him. An altercation, full of horrible language, is the consequence, by which the tempers of both parties are exasperated. Perhaps they even proceed to blows. Now there is nothing to hinder a carman and a driver of cattle from conducting their respective businesses with a civil and forbearing regard to each other, and thus adding to, instead of subtracting from, the comfort of their lives. If a dif-

ficulty unexpectedly should take place, there is nothing to prevent its being remonstrated with gently, and politely apologised for. Why should these helps to happiness be the exclusive privilege of gentlemen? If, again, any one attempts to oppress or take undue advantage of another, there is no reason why the public opinion of the class should not be brought to bear on the case, so as to right and protect the injured party. It is a great mistake, this constant looking up in blame, or with demands for justice, for it merely applies the flattering unction of an illusive belief that we are ourselves entirely right. A man remains poor all his days, because of a notion that there is a class who will not allow him to be otherwise, when the real fault is with himself. He refrains from attempting practical reforms in his circle and sphere, under a notion that some great reform, including all such little matters, should be wrought by some other people, who, however, neglect or fail in their duty. These are deplorable delusions, the real enemies to every kind of advancement. It is vain to expect much from others while we do nothing ourselves, for every class has its own interests to take up its time and thoughts, just as the working-classes have; and when it is otherwise, human nature must have changed. Man is a strange phenomenon in the midst of many. It seems as nothing were truly impossible to his justly-formed wishes and his well-directed efforts. On the other hand, nothing is more hopeless than man in the condition of thinking—'It is of no use for me to try.' The one seems a weed on a desolate shore, the other a plant set in a genial clime. We would therefore—while not absolving the rich from their great duties towards the poor—desire to see the industrious classes looking sideways as well as upwards for matters calling for redress and rebuke, and exercising a strong and well-directed public opinion among themselves. They would form a court, we thoroughly believe, more efficient for the remedy of all injury and oppression beyond law occurring in their own circle, than any other that could be framed; for public opinion is somewhat like gravitation—its force diminishes in the ratio of the squares of the distances, so that the censure of a gentleman can be endured and scoffed at, while the indignation of a group of immediate neighbours, however humble, would be too uncomfortable to be readily incurred a second time.

DANISH JUSTICE.

THE war had broken out between England and France: Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens: all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class; so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailer, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well-regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit. He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy ill-looking Portuguese, who managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for

four-and-twenty hours by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend, who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress, which was white, was stained with his blood. With an effort Charles turned towards her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, full a corpse in the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, so truly attached had they been to the chief mate, and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried in a state of insensibility to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm: we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line: the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer, for one we have loved, and the next, the splash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than

any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who 'go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep.'

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment), we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand the full powers delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c. &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings and up the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling: it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface. Not one

amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

Of course strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself, I can only say that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far away from the tragic scene.

A SCOTCHMAN IN MUNSTER.

AMONG a variety of pleasant works which have lately issued from the Dublin press, through the taste and enterprise of Mr M'Glashan, we would particularly notice one entitled 'Revelations of Ireland,' by D. Owen-Madden, as containing some interesting sketches of Irish social history in the past generation. Himself a lawyer, the author presents numerous anecdotes of the Irish bar, which will be new to many readers; and so likewise will be his revelations of family distress, caused by those unhappy and ill-judged penal laws by which gentlemen could be robbed of their estates by persons professing a different religious faith. Of transactions of this kind, however, Mr Owen-Madden very properly allows that Ireland has too long maintained a recollection, which can serve no good purpose. The errors of past legislation are gone and expiated, and ought accordingly to be forgotten. The great question now is—How can Ireland be improved—how put in the way of well-doing? Two things, our author infers, can do little good—'parliament and speech-makers.' What is wanted is self-relying and intelligent industry; for the exercise of which the country offers a wider and more favourable field than is generally understood. As an instance of what may be done in this respect, Mr Owen-Madden gives an account of a Scotchman in Munster, which we beg to extract, in an abridged form.

'The handsomest country town in Ireland is Fermoy, nearly in the centre of Munster; it is picturesquely seated on the Blackwater, and, with its cheerful aspect and handsome scenery, never fails to arrest the attention of the most careless traveller. The streets are spacious, and the town is tastefully designed. There is a neat square, with some fine churches, and several private residences of respectability in the neighbourhood. The place looks bright and happy, not like the other dreary and dilapidated country towns in Ireland. Two large barracks, built in squares on the north side of the town, contribute to the imposing appearance of the place.

'Fermoy has now seven thousand inhabitants. Sixty years since the place was a dirty hamlet, consisting of hovels, and a carman's public-house, at the end of a narrow old bridge; now, there is a cheerful and agreeable town, pleasant society, a good deal of trade, and more prosperity than might be expected. How was all this accomplished? By the enterprise and energies of one man.

'John Anderson was a Scotchman, born in humble circumstances, of which he always boasted when raised to mix with the nobility of his adopted country. While very young, he learned to read and write, and he attributed the energy of his character to the stimulus which he received from education. He made a few pounds in some humble employment, and settled at Glasgow about the year 1784. There he was fortunate in some small speculations, and by a venture in herrings, acquired five hundred pounds—an immense sum to him. He then determined to seek some new sphere, where he might exert himself; and he thought that Ireland would be the best place for him to fix in. The commercial advantages of Cork, with its noble harbour, attracted him, and he settled there. He became an export merchant, and trafficked in provisions, the staple trade of the place. In a very few years he realised twenty-five thousand pounds, and laid it out on the purchase of four-sixths of the Fermoy estate. If he had been an Irishman, he might probably have stopped there, and resolved, after the fashion of the people, "to enjoy him-

self" after having made his fortune. He would probably have got a pack of hounds, given dinners daily to hungry *squireens*, earned the reputation of a "real good fellow," by copiously diffusing whisky-punch, and living, like a "real gentleman," in vulgar ostentation. But Anderson was a man of too much energy to settle down in the rotting idleness peculiar to the gentry of the country. Bishop Cumberland's saying, "Better to wear out than to rust out," was Anderson's maxim. Instead of "giving a tone to society," he aspired to create society where it did not previously exist. He resolved to make a town at Fermoy.

'The first thing he did was to build a good hotel for the accommodation of those travelling post. He added next a few houses, built a square, and at his own expense rebuilt the bridge, which had become ruinous. He did not go with hat in hand to the lord-lieutenant, begging for a share of the public moneys. He was resolved to depend upon himself. When he had mapped out his design for a town, he learned that the government was meditating the erection of large barracks in Munster. Mr Anderson saw the advantage which the presence of a garrison would be to his rapidly-rising little town, and he at once offered government a capital site, rent free, for the barracks. He made this offer in 1797, when the country was disturbed, and when accommodation was an object to the government. His offer was accepted. Two very large and handsome barracks were built. But Anderson did not stop there. He was not of that pernicious opinion, too prevalent in Ireland, that government should be invoked to do the work of individuals. He saw that the presence of officers would be likely to make a gay neighbourhood, and accordingly he built a theatre, and some additional houses, and invited various families with more or less capital to come and settle at Fermoy. He built for himself a handsome residence, and placed himself at the head of the community which rapidly began to grow around him.

'Meantime this enterprising man had not given up his business. He established a bank, and discounted to a considerable extent. To develop the material resources of the country around him, became a leading object with him. Travelling in Ireland was very dangerous and expensive. Mr Anderson determined to reform it. He established a Mail-Coach Company, and the first coach which ran between Cork and Dublin was established by Mr Anderson. What can show the backward state of society in Ireland more than the fact, that public coaching between the two chief cities in Ireland only dates from half a century back?

'Again, what can show the neglect of opportunities by Irishmen more than the circumstance, that Anderson, a Scotchman, and Bianconi, an Italian, should have been the chief improvers of travelling in Ireland?

'In addition to his other works, he established an agricultural society. He did not neglect education, and built a large schoolhouse for the town. A military college was also built by him, which was afterwards turned into a public school, and was presided over by the Rev. Thomas Hincks. In every possible way he laboured within his sphere to civilise and improve.

'Politics he appeared to think a nuisance more than anything else. In Whigs and Tories—in Nationalists bawling about Irish glory, and Imperialists talking about civilisation, he had no faith whatever. He kept clear of their factions and intrigues, and went right on to do the work before him. He continued, however, to have great influence with the ruling powers; for such men always command influence: they have no occasion to solicit it. A minister of state counts himself fortunate when he meets with such a man as Anderson. Thus, though there was no harmony of political feeling between the Irish government and Mr Anderson, he had always great authority at Dublin Castle. His opinions were those of a rational and progressive Whig, sincerely favourable to liberty of

thinking, attached to quiet, and who estimated the good and evil of measures chiefly by their obvious utility. His sentiments, however, he rarely uttered. On one side he saw a narrow-minded oligarchy—on the other an uncultivated democracy. He witnessed the petty spirit and ridiculous airs of consequence assumed by the provincial gentry, and he beheld the mass of society half sunk in the slough of despond. He did not waste time in stooping to conciliate their prejudices, but he took good care not to offend them. While society was divided by splenetic controversy, he showed that he respected all forms of the Christian faith. Thus he gave three thousand pounds to build a church for the Protestants; but he also gave five hundred pounds, and a site rent free, for a Catholic chapel.

It must not be understood that Anderson was a man of vast resources. He was probably never worth more than fifty thousand pounds; but he kept his capital in circulation, and allowed none of it to remain unemployed. Industry and enterprise were the sources from which he made his fortune, and by means of which he benefited all the people around him.

The station in society reached by such a man was of course most respectable: his friendship was courted, and his society was sought for. His manners were agreeable and courtier-like, and calculated to make friends. He had no John-Bullish self-complacency—no Hibernian ostentation—and, I will add, no Scotch niggardliness. From his manners in company, it would have been hardly possible to infer his country. He had much more enjoyability than is commonly to be found in Scotchmen, and was fond of relaxing in society.

He laughed carelessly over his humble origin; not, however, without feeling some justifiable pride in the success of his career. On one occasion, in the very height of his prosperity, he was entertaining a large company at his residence in Fermoy. Amongst the party were the late Earls of Kingston and Shannon, and the present Lord Riverdale. The conversation turned on Anderson's great success in life, and Lord Kingston asked him to what he chiefly attributed his rapid rise. "To education, my lord," replied Anderson: "every child in Scotland can easily get the means of learning to read and write. When I was a little boy, my parents sent me to school every day, and I had to walk three miles to the village school. Many a cold walk I had in the bitter winter mornings; and I assure you, my lords," he added smiling, "that shoes and stockings were extremely scarce in those days!"

He was not only quick in conception, but very rapid in explaining a difficulty. On one occasion he was very anxious to succeed in carrying a road-presentation for a new line, which he wished to carry on a level, so as to avoid a hill. The road was traversed at the assizes, and the matter came before a jury. The case was ill-managed, the lawyers only mystified it, and the jury were very thick-witted. The object and utility of the proposed road were not made apparent. Anderson, using patience, got upon the witness-table with his hat in hand, and said, addressing himself to the jury, "Gentlemen, I am *here* (pointing to the rim of his hat), and I want to go *there* (touching at the same time the other extremity of his hat). Whether is it better to go *thus* (describing the level circle of the hat), or go *this way* (making his finger traverse the crown of his hat)?" The jury at once understood his ideas in making the road.

The government so highly appreciated Mr Anderson, that a baronetcy was tendered him, which he declined. It was then offered to his son, and accepted for him, the present baronet, and well-known experimentalist in steam-coaching.

In his latter days, Mr Anderson suffered a serious reverse of fortune, in consequence of his unfortunate connection with a Welsh mining company; but 'he left behind him, in the handsome town of Fermoy, a noble monument of what can be accomplished by one man

possessed of energy and talent. The intellect of Mr Anderson was not very remarkable—it was probably inferior to many of his idle neighbours. His superiority lay in his moral qualities, in his determination to succeed, and his resolution never to be idle. He was no heartless adventurer bent on self-aggrandisement, no speculator upon the passions or follies of his fellow-men, using them as stepping-stones to power. He was a creator and a civiliser—a man who left behind him a splendid example of what industry and enterprise can achieve in a land where the vanity of the rich and high-born, and the slothfulness of the humble and the lowly, seek every possible excuse which their fond imaginations can invent for idleness and poverty. Ah, ye landlords! who are perpetually invoking government—and ye agitators! railing at Great Britain, why will you not take a lesson from an Anderson, and apply yourselves to the work before you of reclaiming not the land of Ireland from barrenness, but the people thereof from squalid indolence, beggarly dependance, disgusting poverty, and shameful waste of the powers and opportunities with which the God of nature has so plentifully endowed them? The value of a hundred landlords in Ireland, consuming rents, and careless of social development, I will not calculate; nor will I place the probable value upon a hundred agitators, bawling and bellowing from year's end to year's end. But when I look at the bright and cheerful town of Fermoy, so picturesquely seated on the Blackwater—when I think of its recent origin, and how one man, without the help of parliament or speech-makers, made that large and handsome town, I cannot help reflecting what a vast deal of good would result from the scattering of a hundred Andersons through Munster and Connaught—a hundred men, self-reliant, and enterprising—free from petty prejudice, and superior to the coarse passions of the time—a hundred strong men, too proud to look to parliament for alms, too pure to seek for gain in ministering to the delusions of the people!

Nor is that all which such a career as Anderson's should suggest. We are eternally told in Ireland of the evils of past times; of the cruelties of England at such a time; of the bigotry and of the tyranny of the Protestants in such a reign; of the tumult and rebellions of the Catholics at another time. All these past evils are pleaded to stop the censure of present apathy and of contemporary indolence. But what were these horrors to a man like Anderson? Did he turn aside from his work, to melt with "patriotic" sensibility over retrospective miseries and historical woes? He never troubled himself about these ideal evils; he treated Protestants and Catholics as he found them, with honesty and plain-dealing, and all due courtesies. He never canvassed for the applauses of the mob, nor courted by small arts the favour of the provincial gentry. Never cringing to the ruling powers, he was never their factious opponent. He never cried, like certain persons, "Do this for me, or else!"

Such are the men that Ireland wants. May her own sons, so rich in generous and noble qualities, waken up from idle dreams and fantastic designs, and manfully apply their energies in the beautiful country where God has placed them!

LOOK TO YOUR FEET.

Of all parts of the body, there is not one the clothing of which ought to be so carefully attended to as the feet. The most dependant part of the system, this is the part in which the circulation of the blood may be the most readily checked; the part most exposed to cold and wet, or to direct contact with good conducting surfaces, it is the part of the system where such a check is most likely to take place. Coldness of the feet is a very common attendant on a disordered state of the stomach; and yet disordered stomach is not more apt to produce coldness of the feet, than coldness of the feet is apt to produce dis-

order of the stomach; and this remark does not apply only to cases of indigestion, but to many other disorders to which man is liable. Yet do we see the feet of the young and the delicate clad in thin-soled shoes, and as thin stockings, no matter whether it is summer or winter-time—no matter whether the weather is dry or damp, or whether the temperature of the atmosphere is warm or cold. But this is not the whole of the evil. These same feet are frequently, at different times of the same day, differently covered as to the stoutness of the shoes and their soles, and very often likewise as to the thickness of the stockings. I have often found, on investigating into the origin of cases of disease, that it has been a common practice to go out of doors in the forenoon, the feet being protected with lambs'-wool stockings, and warm and thickly-soled boots; and to sit in the afternoon at home, only having the feet covered with silk stockings and thin satin shoes. I have so often found this to be the case, that it would hardly surprise me were the practice found to be almost universal among the females of the middle and upper ranks of society. To this common, and sufficiently inconsiderate practice, I have traced many cases of incurable disease. To this alone may be ascribed many a case of functional disturbance: this lays the foundation for many of those derangements by which the first inroad is made into the constitution, the first step taken in undermining the health; the first of that succession of changes brought about, by which the young, and the lovely, and the healthy, are converted into wasted victims of consumption, or become martyrs to other maladies as fatal, although less common. I am sufficient of a Goth to wish to see thin-soled shoes altogether disused as articles of dress; and I would have them replaced by shoes having a moderate thickness of sole, with a thin layer of cork or felt placed within the shoe, over the sole, or next to the foot. Cork is a very bad conductor of heat, and is therefore to be preferred; if it is not to be had, or is not liked, felt may be substituted for it. The extreme lightness of the cork, the remarkable thinness to which it may be cut—its usefulness as a non-conductor not being essentially impaired thereby—and the inappreciable effect it has on the appearance of the shoe—all seem to recommend its use for this purpose in the strongest manner. I think that neither boots nor shoes should be used without this admirable provision against cold feet. There is sufficient objection to all shoes made of waterproof or impervious materials: they are apt to prove much too heating and relaxing, interfering with the due escape of the cutaneous exhalations. Thin shoes ought only to be used for the purpose of dancing, and then they ought only to be worn while dancing. The invalid or dyspeptic ought assuredly never to wear thin shoes at other times. As to the common practice of changing thin shoes for warm boots, and *vice versa*, it is a practice that is replete with danger, and therefore rash, and almost culpable.—*Dr Robertson.*

GOD'S UNIVERSE AND THE POOR MAN'S HOME.

First, I would ask you just to contemplate for a moment in your minds the outward universe, so orderly, so beautiful, so richly replenished and adorned: the fields decked with flowers, as well as laden with fruits, the heavens glittering with countless stars. Remember how these things are spoken of in Scripture. 'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow,' and can you doubt that much more would God have done for man, the noblest of his creatures here below, fed, clothed, and lodged in comfort, to his own satisfaction, and to the glory of his Maker? Next, reflect what serious obstacles are presented by such poverty as I speak of, to the growth of almost every Christian grace. Let us leave the fields and flowers, the fresh air and pleasant skies, and let us enter some close tenement, some narrow lodging, perhaps a single chamber for a whole family, dark, dirty, noisome, pestilential, the occupiers in rage, and faint for want of food. I stay not to observe that the bird fares better in its nest, the bee in its hive: instead of contrasting mankind with the brute creation, I ask you to contrast this picture with the portrait of a Christian, as set before you in God's word. I ask you whether the beauties of the Christian character are likely to flourish in such an atmosphere as this? Will a man take no thought for the morrow who has no means of making provision for to-morrow's meal? Is cheerfulness or joyfulness easy of attainment under the pressure of cold and hunger? Can modesty bloom where common decency is impracticable?—*Rev. C. Girdlestone.*

BROTHERS! WE ARE MEN!

We are men—made in the image
Of the mighty One
Who hath crowned the earth with beauty,
'Neath the golden sun;
Children of a common Father,
Whose prevailing love
Is unbounded as the day-beams
Shining from above:
Highest rank in God's creation
Is our station, then;
Form divine is on our features;
Rulers o'er all meaner creatures—
Brothers! we are men!

In our souls the lamp of reason
Streams with hallowed light;
Intellectual glories round us
Shed their radiance bright.
Thus exalted in our being,
'Tis the will of Heaven
That we still go on improving
Gifts which He hath given;
Filling up our brief existence—
Threescore years and ten;
Loving virtue as a mother,
Doing good to one another—
Brothers! we are men!

We are men; but oh how often
Are our gifts despised,
And the dignity of manhood
Blindly sacrificed!
Oft is mercy's fountain frozen
In the human breast:
Millions sink beneath the tyrant,
Tearful and oppressed.
Cries of sorrow loudly echo
Over hill and glen;
Hapless thousands wildly grieving,
No kind hand their wrongs relieving—
Brothers! we are men!

Love's the lesson wisdom teaches,
Gentle are her words,
Sweeter than the brooklet's murmurs,
And the song of birds.
As we all are fellow-pilgrims
To a brighter sphere,
Why should strife attend the moments
Of our sojourn here?
For a higher purpose truly
Were we fashioned, when
Deity in fairest traces
Crowned our souls with heavenly graces—
Brothers! we are men!

Why should idle passions cheat us
Of our purest joy?
Why should pride the best emotions
Of the breast destroy?
In the heart, affection's fountain,
Sweetly welling up,
Seeks to mingle priceless blessing
Ever in life's cup:
Let its waters flow and mingle
Far as human ken,
Till with love's serene devotion
Earth be covered as the ocean—
Brothers! we are men!

Glasgow.

JAMES HENDERSON.

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* * * To meet a very general wish, the volumes, during summer, will be issued every two months, instead of monthly. The next volume, therefore, will appear on the 1st of June.

EDINBURGH, April 1848.

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A WORD ON FUN.

SOME people might consider this as the age of great mechanical appliances, or great economical and political modifications—the age of steam, the age of free trade, the age of reform; and so forth. Perhaps it might be more distinctly characterised as the Age of Mirth or Comicality. Certainly joking is carried to a height which it was never known to attain in any former epoch. One may now enter a company, and never hear one word spoken in earnest during the whole evening, nothing but a rattle of 'quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,' from beginning to end. I remark of one or two young friends of mine—chiefly barristers—that throughout many years I have had to interpret their meaning in the exact reverse of their language, as they are pleased to deliver themselves only in the manner of irony. Some whom I know to be worthy and kind-hearted, assume a biting, taunting tone of speech, as if very idleness, and the easy-chair state of all things in this too-favoured country, had utterly corrupted them. It is a very unfortunate state of things for those who, like myself, continue to think and speak of things pretty nearly as they appear, and strain in general to preserve a sober and equable spirit, for now the world is wholly out of harmony with us. If we enunciate a plain, simple truth, it is sure to be taken out of our mouth, and carried off in a whirlwind of ridicule. If we sit silent, we are treated only to comical and sarcastic observations on men and things, or to language purposely cast in a mould of exaggeration and distortion, in order to turn the things to which it refers into ridicule. A few hours spent in this way leaves us with the taste of cinereal fruit upon our lips, or the sense of having wandered through a tangled wilderness, where journeying gave neither pleasure nor instruction—only fatigue.

Thus your joking people are themselves, I fear, no joke. Had I not a partiality for mild terms, I should rather be disposed to describe them as social pests. Wherever they go, they spread their disease—the habit of ridicule: it flies about like the measles or the scarlet fever; and as with the measles and the scarlet fever, the young take the disorder more easily than the mature. Those who indulge the habit are generally supposed to be very witty; but this, I again fear, is a mistake: the greater part of them are merely reckless and ill-natured. Ill-natured fun causes much more laughter than the finest wit or richest humour. A delicate stroke of genuine wit will be appreciated by few in a company; while an ill-natured imitation, or a caricature of an absent acquaintance, will set a whole host of barren spectators in a roar. The greater part of the fun that is going is thus not only not amusing to a right-spirited person—it is positively tedious and disagreeable. No-

thing can be more annoying to an enlarged and rational mind, than to be compelled to remain in contact with one of these ridicule-loving natures, that persist in seeing something funny in everything. No reverence have they for high and solemn things—no enthusiastic admiration for noble and virtuous things—no love for good and beautiful things. High, solemn, noble, and beautiful, are qualities they only appreciate on account of their susceptibility of being turned, by means of their everlasting Harlequin's wand, into burlesque. Of men who are carried away by one small idea, a few may occasionally be met with in the *lowest* walks of science or art. Of such a one the poet says, with beautiful indignation, he

'Would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave.'

What would he say of the man who should go to his mother's grave and make a joke of the quaint wording of the epitaph? The regular lover of the ridiculous is quite capable of this: nothing is sacred to him; he would burlesque Homer, and travesty 'Paradise Lost.' He would see nothing to admire in the Elgin Marbles, but a great deal to laugh at; he would paint a caricature of Raphael's 'Transfiguration;' he would jest on skulls and coffins, on life, and death, and love, and immortality. Ridicule is a greater iconoclast than Mohammed or John Knox. It throws down the statues of great men, the saints and heroes of a past age; it shivers them with its iron Harlequin truncheon, and uses the fragments as missiles against the great men of the present day. Like many a deadly destroyer, it calls itself, and persuades others to believe that it is, a reformer. A pernicious falsehood, unjustly attributed to Lord Shaftesbury, once got current in the world, and is often acted upon even now: you will find many who make ridicule the test of truth.

Miss Landon said truly in one of her novels ('Francesca Carrara,' I believe), that 'too great love of the ridiculous is the dry-rot of all that is high and noble in youth.' It is painful to observe the mocking spirit, the *persiflage*, the satirical tone which pervades most of the youthful circles around us. Like a canker, it consumes the better part of their nature. They are incapable of deep affection for others. It has passed into a proverb that such persons 'would sacrifice their best friend for a *bon-mot*.' Vanity and frivolity of intellect must be about equal in such natures, whatever may be their cleverness in seizing and turning to account all that they observe around them. Those who seek the ridiculous in all things, can never, no, never, become artists, or appreciate art; those who are on the look-out for the ridiculous, will never discover the beautiful—they will not even see it when it is pointed out to them. They wear strange spectacles, which distort forms, and give a false colouring to objects.

They could look at the Venus de Medicis, and find something droll in it; but they could no more see its beauty than they could see it at all if they had been born blind. Neither can those who love the ridiculous before all things, love science, or search out her truths. Such love, and such seeking, demand serious and constant self-devotion to the pursuit of truth: self must be forgotten in strict investigation; and all the pomps and vanities, the pudding and the praise, the enjoyment and the fun which the world affords, must be matters of perfect indifference to the man of science. So far from loving science, the habitual ridiculer looks upon her votaries as amongst the most absurd and laughable sights under heaven.

And whence comes all this diseased love of the ridiculous? From ignorance, from idleness, from vanity. First, people are ignorant, and they laugh at what they do not understand; then they are idle, and go on laughing, because it is easier to laugh than to try to understand; lastly, they are vain, and keep on laughing, because others fancy they must be superior to all they laugh at, and because they half believe it themselves.

If, in what has been said above, I have not exaggerated this evil of our age, I shall rejoice to be the means of directing the reader's attention to it. Do not encourage in yourself a disposition to turn all things into a jest or a satire; resist as much as possible the influence of the surrounding spirit of mockery; keep your mind intent on high things; be earnest, be truthful, be loving, and you will never be a scoffer or an ill-natured satirist. You may, nevertheless, have a keener relish for true humour, and a finer perception of wit, than those who run wild after the ridiculous. The most delicate, the sharpest and most polished wit, does not raise a loud laugh; it awakes a bright smile of pleasure, as at the sight of a newly-created piece of beauty, and then the smile passes away into the expression of admiration. The richest, rarest, most exquisite humour, is more nearly connected with a tear than with a broad grin. These the most refined mind may intensely enjoy, without being in the least danger of falling into the slough over which I would here erect a ticket of warning.

A PASSAGE OF MEXICAN LIFE.

I HAD made up my mind, before returning to the sea-coast, to visit the presidio of Tubac, and bade my guide Anastasio to hold himself in readiness for the journey. Pressing matters of business, however, required his presence in a distant quarter; it was therefore agreed that he should conduct me to a place from which I might find my way alone, by adhering implicitly to the instructions he would give me as to the route. Having completed our preparations, we started the next morning before daybreak. Besides a small quantity of pinola in a valise, we each carried a goatskin filled with water, as the route lay across a region entirely devoid of the precious element. Believing this to be our whole stock of provisions, I was surprised when daylight came to see a sheep's head, newly cut from the carcase, hanging to Anastasio's saddle, and inquired what he intended to do with it.

'It is our hope for to-morrow's breakfast,' he answered: 'it will be the last meal we shall eat together, and I should like you to say whether you have ever eaten anything more juicy than a sheep's head (*tatemada*)—smothered—seasoned with pimento, and basted with brandy. I carry all that we shall want in one of my *mochilas*,' he added, pointing to the leathern pouches worn by travellers.

In proportion as we advanced, the country presented a new aspect. At first a few scarcely-beaten paths had guided us into the solitudes, but these tracks ended in immense prairies, without trees or bushes, but which, covered with tall grass, that bent at the least breath of air, presented the appearance of an agitated gulf surrounded by blue hills. So extensive were these plains, that the horizon seemed always to flee before us, notwithstanding the speed of our horses; and we were still in the interminable savannas as the sun went down. We kept on, however, steering our course by the pole-star, until we reached the borders of the sandy regions, where we halted under the shelter of a little wood.

As soon as our frugal repast was over, Anastasio thought of the next morning's breakfast; the preparations for which are worthy of record. With his knife he dug a hole in the loose soil, about a foot in depth and diameter, and filled the cavity with dried leaves, which he set on fire, and threw in a handful of light branches. On this a pile of thicker sticks was placed, and covered with a layer of pebbles. As the wood burnt away, the stones became hot, and with the decrease of the fire, sank to the bottom of the hole. The sheep's head, with its woolly covering, was then thrown into this oven, and the orifice closed with green branches, over which the operator trampled several layers of earth. When this was done, Anastasio announced that we had nothing to do but to sleep until morning.

The next day, as soon as the sun appeared, Anastasio saddled our horses for the last time; he then drew the skins of water from the bushes, where they had been placed to be kept cool, and put his brandy flask within reach. The hole in which the sheep's head was baking was next to be opened; the knife had scarcely touched the covering of earth, when a savoury odour arose from the cavity. The appearance of the *tatemada*, when first drawn out, was but slightly appetising: it looked like a burnt shapeless lump; but Anastasio, removing carefully the black crust, brought into view the juicy meat beneath; and it must be confessed that our parting meal was one of the most delicious. At last the moment of separation came; always respectful, my guide advanced to hold my stirrup: I pressed his hand as that of a friend; my course lay to the north, his to the south, and we soon lost sight of each other.

Anastasio's multiplied instructions relieved me of all inquietude as to the path I was to take, and I pushed resolutely forwards. So temperate are Mexican horses, that I could count upon my animal being able to traverse the distance that separated us from a small river without drinking. My goatskin was half full: it was scarcely eight in the morning, and I had ten hours of sun before me; but the sun which lighted me on my way, at the same time burnt up the desert. As it rose higher above the horizon, a scorching reflection rose from the sandy soil; the south wind dried my lips; it seemed that I was breathing fire instead of air. I went on thus for two hours, when a strange weakness seized me, a shudder ran through my whole body, and I shivered with cold on the scorching plain. After struggling with the malady for some time, I dismounted, hoping to warm myself upon the hot sand. A devouring heat, in fact, succeeded, during which I finished my last drop of water without thinking of the future. Meantime the sun rose higher, and increased the suffocating heat. I tried to remount my horse, but fell down again in extreme lassitude, while my thirst became more ardent than ever. New attempts only served to convince me more of my inability. I was yielding to the heavy effects of a drowsy languor, when a distant noise struck my ear, similar to that of a dragoon's sword rattling against his spurs. Shortly after a horseman, well armed and mounted, stopped before me: I opened my eyes.

'Holla! friend,' he cried in a rough voice, 'what are you doing there?' My long beard, and worn and dusty garments, were perhaps an excuse for this impe-

rious and familiar inquiry. I was, however, annoyed, and replied at first bluntly, 'Do you not see I am occupied—dying of thirst!'

The stranger smiled. A distended skin hung at his saddle-bow; the sight of it, while redoubling my thirst, dispelled my pride. I spoke again, and asked the unknown rider to lend me the precious object.

'Heaven forbid that I should refuse you!' he answered in a milder tone. I stretched out my hand greedily; but the horseman, seeing me disposed to empty the skin, filled a calabash, which he held out to me. I swallowed the contents at a draught. When I had somewhat recovered, my benefactor inquired where I was going.

'To the presidio of Tubac,' was my answer.

'To the presidio of Tubac!' he repeated in astonishment. 'By San Josef, your back is towards it!'

In the bewilderment caused by my fever I had forgotten Anastasio's instructions, and mistaken the route. The path I was following, as I could see by the sun, led to the west.

'Listen,' said the stranger, as he again gave me to drink, but as parsimoniously as the first time; 'by sundown you may reach the *hacienda de la Noria*. Take my advice, and go there; you will be well received.'

I alleged my extreme weakness. He reflected for a moment, and then continued—'I cannot wait to conduct you: imperious reasons compel me to be far from here by the close of the day, and motives not less powerful ought to prevent me from going to the hacienda; but as my road passes close by, I will call, and have some water and a spare horse sent to you; for exhausted as you and your beast appear to be, you cannot arrive to-day unassisted: and in these waterless solitudes, with such a sun as this, he who does not arrive to-day, will not arrive to-morrow. Try, however, to regain a little strength, and advance slowly. If you follow, step by step, the trace of my lasso, which I will let drag upon the sand, you will not be likely to go astray again.'

I thanked him warmly for his good intentions. 'A last caution,' he said: 'do not forget to say that chance alone takes you to the hacienda.' With these words he loosened the coil of his leathern rope, and rode off at a brisk trot, leaving a slight furrow upon the sand. The hope of soon arriving at an inhabited place, and the water I had drunk, gave me a slight renewal of strength. For the first time my position appeared to me such as it really was, and I remounted my horse; but the poor animal had not, as I, been able to appease his thirst: with drooping head and ears he crawled, rather than walked, notwithstanding the persuasion of the spur. From time to time I stopped, trying to discover the scarcely-visible traces of the lasso upon the sand, and hoping to hear the voices of those sent in quest of me; but all was silent; and I then continued my way, mechanically repeating the words, 'He who does not arrive to-day, will not arrive to-morrow.' The sun was already getting low, the sand sent up a scorching heat, and the hum of insects announced the coming darkness. Physical pain again began to heighten mental anguish: I felt my tongue swell, and my throat on fire. All at once my horse neighed; and as if some mysterious communication came to him upon the wind, set off at a more rapid pace; and I, just, as the sun was sinking behind a stripe of wood at the horizon, fancied that I heard the distant lowing of cattle. In another half hour I reached the trees behind which the sun had disappeared. An immense plain stretched before me, presenting a most radiant spectacle, only to be appreciated by those who have been tortured with thirst in deserts of unknown extent.

An immense carpet of bright green turf, intersected with numerous paths, covered the surface of the plain. Numerous gum-trees, thickly grouped, formed a pleasant shelter. The cool damp air which caressed my face, still inflamed with the heat of the scorching waste, announced the presence of water, fertilising the delightful oasis. In fact, a large cistern, supplied from

an abundant spring, stood under the shade of a few trees at a little distance. An enormous wheel, turned by four pairs of mules, poured a continual supply of water from the leathern buckets on its rim into the hollowed trunks of gigantic trees, where it sparkled gloriously in the beams of sunset. In these enormous troughs the numerous cattle came to drink, while at a distance a troop of horses were leaping and galloping in formidable tumult. Jackals, and other nocturnal depredators, driven by thirst, seemed to forget that the sun was yet shining, and the presence of man, and showed their lank muzzles at a distance, eager to drink of the spring, which poured out its streams for all. Such must have been the encampments of the Biblical ages, formed by the tents and dependents of the patriarchs.

In an instant, horse and rider, we began to drink as though we wished to drain the fountain. While stopping to take breath, I heard voices behind a little clump of trees, which I soon made out to be those of two men playing at cards. I learned, as they continued to converse, that one of them had been sent to my assistance; but meeting with a comrade here on the skirts of the hacienda, the unconquerable love of gaming, born with every Mexican, made him sit down to play, leaving me to take my chance. I rode round, to show that his services in my case would not now be required: the only remark he made was one of pleasure at being able to prolong his game. I left them at their cards, and leading my horse, walked down to the hacienda. It was yet at some distance, and twilight was darkening the landscape as I passed long rows of posts on either side of the path forming the cattle enclosures. One was deserted, but in the other thick clouds of dust were driven about. Approaching nearer to the fence, I saw a bull struggling furiously, with a man upon his back, armed with a knife, while another individual was holding a cord passed several times round the animal's legs. The rider seemed to be paring down the bull's horns, and sharpening their extremities; the beast, finding resistance vain, at last lay still, when the man dipped a thick bung into a calabash, and rubbed it several times up and down the horns, as though to coat them with some liquid preparation. As soon as the operation was over, the bull was released from his fastenings; and before his rage had time to vent itself, his two tormentors had reached the entrance to the enclosure, and barricaded it with strong beams on the side opposite to that where I was standing. In the rider of the animal I recognised the horseman who had relieved me in the desert some hours previously. What motive could have induced him to stay at the hacienda, fearful as he appeared to be of calling there? It was a mystery I could not explain, and my thoughts were still occupied with it as I walked into the courtyard of the building.

During my residence in this place I witnessed many remarkable incidents highly characteristic of the people and the country. The one, however, that made the most impression upon me is intimately connected with the circumstance above described. The day after my arrival was an anniversary, in which all the horsemen of the establishment vied with each other in showing their skill and dexterity in managing the half-wild animals beneath them. To a stranger, the sight was most interesting and exciting, so great appeared the hazard, and such the daring exhibited. After several hours passed in this way, one of the men came up with a bundle of short lances under his arm, and immediately a cry was raised for Cayetano, who, to my great surprise, was invested with the office of mayor-domo, or major-domo, of the establishment, and who had undertaken to break a weapon with the bull.

A single bull only remained in the spacious enclosure; it was the one I had seen thrown down the previous evening. Cayetano, whose features showed the traces of envious passion, took one of the *garrochas*, or short lances, and entered unaccompanied into the arena. The bull was released from the tether by which he had been fastened to a post, and needed no exciting to rush to

the attack. Cayetano made a few passes as an accomplished cavalier, to avoid the first assault, and waited a favourable moment for a thrust. The opportunity soon presented itself; the bull stooped to collect his strength for a new rush, and immediately the point of the garrocha was buried in his shoulder-joint, and his opponent's vigorous arm held him at bay; but as he looked round in triumph, the lance broke, and in the first moment of surprise, he was unable to escape the charge of the infuriated animal. With a sudden start Cayetano brought his hand to his thigh, where a few drops of blood stained his white linen drawers. An imprecation burst from his lips, more in rage at the humiliation than from pain; he asked for a new lance, and moved towards the opposite end of the lists.

A few minutes passed before the weapon was brought, when he again advanced to meet the bull. Cayetano's manner, however, betrayed a singular hesitation: I knew it could not arise from fear, as I had once before seen him cool and collected in more critical circumstances. An air of dejection that speedily followed the former uncertainty was still more inexplicable, for no blood had followed the first few drops upon his leg. At last, just as he was lifting his lance mechanically for another thrust at the bull, his horse reared, shrunk back, and to the general surprise, the rider offered no resistance, but suffered himself to be carried from the enclosure. Mingled yells, hisses, and hootings were lavished upon him in his flight. Cayetano, however, appeared to be insensible to the contumely; he reeled in the saddle like a drunken man, while his face assumed a death-like pallor.

'The chaplain! the chaplain!' cried several voices in an ironical tone: 'there goes a Christian in danger of death,' and another volley of hisses followed the major-domo, who appeared to be universally detested. But the chaplain, who had shown much interest in the spectacle, seemed unwilling to quit his seat, or to consider the call on his functions as serious, until at a sign from his chief he mounted his horse reluctantly, and rode after the fugitive.

The bull had profited by the tumult to make his escape to the forest, without any one offering resistance. This result was not at all to the taste of the numerous dependents of the hacienda, and they finished the day with new feats of horsemanship. Late in the evening, on returning to the house, I met the individual to whose passion for card-playing my life had nearly fallen a sacrifice the day before, and inquired what had become of Cayetano, when, to my astonishment, Juan, for that was the man's name, told me that the unlucky major-domo was dead. 'Dead!' I exclaimed; 'he was scarcely wounded.'

'True,' replied the other; 'but it appears that the bull's horns had been washed over with the juice of the *palo mulato*,* and the death of his antagonist was as horrible as it was rapid. You have not forgotten the stranger who relieved you in the desert, and called here to send you assistance; well, this man, Feliciano, is brother of one of Cayetano's former friends. This friend was acquainted with a secret, of which our major-domo would have liked to deprive him, and of his life at the same time, and had communicated it to his brother, together with his suspicions of Cayetano's character. These suspicions were but too well founded. One day Feliciano's brother went out in a boat with his treacherous enemy, and was never seen afterwards. Feliciano then suspected that his brother had been made away with, and commenced a search for the murderer. Having heard that Cayetano was living here, he started for the hacienda, and arrived just in time to see his enemy die—and without confessing.'

While we were speaking, the chaplain with another horseman came up: from their conversation, I learned that the poisoning of the bull's horns was regarded as an inexplicable mystery. The singular operation, how-

ever, of which I had been a spectator the previous evening, without being myself seen, left me no reason to doubt that Feliciano had adopted it as a ready and effectual means of satisfying his vengeance.

THE BATH POSTBOY.

It was in the early part of the last century, when the mail was transmitted from the principal towns of England in charge of a mounted postman, with holster-pistols and saddle-bags, and carried from the smaller ones by poor boys, who received a halfpenny a mile for serving the post-office in all weathers, that the postmaster of Bath informed all whom it might concern, by a printed bill in the window, that a smart active lad of fifteen or thereby was required to carry the mail between that town and Marlborough, at the above-mentioned rate of wages.

The road was long and rough; and three days had already passed, during which the mail was carried by the postmaster's own good boy, and man-of-all-work, much to his discomfort, and the manifest dissatisfaction of the good people of Marlborough, to whom their letters came several hours too late: but no candidate for the situation had yet presented himself. At length, on the fourth morning, which was that of a sultry July day, a thin, muscular, intelligent-looking boy, dressed in the habiliments of earlier years, which he had evidently outgrown, made his appearance, cap in hand, before Mr Burton the senior clerk, and inquired, 'Sir, if you please, would I be old enough to carry the Marlborough bag? I'm only fourteen yet, but I'll always be growing older and wiser I hope.'

'And maybe worse!' muttered the clerk, who happened to be out of temper that morning. 'But step in here,' he continued, pointing to another room, 'and Mr Leatham will see what you're fit for.'

Mr Leatham was a quiet elderly gentleman, who had kept the post-office for several years in the rich and gay city of Bath, which was, at the period of our story, the resort of all the fashionables of Britain, especially in the summer season, resembling in that respect what Brighton has since become. He spoke to the boy more civilly than his clerk had done; said he considered him tall enough for the business; and then inquired what was his name, where his parents lived, and if he knew any respectable person who would give him a character for honesty and sobriety, as without such a certificate the post-office could not employ him? The boy answered that his name was Ralph Allen; that his father had been a poor tradesman, but he was dead, and his mother supported herself by taking in washing; and 'I wasn't brought up here, sir; but my mother came in hopes of getting fine work from the gentry; and here's a certificate from a kind gentleman, the vicar of our parish: I used to run errands for him, and he said it might be useful to me.'

'This is to certify that Ralph Allen is a sensible, honest, industrious boy, and I hope will continue to be so.—William Warburton,' said the postmaster, reading aloud. 'Well, that's a good certificate, though the writer is unknown to me; but we will let it pass for this time, and take you on trial.'

After several exhortations to be careful of the mail, and walk fast, that he might arrive in time, Ralph Allen was duly equipped with a leathern bag, suspended by a strap over his shoulder, containing all the letters and newspapers in those days transmitted to Marlborough, and sent forth to earn the halfpenny per mile.

Day after day he performed that appointed journey, through sun and shower, going and coming to the entire satisfaction of the postmasters of Bath and Marlborough. Roads were not then so convenient for travellers, nor time so precious with the public, as at present; but Ralph was never known to loiter by the way, nor arrive an hour too late, which could seldom be said of other postboys. Travellers between the

* A species of poisonous sumach.

towns soon began to know him on the road, and remarked from stage-coach, wagon, or saddle—the only modes of conveyance in those days—that his conduct was always careful and steady; and people who did not travel trusted him with small messages in consequence of their reports. If a lady wanted a fashionable cap from Bath, or a notable housekeeper some trifle which could be bought cheaper in Marlborough, Ralph Allen was known to be a soberer and less exorbitant carrier than either the coachman or wagoner, and he was preferred accordingly. This was a source of additional gain, which increased every day, till the boy generally reached his destination in either town laden with parcels of all sorts and sizes, for the carriage of which he received from twopence to a farthing, as the case might be, or the liberality of his employers dictated. How the short time allowed between the close of his daily duty and his nightly rest was usually spent in his mother's poor but clean garret, nobody could tell; till Mr Leatham, who had by this time a high opinion of his postboy for general good conduct and correctness in his station, inquired one morning, while Ralph waited for the mail, what book was that protruding from his pocket?

'It's the "Universal Spelling-Book," sir,' said Ralph, reddening as he pulled out the well-worn volume. 'I try to learn at home in the little time I have, and can now nearly read.'

'That's well, my boy,' said Mr Leatham: 'I wish the rest of our boys would spend their leisure time so.'

'And, sir,' continued Ralph, now encouraged to speak out, 'I'm trying to write too, and have got the master of the Blue-Coat School to give me a lesson sometimes for doing his messages, sir.'

'You'll be a clerk yet, Ralph,' said the postmaster laughing. 'But it is a good endeavour, and I hope you'll succeed; but mind be careful of the mail.'

His employer's words turned out true, though spoken half in jest. Ralph continued to earn, by every honest though small way within his reach: his earnings were saved to purchase an old book when he could not borrow it, or supply himself with pens, ink, and paper; by which he at once amused and improved his few leisure hours in reading, or even spelling, to his mother, when her day's toil was also done, and practising the chance lessons he could obtain from the schoolmaster. Reading was at that period a rare thing in his class, and cheap books of instruction were equally so; but from the spelling-book, Ralph Allen advanced to the dictionary and grammar; from 'strokes,' to writing a good fair hand. His savings also increased by slow degrees, for both he and his mother were prudent; and Ralph only wished for the time when he might aspire to some better situation, and be enabled to add to her rest and comfort. Five years had thus passed away; Ralph Allen had grown almost a man, when all the message-senders of Bath, amongst whom he was well known, rejoiced, even amid their regrets that they must look out for another carrier, to hear that Ralph Allen had been promoted, through the kindness of Mr Leatham, to a clerkship in the Bath post-office, and was actually seen in a new suit of clothes performing his new duties at the post-office window. After this his mother washed nothing but lace and cambric, and Ralph was as steady and obliging in the post-office as he had been with the mail on his back. His salary was comparatively small, but his prudence was great; and in another year or two, people discovered that Ralph had something in the bank. His habits of reading and thought also gave him an ability to invent useful improvements in the post-office, which was then very imperfectly managed. These were modestly proposed; and as their necessity was seen, they soon obtained the sanction of the superior authorities, and raised the young clerk not only in their estimation, but in office also, as in three years after his entrance he succeeded the senior clerk, Mr Burton, by whom his application for the carriage of the Marlborough bag had been so ungraciously received, and who now retired to a

small property he had purchased in the country. Two years more, and Ralph himself began to think of purchasing property also. There was a large sterile farm called Coome Down in the neighbourhood of the city, which the last three tenants had successively left in disgust and weariness, declaring that their labour and money both were lost on such an unprofitable spot, and the landlord offered it for sheep-grazing on the very lowest terms. Great was the astonishment of all who knew him, when Ralph Allen became the purchaser of these poor and barren acres. Some said the young man's brain was turned with the books he read, and even his mother shook her head, and hoped it would turn out for the best; but Ralph gave up his situation in the post-office, collected round him workmen and tools, and commenced, not without creating much wonder and many surmises, to break up the ground in all directions, as if in search of a mine.

'Neighbour, do you expect to find a pot of gold in that farm?' said an old farmer to him over the fence one morning, where he and his men were delving at a rocky spot that never could be cultivated.

'No,' said Ralph; 'but I expected, and, thank Providence, I have found, a good stone quarry, which will repay me, and be useful to yon good town;' and he pointed to the spires of Bath.

'My stars!' cried the farmer, 'he's not mad after all!' And so thought all Ralph's neighbours, when buyers came and workmen thronged to the new quarry; and scarcely a gentleman's house or public building of any description could be commenced in Bath without a supply of stone from Mr Allen, as the Bath postboy was now deservedly called.

Mrs Allen had long given up washing, and gone to reside in a neat cottage which her son built out of the first produce of his quarry; and many of her former employers saluted the good woman as she passed to St Mary's church in her black sarsenet sac, high-heeled shoes, and velvet hood, like a respectable old lady of the period. About this time the works of the great Dr Warburton were attracting public attention, and much talked of in the best society of Bath. Ralph Allen brought the latest published volume home one day, and found his mother seated in the small parlour with his old friend Mr Leatham, who was about to retire from public business, and had called to see him. 'What books you do buy, Ralph!' said the old woman, who had always a suspicion of her son's extravagance on this point; and she pointed to a large book-case, where Dryden, Tillotson, and all the best authors of the preceding age might be seen in their works, closely ranged together. 'It was only last week,' continued the good dame, 'that you brought home that book about fame, written by one Mr Pope.'

'And don't you know, mother, who is the writer of this volume?' said Ralph. 'Don't you remember Mr Warburton, the parson of our own Greasley, in Nottinghamshire, who gave me the certificate which I presented to you, Mr Leatham, ten years ago, when I wished to be postboy to Marlborough?'

This was true; the vicar of Greasley became the celebrated Dr Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester; and it was said Mr Leatham's family kept that certificate like a sort of relic.

'Ralph Allen's making his fortune' was the usual remark of everybody about Bath when the quarry was mentioned; and it had now grown an important matter, as the whole property of Coome Down, which so many farmers had called a dead loss, was found to be one vast bed of the best building stone.

Ralph was making money fast, and his deposits in the bank increased every year; but his aims did not end there—the experience of his former situation in the post-office was at length employed to some purpose. Sundry useful arrangements and inventions had long ago made his name and abilities known to the authorities of that department. At the period of our story, the post-office in almost every county was farmed by

some wealthy or enterprising person, who took its whole revenue and expenses in his own hands, paying to the government a certain sum annually, according to his contract. Ralph, who had acquired a considerable acquaintance with all the details of the business, and had, besides, the good opinion of the most influential functionaries, proposed to vest the small fortune already gained by the Coome Down quarry in a post-office contract for all England; and his proposal was accepted. From this period the career of Ralph Allen was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Under his administration, the post-office revenue, even in that age of comparatively little letter-writing, was almost doubled in a few years, owing to the better arrangements introduced by him in the transmission of mails, and various postage regulations, which have made his name celebrated as one of the few who have conferred benefits of a lasting kind on their native country. But Ralph Allen was destined to become, if possible, still more honourably known to fame. From his earliest youth he had cultivated his mind, as well as improved his fortune; as without the former endeavour, the latter would have been but half success, though wealth had been gathered like the sand. His post-office contract in a short time realised such an income, as made the proprietor one of the richest men in the neighbourhood of Bath.

Mrs Allen had lived to see her son's prudent conduct and perseverance rewarded to an extent of which she had never dreamt; and the good dame closed her days in peace and comfort in the pleasant cottage at Coome Down, having nothing to regret, and no annoyance, but a shadowy fear, which at times slightly agitated the calm current of her latter-day thoughts, that Ralph was buying too many books. But having gained the summit of his early ambition—a well and honourably-won fortune—he determined to enjoy it agreeably to his own refined taste, in the munificent encouragement of arts and literature. He had acquired general respect as well as riches; and as his fortune raised him gradually in the scale of society, had won the esteem, and formed the acquaintance, of men celebrated for their talents, and still famous through their works. Pope, Fielding, Swift, and Goldsmith, were among the number of his friends; and the titled and fashionable paid a natural tribute to merit and success, by including Mr Allen in their most select society.

The country round Bath is one of the finest districts in England, being diversified with beautiful wood-crowned hills and broad green meadows: one property, in particular, popularly called Prior Park, had long attracted Ralph Allen's eye from the barren slopes of Coome Down, and there, he often said, he should wish, if fortune permitted him, to build a mansion worthy of the scene. This project was at last put in execution. The possessor of the estate ruined his affairs by carelessness and extravagance in London: it was, in consequence, offered for sale, and Ralph Allen, Esq. became the purchaser of Prior Park. Here, on the slope of one of those wood-covered hills which he had often admired, a splendid mansion was erected under his own superintendence, whose beautiful Corinthian portico and tasteful decorations were the theme of praise among all the lovers of art; the former especially being still regarded as unrivalled in English architecture. Here Ralph retired about middle life, leaving the field of active industry to younger and more needy aspirants: here also he gathered round him the most polished society of that fashionable neighbourhood, and many of the authors, the purchase of whose works had once astonished his mother. Mr Allen is well known to all conversant with the literature of those times as its judicious and munificent patron, and, in particular, as the attached friend of the somewhat irritable poet, Alexander Pope, and the philosophic Bishop Warburton.

The facts of his story, though not so generally known, belong to real life, and are verified by his contempo-

raries. Prior Park has now become a Catholic college; but its romantic situation and fine Corinthian columns are still reckoned among the attractions of the district; and they offer a lesson of how much may be achieved by well-directed energy and persevering prudence.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DRAGON.

THE fate of the dragon is curious. Used as a figure by the Jewish prophets, and by one of the evangelists; celebrated by the poets of profane antiquity; assumed by the mediæval romancers as their chief stock villain; condemned by the wisdom of the moderns to one grave with the 'Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire'; then risen anew in the present day, out of the bowels of the earth, to vindicate his own existence, and verify the wildest nightmare of poetry! 'There was a time,' says the author of the Bridgewater Treatise, 'when reptiles not only constituted the chief tenants and most powerful possessors of the earth, but extended their dominion also over the waters of the seas; and the annals of their history may be traced back through thousands of years antecedent to that latest point in the progressive stages of animal creation, when the first parents of the human race were called into existence.' . . . 'Persons to whom this subject may now be presented for the first time, will receive with much surprise, perhaps almost with incredulity, such statements as are here advanced. It must be admitted that they at first seem much more like the dreams of fiction and romance, than the sober results of calm and deliberate investigation; but to those who will examine the evidence of facts upon which our conclusions rest, there can remain no more reasonable doubt of the former existence of these strange and curious creatures in the times and places we assign to them, than is felt by the antiquary, who, finding the catacombs of Egypt stored with the mummies of men, and apes, and crocodiles, concludes them to be remains of mammalia and reptiles that have formed part of an ancient population on the banks of the Nile.'

These strange and curious creatures might be called *dragons*. 'Yes, dragons,' says the author from whose quotation we take the above sentences of Dr Buckland: 'not such as the small, living, winged reptiles that skim from place to place in search of their insect food, relying on their natural parachutes, constructed upon a somewhat safer principle than that of poor Mr Cocking, and rejoicing in the generic name of *Draco*, but downright enormous dragons, with bellies as big as tuna, and bigger—creatures that would not have cared much for Bevis's sword "Morglaye," nor that of the Rhodian Draconicide, nor St George's "Askalon," no, nor the "nothing-at-all" of More of More Hall, even if those worthies could have existed in the pettiforous region in which the said dragons revelled. For in a slough where *calamites* and other gigantic marsh plants, now extinct also, rooted themselves at ease, and reared themselves into a damp jungle; in a dreary bog, to which the undrained Pontine marshes would have been the land of health, was their lair. In such a nauseous quag, wholesome to them, these monsters roared and wallowed: there they growled their horrid loves, and there they made war upon each other—the strong devouring the weak, and the carnivorous "chawing up" the herbivorous in the midst of the wildest convulsions of a nascent world. While this was going on upon what then passed for dry land, great sea-dragons rushed through the waves, or sported on the surface of an ocean, not unlike, as far as the waters were concerned, our own; while flying-dragons

hovered, like Shakespeare's *witches*, through the fog and the filthy air.*

Amongst dragons, those of the sea deserve the precedence, for in all probability they existed first. There are two types well known to geologists—the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus; the former of which was sometimes thirty feet in length, with an eye larger than a man's head. This creature must have presented the appearance of a large predatory abdominal fish, with a head occasionally six feet long, jaws of corresponding size, armed with shark-like teeth, a short neck, and a long lizard tail. The eye, by means of a movable circle of plates with which it was provided, became a telescope or a microscope, just as the animal desired, and lighted its career amidst tyrannies and dangers by night and by day. The plesiosaurus was a worthy comrade of this original. 'To the head of the lizard,' says Dr Buckland, 'it united the teeth of the crocodile; a neck of enormous length, resembling the body of a serpent; a trunk and tail having the proportions of an ordinary quadruped; the ribs of a chameleon; and the paddles of a whale.' The great length of the former dragon was in the tail: in this it was in the neck. 'That it was aquatic,' reasons the Rev. W. Conybeare, 'is evident from the form of its paddles; that it was marine, is almost equally so from the remains with which it is universally associated; that it may have occasionally visited the shore, the resemblance of its extremities to those of the turtle may lead us to conjecture: its motion, however, must have been very awkward on land; its long neck must have impeded its progress through the water; presenting a striking contrast to the organisation which so admirably fits the ichthyosaurus to cut through the waves. May it not, therefore, be concluded (since, in addition to these circumstances, its respiration must have required frequent access of air), that it swam upon, or near the surface, arching back its long neck like a swan, and occasionally darting it down at the fish which happened to float within its reach? It may perhaps have lurked in shoal water along the coast, concealed among the sea-weed; and raising its nostrils to a level with the surface from a considerable depth, may have found a secure retreat from the assault of dangerous enemies; while the length and flexibility of its neck may have compensated for the want of strength in its jaws, and its incapacity for swift motion through the water, by the suddenness and agility of the attack which they enabled it to make on every animal fitted for its prey which came within its reach.' Besides these denizens of the deep, there was the prototype of the *Monitor*, a gigantic lizard—sometimes five feet in length—which haunts the marshes and river-sides of warm countries. The marine ancestor of this creature must have reached the length of twenty-five feet, with a head four feet long. It was of the size of a grampus, with four paddles instead of legs, a great oar-like tail, and jaws and teeth entirely draconian.

Such were the sea-dragons in those ages of the world compared with which the antiquity of recorded time is but as yesterday. The dry land, or what passed for such, had quite as interesting a population. 'If, with the eyes of the imagination,' says Mr Broderip, 'aided by the lights afforded by the strata and the ancient inhabitants buried therein, we look back upon our earth when the forms of crocodilian reptiles first came upon it, we may picture to ourselves an oozy, spongy, reeky land, watered with wild rivers, and largely overspread by a vast expanse of lakes, on whose dreary, slimy banks gigantic crocodiles reposed amid enormous extinct bog-plants, or floated, log-like, in the fenny sunshine on their waters, while the silence of the desolate

scene was broken by the clank of their monstrous jaws, as they ever and anon closed upon the bygone generations of fishes, or by the growlings and explosions of the distant volcano.' Of the land monsters, the iguanodon was an elephantine reptile, twenty-eight feet long—a sort of innocent dragon, who made use of his grinders in the mere mastication of vegetable food; while his brother, the megalosaurus, a little larger, and a little more tun-like in form, crushed crocodiles and tortoises within his horrid jaws. The two tribes of herbivorous and carnivorous Titans must have fought bitterly for the championship.

While such creatures as these enjoyed the dominion of the land and sea, another class floated heavily through the foggy air. The fossil remains of the pterodactyle formed for some time a puzzle for geologists, who perhaps considered that the announcement of flying-dragons would be carrying their wonders a little too far. Cuvier, however, settled the question; and Dr Buckland accounts for the difference of opinion that prevailed by the presence of characters in the fossil, apparently belonging to each of the three classes to which it was referred. These characters are indicated by the bird-like head and neck—the wing like that of the bat—and the body and tail approaching to those of the mammal. 'These characters,' says Dr Buckland, 'connected with the small skull, as is usual among reptiles, and a beak furnished with not less than sixty pointed teeth, presented a combination of apparent anomalies, which it was reserved for the genius of Cuvier to reconcile. In his hands, this apparently monstrous production of the ancient world has been converted into one of the most beautiful examples ever afforded by comparative anatomy of the harmony that pervades all nature in the adaptation of the same parts of the animal frame to infinitely-varied conditions of existence.' Mr Broderip supposes this chimera to have shuffled along the ground after the manner of a bat, and scuttled through the water when it had occasion to swim. When rising into the heavy air, the membranous wing was expanded by the bones of the fore-foot; and when tired, it perhaps suspended itself by the hind-legs. 'The general hue of the body was probably lurid, and the texture of the skin shagreen-like, resembling in some degree the external tegument of a chameleon or guana, excepting the smooth membrane of the wing.'

Such were the dragons of the primeval world; and one could almost suppose that among the buried learning of the earlier nations there lurked some knowledge of geology, seeing how their ideas about dragons come to such a conformity in some respects with the realities of these pre-Adamite reptiles. It is strange that the poets, in their descriptions of the leviathan, which is concluded to have been the crocodile, should approach nearer to the real dragon-type than the crocodile itself! They have been ultra-liberal, it is true, in the articles of heads, crests, manes, and beards; but in all essential particulars they were as correct as a modern professor, who can not only number their bones, but measure their muscular development, describe their organs of sense and motion, and ascertain even the colour and quantity of their blood. The Lernean hydra, slain by Hercules, is placed by the ancients in its proper habitat—the mud and quagmires consequent on Deucalion's deluge: for the sake of this *fact*, its heads, varying in number, according to different authorities, from seven to a hundred, may be pardoned. These modern dragons are represented to have fed on vipers and scorpions, thus increasing their natural venom at every meal. A peculiar species of dragon kindled the air it breathed into flames; and the crowned basilisk, the terror of both men and dragons, destroyed animal life with a glance of its eye. The dragons of the marshes were said to be so large, that they killed elephants with ease. One that haunted the neighbourhood of Damascus was 140 feet long; and the intestines of another, 120 feet long, were preserved in the library of Constantinople, with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* written upon it in letters of gold!

* Zoological Recreations. By W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S. Colburn. 1847.

The scalds of the north, and romancers of the south, vied with each other in illustrating the popular idea; and in our own country more especially, 'nobody was anybody,' as Mr Broderip says, 'who had not slain his dragon.' The following is a portrait of the monster in Syr Bevis of Hampton:—

'When the dragon, that foule is,
Had a syght of Syr Bevis,
He cast up a loud cry,
As it had thundered in the sky:
He turned his body towards the son;
It was greater than any tonne;
His scales were brighter than the glas,
And harder they were than any bras:
Betwene his shoulder and his tayle,
Was forty fote without fayle.'

The combat of Syr Bevis and this wonderful wildfowl is supposed to be the prototype of that of St George and the Dragon.

Turning from the dragon of the old romance, we come to that of Spenser's Faery Queen, 'with its "wynges-like sayls, cruel-rending claws, yron teeth, and breath of smothering smoke and sulphur;" and then to that most striking passage in the Pilgrim's Progress, descriptive of the battle between Christian and Apollyon, who spake like a dragon, and when at last, says Bunyan in his dream, Christian gave him a deadly thrust, "spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away that I saw him no more."

Dragons, however, at length met the fate of the knights that slew them, and were put out of countenance by ridicule. The Dragon of Wantley was more fatal to them than the basilisk; and after the exploit of More of More Hall, the whole brood appears to sink into the earth, and disappear, like their ancestors of the pre-Adamite world.

'The Dragon of Wantley churches ate
(He used to come of a Sunday),
Whole congregations were to him
A dish of Salmagundi.
Parsons were his black puddings, and
Fat aldermen his capons,
And his tit-bit the collection plate,
Brimful of Birmingham halfpence.
The corporation worshipful
He valued not an ace;
But swallowed the mayor, asleep in his chair,
And picked his teeth with the mace!'

The pre-Adamite reptiles, although extinct in their species, are not wholly so in their genera. There is still a lizard called the *ambyrhynchus*, which may be said to represent, however poorly and inadequately, the sea-dragons of the primeval world. It is a hideous-looking creature, as described by Darwin, from three to four feet long, of a dirty black colour, stupid and sluggish in its movements. 'When in the water, the animal swims, with perfect ease and quickness, by a serpentine movement of its body and flattened tail, the legs, during this time, being motionless, and closely collapsed on its sides. A seaman on board sank one with a heavy weight attached to it, thinking thus to kill it directly; but when, an hour afterwards, he drew up the line, the lizard was quite active. Their limbs and strong claws are admirably adapted for crawling over the rugged and fissured masses of lava which everywhere form the coast. In such situations, a group of six or seven of these hideous reptiles may oftentimes be seen on the black rocks, a few feet above the surf, basking in the sun with out-stretched legs.'

We must not forget, however, another claimant—though Mr Broderip does—the sea-serpent—which grows more and more importunate every day. The last affidavit on the subject, given in the March number of the 'Zoologist,' is from a certain Joseph Woodward, captain of the Adamant schooner of Hingham, who states that he fired one of the ship's guns, loaded with a cannon-ball and musket-bullets, at the monster, himself and crew hearing the shot strike against his body, from which they rebounded as if it had been a rock. Cap-

tain Woodward reports the creature to have been about 130 feet in length, of a blackish colour, and with ear-holes about twelve feet from the extremity of his head. Another 'well-authenticated' report was made in 1833 by five gentlemen of Halifax, Nova Scotia, chiefly officers of the rifle brigade. The creature they saw was between 80 and 100 feet long; the neck was equal in girth to a moderate-sized tree; and that and the head of a dark-brown, or nearly black colour, streaked irregularly with white. In 1845 and 1846, the serpent-seers of the flocks of Norway describe the animal as being from 40 to 100 feet long; and what is very curious, he is invariably provided with a mane like a horse. This mane is a remarkable feature in the *fabulous* dragons of the middle ages! Dr Cogswell, in the 'Zoologist,' points out a strong resemblance between the extinct plesiosaurus, and the descriptions of the sea-serpent as given by unlettered persons; and he concludes that the argument *pro* and *contra* is satisfactory in favour of at least a suspension of judgment on the subject.

The great crocodile of the Ganges represents in some degree the amphibious dragons; but the iguanodon (the herbivorous dragon) has dwindled into the small iguana, five feet in length. 'The geographical distribution of the guanas extends over a great part of South America and the West India islands. Although they occasionally eat eggs and insects in a wild state, and in captivity have been known to feed on the entrails of fowls, their ordinary food consists of buds, leaves, flowers, and fruits, for the cropping of which their numerous teeth, which may be compared to small lancets, terminating in broad blades, with minutely-serrated edges, are admirably adapted. As this diet leads the guana to the trees, both form and colour conjoin to aid in securing its safety; the first enabling it to climb and stand firm on the branches, and the second going far towards concealing it in its leafy haunt. The long, slender, serrated, sharp-clawed toes, and lengthened flexible tail, here come into play; and the green, bluish, or slaty hue of the upper part of the body, together with the yellowish-green or brownish of the under parts, harmonise with its situation. Sometimes there are brown stripes or yellow-edged zig-zags on the sides of the body; sometimes there is an oblique yellow line on the forepart of the shoulder; some are dotted with brown, the limbs of others are mottled with brown on a blackish ground, and the tail is generally annulated with alternate large brown and green or yellowish rings. These variations are, however, in strict keeping with its sylvan habits. . . . These animals are oviparous: their eggs are round, with a thinner shell, or rather tegument—for it is tough, not brittle—than that of those of the common poultry, but with a white and yolk resembling that of a hen's egg in flavour. Nor is this the only delicacy supplied by the uncouth-looking guanas. They become very fat upon their wholesome diet, and are much sought after for their flesh, which is as white as that of a chicken, and equal, if not superior to it, when properly offered to the palate. The old authors confine their cookery to boiling and frying: thus Piso says that they love to feed on fruits and eggs, whence they derive much fat, and the whitish flesh "*qua elixa vel frigida inter delicias expetita, nec gallinaceis pullis cedit.*"' Dr Patrick Brown relates in his history of Jamaica, that he kept a guana about the house for two months without ever having observed it eat.

As for the flying-dragons, they have passed utterly away, for it can scarcely be said that they are represented in the little insect-eating parachuted reptile which bears this name. 'Pterodactyles have been succeeded by birds—ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurs, mosasaurs, and the like, by whales, dolphins, and great fishes. Where the herbivorous iguanodon revelled, the ox, the deer, and the sheep quietly crop the fragrant herbage; whilst in place of the destructive megalosaurus, the carnivorous mammalia keep down the excessive multiplication of the ruminants; and MAN has a dominion over all. In future ages, his remains will fill the bosom of

the earth; and the traveller in some far distant century will feel the full force of Byron's lines wherever he sets his foot:—

'Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!'

THE ENGLISH IN BORNEO.

SINCE the publication of Captain Keppel's late work, an outline of the contents of which we presented to our readers in Nos. 116 and 117, we have looked forward with much interest to the appearance of other portions of Mr Brooke's Journals. We have them now before us,* and a brief digest of the varied matter contained in the volumes may perhaps prove not uninteresting.

In January 1840, Mr Brooke visited the great and unexplored island of Celebes, for the purpose of collecting information concerning its strange laws, its almost everlasting internal dissensions, its populous and wealthy cities, its great rivers, its fertile and untraversed plains and unascended hills, and its huge natural caverns. He had much to contend with, but also much to gain. Rumours of his proceedings in another part of the Twelve Thousand Islands had no doubt reached the ears of the rulers, and the people of Celebes. It was a good thing, therefore, for him to show himself to them. A taste for European manners and European civilisation may hereafter spring up there; and if such prove to be the case, we shall attribute the sowing of the first seeds to the visit of the adventurous English traveller.

The Bugis or natives of Celebes are a strange race. Though those continually dwelling on shore are, on the whole, somewhat addicted to laziness, the traders are among the most adventurous and spirited of the inhabitants of the Archipelago. Their mercantile pursuits necessarily bring them into contact with almost all the other islanders; and while distributing the commodities of trade among the various islands, they must at the same time disseminate ideas; and if those ideas were the fruit of an intercourse with the civilised races of the West, the effect could not fail to prove beneficial. But treachery and avarice, those debasing qualities common to almost all nations in the dark stages of their existence, but more especially at the period when the first dim dawn of a better state of things is breaking upon them, are widely diffused. An instance of the atrocious extent to which kidnapping is carried in Celebes is related. 'A follower of the Rajah Kerain, who had assumed the character of a physician, came to the house of a relative of the nahodah; and after sitting some time in converse with the lady of the house, said, "I wish you would let some one carry my bundle to Nepoh, whither I am going." (Nepoh was three miles off.) The poor woman immediately said, "My nephew shall do it for you;" and the boy (about ten years of age) went with the pretended physician, as was thought, to Nepoh. Some days, however, elapsing, and the boy not coming back, his aunt grew uneasy; and setting some inquiries on foot, found that the man whom he had gone with was at Tempè. On being applied to, the miscreant coolly replied that the boy came back the same evening; the real fact being, that he had sold him as a slave, no one knew where. Under these circumstances, the nahodah applied to me to use my influence with the datu lampola, in order to recover the boy;

and I immediately applied to him, and received the fullest assurance that, if the boy was alive, he should be found. A week, however, passing, and no news being obtained, I renewed my instances more warmly; and urged that if the man would not disclose what he had done with the boy, he ought to be put in confinement. Such plain-dealing appeared, however, to be altogether out of the question, for he was a follower of the Arn Kerain! On farther inquiry, I learned that the *very rascal* who had stolen and sold the boy, had been sent to repurchase him with twenty-five reals of the datu's money.'

The boy was thus restored to his friends at the cost of L.4, 3s. 4d., which came out of the magistrate's pocket. The anecdote speaks expressively of the present state of affairs in Celebes, where a criminal must be bribed to make restitution for the wrongs he has done.

In an excursion which Mr Brooke undertook shortly after, in company with several rajahs and other important personages, he fell in with what he terms 'a cynical king, and his no less cynical mistress.' These were the king and queen of Akutaingan. Invested with all the power and dignity of royalty, his highness's fondness for the chase led him to despise all other occupations. He, therefore, abandoning his palace, delighted to dwell in forest or jungle, hunting the wild deer on horseback, with his young and beautiful wife constantly at his side. This lady appears to have been quite in her proper element when thus employed. Horses, dogs, and fighting cocks were her most familiar pets, and with them she loved to scour the woods and plains, along with her husband, whom Mr Brooke describes as partaking of the generosity of the horse and the sagacity of the dog. Our countryman says he is sure the pretty huntress of Akutaingan was intended for a better and a happier fate. We doubt whether she could have been happier. She had a kind lord, and was never in want of an agreeable pipe of opium. Furthermore, she had no idea of any other life, and therefore wished not for any change. How could her domestic felicity have been greater?

Here, in company with this hunting chief, Mr Brooke partook of the 'Feast of the Bloody Heart,' which to us seems, to say the least of it, a wild and barbarous custom, though the English traveller declares there is nothing revolting in it, not so much as in the practice of devouring oysters. Our readers shall judge. 'The game being killed, chillies, salt, and limes (always carried to the field) are brought, the heart taken out, and with portions of the liver and inside of the thigh, is minced and eaten raw with these ingredients, the sauce being blood!'

Having heard many extraordinary accounts of the great cave of Mampo, which the natives declared to have been the work of a dynasty of kings long in the grave, Mr Brooke underwent many fatigues in order to inspect it. As might have been foretold, however, it proved to be no artificial production. The first glimpse of the interior showed that time, and the accidents of nature, had been the only architects of the wonderful cavern of Mampo. It was not at all extraordinary, however, that the ignorant and credulous inhabitants should have believed it to have been the vestige of an ancient religion, since Mr Brooke compares it with the far-famed halls of Alhambra. On entering, a vast chamber, adorned with countless pillars of the most dazzling white material, presented itself to his gaze. The roof glittered with pendent stalactites of all shapes and sizes, sometimes connected by exquisitely delicate fretwork, while here and there, where crevices in the rocky flooring afforded earth and moisture, groups of young trees sprang up, and received on their heads the weight of innumerable green creepers falling in from holes in the roof, and twining in every direction

* Narrative of Events in Borneo, from the Private Journals of James Brooke, Esq., with a Narrative of Operations in H.M.S. *Iris*. By Captain Rodney Mundy, R.N. London: Murray.

about the cavern, which runs deep into the bowels of the mountain. We can scarcely imagine a more striking spectacle than that which must have presented itself at the time of Mr Brooke's visit. The hundreds of dusky figures with flaming torches, the mass of green creepers, whose dark, rich foliage contrasted admirably with the pure whiteness of the rest, and the varied and fantastic forms which the hand of nature had there moulded, combined to produce a picture in the highest degree exciting to the imagination.

On our countryman's return to Sarāwak, he found the province in so distracted a condition, with no probability of any termination of the period of anarchy, that thoughts of throwing up his schemes for the regeneration of the Archipelago, in utter despair, more than once occurred to his mind. The natural vigour of his character, however, triumphed over despondency, and he resolved to persevere. Soon after this, the rebellion occurred, which he assisted in putting down. The details, however, have been given to the public some months ago, and we have therefore no need to repeat them here.

Having seen much of the island of Borneo, its cities, its rivers, its productions, vegetable and mineral, its animals of all kinds, from the ponderous elephant to the creeping lizard; and hearing of its ancient trade in camphor, tortoiseshell, sandal-wood, cloves, bark, birds'-nests, and trepang, Mr Brooke determined at all hazards to make an effort to open its inestimable riches to the enterprise of the merchant. Convinced that every province, and Sarāwak in particular, might prove a mine of wealth, if properly worked, he thought no pains too great to be bestowed on the attempt, and therefore set about examining the materials with which he was to commence the gigantic labour.

He found the inhabitants uncivilised and ignorant. They had been accustomed, since time forgotten, to bloody and barbarous practices—murder, robbery, treachery, and almost every other vice. Yet they possess a religion, dark and imperfect though it be, founded on the original bases of all faith; one great God dwelling above the clouds, a future state of bliss for the good—the happy hunting-ground of the American Indians—and a place of punishment for the wicked.

Their religion, however, did not teach them to avoid the shedding of blood. Until very recently, the Dyaks of Sarāwak indulged in the propensity of head-taking, which depopulated the land, interfered with the cultivation of the soil, and precluded the possibility of the different tribes living in amity one with another. The custom, however, has withered before the breath of European civilisation. No one now thinks of appropriating the heads of his neighbours, since Mr Brooke has declared that life for life shall be the law of Sarāwak, and has caused it to be felt that he will be obeyed.

Piracy, however, has always been the greatest bane of progress in the Indian islands. Mr Brooke has devoted himself with unwearied energy to assist in its suppression, and we hope soon to see the fruits of his labours. The first active affair of very great consequence related in the present work, is the triumph over a notorious piratical chief, one Budrudeen. To prevent unnecessary loss of life, it was resolved to seize him by stratagem. He had long ago, by innumerable atrocities, repeated in the very teeth of warning, forfeited the right of being treated as an honourable enemy. Brooke's ally 'arrived at Singè; I found the patinge (Mr Brooke's ally) waiting till the pangeran (Budrudeen) and the Illanun panglima (his partner in crime) came to the beach; and to prevent suspicion, my party kept close in the boat, whence I could observe what was passing without. The pangeran and Illanun walked down, both well armed, and the latter dressed out with a variety of charms. Once on the beach, retreat was impossible; for our people surrounded them, though without committing any hostile act. The suspicion of the two was, however, roused; and it was curious to

observe their different demeanour. The Borneo pangeran remained quiet, silent, and motionless—a child might have taken him; the Magindanas Illanun lashed himself to desperation. Flourishing his spear in one hand, and with the other on the handle of his sword, he defied those collected about him. He danced his war-dance on the sand; his face became deadly pale; his wild eyes glared; he was ready to die, but not to die alone. His time was come, for he was dangerous, and to catch him was impossible; and accordingly Patrigiali, walking past, leaped forward, and struck a spear through his back far between his shoulders, half a foot out at his breast. I had no idea that, after such a thrust, a man could even for a few instants exert himself; but the Illanun, after receiving his mortal wound, dashed forward with his spear, and thrust it at the breast of another man; but strength and life failed, and the weapon did not enter.'

Among the varied and novel matters contained in this volume, we have a history of Borneo, a description of all its known provinces, towns, rivers, and natural peculiarities; its various tribes, piratical and peaceful; the extent of its capabilities of producing articles of commerce; its gold, diamond, antimony, silver, and other mines; the manners, customs, religion, &c. of its people; and indeed a collection of useful and interesting facts, such as seldom come within the scope of one work. If our readers would learn all that is told in Mr Brooke's Journals, they must read them in their complete form. It is, however, wonderful that the English rajah could have devoted so much time to the collecting of information, multifarious and fatiguing as must have been his duties. Here is a slight sketch of his routine of daily life when at Sarāwak:—'My spare hours are devoted to the studying of languages, reading, and chart-making; and my companions are constantly employed—some stuffing animals and birds, others in teaching our young Bugis and Dyak youths their letters, and instructing them in copying my vocabularies. Nine is the breakfast hour; four the time for dinner; after which we stroll out till dark, and drink tea at eight. Of wine and grog we have none, and I believe we are all the better without it, retiring happily to our beds about ten, ready for that repose which will fit us for the labour of to-morrow. I have also been engaged in watching some of the head men amusing themselves at chess, which is a favourite game among them.'

But Mr Brooke has also his country-house, situated on the border of a beautiful river, rattling through a stony channel, and overhung with the boughs of magnificent trees, whose dark foliage, meeting at top, only admits a few subdued sun-rays, thus preserving coolness and shade on the waters even in the heat of a tropical day. On every side extends a sweep of richly-cultivated country, across which the stream meanders, its course marked now by a barrier of low rocks, and now by banks covered with extra-luxuriant vegetation. Santah Cottage stands on a moderately-lofty eminence on the river's edge. It consists of two storeys built with logs, entwined with split bamboo. A small farm of three acres lies behind it, which Mr Brooke has cleared of wood and jungle, and planted with a thousand nutmeg-trees, with some figs, to which he intends to add the coffee-tree and the betel nut.

Half a mile from this beautiful retreat another cottage is to be built, on a spot called the Fairy Knoll. Here a diamond mine is to be worked, the Santah river abounding in these precious stones. 'The diamonds are found mixed in the gravelly substratum, and there is likewise a small quantity of gold to be obtained. The earth is washed at the water's edge in large, round, wooden pans, shaped like shields; the diamonds are picked out, and there remains a residue of black sand like gunpowder and gold particles; of course a good deal of neatness and attention is requisite, and the workers seem jealous and superstitious, dialike noise, particularly laughter or merriment, as it is highly

offensive to the spirit who presides over the diamonds; and what is perhaps more important in their eyes, the diamonds cannot be found if the abode of quiet is disturbed by unholy mirth. It is surprising to see people calling themselves Mohammedans yielding to Pagan rites of presenting offerings to the spirit of the mine—the gnome king: fowls, rice, curi, are weekly offered; but I was pleased to hear that they are sensible enough to eat up these good things after they have been offered. Hajji Ibrahim, with a solemn face, requested me to give him an old letter, and he engraved thereon some Chinese characters two inches long, which, being translated, signify, "Rajah Muda Hassim, James Brooke, and Hajji Ibrahim, present their compliments to the spirit, and request his permission to work at the mine."

Such are Mr Brooke's rural residences, whither he retires when weary of the bustle and activity of his capital. His bungalow at Sarawak* is of a more imposing character. Built upon piles in the native style, and thatched with nipa, with a large veranda embracing the four sides, its interior yet presents all the characteristic comforts of an English dwelling. Landing at a little boat-house on the bank, you proceed up a broad gravelled walk, bordered by dense hedgerows of jessamine, to the porch; you then ascend a short flight of steps, cross the broad veranda, and enter a spacious saloon, or hall of reception, forty feet long. Adjoining this is a library, stocked with a choice assortment of the literature of various countries, and supplied also from time to time with the latest publications, periodical and others, on geographical and scientific subjects. Two bedrooms complete the interior arrangements of this curious mansion—half European and half Eastern. A kitchen, various offices, and bath-rooms, constitute detached buildings, at a very few yards' distance, while in close proximity stands a neat cottage, devoted to the purposes of hospitality.

Sarawak town is situated on the river of the same name, in a picturesque and fertile country. The native houses are built on either side of two beautiful reaches, while the Chinese occupy a distinct quarter on the right bank, opposite the English residences, which stand on eminences on the left.

The military defences of Sarawak consist of a fort or battery mounting six guns, and garrisoned by twenty-five Malay soldiers! This formidable detachment is quartered in barracks adjoining the fort. Each man receives six Spanish dollars per month, with a certain ration of provisions per diem.

With this imposing force Mr Brooke reigns over an extensive territory, whose capital contains a population of 14,000 inhabitants. This might not appear so extraordinary, were the people a meek, submissive, and domestic race, nurtured for generations in the lap of peace, and accustomed to the varied arts of industry. On the contrary, anarchy has been for ages the normal state of the country; strife, and consequent bloodshed, have unremittently urged on the work of depopulation; every man's hand has been against every man; destruction and pillage were the constant employments of the people; and no one knew or thought of peace. But a change has been wrought in the condition of affairs—a change which we should have considered incredible, had it been prophesied five years ago. What the next five years may bring forth it is impossible to foresee. If events, however, advance as steadily as they have done, and in the same direction, we hope to see a colony flourishing at Sarawak, factories in busy operation, steam-engines in full play, houses and streets built, and gardens laid out, and also an English church for those Europeans and natives who are inclined to attend it. This may or may not happen. The future is the future, and none may read it. If, however, any colony founded by an individual possessed of the requisite energy and ability ever flourished, Sarawak ought to

flourish. Mr Brooke, we feel assured, will prove true to the task he has undertaken, and we therefore entertain brilliant hopes of the onward progress of the English in Sarawak.

THE OPPOSITE HOUSE.

A DWELLER in one of the prettiest districts of suburban London, but often yearning for the freedom and retirement of the country, I yet endeavour, as the common saying runs, 'to make the best of things in general'—that is, by living as much apart as propriety will admit from the gossiping society usually found to preponderate in such places, and also by being intimately acquainted with all the hidden nooks, odd corners, and green dells within reach, where the early primrose and violets hide, and where the latest acorn drops.

The changes which have taken place in the 'opposite house' have often afforded me matter for contemplation during the past seven years, the more so, perhaps, because I visited there a long time ago, when, as an only and spoiled child, I was taken about everywhere with one who is now a saint in heaven; for which reason the memories and ideas thus associated assume with me somewhat of a sad and touching character.

The two elderly maiden sisters who were then the occupants I shall designate as the Misses Ramsay. They were rather aristocratic in their connections and pretensions; and it was considered something desirable to be admitted into the exclusive, but exquisitely dull circle, occasionally assembled in their prim drawing-room. I believe nothing save old friendship and family ties would have induced them to tolerate me in this model sanctuary, 'children and dogs' being especially prohibited, and objects of their supreme dread and aversion.

There was nothing I disliked so much as a visit to the Misses Ramsay; yet rather than be left out, or separated from my mother's side, I preferred encountering the heavy penance; and truth to tell, they were very kind in their way, fondly stroked my flowing curls as I sat on the huge foot-stool at their feet, while in gentle whispers they courteously hinted that I must be careful not to run up against the tiny tables, with their spider legs, on which rested the antique fairy cups and saucers of peerless china. Their establishment consisted of five domestics, all old retainers, and as precise and orderly as their ladies. First in importance, as major-domo of the establishment, came Benjamin the footman, a tall, gaunt man, with gray hairs, and a long solemn visage, who always appeared habited in an immaculate black suit, with silver shoe-buckles. A thoroughly respectable, though stern-looking domestic was Benjamin; and when, with staid and important demeanour, he came from beneath the porch (where bowing clematis and honeysuckle were kept within strict bounds) to unlock the little green gate through which alone visitors were admitted, wo to the careless individuals who failed to duly scrape and brush their shoes if polluted by contact with mother earth! The vinegar aspect became sourer and harsher, and unquestionable demonstrations of displeasure peculiar to himself, but well understood by those who knew him, evinced the wrath of the worthy Benjamin, and rendered it no pleasant matter to provoke it. The housemaid was his sister, and distinguished by the same undeviating severity of attire and bearing; though certainly, to judge from the neatness and shining cleanliness of the house (which, however, was far too neat and minutely arranged to afford an idea of use or comfort), she was the perfection of good housemaids, not to be had now-a-days for love or money.

The ladies each kept her own peculiar attendant—fac-similes of themselves. The cook of this clockwork establishment was of course invisible; and I never knew more than one person who had dined there, the entertainment being always limited to what is vulgarly termed 'tea and turn-out.' The dinner-hour was at

* For a representation and description of this place, see 'Views in the Indian Archipelago,' by James Augustus St John.

four o'clock to a moment; and our poor friend, who came from a distance, and was unavoidably asked to remain and partake of the repast, whispered to my mother, at our hospitable though far rougher board, 'that if dining off silver and porcelain was enough for satisfaction, there was a profusion of *that* at the Misses Ramsay's, and to spare; but in other respects it was a Barmecide's feast.'

Tea was handed round at seven precisely—visitors being never waited for. *Tea* did I say? it was an anomaly in the state of things—old maids being proverbially famed for their renovating hyson; but with the Misses Ramsay it was literally *wash*—never made in the room, but handed about to the guests on massive silver salvers, together with a very small portion of delicately-sliced bread and butter. I never dared to partake of the untempting beverage; for Benjamin and his worthy sister, Mrs Deborah, looked down so awfully upon me, that I usually felt paralysed, sat demurely still, and was thankful to be pronounced 'a well-behaved young lady now.' Little did our entertainers guess the outrageous romp I was privately contemplating for the next morning, as an indemnification for present thralldom.

A card-table was then put out, and a whist party formed, the remainder of the guests being left to their own discretion. At half-past nine enter Benjamin and Mrs Deborah again, with the silver salvers now supporting tiny but superbly-cut wine-glasses, each containing a drop or two of wine, while a golden basket held the small modicum of rich cake, divided into minute portions. By this time I was perfectly ravenous, not daring to cast my eyes on the tempting mouthfuls, but eagerly listening for the welcome announcement, at ten minutes to ten, of 'Your chair is waiting, madam.'

Yet strange to say, people always went to the Misses Ramsay's when they were asked; and one redeeming point there was—at all seasons, and at all times, a small but rare collection of the fairest and daintiest flowers shed their perfumed loveliness over the inhospitable stiffness of that cold drawing-room: their scent still haunts me with the associations of my childhood.

The Misses Ramsay gave large sums unostentatiously away in charities both public and private; and many poor of the neighbourhood had cause to lament their decease, which took place within a few months of each other, and a year or two previously to our being domiciled in our present residence.

How changed the outward aspect now of the 'opposite house'—even as changed as its hidden domesticity! A merchant, reputed to be prosperous, had taken the lease, and brought thither his wife, a lady of Swiss extraction, and a large family of children, of all ages, from twelve downwards.

These children were singularly beautiful, though formed on a large scale of robust healthfulness; their free springing step, agile frames, and well-proportioned figures, betokened pure mountain descent; while their fanciful costume (the talk and wonder of the amazed neighbourhood), as Swiss peasant boys and girls, with fancy-looking caps and gay streamers, bright jackets, laced bodice, and such short petticoats, &c. all combined to make the illusion so perfect, that, as I watched them sporting under the old trees, I often fancied a scene in some theatrical representation was before me. I had never entered the interior of the house since the days of my childhood, when the Misses Ramsay occupied it; but if the exterior was a true index as to its condition, report spoke truly when it said, that on the departure of the Swiss family it was found to be literally torn to pieces. The clematis and honeysuckle have never been visible again; all the flowers were trampled down; for the children's little carriages, drawn by pet goats, completed their destruction.

Carpenters appeared to be in constant requisition; broken chairs and tables were observed to be carried out for repairs; dilapidated blinds and smashed panes of glass afforded continual employment to glaziers and Venetian shade manufacturers. The foreign mother

appeared to be entirely devoted to the whims and caprices of her offspring, to the utter shutting out of all other human sympathies; indeed the scandal-mongers of the neighbourhood hinted, that had his home been better regulated, and more comfortably managed, the merchant would not so frequently have absented himself from it: hence disagreements arose; misfortunes in business came; and at length there was a total 'break up.' The elder children were sent by their English relatives to school, prior to their mother's returning to Switzerland with the younger ones, until arrangements could be made, or unanimity restored. The parting appeared to be a terrific one, and finished at the gate, and outside of it, as the carriage stood ready to convey the weeping children from the home they were never to return to again. The girls were dressed in plain English habiliments, and their close cottage-bonnets scarcely permitted the ruddy cheeks, now bedewed with tears, to be visible; the large hands clasped their frantic mother's neck, and the huge feet fondly lingered on that beloved threshold where so many happy memories twined around their young hearts. I never heard what became of them; but a kind of desolation appeared to reign on the final departure of the family.

The shut-up house, its ruinous condition, and its garden cloaked with weeds, rendered it a melancholy object from our windows; and we were heartily wishing that some eligible housekeeper would take a fancy to it, ere the winter set in, when one morning an array of bricklayers, painters, and paper-hangers made their appearance, and in a short time the 'opposite house' looked habitable once more; but still its general aspect was not cheerful, for the blinds were all sad-coloured, the paint was dark and dingy-looking, and the fore-court was entirely covered with gravel, all intruding branches being mercilessly lopped. A lady and gentleman in sad-coloured garments became the owners; and though, altogether, things looked as cold and prim as they did in the Misses Ramsay's time, yet they wanted a certain relief and elegance which reigned *then*, and which is not definable.

The gentleman was a dissenting minister, who, having a handsome private fortune, conducted his ministrations from a sense of duty. He and his wife were benevolence personified. They were never done admonishing, instructing, cheering; they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and they were never known to make any difference in their charities on the score of religious distinction. A time came when these excellent persons also removed from the 'opposite house,' much to the grief of the neighbourhood. They emigrated to New Zealand, possibly for the sake of labouring in a wider field of usefulness—carrying tidings of the blessed Gospel to scenes of heathen barbarism. If such really were their object, what an example of self-devotion! I wonder if their thoughts ever revert to the neat English cottage, with its suburban accessories!

Once again the 'opposite house' was inhabited, and this time by a perfect colony of busy bees. A rich and pious lady of the vicinity purchased it for her charity school; and thirty orphan girls, in their pretty uniforms, here found a refuge from the present ills of life, and help and instruction to enable them to combat with those in store for their maturer years. Buoy, clean, and happy creatures they appeared to be; and though it was pronounced, by many of the neighbours, to be shameful and impertinent of Lady M.—to put so genteel a cottage villa to such an unseemly use, yet there were some who deemed it far otherwise. The school-room was that which had formerly been the Misses Ramsay's drawing-room. Poor ladies! how impossible it would have been for them to have imagined that no less than thirty of their forbidden torments, in the guise of robust charity girls, would one day be daily assembled there—that battledoors and skipping-ropes would usurp the place of the delicate embroidery frame—while numberless torn and well-thumbed spelling-

books, and 'readings-made-easy,' would take the place of 'Harvey's Meditations' and 'Blair's Sermons,' in their richly-embossed morocco covers and untarnished gilt-edged brightness. For not quite twelve months did the orphan girls enjoy their pleasant home. Lady M— died suddenly, the school was broken up, and the house has been empty for more than a year.

Such are the chances and changes I have witnessed, up to the present moment, in the 'opposite house.' But all of us have opposite houses, in whose stones we may read sermons if we choose—and sometimes romances; for human nature, when properly viewed, is never uninteresting or uninteresting. Mere empty curiosity, no doubt, is either hateful or absurd; but it is good, for all that, to turn away sometimes from the interior of our hearts and homes, and inquire, in a kindly yet observant spirit, into what is going on in the 'opposite house.'

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

MONEY, in some form or other, has in all time been so intimately associated with the business and pleasure of the world, with the public and private policy of nations and of individuals, as to have engaged the attention of philosophers and legislators, poets and philanthropists, as well as the votaries of the giddy goddess who regard it merely as the vehicle of enjoyment. Whatever the material of which the circulating medium is composed, its potency has varied but little, if at all, from the universal standard. Some people have considered that there was 'nothing like leather,' and impressed a stamp upon bits of hide; others have declared in favour of iron, brass, bronze; in short, all the metals, as they were known, have been legitimatised into currency. In some countries yet unvisited by the schoolmaster, we are told that the natives use bullocks instead of bank-notes, with sheep by way of small change; others, again, recognise only lumps of salt, or shells. Still, as before observed, whatever the material, the conventional currency appears to be everywhere pretty much the same as among our day-book and ledger communities:

'The only power
That all mankind falls down before;
Money, that like the swords of kings,
Is the last reason of all things.'

By common consent of all nations who have been able to obtain the precious metals, gold and silver have superseded all other materials of currency—always excepting paper. These occupy so small a space, admitting of being conveniently hoarded and preserved, as to have commended themselves especially to popular instinct in remote and unsettled ages. At the time of the conquest of Persia by the Greeks, the gold accumulated by successive monarchs of that country amounted to about L.80,000,000 sterling. The whole or greater portion of this large sum was transferred to Greece by the victories of Alexander, besides which there were several mines of gold and silver within the Grecian territory. The influx of such enormous wealth would necessarily tell on the manners of the people, and on prices; and accordingly, in the days of Demosthenes, gold and silver were five times less valuable than under Solon. Whatever be the amount circulating in a country, there is a constant tendency towards diminution; the immense accumulations would be widely scattered in foreign wars or intestine convulsions. How great must have been the dispersion of precious metals on the downfall of Rome, and afterwards of Byzantium! From the date of the latter event, down through the middle ages, and even to the present century, large sums have been totally lost, from the practice of burying money for safe keeping, as in many instances the owners died, and carried the secret with them to the tomb. When to these causes is added the loss by shipwreck, and other casualties, the result appears in the magnitude of the diminution. Just before the discovery of America, gold

was at an enormous value, but subject to great and frequent fluctuations.

The amount of coined money circulating in the whole of Europe at the close of the fifteenth century has been estimated at L.34,000,000 sterling. The quantity coined in England in 237 years ending in 1509, was equal to nearly L.7000 annually, present value; but from 1603 to 1829, the average was L.819,415, or 122 times greater than before the supply from the mines of the new world. In addition to the causes of diminution above described, there is the mechanical wear of the money in passing from hand to hand. This loss has been variously estimated: according to Mr McCulloch, it is 1 per cent. per annum. If this be correct, L.40,000,000 coined at the beginning of a century, would be reduced to L.15,000,000 at the end; in two centuries, L.6,000,000 would remain; and in five centuries, about L.300,000 only. Taking Mr Jacob's estimate of the annual wear at 1-360th part, what was L.200,000,000 under Constantine, would be reduced to L.12,000,000 in the time of Edward I.

The discovery of the mines of Potosi, above all other acquisitions made by Europeans in South America, effected an important change in the commercial relations of the old world. Purchasers found it necessary to go to market with more and more money in their hand, such was the progressive increase of prices. To many persons the rise was a source of exultation, but the greater part regarded it with suspicion and discontent: they could not understand why wheat should be doubled, and in some instances quadrupled, in price in the course of a few years. The dissatisfaction was not confined to the poorer classes—it excited attention in higher quarters; and Latimer, in one of his sermons preached before Edward VI. and the court, animadverted upon the change in no very mild terms. In reality, mankind were benefited, not injured, by having more gold than they had before, just as they would be benefited by an increase in the amount of their wardrobes, or growing timber, or any other tangible possession.

The present importations of silver into Europe are about 40 to 1 compared to those of gold. According to all the accounts, we are to see greater changes in the course of a few years, from the influx of the precious metals, than any that have yet been produced. The application of European science and industry to the exploration of the hitherto imperfectly-worked mines of the South American States, will doubtless effect some notable difference in the proceeds. In those countries, wheelbarrows and vehicles for transport are scarcely known, and in most cases mule tracks are the only roads. The workmen generally employed in mining operations possess no other tools or machinery than their ten fingers, a lasso, and a knife. The loss and waste consequent upon such a state of things may be easily imagined. Mercury, as is well known, is an essential element in amalgamations of gold and silver, and in their separation from the ore; the quantity annually required for these purposes by the American mines is about 3,000,000 of pounds. Of this the greater portion is imported; and its transmission into the interior of the country is in the hands of monopolists, by whom the price is raised to so excessive an amount, as to leave but little room for profit to the miner. Various attempts have from time to time been made to effect the operations in which mercury is employed by other methods: at Freyberg, in Saxony, the amalgamation is accomplished in revolving cylinders, which complete the process in fewer hours than the days consumed in the operation in Mexico and Peru, with a much smaller consumption of the quicksilver. In Europe, mercury is used to recombine the silver after its separation from the ore, while the American miners employ it to effect the separation.

Recent and present researches in electro-chemistry render it certain that before long this resistless agency will supersede the use of quicksilver in the working of metals: its power over the elements of the most intimate combinations of metallic and other bodies is

well known. The experiments of M. Bœquerel in this branch of science have as yet been the most successful, and although not so effective as is to be desired, they have acquired an industrial character. Some of the experiments undertaken in Paris were tried upon nearly 10,000 pounds of silver ore from Mexico, and with a favourable result. A method of amalgamation has also been discovered, by means of which five-sixths of the mercury now considered essential to the process will be saved. About forty ounces of silver are obtained from 1000 pounds of ore; the pulverisation or trituration of the latter is effected in South America by the feet of men and mules, instead of water or other power. Human skill, in fact, seems to be deficient in proportion to the riches of nature. A machine somewhat similar to a mortar-crusher was introduced at Potosi to supply the place of animal labour by a European. With this instrument, one man and a mule, costing five shillings per day, could do as much work as twenty Indians, for whom the charge was three pounds. Although this machine was constructed more than twelve years ago, not one of the labourers or workmen employed at the mines has attempted to imitate it: they leave the owner in undisturbed possession of his advantage, and plod on in their old way. This fact alone will suffice to show the waste of capabilities in the search for metals, and the increased return that may be looked for under a more efficient system of management. The conquest of Mexico by the people of the United States may be regarded as a preliminary step in the development of those hitherto neglected resources. With their restless enterprising spirit, roads, canals, and railways will soon be constructed, and the mining returns will reach their maximum.

Baron Humboldt has expressed himself in most positive terms on the subject of the future production of the precious metals. Confining himself to the Mexican states alone, he says—'When we consider the vast extent of surface occupied by the Cordilleras, and the immense number of mineral deposits which have not yet been attacked, we shall understand that New Spain, when better governed, and inhabited by an industrious population, will yield for her own share the seven millions now furnished by the whole of America. In the space of one hundred years, the annual produce of the Mexican mines was raised from 1,000,000 to nearly 5,000,000 of pounds.' In another place he writes—'Europe would be inundated with precious metals if simultaneous labours were commenced, with all the improvements in mining machinery, upon the deposits at Balanos, Batopilas, Sombrerete, Rosario, Pachuca, Sultepec, Chihuahua, and many others long and justly celebrated. . . . There is no doubt that the produce of the mines of Mexico might be doubled or tripled in the space of a century. . . . In general, the abundance of silver is such in the chain of the Andes, that taking into consideration the beds yet left intact, or which have been but superficially worked, we should be tempted to believe that Europeans have scarcely begun to comprehend the inexhaustible fund of riches shut up in the new world.' With the proverbial celerity of the United States' population, much of the work here calculated for one hundred years is likely to be achieved in a quarter of that time: the effect on rates of exchange and prices all over the world will be very remarkable. Silver, it is calculated, will be reduced at least one-half in value; and those countries in which the greatest amount of this metal is in circulation will be most exposed to loss. The silver coin circulating in Europe is commonly estimated at £320,000,000, of which France holds three-eighths: according to some authorities, the contingency to be provided for is only a question of time.

'A phenomenon will be exhibited similar to that which complicated prices and transformed so many social positions three centuries ago. The crisis, however, will be much less rapid and less violent; because the mass of silver already acquired by the old continent being

enormous, the influence of even a considerable quantity thrown into the market will make itself felt more slowly. The level between different centres of commerce is more easily established than formerly; a glut upon one isolated point is therefore little to be feared. After some time, the value of silver would be regulated everywhere by the cost price; and if the expenses of production are reduced one half, any country at present in possession of a currency worth £30,000,000, would be the poorer to the amount of £15,000,000, since the quantity of labour and of profit which a shilling would then represent would be diminished by one half.'

Mines of gold and silver are, however, not exclusively confined to America: with the exception of England, there are several in nearly every other country of Europe, and the return from some of these is increasing every year, a cause which will naturally accelerate the effects contemplated. An accurate annual statement is published of the produce of the mines of Russia. In that empire, the metalliferous deposits extend over a region stretching from Kamchatka to Peru—one half of the earth's circle in length, with an average breadth of 8 degrees of latitude. The presence of gold under this portion of the world's surface was early known, and recorded by Herodotus, but was subsequently lost sight of for two thousand years. In 1774, the re-discovery of auriferous sand was made during some repairs to the machinery at the Klutchefsk mines; further discoveries followed, and in 1823, the present system of working was commenced. The richest deposits are found in the Ural and Altai mountains: in 1836, the produce of gold was 13,000 pounds weight; in 1845, it had increased to 45,000 pounds; and as far as ascertained, the returns for 1846 were still augmenting. The gold furnished by Russia is to that of America as 144 to 100. 'So great is the quantity of gold at present existing among civilised nations, that an annual addition of 45,000 pounds would not for a long time cause any sensible difference.'

For some of the facts and conclusions in the foregoing paper, we are indebted to an elaborate article on the subject in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' by M. Chevalier.

NIMROD.*

A DRAMATIC poem entitled 'Nimrod' has been exciting some attention; but it is no easy matter for critic or common reader to give any account of it. The reason is, that 'Nimrod' is difficult to read, and the age of earnest laborious readers has gone by. When the men of the present day meet such a work, they peep at it. The critic may write 'a notice;' but it is such notice as a gentleman gives in passing to his unpaid tailor.

The reason why 'Nimrod' is difficult to read is, that its author's unquestionable power is unguided by tact. There are materials in the volume for a good, perhaps a great poem; but these are thrown together into a formless, inartificial heap, which shocks the tasteful, and appals the timid reader. The Greek tragedy, the mediæval mystery, and the melodrama of these last days, all contribute something to the plan, which is therefore alike unsatisfactory to the classical and romantic reader.

Still, even taken as a whole, there is something grand and majestic in the idea of 'Nimrod.' The hero, from a slayer of wild beasts, becomes, in quick gradation, a soldier—a conqueror—a king—the master of the world, and the adopted son of the god Baal. His love for the humble Nahmah lives throughout his exaltation, and he despatches envoys to bring her to be the companion of his throne, binding himself by an irrevocable oath to grant any request she may make. The pious, however, desire to convert the demigod into their tool, and contrive that Nimrod shall appear guilty of impious

* Nimrod, a Dramatic Poem. London: William Pickering, 1846.

neglect of his parents; and when Nahmah betakes herself to his capital, it is with a willing step but a foreboding heart. The prophecies of her spirit are realised. The priests, who have already brought about the death of his parents, have bound him in a tremendous vow to give what he prizes most to Baal; and Nahmah, exacting the equally binding promise he had made to her, acquires the right of perishing on the funeral pile, a sacrifice for her beloved. Such is the really fine conception of a poem the greatest want of which is—a little ordinary tact.

With regard to the execution, a favourable idea will be formed of it from the following dream of Nahmah:—

—— ‘Methought I stood

Waiting for Nimrod; the slow sinking sun
Made golden pillow of the glowing sword
Whereon his slant beams rested. Sudden a change—
The beams were gone, and yet there was no shade—
No light, and yet all visible. I raised
My wondering eyes, and, mother, there ‘mid cloud
Hiding the darkened west, yet glittering
With some dread foreign splendour, all unknown
To our mild rainbow’s tints, a woman stood:
I see her now—even now, with her white hands
Crossed, pressed upon a bosom which despair
Had made an aching void; her features wan,
As moonbeams on new snow, and fixed and sad.
Her gaze pierced through even to the inner soul,
Where thought in thought makes being, and finds there
Its essence—mingling there with thought and self—
Till she grew part of me, as I of her,
Our past, our present, knowing, sharing all:
I felt she loved and she despaired, yet clung
To love and peace refused; though endless were
The love despairing. Mother, I then was taught
Such love may linger through an endless woe,
Yet no repenting weakness e’er disturb
The calmness of the grief which love endears.’

A fine idea on a hackneyed subject:—

‘I know now whence it comes—yes, there is hope—
Not in this false and mocking world, not here,
But in hereafter—hope—ay, even for him:
The rainbow arches o’er all men alike,
But they alone who raise their swelling eyes
Feast on its wondrous beauty.’

The following is the death of the mother, struck down by the insulting neglect of the son on whom she had doted:—

—— ‘As Admah heard these bitter words,

She veiled with shivering hands her burning eyes;
Then fell the helpless hands back to her side,
One look intense at thee—but none at him:
The father outraged by unnatural son
The mother feared to gaze on; then erect,
Unbending, with a queenly step, as if
A towering port alone could bear the weight
Of grief, which else had crushed her to the earth,
She passed away. I followed, yet dared not
Approach that awful image of lone woe,
Till at yon height from whence the torrent comes,
Mad, eager rushing with a wild delight
To dash and churn itself among the rocks,
She stood—one long gaze gave the south—then, turning
To this dear home, she shuddered—raised her eyes
To the blue heaven (a lark was singing there,
With joyous trill piercing the water’s roar),
And tottering fell: it might be chance, not purpose,
But the fierce waters with an added shout
Closed round her shrieking not: all help was vain—
And I am here the miserable tale
To tell; more woe to heap on utmost woe.’

This is sufficient to show, that even setting aside the general conception, which we have shown to be fine, there is matter in this volume to repay the adventurous reader.

GOVERNESSES’ BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.

In a former paper we described the nature of the benevolent institution which has been formed, and some time in operation, in London; and we again refer to the subject, for the purpose of mentioning that it is now proposed to add to the institution an Aylm or Permanent Home for Aged Governesses. The directors appear to be encouraged to carry out this object by the success which has attended the other departments of the establishment. Already there is a Provident Fund, by paying into which ladies

connected with education may secure annuities; and also an Annuity Fund, from which aged governesses in depressed circumstances may, by election, obtain annuities of small amount. It is distressing to read of the applications for the benefit of this fund. At the last election there were eighty-four candidates for three annuities of £15 each—‘Eighty-four ladies,’ says the Report before us, ‘many reared in affluence, and all accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of at least our middle ranks, seeking an annuity of £15! Of these, seventy were unmarried, and out of this number seven had incomes above £20—two derived from public institutions; sixteen had incomes varying from £1, 16s. to £14; and forty-seven had absolutely nothing! It will be recollected that all these ladies are above fifty years of age; and of the utterly destitute, eighteen were above sixty. It is sometimes asked, Could they not have averted this lamentable condition? The committee would fain hope that all who have received a polling-paper have read the cases to which they refer, to see that out of these seventy ladies no less than fifty-four had not provided for themselves, because they had devoted their salaries or their savings, legacies from relations, and all their earnings, more or less to their families; from the “support of one or both parents for many years,” to the educating younger sisters, helping brothers in their onward path, and protecting and educating orphan nephews and nieces.’

It is impossible to peruse this melancholy record without turning round on those to whose negligence and selfishness, in the first instance, governesses too frequently owe their destitution. With every proper allowance for the misfortunes which prevent parents from making provision for their daughters, we must speak emphatically of the injustice and cruelty of rearing them in affluence, and afterwards leaving them to struggle with the stern realities of the world. It would be interesting and useful to know in what condition the parents of the above eighty-four governesses lived, and whether it was absolutely beyond their power, at any time, to provide, by life-assurance, against utter destitution. In the present, as in many similar appeals, we fear that heedlessness, and some degree of selfishness, were concerned; and that to the public is left the performance of duties which it ought to have been the joy of private parties to fulfil. Be this, however, as it may, compassion cannot leave the unfortunate to perish. The efforts, therefore, now making to provide a home for poor and aged governesses, whose cases merit consideration, have our hearty commendation; and we unite with Mrs S. C. Hall—the friend of the friendless—in her eloquent appeal to the charitably-disposed in a late number of the ‘Art Union.’ ‘Are we to suffer those ladies, who, from the poverty of pocket, or poverty of mind of their employers, or from circumstances over which they have no control—who have laboured so honourably and so profitably for us—to find their last resting-place in a lonely garret, or the still more wretched workhouse? We appeal to mothers of families to look back to their own early days, and in reverence to those who taught them, who had patience with them, who made them what they are, to aid us in the erection of a shelter for aged governesses; we appeal to the young to devote their spare time, between this and May, in employments for them, so that if they have not money to bestow, their labour may be converted into money at the bazaar which is to be held early in June on behalf of this great object.’

The bazaar here alluded to is, we understand, to be a species of fancy fair, to be held in the Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, in the first week in June. For every £150 realised by sale or donation, apartments will be found for two aged governesses.

HOW TO ACT IN A MOB.

A mob is a riotous assemblage of persons. Every individual, therefore, who remains in the neighbourhood of it, even from curiosity, helps to constitute that mob. Every one who goes away helps to dissipate it. If, therefore, you are a good citizen, and find yourself in the neighbourhood of persons destroying property, or acting riotously, you should at once range yourself on the side of those who are appointed to keep the peace; or, if there be none at hand, immediately get away from such dangerous and disreputable companions. If you do not, remember that, as a mob is made up of individuals, every respectable person who remains in it helps to encourage the disturbers of the

peace, and to discourage, as far as numbers is concerned, those who are bound to maintain it. The civil and military authorities cannot well discriminate idle onlookers in a mob from more guilty promoters. They are opposed by a riotous assemblage, which it is their duty to disperse; and if you will remain in bad company, you must take the consequences. To stand at the entry of narrow streets and closes is also dangerous. The civil and military authorities are frequently assaulted from such places, which they regard with jealousy, and for their own safety are obliged to clear them. In a free country like this, where the greatest possible liberty is given to the press, and where the right of peaceably meeting to petition our rulers on any subject is fully secured to the poor, all riotous assemblages are without excuse, and must, and will be put down by the lawful authorities, aided by all good citizens. In a sentence, then, the way to act in a mob is, to range yourself on the side of the peace authorities, or at least to get out of the company of riotous persons without delay.—*Industrial Magazine*. [We are glad of an opportunity of enforcing these useful and proper advices, and of deprecating the too common practice of swelling the numbers in a mob from motives of idle and silly curiosity.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

INJUDICIOUS PATRONAGE.

It is very well to encourage young artists and young poets, provided that the encouragement be judiciously and temperately rendered; but knowingly to raise hopes which can never be realised is, at the best, wanton mockery. To extol beyond reason is often, in effect, to weaken the motives for improvement. How frequently are men spoiled by a false estimation of their own abilities! We could point out instances in the present day of persons refusing to work because they have been dubbed poets; we have known men who would never handle the hoe, nor wield the hammer, nor throw the shuttle, because they could spin rhymes; and we have seen the hand that could pen a sonnet withheld in contempt from the recording of a transaction in business. These individuals revile the world for troubles which they bring upon themselves; and their own drivelling conduct entirely hinders their advancement. They are not alone to blame for their unfortunate position; for they have each in turn been injured by adulation. To versify with facility is an elegant accomplishment; to try to be a true poet is a noble ambition; but the sweetest songs, and the loftiest imaginings, are not incompatible with hard work performed by either hands or brains. As a recreation, literature adds grace and dignity to honest, independent industry; and as a profession, it offers a career which may be successfully pursued by those who have the requisite intellectual aptitude and untiring perseverance. But to make the love of literature a pretext for eating the bread of idleness, is a moral wrong, which deserves unsparing censure.—*Sheffield and Rotherham Independent*.

PEDLARS AND POETS.

How vastly more strange and extravagant-looking truth is than fiction! Our Edinburgh reviewers deemed it one of the gravest among the many grave offences of Wordsworth, that he should have made the hero of the 'Excursion' a pedlar. 'What,' they ask, 'but the most wretched and provoking perversity of taste and judgment could induce any one to place his chosen advocate of wisdom and virtue in so absurd and fantastic a condition? Did Mr Wordsworth really imagine that his favourite doctrines were likely to gain anything in point of effect or authority by being put into the mouth of a person accustomed to higgly about tape or brass sleeve-buttons? Or is it not plain that, independent of the ridicule and disgust which such a personification must give to many of his readers, its adoption exposes his work throughout to the charge of revolting incongruity, and utter disregard of probability or nature?' If the critics be thus severe on the mere choice of so humble a hero, what would they not have said had the poet ventured to represent his pedlar not only as a wise and meditative man, but also as an accomplished writer, and a successful cultivator of natural science—the author of a great national work, eloquent as that of Buffon, and incomparably more true in its facts and observations? Nay, what would they have said if, rising to the extreme of extravagance, he had ventured to relate that the pedlar, having left the magnificent work unfinished at his death, an accomplished prince—the nephew of by far the most great monarch of modern times—took it up, and com-

pleted it in a volume, bearing honourable reference and testimony, in almost every page, to the ability and singular faithfulness of his humbler predecessor, the 'Wanderer.' And yet this strange story, so full of 'revolting incongruity and utter disregard of probability or nature,' would be exactly that of the Paisley pedlar, Alexander Wilson, the author of the 'American Ornithology'—a work completed by a fervent admirer of the pedlar's genius, Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte.—*Bass Rock*.

DANCING AS AN EXERCISE.

A few words may be offered in this place in favour of dancing as an exercise, and as a school-room recreation. Exercising so many muscles otherwise little used—exercising them fully and duly, and without violence—exercising them to the cheering influence of music—exercising them in forms of grace and beauty—dancing may be made an important and valuable part of the physical education, and as such should be spoken of, and promoted by, the powerful voice of the medical public. The balanced action of the opposing muscles, the active use of the different articulations, the extensive and varied action of the spinal muscles, effected by dancing, and the degree to which the mental excitement produced by it enables the exercise to be made use of without undue fatigue, are strong reasons for so decided and favourable an opinion; and this, without obtrusive interference with opinions as to the propriety, or otherwise, of carrying the practice of dancing to an excess in the after-life, and making it the plea for late hours, &c. Let people think as they will of public balls, or even of private balls; with the conscientious opinions of others it is not my wish, nor intention, to interfere; but to dancing in the school-room, or among the members of the family circle, few will object; and it is not too much to say that if dancing could be made a daily, not nightly, exercise among the people of all classes, the healthiness and the expectation of life, as well as its happiness, would be increased.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen*.

RAILWAYS.

The following table relative to the capital invested in railways is peculiarly interesting at the present period:—

	Capital and Loans Authorised.
1. Railways sanctioned during twenty years, from 1836 to 1845 inclusive, comprehending stock and loans authorised according to Mr Ker Porter's table. (See 'Progress of the Nation,' last edition, p. 332).	L.153,435,837
2. Railways begun or projected under acts passed in 1846 (272 acts), per parliamentary return of stock and loans authorised.	132,617,368
3. Ditto ditto under acts passed in 1847 (18 acts), stock and loans, enumerated in 'Companion to the Almanac' for 1848, p. 42, et seq., just published.	35,063,234
	L.321,126,529

These enormous sums exceed by *threefold* the amount of foreign loans and joint-stock bubbles which in 1826 brought the commercial and landed interest of this empire to the brink of ruin; and the railway projects for the last two years exceed our national expenditure in the years of Leipzig and Waterloo.

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THE NEW LAIRD OF BALDRIDDLE.

A few years ago, a lounge in the Outer-House—as our Scotch Westminster Hall is termed—might have heard, booming above the general din, the sonorous cry of 'Miss Peney Glendinning *versus* the Laird of Baldriddle,' at which certain gentlemen in gowns and wigs might have been seen hurrying away to attend 'a hearing' in an adjoining court-room. It is certainly, as Peter Peebles observed, a very grand thing to have a law-plea, but occasionally it is more grand than profitable; and in these degenerate days, when a shilling is looked at on both sides before it is parted with, people may be heard pensively and candidly confessing 'that they would put up with a good deal before they went to law'—the whole thing of course being looked upon very properly as a game of chance, all statutory enactments to the contrary notwithstanding.

Our old friend Miss Peney Glendinning was pretty much of this mind when, by a conjuncture of circumstances, she hauled her landlord before the Court of Session—a step, be it known, she did not adopt till she had been hauled up by the said landlord in the first instance; so that it was a kind of litigation vindictory in which she found herself engaged—an account per contra opened in favour of herself, and chargeable with interest to the Laird of Baldriddle. How Peney sped in this affair is now our business to relate.

Peney Glendinning, it will be remembered by the reader of these pages, was a rustic heroine; a farmer on her own account, who, by extraordinary energy of character, and unceasing industry, reclaimed a wretched piece of land in one of the northern counties of Scotland, and made it bloom like a garden—vastly to her own advantage. Peney's history we had thought was concluded when we dropped it,* but a new incident was added in the form of her law-plea, and without a proper notice of this, her biography would necessarily be incomplete. But how, in the name of wonder, did Peney provoke this stirring incident; for she was a miracle of sound sense, and desired to live at peace with all, her landlord included? Thereby hangs a tale.

It is very true that Peney lived at peace with her landlord, paid her rent regularly, and fulfilled all her other territorial obligations: but this was her first landlord—old Cacanny of Baldriddle, a worthy, decent man, who would not have harmed a fly, whose word was his bond, and who in all things did as he would be done by. It was sad news to Peney and the other tenants when old Cacanny found it necessary to dispose of the Baldriddle estate, and retire to a distant part of the country. It was acknowledged to be the

greatest loss the district had sustained for many a day. What the precise calamity was which brought the Cacanny family, in which the property had been for a hundred years, to this lamentable crisis, is of little consequence. Landlords are exposed to a number of vicissitudes. They are liable to build and improve themselves out of house and home. From spending over-much, and taking matters too easily, they occasionally have to sell all, or at least go under trust. Making a provision for daughters is another serious affair, which sometimes ends badly; though it is not generally half so bad as buying commissions for sons in the army, and paying their debts to keep them out of prison. What heart-rending tales could be told of sons—brilliant, dashing dogs!—ruining fathers, and getting them turned out of their ancestral domains!

In whichever way the thing happened, old Cacanny was obliged to part with Baldriddle, and a terrible parting it was. For a week previous to departure, he sat in an old arm-chair—the domestic throne of three generations—sunk in a stupor of grief; and not till in some measure soothed and exhilarated by the pious counsels of the clergyman of the parish, could he be persuaded to put his foot in the postchaise which was to drive him for ever from the halls of Baldriddle.

It was known that Baldriddle was sold; but nobody knew anything of the new laird, and his coming to the country was looked forward to with a reasonable degree of interest. The gentry wondered whether he would reside amongst them, and give dinners; the farmers wondered if he would turn out an exhibitor at agricultural shows; and the shopkeepers of the neighbouring town wondered whether he would encourage local trade, or import his groceries from the metropolis. One thing seemed of doubtful portent: his name, M'Cosh, sounded harshly, and indicated a plebeian origin. Besides, he had realised a fortune by commerce—a mode of getting rich which is not highly appreciated in rural districts. Yet M'Cosh was not a bad sort of man; he considered himself to be very sagacious, and had bought Baldriddle for two special reasons: first, because it was a good investment. Everybody declared it went far beyond its price when it was knocked down at Fraser's sale-rooms for £74,000. But Mr M'Cosh knew perfectly well what he was about. The property was improvable in the way of rent. This, however, was not the sole consideration. On the estate there were fourteen tenants, with *bonâ fide* votes, every one of which, as a matter of course, could be counted on. There could, besides, be fixed on the estate forty-five fictitious, yet valid claims—making altogether fifty-nine votes at the beck of the Laird of Baldriddle in the event of a county election. With such a weight of influence—the just and sacred influence of property—if Andrew M'Cosh could not screw places out of government for

* See Journal, No. 565, old series.

all his kith and kin, he would allow himself to be called ass.

So much as regards one reason for purchasing Bald-
riddle at so high a figure. Another, somewhat less
substantial, yet by no means illusory, was the sound
of the name. In Scotland, a man is usually called by
the name of his estate; and a purchaser therefore does
not like to saddle himself with the horrible appellation
for the remainder of his existence. 'How do you do,
Drunkie?'—Could anybody stand that? 'Skreigh, I'll
trouble you to hand me a leg of that fowl!'—Worse and
worse! 'I beg leave to propose the health of Glen-
yeukie!'—The thing is too ridiculous! M'Cosh, like a
wise man, thought over all this. He had been diligently
watching the advertisements of estates for several years,
with the view of snapping up the first that came into
the market of a proper size, and which had a finely-
sounding title.

'Baldriddle—Baldriddle! that will do,' said M'Cosh
to himself on looking over the North British Adver-
tiser one day in the Glasgow Exchange. 'Andrew
M'Cosh of Baldriddle, Esq. Yes, that will do. The
name is ancient. Bal is Celtic for town. I see how it is;
the town or seat on the Driddle—a fine trouting river
I daresay. And so many recommendations besides:—
"Vast extent of dry hill pasture—shooting over ten
thousand acres—grouse, blackcock, and deer—highly-
improvable rent-roll—can command nearly sixty votes
for the county—fine old mansion-house—genteel neigh-
bourhood—mail-coach passes the lodge daily," &c. Ad-
mirable! Baldriddle is mine: I would not lose it for
the world.' And true enough M'Cosh purchased Bald-
riddle, as we have intimated, for £74,000, cash down.
On the evening following the acquisition, what a
carouse at Carrick's to congratulate the new Laird of
Baldriddle!

But we must hurry through our preliminaries. The
delight of Mrs M'Cosh and the three Misses M'Cosh on
quitting the amenities of the Cowcaddens, and their
still greater delight in telling everybody they were
going to their country seat, need not be particularised.
It is enough to say that the family reached, and were
installed in, their new mansion without losing their
senses; that the neighbourhood—the scenery of the
Driddle—was pronounced charming; and that the view
from the drawing-room window was declared to be very
much superior in every way to any prospect on the
Saughieha road.

When all things were settled, and the new laird had
got his business-room in order, he began to look about
him. The time was come for seeing how the rent-roll
could be improved. 'No doubt things had been left in a
confused and backward state by that stupid, well-mean-
ing idiot, old Cacanny. But I shall set them to rights.'

Inspired with these high hopes, Baldriddle made a
round of calls on his tenantry, and at length alighted
at the door of our heroine.

'Happy to see you, Mrs Glendinning. I have taken
the liberty of calling to ask for you, and make a few
inquiries about your farm.'

'I am much obliged to you for calling, sir, and beg
to wish you happiness in the property. Please to step
in and take some refreshment after your ride.'

'Thank you,' replied Baldriddle, entering the dwell-
ing; 'I would rather be excused eating anything at
present. My chief object in calling was to ask how
long you have been in the occupation of your farm.'

'I have a lease for nineteen years, and I am now in
the eighth year.'

'You mean seven years have run?'

'Yes.'

'And what is your yearly rent?'

'Two pounds an acre.'

Baldriddle knew this fact previously, but he affected
surprise.

'Two pounds an acre only; and such crops! I have
seen nothing like them north of the Carse of Gowrie.'

'I would be bauld to complain: the crops are no that
bad; but I should tell you that when I entered into pos-
session, the farm was little better than a wilderness, not
worth five shillings an acre. I have drained it, manured
it, sheltered it, and made it what it is.'

'That may be all true; and yet I think you have
too good a bargain of the farm. Would you show me
your lease?'

Peney candidly acknowledged that she had no formal
lease. Baldriddle then requested to see her minute of
lease, or missive; but neither had she anything of that
kind. All she possessed was a scrap of paper on which
old Cacanny had noted the proposed rent until the
lease could be extended.'

'Mrs Glendinning, I am very sorry, but this will not
do. You have positively no lease; you are a tenant
at will.'

In vain Peney remonstrated against this cruel su-
pposition. She said she could easily get a certificate
from the late landlord avowing the nature of the
lease.'

'That would serve nothing,' said Baldriddle; 'the
former proprietor is what the lawyers call *functus*: he
is no longer clothed with any authority in the matter.'

'Weel, weel,' replied Peney; 'functus here, functus
there, a' I ken about it, is that I will maintain my rights
if there be justice in Britain.'

The new laird withdrew. War had been as good as
declared between the parties.

'A pretty thing truly,' said Baldriddle to himself as
he rode home; 'a pretty thing that this jade should do
me out of a pound an acre per annum. The land is
worth three pounds if it's worth a farthing. And now
that I think on't, she is not a voter. This comes of
having female tenants. I must get rid of her, and so
not only raise the rent, but make up the voters on the
estate to the neat sixty.'

Animated with these brilliant ideas, Baldriddle sent a
letter to Peney next morning to intimate that she
would require to vacate at Martinmas.

The blood went and came repeatedly in Peney's face
as she read and reflected upon this document; and
though she sat down to breakfast as usual, she cer-
tainly did not breakfast that day. She could only read
and re-read that letter. With her usual good sense and
decision, she resolved, as a first measure, to see some
professional man; and of all men, she thought the
likeliest to serve her would be an old friend, Sandy
M'Turk. Dressing herself, therefore, as for an ordi-
nary journey—that is to say, in silence, and with all
the composure she could assume—she had her currier
brought to the door, and set out to visit this rural
attorney. She fortunately found him at home, scrawl-
ing away at a great rate, a sheriff's officer being closeted
with him, and two concurrents at the door. Having
dismissed them, and for some time exercised the re-
mainder of a poker in clearing the ribs of a diminutive
grate, as if to get time to clear up his own thoughts at
the same time, he said, 'Now, ma'am, what may be
your commands?'

Peney told her story, apologising with great humility
for her excessive stupidity in not having obtained a
lease from her late landlord, whose situation he now
knew.

'Stupidity, ma'am!' said Sandy, who was a dry
humorist, and possessed considerable versatility of
talent; 'don't abuse stupidity: there is nothing so
useful as a certain degree of stupidity. The stupidity
of one half of the world makes the other half live.
It is only when stupidity is so excessive as to render
the possessor useless, that it becomes offensive; fur

then it can do nothing for itself or anybody else. But a decent degree of stupidity is an absolute necessity of society. Without a certain amount of it in the world, I don't know how many might shut their shops. The end of stupidity would be the end of society, as at present constituted; therefore speak respectfully of stupidity. But stupidity is not your failing; it is too much trust, and that came into the world with original sin. Women *will* trust to the end of the chapter! But you'll have a *missive* of lease?' 'No.'

'Nor an offer followed by possession?'

'No.'

'What have you then?'

'Nothing!'

'Nothing like doing a thing out and out when you are at it! Have you a receipt for your rent?'

'Yes.'

'It's a mercy! Let's ha'e a look o't.'

Peney gave the paper, and while he was perusing it, watched every look, as if he had been a physician reading her case, and making up his opinion for life or death; soundly rating herself at the same time internally that she had been so foolish as to place herself in such a predicament.

'This says nothing good,' said Sandy; 'but fortunately it says nothing ill. But how you contrived to settle such a transaction without some scrap of writing or other'—

'There was a trifling note,' said Peney; 'but it says nothing; merely states the rent I was to pay.'

'And is that nothing, you taupie?' and he eagerly seized the note.

He looked at the note on both sides, and endwise also, lest there might be in any corner a latent word; and placing his foot against the chimney-jamb, looked to the ceiling for some time.

'This is in the handwriting of the landlord of course, or of his clerk, or factor?'

'It is in the handwriting of the landlord.'

'And there was no other writing?'

'Nothing else whatever; except, I think, his copying that into his book when he again returned it to me; and giving his hand, wished me prosperity, and we parted.'

'Oh,' said the legal adviser, 'in *that* case, and under all these *circumstances*, if they could be proved, you have as good a lease as need be, at least I think so: only, to do you justice, it is through no merit of yours: all pure accident: but no matter. And now, do you wish to punish the scamp? Because, if you do, I'm your man.'

'He certainly has not been very kind to me,' said Peney.

'You don't know half the kindness he intends you,' said Sandy. 'If you wish to see it, I will show it you; and if you don't then punish him, the world will owe you a grudge, particularly as it will be necessary to do so merely to do yourself justice. Therefore I'll tell you what you are to do—that is, if you are to be guided by me.'

Peney declared she would be guided wholly and solely by him, and by him only.

'You had better,' said Sandy, 'or I sincerely believe that in a very few months you'll be a beggar, as surely as the king's a gentleman.'

Peney repeated her vows of obedience, only begging he would say what she was to do.

'Then here are my directions: Go home as if nothing had happened; say nothing of your having been here; take no notice of your landlord's letter, nor of anything he may do, but keep me advised; and don't do that openly, but slip a letter into the post-office with your own hand, and not sealed with your thimble, if you please, for anybody has a thimble; and though I am a lawyer, I have a character.'

Peney bowed assent.

'Above all, no gossiping on the subject with your

neighbours, either male or female; nor even with your sweetheart, if you have one; for they would *burst* if they could not tell how you mean to tickle the laird. Ah how nicely I shall wind him a pirl!'

Peney again bowed in token of obedience.

'Now I'll tell you what you are to expect,' said the oracle. 'You'll see your farm let over your head, if any one be bad enough to take it; absolutely, if you do not frighten your landlord, that will be pickle the first; but if you do anything to alarm him, he will take care to preserve a loophole, and so you will miss fire. In due time he'll eject you!'

'Eject me!' said Peney. 'What is that?'

'Turn you out of house and home to be sure, without mercy and without remorse; at least I'll try that he shall!'

Peney looked bewildered.

'Because,' added Sandy, slapping the table, 'that's the cream of the jest!'

Peney still looked ignorant.

'That's to be the foundation of our action of damages!'

But Peney didn't want any damages; only the possession of her farm, or at least payment for the improvement of the land and fences, and for her drain-tiles, as had been promised: all her toil and anxiety she expected to see go for nothing.

'You shall lose nothing,' said Sandy firmly; 'that is, if you can keep your own counsel, and be guided by me: and by the bye, you are to remember this as a first thing: they'll be coming about you with papers—*sign nothing*, and *say nothing*. They may ask you to acknowledge that you have received a summons, and turn it into an agreement to remove, without legal proceedings; in which case you are done for, if you were the only woman on earth.' Peney promised she would neither write nor speak in reference to this matter.

'You had better not,' said the lawyer, 'or don't come near me: your life would not be safe. But in the hope that you are not to be an idiot, but a good and obedient client, I'll give you a glass of wine, and give it you with my own hand, in case the servants even of this house might blab, and spoil as good-a-looking case as a gentleman need wish to have.' With this he did as he proposed, and having joined in drinking confusion to all bad landlords, Peney returned home much comforted.

Everything happened as Sandy had predicted, which, though but in the usual course, raised him almost into a prophet in his client's eyes. The lands were let to a Mr Snoove, who had become rich by a legacy, and, having purchased Mount-Hooly for his heir, wanted this comfortable farm for a younger son. They came and looked over everything, and even arranged their plans of improvement in Peney's sight and hearing. She considered it prudent to show *some* feeling upon the occasion, and observed that they were about to receive the benefit of all her labours for years, while she might be turned upon the world penniless. Mr Snoove knew nothing about that, but observed what a pity it was that she had not had a lease. 'With honest men and gentlemen,' Peney was beginning, and meant to conclude by saying the justice of her case would have been sufficient, when Mr Snoove asked his son if he thought the house would suit, or if it must be wholly pulled down. This was a sore trial to Peney's spleen. She could have said something very edifying upon the ups and downs of life, upon the circumstances that had made him for the present great, and her for the present small, and particularly as to the excellence of the precept, 'not to gut fish till one gets them;' but she restrained herself, and merely said that she would permit no alterations while she remained there; and they parted with no very kindly feelings.

At last the day for removal or ejectment came; and though Peney had been comforted the very night before by an assurance that her agent would be with her in due time, she arose and dressed herself that morning with something of the feelings of one dressing for exe-

cution, and mainly comforting herself indeed with the reflection that it was not so.

Just as the hour was up, a person made his appearance, but seemingly so stricken in drink, that Peney plainly told him she could not then hear anything he might have to say, as she was very anxiously expecting some gentlemen upon business.

'No,' said the other, 'not gentlemen, only a gen'laman; and I am from that individual;' and taking out a great vulgar mull, he finished with an enormous pinch of snuff. The man's clothes were coarse, and all puckered, as if by sitting on them while wet; they were ill made, and seemed too small. He wore a brown wig, which was awry. His nose was red and fiery, as if it had lived for years on snuff and whisky; and his thumb-nail was never tired of tapping, with drunken gravity, against the lid of his mull, from which he perseveringly regaled himself. He was more like a drover's servant than any one acquainted with business, and Peney was quite appalled.

At that moment the messengers made their appearance coming to dispossess her. She was almost heart-broken while she asked if Mr M'Turk would not be there himself.

'Nobody but me, ma'am,' said the inveterate snuffer; 'but you'll see how I'll—I'll tickle the villains. Remain you to receive the gen'lmen; and do it with all civility: no deforming—deforming is dangerous. But before they have quite completed their business, call me!' and he staggered off, as if to lie down to sleep. Peney almost inclined to go also, and he saw it, when, patting her on the shoulder, and almost missing the shoulder occasionally in the operation, he said as she was so overcome, he would stand by her—he would stay and receive the gen'lmen himself; and he did so accordingly.

They came, and after some civil words, to which Peney made no answer, they read the warrant for ejectment, which our drunken friend pronounced all right, quite right, nothing could be more so; but he added that he had a little bit of a paper about him somewhere; and with that he contrived to draw from his pocket a letter, which he opened with some difficulty, it being very much crumpled, and handing it to the officer, asked him to 'read that: quite a simple thing, only it does the business; and I suppose when you have duly considered it, you'll pack up your traps and toddle.'

The officer said it seemed to be a copy of a *sist*; but it was in noway authenticated, nor notoriously intimated, and so they must proceed.

'Seems a *sist*!' said the apparent drunkard; 'and not intimated! Have you no eyes: can you not hear? Have you no ears: can you not read? But, however, you, Joseph Jaap, and Charles Scowther, Esquires! listen to what I shall read:—"To see and answer within fourteen days, and in the meantime sists procedure"—signed "Caleb Maunder," whom everybody knows to be a senator of the College of Justice, under the style and title of Lord Balcrabbit, and an excellent judge he is; and attested, as a true copy, by Cosmo Balderstone, S.S.C. As to the person that intimates the *sist*, that is of no consequence; that is the document, and any one contravening it proceeds at his peril—in my opinion.'

The officers proceeded, however, to the seeming astonishment of our drunken friend, who informed his hearers, that as the document he had had the honour to intimate proceeded *ex deliberatione dorum concilii et sessi*!* they, in his person, defied the whole Court of Session, and through that the king and all his forces! Still they proceeded, and took a pot from the kitchen fire and placed it on the green, as a symbol of the furniture being ejected.

'I take instruments in your hands, Joseph Jaap,' quoth the tipsey man, 'that here has been a violent

intromitting with one of his majesty's kail-pots! or at least with the kail-pot of a lady under his majesty's protection.'

They next removed the fire from the hearth, led poor Peney from her domicile, her servants accompanying her; our drunken friend all the time exhibiting an immensity of Bardolphian astonishment, and snuffing violently; and finally the officer locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

'Well, that's complete anyway,' said the drunken envoy; 'very. Will you favour me with the name of the gen'lman who has done all these fine things, and a schedule of your execution as soon as may be?'

'Presently,' said the officer, and immediately drew it out.

'Insert—I say, insert—that a *sist* was intimated; will you?'

But the officer declined, as it had not been regularly intimated.

'Then I must preserve the fact in my own way. What is your exact profession if you please, for I am not sure what these hieroglyphics may mean?'

'I am a messenger-at-arms,' said the officer, drawing himself up with dignity, 'as my signature clearly shows.'

'And I,' said our friend, 'am Alexander M'Turk, solicitor at law, as that signature more clearly shows,' and with that he handed him a copy schedule of protest.

'Mr M'Turk,' said Peney, seizing him with both her hands, 'how could you torment one so?'

'All for your good, as the Spaniard said when he went to hang the prince.'

'Mr M'Turk,' said the officer, stammering, and looking very pale, 'you'll remember that, in intimating that *sist*, you did not announce yourself as an official person.'

'Neither do I now,' said the audacious Sandy, quite recovered from his pretended drunkenness. 'I wish to try the point whether the orders of the Court of Session may not be intimated by a colley dog!'

'And so you mean to oppose this removal?'

'Yes—everything. I'll floor this fellow, and I'll floor you! I'll have your very concurrents up for meddling with this lady's kail-pot, for they at least held no warrant for their impudence. A sheriff's officer has no right to act in such a matter by another hand.'

'I am willing to restore possession upon caution,' said the officer.

'But we won't accept it,' said the lawyer, 'even without caution. You will be glad to give it upon any terms; and in the meantime, you are answerable for this property, and for all damages and expenses; and Miss Glendinning and her family must go and live at an inn.' So saying, he made his bow, and walked off arm in arm with his client, the servants bringing up the rear, and those left behind looking very disconsolate upon their ejected kail-pot.

We may pause to mention that a *sist* is an order issuing from a judge of the Supreme Court to stay proceedings in a cause upon allegation of error, until there is time to inquire into the truth and effect of the allegations; and though it often vexes an eager or vindictive litigant to be stopped in mid-volley, and within sight of his prey, it as often serves the ends of justice, and even betters the position of the pursuer; for if the grounds of *sist* appear at all doubtful, security to abide all consequences must be found, and still the suspension may be quashed at the end of the fourteen days.

In consequence of having proceeded to eject in the face of this important injunction, Baldriddle was placed in a most unpleasant dilemma; for his agent had committed an illegal act, and exposed him to an action of damages. A somewhat complicated law-plea now ensued, in which the whole question as to the validity of the lease was debated. With the *per contra* plea for wrongous ejectment, it was considered one of the prettiest cases that had for some years been before the courts. Sandy M'Turk's prognostications proved to be

* The abbreviates of *ex deliberatione dominorum concilii et sessionis*, but spoken by ignorant persons as written.

well-founded. It was finally decided that the slip declaring the rent of the farm, in the handwriting of the landlord (and it would have been the same if by any one authorised by him), followed as it had been by possession, and the payment and receipt of rent, was evidence sufficient of 'an agreement for a lease'—the usual and therefore legal period of lease being nineteen years.

Peney therefore triumphed in the question as to the lease, and not being vindictive, she accepted a compromise for the indignity of ejection, all her expenses of course being paid. The result added much to the fame of Peney's solicitor, and in like proportion damaged the character of her landlord. Baldriddle was thenceforth a marked man; other landlords were shy of his acquaintance; and to increase his humiliation, his wife and daughters, notwithstanding many efforts, were unable to cultivate a visiting acquaintance with the ladies of the county. All heartily wished themselves back to the Cowcaddens; and Andrew was heard to confess that he had never anywhere been so happy as when 'makin' siller in his small office in Miller Street.'

The object of Baldriddle's oppressive measures was, on the contrary, quite at her ease. She might have continued in the possession of her greatly-improved farm till the end of her period; but from what had passed, she was anxious to cede possession; and fortunately, her proposed successor remained anxious to obtain it. Peney therefore retired on an agreement to receive the surplus rent for the remainder of the lease.

This true story is not without its moral. It has shown that the law of landlord and tenant in Scotland is mixed up with justice, and 'leans to virtue's side.' It constantly sides with honesty of intention against attempted roguery; and aims at substantial justice in disregard of pure law; and though the safety of this may be questioned by sticklers, it is only by at the same time questioning human integrity. It is the only species of law by which society can be made happy or prosperous; and Scotland is an example of its efficacy, as countries not far remote are of the miseries flowing from a different system. In these countries triumph would have crowned the miserable doings of the NEW LAIRD OF BALDRIDDLE.

NEW DISCOVERIES IN AUSTRALIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been written on the subject of Australia, public attention is still called to the subject from time to time by the reports of new enterprises or new discoveries in that remarkable country. A further contribution to our stock of information on the subject has just been made by Sir T. L. Mitchell, surveyor-general of the southern colony, in a work which presents several claims to notice.* This gentleman is already favourably known as an active explorer. The object of the late expedition was to discover, if possible, a direct overland route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria; a route the more necessary, in consequence of the increasing trade with India, for which the only channel at present is the dangerous passage of Torres' Straits. A glance at the map of Australia will show the extent of this journey—from twelve to fifteen hundred miles—the greater portion over a country never previously visited by civilised man. Such an expedition, combining the promise of a beneficial commercial result with the excitement of adventure, commends itself especially to the feelings of Englishmen; and it is not surprising that the convicts on good be-

haviour, twenty-three of whom were selected for the working division, should have volunteered to join the expedition. The expenses of the journey were provided for by a grant of £2000 from the colonial legislature; provisions were laid in for a year, with drays and bullocks for transport, and 250 sheep, besides carts and horses. The party left Sydney in November 1845.

Approaching the confines of the settled districts, Sir T. Mitchell draws a very unfavourable picture of the squatters, the outliers of civilisation, but possessing apparently none of its virtues. To their brutal recklessness much of the hostility of the natives is to be attributed. As soon as the white man makes his appearance with his herds of cattle, the beauty of the grassy plains and valleys disappears, and the clear ponds, which have long supplied the tribes with water, are trampled into mud-holes. It is easy to conceive the effect of such an intrusion on the mind of the aborigines.

The condition of some of these pioneers of colonisation does not appear to be promising. Sir T. Mitchell gives us a specimen:—'Calling,' he writes, 'at a shepherd's hut to ask the way, an Irishwoman appeared, with a child at her breast, and another by her side: she was hut-keeper. She had been there two years, and only complained that they had never been able to get any potatoes to plant. She and her husband were about to leave the place next day, and they seemed uncertain as to where they should go. Two miles further on, a shoemaker came to the door of a hut, and accompanied me to set me on the right road. I inquired how he found work in these wild parts. He said he could get plenty of work, but very little money; that it was chiefly contract work he lived by: he supplied sheep-owners with shoes for their men, at so much per pair. His conversation was about the difficulty a poor man had in providing for his family. He had once possessed about forty cows, which he had been obliged to intrust to the care of another man at 5s. per head. This man neglected them: they were impounded, and sold as unlicensed cattle under the new regulations.

"So you saw no more of them?"

"Oh yes, your honour, I saw some of them *after they had been sold at the pound*! I wanted to have had something provided for a small family of children; and if I had only had a few acres of ground, I could have kept my cows."

'This was merely a passing remark, made with a laugh, as we walked along. But the fate of a poor man's family was a serious subject. Such was the hopeless condition of a useful mechanic, ready for work even in the desolate forests skirting the haunts of the savage. So fares it with the *dijecta membra* of towns and villages, when such arrangements are left to the people themselves in a new colony.'

The great difficulty in penetrating into the interior of Australia is want of water, aggravated by intense heat. We read of 'hot winds that blew like a furnace,' with a temperature of 129 degrees, and inside the tent 117 degrees. At times, the party, after toiling in the fierce heat all day, were compelled to pass the night without water; the distress and anxiety on such occasions are indescribable. Cattle died, and men were nearly going mad for want of water; in addition to which, several of the number, including the leader, were attacked by ophthalmia. It was after crossing the Bogan, and while traversing the arid district between that river and the Macquarrie, that the worst of these disastrous effects were experienced. Near the dry bed

* Journal of an Expedition into the Interior of Tropical Australia, in Search of a Route from Sydney to the Gulf of Carpentaria. By Lieutenant-Colonel Sir T. L. Mitchell, &c. London: Longmans. 1848.

of the latter stream, a halt of some days was made, to enable the party to recruit and repair the vehicles. Here they heard from some passing horsemen of a flood coming down from the eastward, caused by rain having fallen in the Turon mountains; and towards the close of the day, two of the men, who had been walking several miles up the dry channel, came in and reported their surprise and narrow escape from the descending stream. Night came on, and still it had not made its appearance; but a few hours later, a distant crashing roar drew many of the party from their repose in the camp to the bank. Not one among them had ever witnessed such a sight before. 'At length,' pursues the narrative, 'it rushed into our sight, glittering in the moonbeams, a moving cataract, tossing before it ancient trees, and snapping them against its banks. It was preceded by a point of meandering water, picking its way, like a thing of life, through the deepest parts of the dark, dry, and shady bed, of what thus again became a flowing river. By my party, situated as we were at that time, beating about the country, and impeding in our journey solely by the almost total absence of water—suffering excessively from thirst and extreme heat—I am convinced the scene can never be forgotten. Here came at once abundance, the product of storms in the far-off mountains that overlooked our homes. My first impulse was to have welcomed this flood on my knees, for the scene was sublime in itself, while the subject—an abundance of water sent to us in a desert—greatly heightened the effect to our eyes. Suffice it to say, I had witnessed nothing of such interest in all my Australian travels.' A fortnight afterwards, the travellers reached the final outlet of the Macquarrie, which stream, in common with other Australian rivers, and contrary to what takes place in other parts of the world, diminishes in volume the farther it extends from its source. In this place the Macquarrie had dwindled down to a muddy ditch, which any one might step across. 'The flood had gone to fill thousands of lagoons, without which supply, those vast regions had been unfit for animal existence. Here,' adds Sir T. Mitchell, 'we discover another instance of that wonderful wisdom which becomes more and more apparent to man, when he either looks as far as he can into space, or attentively examines the arrangement of any matter more accessible to him. The very slight inclination of the surface of these extensive plains seems finely adapted to the extremely dry and warm climate over this part of the earth. The slope is so gentle, that the waters spread into a network of reservoirs, that serve to irrigate vast plains, and fill lagoons with those floods that, when confined in any one continuous channel, would at once run off into the ocean.' As the party advance, the fertility of the soil appears in the luxuriant vegetation. A species of grass, *Panicum laevinode*, is described as reaching up to the saddle-girths during many miles of the route. The seeds of this plant, when pounded, are made into a sort of bread, and eaten by the natives; in some places the grass was found pulled up over a large extent of ground, and laid in heaps to dry. In connection with this part of the subject, we may mention that wherever a sheep or cattle station is established, the hoarhound plant is sure to spring up in great abundance; and no sooner does the white man take up his quarters in any part of the country, than the couch, or dog's-tooth grass, although previously unknown, immediately makes its appearance. These phenomena, which are difficult of explanation, have a parallel in the animal kingdom in the appearance of the turnip-fly, in whatever part of the world English turnip seed may be sown.

A division took place on arrival at the Balonne river. Sir T. Mitchell pushed forward with a detachment, leaving the heavy baggage to follow, under charge of the second in command. They were now approaching what is comparatively rare in Australia—a hilly district, on the northern slopes of which they hoped to find a water-shed and river flowing towards the gulf. Height

after height was ascended by the indefatigable leader with his theodolite, so as to be able to lay down a correct map of the route by trigonometrical survey. These eminences commanded a broad expanse of country; 'but the most interesting sight to me,' he observes, 'was that of "blue pics" at a great distance to the north-west—the object of all my dreams of discovery for years. No white man had ever before seen these. There we might hope to find the *divisio aquarum* still undiscovered, the pass to Carpentaria still unexplored.'

In June 1846, an encampment was made on the banks of the Maranoa, where the majority of the party were to remain, while Sir T. Mitchell and a few men advanced rapidly towards the point on which all their hopes were fixed. This part of the journey, which occupied several months, embraced a region of great natural beauty and amazing fertility. Among the hills all apprehensions were removed as to finding water; the blue pics were successively passed, and named after the first living savans of England; and the party were rewarded by the sight of scenery whose sublime features will one day inspire the painters of the southern hemisphere. In fact, the author's expression of his feelings, the unbounded sense of freedom and delight awakened by the limitless landscape, can hardly be appreciated by those who dwell in a land laid out by acts of parliament. Something new met the explorers at almost every step—new birds, new plants. Bees were found scarcely larger in size than gnats or mosquitoes, whose deposits of honey in hollow trees often furnished the travellers with an agreeable regale. The honey is described as transparent and slightly acid; but the wax in which it is enclosed, 'in appearance and taste much resembled fine gingerbread.' There were trees, too, 'of a very droll form. . . . The trunk bulged out in the middle like a barrel to nearly twice the diameter at the ground, or of that at the first springing of the branches above.' A huge pear growing out of the ground, with the small end downwards, and a head of graceful branches spreading from the top, would convey a fair idea of one of these singular objects. Sir T. Mitchell saw one which was thirty feet girth in the swell, and not more than sixteen at the base; he named the tree *Delabechea*, in honour of an eminent geologist. 'Of its quality,' he writes, 'much remains to be said when it becomes better known; the wood being so light, moist, and full of gum, that a man, having a knife or tomahawk, might live by the side of one without other food or water; as if nature, in pity for the most distressed of mortals, hiding in solitary places, had planted even there this tree of abundance. The wood must contain a great portion of mucilage, for on chewing it, it seems to contain as much nutritious matter as fibre.' As these trees throw out seed pods, we doubt not that ere long some of our enterprising collectors will have specimens growing in their nurseries.

Unfortunately, the main object of the expedition was not realised: on the 25th September the party, through want of provisions, were compelled to retrace their steps, just at the time that the prospect of success was most promising; for they had discovered a magnificent river, four hundred yards wide, which they named the Victoria, running to all appearance in a direct line for the head of the gulf. By the end of the year the band of explorers had returned to Sydney, when the remainder of the cattle and vehicles, &c. was sold for £500. With this sum a second expedition was equipped, and placed in charge of Mr Kennedy, Sir T. Mitchell's second. The fatal encumbrance of drays and oxen in this case will present no obstacle; the party consists of eight men mounted, and the baggage is conveyed in light carts. They started in January 1847, to resume the exploration at the point where it had been left off on the former journey, and follow down the Victoria, which in all probability will bring them to Carpentaria. Looking at the benefits, immediate and prospective,

likely to result from this new attempt to solve the problem of an overland route to meet a line of steamers from Singapore, it is impossible not to wish prosperity and complete success to the enterprise.

CHEMISTRY OF SUMMER.

THE seed, weighing only a few grains, which we threw into the earth in spring, has now become a plant of several ounces weight. Whence comes the additional bulk, and of what does it consist? The pale vernal flowers of a month or two ago have now given place to others of rich and glowing hue. What causes the change? Has the flushed petal some mystic sympathy with the ruddy cheek? And if so, on what principle do men and plants alike draw health and beauty from the influences of summer? Such questions cannot fail to suggest themselves at the present season; and they are answered in a very agreeable manner in a volume to which we wish to draw our readers' attention, treating of those natural phenomena of the year which admit of interpretation by chemical science.*

A vegetable, and the generality of vegetable products, such as lignin or woody fibre, sugar, and starch, are found, on analysis, to be composed, one-half of carbon, and one-half of the constituents of water—oxygen and hydrogen. An average-sized oak, therefore, weighing about sixty tons, contains thirty tons of carbon; and the half million tons of sugar consumed annually by the population of Europe, contain a quarter of a million tons of carbon. One's first idea is, that this enormous quantity of a solid element must be derived from the solid earth; but chemistry demonstrates that the earth loses no considerable weight through the growth of plants. The following experiment is conclusive:—'Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthenware vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water, or pure water; the willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth from being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of small holes, suitable for the free admission of air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow-tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, and about three ounces; the leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight; thus one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lignin or woody fibre, bark, roots, &c. were certainly produced—but from what source?'

Ay, from what source? The chemist who made this remarkable experiment concluded, almost as a matter of course, that the tree derived the increase in its contents from water, the only obvious source; and it was left to succeeding inquirers to ascertain that it is from the thin air we breathe that the solid element is obtained which enters into the structure of the vegetable kingdom. That this element exists in the atmosphere, the chemist knows, because he is able to decompose its carbonic acid, and produce the solid carbon; but he likewise knows that the same process is performed by the leaves of the trees, in so admirably perfect a manner, as to shame his highest skill.

The enormous supply of carbon existing in the air is constantly kept up by the respiration of man and animals, and various other processes. 'The volume or bulk of carbonic acid produced by a healthy adult individual in twenty-four hours, amounts to about 15,000

cubic inches, containing about 2600 grains of carbon, or about six ounces, or to between 37 and 38 pounds, from every hundred persons; so that assuming 37 pounds as the average, one million of human beings would thus exhale into the surrounding air a compound containing no less than 370,000 pounds, or upwards of 165 tons of carbon!' The carbonic acid so exhaled is in itself poisonous, but its bad effects are neutralised to a certain extent by its diffusion through the atmosphere (constituting not more than 1-2000th part of any given amount of atmospheric air), while it is continually decomposed by the plants, which absorb it into their systems as food, retaining the carbon, and emitting again the oxygen, so as to purify the atmosphere while sustaining themselves. This was demonstrated long ago by experiment. Insert a lighted wax taper in a bottle, and keep it there till the flame dies for want of nourishment; withdraw the extinguished taper, introducing instantly in its stead a sprig or two of growing mint, and putting the stopper in the bottle, place it in the sunshine. 'The combustion of the taper in the confined portion of the air has withdrawn the greater portion of its oxygen, and formed carbonic acid, and liberated nitrogen; the rays of the sun will excite the leaves of the mint to decompose the carbonic acid, to secrete its carbon, and to liberate oxygen, which, blending with the unaltered nitrogen, will restore the contents of the bottle to their original condition: this fact is proved by removing the stopper after a few days, and again introducing the lighted taper; it will then burn, as it did at the outset of the experiment.' Thus it appears to be the task of the vegetable kingdom to sustain the uniform balance of the constituents of the atmosphere. 'From these discoveries, we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind; if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleanses and purifies the atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herbage nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air for our relief and their nourishment.'

We have said that the bottle must be placed in the sunshine; and without this, the mint could not receive the necessary stimulus for the performance of its functions. Shut up a plant in darkness for a few days, and although enjoying its usual share of heat, air, and water, it becomes languid and pale; restore it to the sunshine, and in a few hours it will regain health and verdancy. But the nature of the agency of solar light is not understood. 'Thus some leaves are acid in the morning, tasteless at noon, and bitter at night; some flowers are white or blue, according to the intensity of the light; many fruits are more acid in the morning than in the evening; some flowers expand their petals to meet the sunshine, others close them against its power.' The portion of a peach which is fully exposed to the light is of a crimson hue, while the rest is pale-green and yellow. The taste of the former is the more luscious, because light has there stimulated the elaboration of most sugar; and on this principle we can account for the extreme sweetness of the fruits of a southern climate.

Some plants, however, are rendered less fit for food by having too much light when growing. The stem of celery, for instance, must be covered with earth, in order to become blanched and aromatic; and lettuces must be tied, to insure a white and wholesome heart. The portion of the celery that remains above ground, and the exterior leaves of the lettuce, are green, bitter, and unwholesome.

A striking analogy, as regards the influence of light, may be traced between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A ruddy mountaineer, if immured in a dungeon, becomes pale and sickly even with a proper supply of food; while the usual pallor of the miner is partially

* Chemistry of the Four Seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. By T. Griffiths, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of St Bartholomew's Hospital, &c. Churchill, London.

removed by occasional excursions into the light of day. Neither men nor plants flourish in murky situations or impure air: in the immediate neighbourhood of large cities, we find more commonly than otherwise pale faces and withered leaves. The analogy between animal and vegetable life goes still farther; for the poisons that destroy a man will destroy a plant. If we take white arsenic, corrosive sublimate, blue vitriol, prussic acid, or opium, and dissolve them in water, the solution applied to the roots of a plant will cause it to droop and die. Beans so treated with white arsenic faded in a few hours, then became yellow, and were dead in three days. A lilac was killed by the introduction of some of the solid poison into a cut made in one of its branches. Prussic acid was fatal to a succulent plant in a single day, and spirits of wine in a few hours. That these substances really act as poisons, by entering into the circulation of the plant, is demonstrable in the case of blue vitriol. Cut through the stem of the plant that has been killed by this sulphate of copper with a clean steel knife, and you will see bright metallic copper revived on the blade.

The circulation of vegetable blood, termed sap, is involved in obscurity; and the substance itself cannot be accurately analysed, as it seems impossible to obtain it in its normal state. Its evaporation from the leaves, after it has traversed the stem and branches, is enormous. A large sun-flower was discovered to have lost one pound four ounces, and a cabbage one pound three ounces, in twenty-four hours. The drooping of a plant in a hot day is caused by this evaporation from the leaves being greater in proportion than the suction of water by the roots. Supply the moisture for which it faints, and the patient will revive.

The radicles which drink from the earth that vivifying water which is to be elaborated into sap are so minute in their terminal fibres, as to be difficult of detection, even by a microscope. If injured in transplanting, their functions are proportionably impaired. It might be supposed that, on a very dry dusty day, these functions would be completely suspended; but in fact the earth is so bad a conductor of heat, that extreme aridity prevails only on the surface. On the hottest day, if you remove a few inches of the dry and sandy soil, you arrive at moisture. In like manner the atmosphere is never anhydrous, or entirely devoid of watery vapour; although occasionally it may be dry enough to have a distressing effect both upon animals and vegetables. The vapour, partially withdrawn from particular localities, is collected elsewhere in clouds, which, floating between the sun and the earth, prevent the direct transmission of solar heat. When these aggregates complete the genial work by falling in showers, it is curious to remark the burst of perfume that comes from the fainting plants.

That the earth is a bad conductor of heat, is shown by the comparative coolness of a draught of water drawn from a deep spring in summer, and the comparative warmth of water from the same source in winter. The temperature of the water, in point of fact, is nearly the same at both seasons; and at a depth of 100 feet, that of the earth is the average temperature of the climate, differing of course with the latitude. At Wadso, in Lapland, the average is 36°, at St Petersburg 40°, in England 52°, at Paris 54°, at Rome 61°, and at Cairo 70°. The reception of heat by the earth is the cause of a phenomenon which is often regarded with surprise. This is the tremulous motion of objects regarded across a tract of dark-coloured land on a hot summer day. 'The land becomes exceedingly hot by absorbing the solar rays, and imparts heat to the air incumbent on its surface; the air so heated becomes lighter, and ascends, whilst a colder and heavier portion descends, so that the solar light, in traversing a medium of such unequal density, does not pass through with steadiness, but is distorted, or broken, or refracted, and the rays coming to the eye of the observer with irregularity, the objects consequently appear distorted.'

The formation of clouds, and the fall of rain, have not been explained; but chemistry comes to the conclusion that rain does not consist of solid globules, but of myriads of hollow vesicles of water, like soap-bubbles. Were it otherwise, the clouds could not hover above our heads as they do; for a drop with a diameter of a thousandth part of an inch would acquire, from attraction of gravitation, a velocity of nine or ten feet per second. And the clouds, we know, do not merely hover, but are carried from the lake or sea which gives them birth into the inland country, or to the tops of mountains.

The air, however, always contains the vapour of water in suspension; and this invisible vapour, when its temperature falls, either by sudden local rarefaction, or by contact with cold surfaces of the earth and waters, becomes visible in the minute drops of water termed mist. The heat requisite to raise and sustain this vapour is not equally dense throughout the atmosphere, because the atmosphere becomes thinner as its distance from the earth increases. 'Suppose a cubic foot of air contain a certain amount of heat, equally diffused throughout its elementary and compound constituents, and capable of affecting the thermometer to a given degree; if this volume of air be compressed to one-tenth of a cubic foot, of course there will be ten times as much heat concentrated into that tenth as there was, and the thermometer would indicate a rise of temperature. On the other hand, suppose the cubic foot of air to be expanded to ten cubic feet, the heat would be so diffused throughout such volume, that the thermometer would indicate depression of temperature, or, in other words, the air would feel cold.' The cause of the air being denser, and therefore warmer, as it approaches the earth, is simply that it bears the superincumbent load of the rest of the atmosphere, and is pressed, as it were, into smaller compass.

This explains the diminution of heat as we ascend a lofty mountain; the air becoming rarer and rarer, or, in other words, more expanded, till not unfrequently the watery vapour it contains condenses in mist, or congeals as snow. 'Air, in rising from the level of the sea, becomes nearly 1 degree colder for the first two hundred feet of ascent, and altogether about 50 degrees colder in rising fifteen thousand feet; thus water would freeze at this elevation even near the equator, where the temperature of the low plains is at least 80 degrees. This is the reason why the summits of lofty mountains are covered with perpetual snow, and the height at which it occurs is called the "snow line," or "line of perpetual congelation."'

The conversion of water into vapour—that is to say, the process of evaporation—requires heat; and the substances by which this heat is imparted of course become cold. Thus in India they have sometimes curtains instead of windows; and these being sprinkled with water, a rapid evaporation reduces the temperature ten or even fifteen degrees. Even in England, in very hot weather, relief is sought and obtained by sprinkling water on the pavement before our houses. Porous earthenware vessels are used for wine-coolers on the same principle. Being dipped in water, they imbibe a considerable quantity by capillary attraction; and as this gradually evaporates on the vessel being removed into the air, the wine-bottle within contributes a portion of heat towards the process, and becomes cool itself in the same ratio. For the same reason, it is dangerous to remain in wet clothes, the evaporation lowering the animal heat of the body below its natural standard. Exercise, on the other hand, by inciting the evolution of animal heat, supplies the unusual demand, and diminishes the risk in proportion. When too much heat is produced by exercise, the evaporation from the body is condensed in sweat; and when this is checked by a cold draught of air, waterproof clothing, or other causes, the most serious consequences ensue. A fine cambric handkerchief applied to the brow gives great relief, because its fine fibres are at once a good conductor of heat, and

have a strong capillary attraction for moisture; whereas a cotton handkerchief, having neither of these advantages, produces rather a sensation of heat. 'Accurate experiments appear to justify the conclusion, that the annual evaporation of water averages thirty inches; meaning that the vapour, if reconverted into water, would cover the surface from which it ascended to a depth of thirty inches; then the surface of all the waters of the globe being assumed at one hundred and twenty-eight millions of geographical miles, nearly sixty thousand cubic miles of water would be annually changed into vapour.'

The winds, which are so important to our comfort in summer, are caused by the incessant disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere by heat. The phenomena of land and sea-breezes are thus explained by the chemist. 'The solar beams are incapable of elevating the temperature of the transparent water of the ocean, or the transparent volume of the atmosphere, but they heat the surface of the opaque earth with great facility; therefore an island exposed to the tropical sun has its soil greatly elevated in temperature, and communicating heat to the air, a strong ascending current is produced, whilst other portions of air from the cooler surface of the ocean immediately glide inland to restore the equilibrium, and this constitutes the sea-breeze. During the night, the surface of the island, no longer subject to the direct influence of the sun, becomes much cooler than the superincumbent air, and causes it to contract in volume, to become heavier, therefore it sinks down, and spreads on all sides, producing the land-breeze; this is frequently loaded with unhealthy exhalations from decomposing vegetation, whilst the sea-breeze is salubrious and fresh.'

Such are only a few of the inquiries prompted by the beautiful season on which we are entering; but they are sufficient to show that the laborious chemist is introduced by his ceaseless experiments into at least some acquaintance with the sublime laboratory of nature; and that he is led, by this examination, on a minor scale, of the properties of bodies, to reason upon the phenomena of the seasons, and to act in some degree as an expounder to mankind of the physical plan and government of the earth. There is no department of science better adapted than chemistry to plant in the mind a firm belief in the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator.

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

LINZ TO VIENNA.

On opening the jalousies of our windows on the morning after our arrival at Linz, we observed that in the long and handsome street below all business was suspended; and although still early, long processions of little girls, dressed in white frocks, and with ribbons and wreaths of flowers in their hair, were seen pouring to the churches. Occasionally, also, a school of boys, in their best attire, was seen parading along the street, too happy in the prospect of a holiday, to be kept perfectly in order by the preceptor. Countrymen in red waistcoats were also coming pretty thickly into town; and in the crowds which passed might be noticed gaily-attired females, with head-dresses of cloth of gold, and rosaries of less or more value in their hands. It was evident they were going to make a day of it; and so we hurried over breakfast, and got down to the streets just as matters were waxing to a crisis.

The day was the 3d of June—this year, Corpus Christi, but better known on the continent as the *fête Dieu*. Fortunately, the weather was beautiful, and when that is the case, a holiday is acceptable on any pretence. I was delighted to see the people enjoying themselves, albeit the affair which called them together was somewhat unintelligible. Hurrying to

the great central Platz, we found it crammed, a part in the middle, however, being kept clear by soldiers; and we had scarcely procured a good point of sight, when a grand procession of clergy of all orders, nobility, gentry, and others, commenced, every one carrying an unlighted candle in his hand about six feet in length. At the head of the long line of dignitaries walked an aged priest with long white hair, and by this venerable personage mass was performed at several places in the open street—the altars for the occasion, gorgeously overhung with crimson velvet and gold, and embellished with the richest plate, being erected against the face of a house. Each mass occupied about a quarter of an hour, and at its conclusion, the whole troops fired a volley in the air, which was replied to by the firing of cannon from one of the forts in the neighbourhood. The last mass was performed at a high altar erected in the centre of the Platz; and when all was over, the procession was dissolved in an adjoining church. The devotion manifested by the vast crowds of persons of all ranks was apparently sincere; and one thing seemed to me praiseworthy beyond controversy, that when the religious duties of the day were finished, there was no disorderliness, no drunkenness, nor any of the other abominations which usually shock propriety in the streets of Scottish cities on holiday evenings. At Vienna, the *fête Dieu* is conducted with great magnificence, the emperor in his robes not disdaining to carry a candle; yet I was not sorry to have seen the spectacle on a smaller scale, for I was afterwards told that we could not possibly have obtained accommodation in the capital.

In the after-part of the day I walked through the town in all directions, and then ascended to the higher ground in the environs, whence a good view is to be obtained of the valley of the Danube and surrounding country. Linz is large and well built, and occupies a pleasant situation on the left bank of the Danube, which is here a stream of a very different size from what I had seen at Ulm. Augmented by the Iser, the Inn, the Salza, and other considerable rivers, it rolls past Linz a mighty flood, the volume of water being apparently equal in bulk to that of the Rhine. By going round by Salzburg, I had unfortunately lost some of the best bits of scenery on the Danube—the very best being near Passau; but there was consolation in thinking that we had enjoyed an equivalent, and that a day's steaming, which still awaited us, was better than nothing. Neither in Linz nor its neighbourhood is there a single thing to detain travellers, unless, indeed, they have a fancy for inspecting fortifications. At different salient points around the town, on both sides of the Danube, are erected thirty-two detached forts, each looking like a low martello tower, and mounted with guns; they have been planted in this quarter with the design of retarding and vexing the progress of any future Napoleon who may think of visiting Vienna via the vale of the Danube. These forts, which are new, and untried in strategy, and therefore not militarily orthodox, are the invention of Prince Maximilian of Este. I did deem them worthy of a visit.

Before a traveller can leave any town in Austria, he must not only have his passport *visé*, but procure a bit of badly-printed paper from the police, called a *Passer Shien*, and this he is called on to give up to a sentinel when he departs. Not till going to bed did I remember I had not got my *shien*; and it was only after a good deal of trouble that it could be negotiated so late at night. When this giant was slain, another appeared. The hotel was full of guests, and, as usual, our room was separated only by a thin door from the adjoining apartment in the suite. Our neighbours were Germans, and their noisy talking was intolerable. They spoke as

loudly as if they had been hailing each other across the street. Repose was out of the question. It was no use our talking in a moderate key, in the hope of shaming them into silence. A severe malady requires a severe remedy. Lighting a candle, I took up Mrs C.'s crotchet book, and gave them an example of reading in English which astonished them. The effect was magical. My harangue on crotchet working in an instant drowned their horrible jargon, and their voices sunk to a whisper. They listened, and whispered again. The phenomenon of English was dumfounding—perhaps I was an English maniac? Whatever were their conjectures, the reading settled them; for we were no more troubled with their screeching, and gladly went to sleep, preparatory to an early start for Vienna. As daylight came in, our loquacious neighbours broke out, as if from a moment's forgetfulness; but a few sentences from the crotchet book, as we made our toilet, brought them to their senses, and we heard them no more. Our own aristocracy—the real as well as the vulgar counterfeit—affect loud talking, to the annoyance of all who are near them: might not some plan, such as I happily thought of, be tried in order to teach them good manners?

The morning was beautiful, and at seven o'clock we were on board the steamer, which lay hissing at the quay. The vessel was large and commodious, seemingly under careful management, and on the deck there mustered nearly a hundred passengers of various nations—artists in mustaches and gray fancy hats from Munich; Hungarians returning from a distant excursion; no English but ourselves; one or two French; and a good many Germans of miscellaneous ages and appearance—a vastly respectable company, as the steward most likely thought, in making his calculations as to how many were likely to figure at the table-d'hôte. Off we went down the broad bosom of the Danube, all looking forward to a pleasant run of nine or ten hours. At first there was little to excite interest. The banks were generally level, and here and there muddy islands, covered with willows, divided the channel, and closed up the scene. By and by the hills approached the stream, and villages nestling at their base, and castles or monasteries crowning their summits, reminded us somewhat of the Rhine; but with a few exceptions, the main features of the landscape were totally different. On the Rhine all is ancient; the universal ruin of the castles, which are perched on the tops of the crags, speaks of a bygone age—a period of rapine and insecurity. On the Danube, almost every building is comparatively modern and inhabited. The grandest edifices are the monasteries. Half way between Linz and Vienna, on our right, we came to a short passage below the loftily-perched and palace-like convent of Molk. Good times, it may be said, for the monks; but the monks are Benedictines, which is equivalent to saying they are scholars and gentlemen; and their spacious mansion is as much an educational as a religious establishment; in this respect, the social condition of Austria being analogous to what it was in our own country previous to the convulsions of the sixteenth century.

About and below Molk, the banks of the Danube increase in picturesque beauty; and on the left side the vine makes its appearance, though on a scale not to be compared with what is seen on the Rhine. Austria is not a wine-producing country to an extent worth mentioning; yet some of the Hungarian wines are good. In descending the river from Molk, we soon came in sight of a spot of more than ordinary interest. The banks, which here rise to a considerable height, and are covered with wood, press close upon the stream, which seems to have cut its way through the ridges that strive to intercept its passage. On the summit of the lofty crags on the right bank stand the remains of Aggstein, a feudal fortress long since dismantled; and on the face of the arid cliffs on the left is seen the ruined castle of Durrenstein, which had been of con-

siderable size. Within these walls, now shattered, and open to the gaze of the passing tourist, Richard Cœur-de-Lion was confined for upwards of twelve months (1192-3) by Leopold, Duke of Austria, the unfortunate king having been treacherously seized at Vienna, in returning homewards as a pilgrim from the Holy Land. Immediately on passing the ridge on which Durrenstein is placed, the scenery altogether changes: the river, emerging from its lofty banks, rolls through a great plain, dotted over with woods; here and there a large and elegant building is observed; and beyond all, the hills far distant bounding the horizon. We have, in short, left the mountainous region, and entered on the plains of the lower Danube. From the midst of the green plain which first meets the eye rise the spires of Vienna; and landing at Nussdorf, a village on the right, where a number of carriages are in attendance, we reach in a quarter of an hour the capital of the Austrian empire.

In approaching Vienna, we lose sight of the Danube, which disappears from view between willow-clad banks and islands, the city proper being built on a small tributary—the Wien—which, from anything I saw, is little better than a foul and stagnant drain. Advancing towards the town, we pass through extensive suburbs, and finally emerge into an open space, grassy, and ornamented with trees, of the third of a mile in width; and on the opposite side of which stands Vienna, seemingly squeezed so hard within a high wall, that the houses look as if they were engaged in a desperate elbowing of each other, and about to burst their too tightly-drawn boundary. By a cavernous tunnel, which perforates the lofty wall and rampart, we reach the interior, and then find ourselves in streets narrow and winding, and lined with stone houses as high and spacious as those of Paris. We procured accommodation at the 'Archduke Charles'—a first-class hotel, according to the guide-books, but deficient in various accommodations. However, we had no great reason to complain, and remained in the town about a week; not time enough to do the sights justice, but as much as I could spare.

I have never been so fairly baffled by any city as I was by Vienna: such is its extraordinary jumble of streets, and so like are they to each other, that, till the last, I had considerable difficulty in finding my way. And yet there is a sort of plan by which the main thoroughfares are arranged. At the centre of the town stands the cathedral of St Stephens, an ancient and imposing edifice, with a lofty spire; and from this point the principal streets radiate to different portals in the bastions, whence they stretch far into the suburbs. There are, however, many cross and circuitous streets, a number of open places, and many closely-packed lanes and passages, forming short cuts from one great thoroughfare to another. The houses in the best streets are of enormous dimensions, all with inner courtyards, and of handsome and solid architecture. Excepting first-class mansions, the houses are occupied in floors by different families, the access being usually by common-stairs from the courtyards. A nobleman and man of literary distinction on whom I called lived on a second floor in a building of this kind; and a banking company with whom I did some business had their office on a floor higher up. The number of separate dwellings in some of these huge edifices astonishes those who are unacquainted with the common-stair system. From four to five hundred inhabitants, occupying floors, or parts of floors, in one building, is not unusual—a number, however, which can be matched in the more ancient parts of Edinburgh. Like all ancient cities, Vienna is ill provided with sewerage; and yet, strange to say, it is a remarkably cleanly town in external appearance—the generally light colour of the houses, and the absence of smoke, imparting a lively effect. That which is most seriously defective is the general want of side pavement for foot-passengers. The streets are well paved with square stones from side to side, the part near the houses and shops being very slightly in-

clined upwards, so that there is nothing to prevent carriages from crushing you up to the wall, or running you down—a misfortune the more likely to occur from the excessive narrowness of the thoroughfares. All this of course suggests that Vienna was built for that portion of mankind who ride in carriages, not for those whose inclination or means lead them to walk on foot. Nevertheless, much seems to be done to render the streets comfortable to poor as well as rich. Great expense is incurred for the stones with which they are laid. These stones are brought from the rocky banks of the Danube, below Linz, and I was informed that each costs a swanziger, or twentypence.

Whatever be the general incommodiousness of the streets, neither that nor anything else prevents them from being a scene of bustle and gaiety from morning till night. Well-dressed people are seen pouring along to enjoy themselves in the restaurants, or in the public gardens; equipages of the most splendid set-out dash past on airing excursions; and to add to the liveliness of the thoroughfares, many of the shops are distinguished by paintings outside representing some eminent personage—as the Queen of England, Prince Metternich, or the Archduke Charles. These portraits, which are full length, and well executed, are painted on shutters, which are open only during the day. No city is better provided with gardens, pleasure-grounds, and walks open to the people. Around the glacis, or rampart, there is a delightful promenade with seats, commanding fine views of the Vorstädte, or suburban new town, which rivals in elegance of architecture the best houses in Paris. The Volksgarten, situated close upon the city, is a spacious piece of ground, decorated with trees, shrubs, and flowers, laid out in agreeable walks, and furnished with coffee-houses, and arenas for bands of music. This garden was given to the people by the late emperor; and here, in the fine summer evenings, Strauss's band performs for hours. Nothing is paid for admittance. For lengthened promenading and driving there are the roads environing the suburbs; but besides these, and the cross paths leading to them, the Viennese have the Prater, a park on the north-east, which is several square miles in extent, richly wooded, and partly tenanted by deer. Parties of pleasure who desire a still wider range proceed to Schönbrunn, the seat of the emperor, at two or three miles distance. We spent a day in rambling through the grounds, and seeing the gaieties and curiosities of Schönbrunn, every place, the palace excepted, being open for the inspection and recreation of all comers. From a lofty ornamental structure on an eminence within the grounds, we had an excellent view of Vienna and its environs, and had the satisfaction of having pointed out by our guide the spots rendered historically interesting in the last siege of Vienna by the Turks (1683), when not alone Austria, but Christendom, was saved by the gallant John Sobieski. The spot occupied by the tent of Kara Mustapha, the Turkish general, is now marked by a church. Next day, in a large collection of antiquities in Vienna, we were shown the horse-tail standard and tent apparatus of Mustapha, who, it will be remembered, was strangled, by orders of the sultan, for not winning the battle.

In the course of our stay we visited a number of collections of pictures, museums, and other public show-places; but any notice of these would only tire the patience of the reader; and in truth the sight of them was tiring to myself, for one may be surfeited with pictures as with anything else. On Sunday we went to the chapel connected with the imperial palace, not to hear the music, finely as that was performed by a vocal and instrumental band, but to have a glimpse of the great nominal ruler of the nation: nor were we disappointed. The emperor entered about the middle of the service, and took his place in a small gallery without any fuss. He is a little man, with an unnaturally large forehead, diffident and mild in demeanour, and with the reputation of being one of the kindest-disposed

creatures in the world. He is generally in bad health, and takes little or no part in public affairs. The actual government, as is well known, has for many years been in the hands of Prince Metternich, a man of consummate abilities, though, like many statesmen, ignorant of the true foundations on which power can alone safely repose. The next place we visited was that to which the imperial family, after the splendours of the giddy and false world have passed away, are pompously carried to 'rot in state.' It is a spacious vault, situated beneath the church of a convent of capuchin friars; and under the guidance of one of the brotherhood, clothed in a brown tunic, with a rope round his waist, and a lamp in his hand, we descended a long flight of steps to this remarkable mausoleum. The apartment, which receives a little light and air from gratings, consists of several vaulted chambers, dry, and not unpleasant to the senses. What a melancholy spectacle! Rows of large sarcophagi of lead or zinc are ranged along the paved floor, and by the lamp of the monk we are enabled to read the inscriptions, which tell us that within repose the bodies of kings, queens, archdukes, emperors, and empresses. The largest and handsomest of these metal boxes is that which contains the remains of Maria Theresa, the greatest of all the Austrian rulers; but it is surpassed in value by the sarcophagus of Joseph I., which is of pure silver. We noticed also some small sarcophagi containing the remains of baby archdukes; and for a few moments, the lamp of the capuchin was held over the plain and unnoticeable sarcophagus in which reposes the body of the youthful and unfortunate Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon. What an end to the hopes of a dynasty which was to rule half the world! The being ushered into existence with the firing of a hundred cannons successively at the Invalids, at the sound of which all Paris was frantic with joy—or pretended to be so—lies decomposing in a metal chest at Vienna, the groom of his chamber a nameless capuchin monk! We had better not ask what France now thinks of the Bonaparte family!

I did not quit Vienna without making some inquiries into the state of elementary instruction. In this matter it is but justice to say that Austria, with all its religious and political intolerance, is much in advance of nations possessing greater freedom. Education in its primary branches is universally established, and as far as I saw, is conducted on a liberal footing. I visited an academy which serves as a model for provincial seminaries. It is accommodated in a building of considerable size, each floor being divided into several spacious halls, opening on corridors. The resident director, an aged gentleman, to whom I introduced myself, politely conducted me through the establishment, explaining everything as it occurred. The method of teaching is explanatory, with the use of the black board. The number of children attending this school was fifteen hundred, all boys, divided into juvenile and advanced classes, each class under one master, and occupying a separate apartment. The routine of instruction embraced reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and mathematics. It was pleasing to observe the decorum and quietness which prevailed throughout the establishment. On our entering and retiring from each class-room, all the pupils rose and bowed: and this was no sham reverence. On the dismissal of one of the classes, the pupils crowded around my venerable conductor, and with terms of endearment covered his hand with kisses.

It is absurd and presumptuous for a traveller who rushes through a country to philosophise very deeply on its social condition; yet a man is entitled to at least use his eyes and ears wherever his destiny carries him, and to form his impressions accordingly. My notion, then, from all I saw in Vienna and elsewhere, is, that Austria, though under a pure despotism, is not uncared for morally, physically, or intellectually. I saw, however, only the best part of the empire—that in which the land is owned in portions of reasonable extent, and below which portions it is not allowed to be

divided. In Hungary, the form of society and territorial possession is very different. Admitting much that was presented to our view to be far from unpleasant, I felt that the entire system was hollow and unnatural, and could not last. Mankind are not destined to be for ever managed as if they were children. Passing circumstances prove that Austria has been under a gross mistake in imagining that it is either safe or just to keep its people in tutelage an instant beyond the time they can think and act for themselves. For the military and police oppressions in the conquered provinces—for the heartless proscriptions and imprisonments at Venice and Spielberg—the day of reckoning has already to all appearance arrived.*

W. C.

L'HOMME CHARMANT.

So accessible were the ancient Greeks to visual impressions, and so enthusiastic in their admiration of beauty, as well as of gracefulness of form and movement, that even the sage Areopagites were obliged to listen in obscurity to the pleadings of their celebrated orators, lest, unwittingly, their judgments might receive a favourable bias towards some handsome speaker; or, on the other hand, lest they might prejudice the cause of one less happily endowed with personal attractions.

The love of the beautiful is not less instinctive in humanity than the appreciation of goodness, or the reverence for truth; and when found in harmonious combination with these—its kindred faculties—we can scarcely estimate too highly the blessing of having an eye and a heart open to delight in all that is graceful and lovely, whether in animate or inanimate creation. Even where this admiration of Beauty seems to exist a little out of its due proportion, we would gladly excuse the error, knowing how mighty and how magic is its sway; and also how vain it is to expect a perfect development of every good and noble faculty in the same human soul.

Among no modern people is the homage rendered to beauty more enthusiastic than among the Parisians, who have often been compared in this and other respects to the Athenians of old; and truly in many points the resemblance seems complete, though we stay not here to trace it out: we have at present to do only with their admiration of beauty, which they are wont to express by a single word—*charmant*—a dissyllable significant not only of beauty, but of a thousand nameless attractions, which, clustering around personal grace of form, make it tenfold more lovely and beloved. It is a word not altogether unknown to our own language, although in its insular rendering it is perhaps less refined in its shade of popular meaning than in the French language. It is somewhat singular, too, that among us the word is more frequently applied to man than to the gentler sex. Which of us have not known among the circle of our acquaintance a 'charming man?' Whether it be the literary coterie, the fashionable world, or the professedly-religious circle, each society can boast of its charming man—one who is handsome, clever, and agreeable; who is usually more plausible than profound; more commonly the admired acquaintance of all, than the tried and trusted friend of any. The career of the charming man is not always a satisfactory one, inasmuch as popularity has its appointed limits; and the idol of to-day is too often the outcast of to-morrow. Nor is dame Fortune less capricious in her favours than the giddy multitude; for occasionally she delights to snap asunder the golden threads of some brilliant destiny, and show how frail at best are the bonds by which happiness and humanity are linked together in this our lower world.

Such was the case with a personage whom we are about to introduce to our readers as a most perfect spe-

cimen—not of a 'charming man,' but of '*un homme charmant*;' one who, about seventy years ago, was idolised in that character by the fastidious people of the French capital.

Although Monsieur de Létorières (the person of whom we speak) was simply a French gentleman of Xaintonge, whose only wealth on setting out in life was his trusty sword, yet in the eyes of an English reader his history may derive additional interest from the circumstance of his relationship with the House of Hanover, through the marriage of his aunt, Mademoiselle D'Olbreuse, with George William, Duke of Brunswick, whose only daughter became the unhappy wife of George, Elector of Hanover, and was thus the ancestress of our present royal family.

The early youth of Lancelot-Joseph de Létorières was passed at the college of Plessis, where he had been placed by his uncle, the Abbé du Vighan; but finding his vacations too short, and his studies too long, the impatient youth escaped from college, and hastened to the capital, where he found himself as free as air, but dwelling in an empty garret. Whenever he suffered from cold or hunger, he left his solitary apartment, and descending into the gay and crowded streets of Paris, forgot his wants, and thought himself, for a while, the happiest being in existence.

One of his early friends used to relate that M. de Létorières having left his lodging one cold winter's day, to recreate himself among the busy haunts of men, he was overtaken by a pelting shower of rain, and took refuge from the storm beneath an archway. Meanwhile a hackney-coach passes slowly along, and the driver looking earnestly at him, inquires—'Shall I drive you, sir, across this stream of water?'

'No, thank you,' replies the handsome youth, looking somewhat sad.

'If you want to go farther, sir, I can take you to any part of the city you please.'

'I was only going to walk in the Galleries of the Palais de Justice, but I mean to wait here until the rain is over.'

'What! under that cold archway?'

'I have no money to throw away in coach-hire, so go away, and leave me in peace.'

'Sir,' replied the coachman, jumping off his box, and opening the carriage door, 'it shall never be said that I allowed so handsome a young gentleman as you are to *enoyer* yourself here, and to catch cold into the bargain, for the sake of twenty-four sous. It is all on my way to pass by the Palais Marchand, so, if you please, I will set you down there, close to the image of St Pierre.' The gracious offer was accepted.

On opening the carriage door at the entrance to this celebrated *traiteur's*, the coachman respectfully took off his felt hat, and begging of the youth to accept a *louisd'or* from him, said, 'You may have occasion for it in there, sir, and you can find me out any time you please, and repay me at your convenience. The number of my coach is 144.'

The name of this good-natured man was Sicard. He was an honest, worthy fellow, and through the recommendation of M. de Létorières, ended by being coachman to the Princess Sophia of France. Whenever any one alluded to his liberal conduct towards M. de Létorières, he was wont to answer, that any one else in his place would have done just the same; 'for,' added he, 'he was so charming a young gentleman, that one might almost have mistaken him for an angel.'

Another time his tailor's wife, growing impatient about a debt of four hundred francs, which he had owed for a considerable time, rated her husband soundly for not insisting on his rights. 'What a chicken-hearted being thou art!' exclaimed she, 'and all, forsooth, out of complaisance to Monsieur le Charmant!' (for so was he nicknamed in the family). 'As for thee, thou hast not courage to show him thy teeth; but I will soon settle the matter with him. I am going forthwith to his lodging, and you shall see if I come away empty-

* This article was written some weeks previous to the late overthrow of affairs in Vienna.

handed. Charming as he is, I will manage him properly. Let me alone for that.'

No sooner had this resolute woman returned home, than her husband, perceiving that she looked rather crestfallen, inquired where was the money which had been paid to her by M. de Létorières.

'Come, come, you must not worry me; but the truth of the matter is, that on going into his room, I found him playing the guitar, and he looked so sweet and gentle, that I could not find it in my heart to annoy him in any way.'

'And the four hundred francs?' resumed the tailor, looking at her rather sarcastically.

'My good friend,' replied his imperious spouse in the meekest tone imaginable, 'you must only enter them on your books; and you may as well at the same time add three hundred more to the account, for there was something so melancholy, so—I don't know what to call it—about him, that I could not help taking one hundred crowns out of my pocket, and in spite of his refusal, I left them on his chimney-piece.'

As soon as M. de Létorières had completed his twenty-first year, he brought his family papers to M. Chérin,* from whom he speedily obtained the certificate necessary for his presentation at court. When walking one day in the gardens at Versailles, the king took notice of him, and having learned from his courtiers who the handsome gentleman was, he inquired of his counsellor Chérin, 'Of what family, pray, is the Poitou gentleman, named Létorières, whom I see about here?'

Chérin replied that the young man's pedigree, although noble, was not such as to entitle him to ride in the king's carriages, for his proofs were not altogether—

'But,' interrupted the king, 'he is *charmant; vraiment charmant*; and I desire that he may be presented to me with the title of vicomte.'

So Chérin inscribed him on his register as having a certificate *by command*; and the Vicomte de Létorières shared at once all the honours of the court.

Whenever he was concerned in any appeals to the tribunal of the point of honour,† his adversaries were sure to be obliged to offer their apology to him, and to make exorbitant reparations, which was attributed to the gracious and fascinating manner in which he had solicited *Nosseigneurs les Maréchaux*. He gained every lawsuit in which he was interested, among others an important one against the Dukes of Brunswick-Oëls, on the subject of some property which had belonged to his grandaunt and their grandmother D'Oibreuse, to whom we have already made allusion.

'He is like the serpent of Paradise,' observed Monsieur de Beaumont, the archbishop of Paris; 'and if ever he has an affair with the officiality‡ of Paris, I will take care to have him masked with a monk's cowl and frock, lest he should beguile his judges.'

The feeling of admiration and interest excited by M. de Létorières became at length so universal, that sometimes on his appearing in public he was greeted with acclamations by the multitude. An eye-witness thus describes his reception at a sacred concert which was given in the theatre on Shrove Tuesday 1772:—'M. de Létorières was only just recovering from a sword-wound received in a duel with the Comte de Melun. When he heard the popular acclamations, he rose in his box, and looked around him on the house with an air

of perplexity and surprise, as if it were impossible for him to suppose that he could be the object of applause, which is usually reserved for favourite actors or for royal personages. This inquiring gaze was full of the easy and simple gracefulness which characterised his every movement, and it drew forth still livelier demonstrations of pleasure from the multitude. He wore on that evening a suit of rich *moiré* straw-coloured silk, with facings of golden tissue, shot with emerald green. The knotted band on his shoulder was green and gold, and his Steinkerque belt was clasped with emeralds. The buttons of his coat were formed of opals set in brilliants, and the handle of his sword was similarly ornamented. Moreover, his coiffure consisted of two tufts of waving curls, sprinkled with light-coloured powder, and falling gracefully upon the collar of his dress. A soft and humid brilliancy sparkled in his eyes, which were a thousand times brighter than the costly jewels which he wore. In short, I was obliged to confess that I had never before seen a being who was so truly charming.'

It is almost needless to say that M. de Létorières, so popular among all classes and conditions of people, was a favourite with the *beaux sexe*. Among the court beauties was one, however, who more especially won his attentions, and who returned his love with all the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. Victoire-Julie de Savoie-Carignan was a naïve and lovely young creature, whose princely family being suspicious of her attachment to the charming vicomte, and conceiving that an alliance with him would be unsuitable to her rank, obliged her to become an inmate of the Abbaye de Montmartre, where she was virtually a prisoner; for although treated with the utmost deference and respect, all her movements were under the surveillance of a guard of the provost-marshal's office. In spite of these precautions, she attempted to maintain a correspondence with her lover; but their communications were discovered, and the result was a challenge to the vicomte from one of her relations, the Baron d'Ugeon. Just at this time Louis XV. was attacked by the smallpox in its most virulent form, and our Gaius of Xaintonge had obtained leave to shut himself up with his royal master, and tend him during his illness. The permission thus granted gave great offence to the courtiers, who carried their absurd passion for etiquette even to the very gates of the grave, and were displeased at this close attendance upon royalty by one who had not previously enjoyed the *entrée* into the king's chamber. Louis XV. died, and M. de Létorières came out of the infected palace only to meet his challenger in single combat. The Baron d'Ugeon inflicted on him two severe wounds in the right side, and he was carried home in a precarious state. He was, however, carefully tended by a friendly surgeon, who gave out that his patient was suffering from smallpox, and could not therefore receive any visits. After a while, there seemed to be every prospect of M. de Létorières's recovery, when through his impatience to seek an interview with Mademoiselle de Soissons, he left his house before his wounds were thoroughly healed; and having, by means of liberal bribes, obtained admittance within the walls of Montmartre, he met his betrothed under the arched arcade which led from the cloister to the cemetery. Their interview was brief. She hastened back to her honourable prison, little dreaming that she had for the last time beheld her charming friend, who was found a few hours afterwards, stiff and cold, upon the pavement of the cloister. It seems that the emotion excited by meeting Mademoiselle de Soissons after so long a separation had opened his wounds afresh, and he died alone on this gloomy spot, unaccompanied and unseen by any human being.

Thus perished, in the prime of life, he who was confessedly the most exquisite model of *un homme charmant* that had ever been beheld in the Parisian world. Already had he not only won the good graces of a fastidious public, and subdued the heart of a high-born

* Monsieur Bernard Chérin was a very important personage at the French court, as it belonged to him, in his capacity of genealogist of the king's house and of the court of France, to investigate the proofs of nobility of all those who desired to be presented at court, and also the higher pretensions of others, whose ancient and exalted ancestry entitled them to the honour of a seat in the king's carriages.

† In the reign of Louis XIV., duels had become so prevalent among the young nobles of Paris, that a special tribunal was appointed to take cognizance of offences which did not fall under the rule of ordinary courts of law, and for a time it was effectual in restraining the rage for this species of single combat.

‡ An ecclesiastical tribunal.

beauty, but he had likewise acquired, with almost unparalleled rapidity, wealth and honours which might have satisfied his utmost cupidity and ambition.

Just before the demise of Louis XV., he had been created by that monarch Marquis de Létorières and D'Olbreuse. He was also appointed *Mestre de camp* of cavalry, Commander of the united orders of Saint Lazarus and N. D. du Mont Carmel, Grand Sénéchal d'Aunis, &c. &c. He had, moreover, become the proprietor of millions of francs. But his titles perished with him; his wealth was swallowed up by creditors and lawyers; and the princess, whose favour had proved so fatal to him, before the expiration of many years, had wedded into the ducal House of Cobourg.

Thus brief and evanescent was the brilliant career of this fascinating Parisian.

MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

THE Chinese tell us that the heart, after trying in vain to express its emotions, first by words, and then by sighs, bursts at length into song. This is not only poetical, but likewise philosophically true. Music undoubtedly is, in its elements, a natural means of expressing feelings, and even ideas—in short, a kind of language. Yet, while springing essentially from inherent powers of the mind, it quickly becomes an art, and one capable of exercising no small influence over human beings. As an art, it ranks with rhetoric and painting, and it is thus identified with civilising and refining agencies. It is nevertheless remarkable that, in certain stages of society, these processes are balked of their true purpose and effect. Artists become enervated as they advance; musicians, poets, painters, sink into idleness and dissipation; and their divine art, through the weakness of its professors, falls into reprobation or contempt. This is not confined to our country. In China, India, Persia, the very same revolution has occurred that we have ourselves witnessed in northern Europe. In England and Scotland, the resulting prejudice appears to have continued after the cause has given way before the general advancement of civilisation; but in the latter country, it is strengthened by the sectarianism which was engendered amid the struggles of the Reformation, and which retains to this day a portion of the old iconoclastic spirit. Here all kinds of music but psalm tunes are regarded by a considerable class of the people with coldness, if not suspicion; and the art has consequently sunk into a state of degradation not known at a much earlier period of our history. A change, however, appears now to be in progress; and it begins where it ought—among the young; who will grow up, it is to be supposed, not worse Christians for having imbibed in their early years a taste for music, and a feeling of its beauty and power. In Edinburgh, many hundred children, under the direction of Dr Mainzer, are daily familiarised with the choral strains of the best masters of the art; and these children will operate like so many ducts, spreading the holy influence of music throughout the whole bosom of society.

We are led into this train of reflection by a work just published by the gentleman whose name we have mentioned, and which we think is deserving of the attention of our readers. It is an examination of the merits of music as a branch of education, and contains an interesting sketch of the history of the art.*

Dr Mainzer repeats various stories of the effect of musical sounds, such as that of the lady known by Rousseau, who could not hear any kind of music without involuntary and convulsive laughter. This, however, was probably owing to nothing more than a morbid condition of the nerves; such as made Mozart, when a violent blast of a trumpet struck upon his delicate ear, fall senseless to the ground. The effect on animals is popularly known; although we may mention the dog referred to in the *Musical Gazette* of Leipzig, who was so much excited by a composition in E major, that on

an occasion when the experiment was continued too long, he became furious, and died in convulsions. Inanimate objects are likewise moved, in some mysterious way, by sound. Glasses, mirrors, china, are said to vibrate and break at certain notes of the flute, or of the human voice; and some pipes of the organ make the windows, walls, and pillars of a cathedral shake.

The most powerful effect of music, however, is due to its adjuncts and associations. The call which accompanies the heaving of the lead is extremely simple; but when heard at midnight on the sea, it is indescribably solemn. The bell of a village church is laden with beautiful and touching recollections. A melody familiar to us in childhood, is for ever after linked in our imagination with the things and persons most dear to our memory. The 'Ranz des Vaches' is little more than a signal played by a shepherd on a cow's horn; and 'Erin go bragh,' and 'Lochaber no more,' would have but slight effect upon the ear, if their associations did not touch the heart. Still, the air being born of the feeling, must be adapted for its expression; and hence the simplicity of national songs as music, and their powerful influence upon the affections. 'If we examine,' says Dr Mainzer, 'all those melodies which have produced extraordinary effects upon individuals, upon multitudes or nations, and thus have acquired historical importance, we shall find that their power is not derived from science or artistical combination, but is founded in truth, nature, and simplicity. These are the great engines of influence in musical composition and performance. It is a power more frequently found in melodies of popular and instinctive origin than in works of art; or, if met with in the latter, it is because those same qualities are predominant. In the scientific and difficult, the musician, the composer, as well as the performer, will be admired; but it is by his simplest strains that he will captivate and subdue his hearer, that he will reach his deeper affections. Whenever we find a melody in the mouth of a whole nation, whenever an air is heard that produces strong feelings of excitement or dependency, we may be certain that it stands away from the refinements of art, and is powerful in its effects in proportion to its simplicity.'

To this he adds the association of the two sister arts; poetry giving vigour and distinctness to the language of music. 'What music wanted in thought, it received from the poet; what to poetry was unattainable in feeling, charm, and transport, the musician supplied in his turn.' This association was constant among the ancients, whose earlier bards were likewise musicians and singers. The later bards and scalds, the troubadours and minstrels, likewise united the two arts; and 'sacred were those songs,' as Herder says, 'in which the people learnt the history, the traditions, and, with them, the language and manners of their nation.' This appears to be everywhere characteristic of a particular stage of society; and our ingenious author would be interested to read in Colonel Tod's 'Annals of Rajasthan,' that the Rajpoot chiefs of the present day learn, like the European lords of the middle ages, the deeds and genealogies of their ancestors from the songs of their family bards. In the middle ages, the British islands were more especially celebrated for the harp; and seven hundred years ago, Scotland is described by Geraldus the Cambrian as 'the fountain of the art.'

We have no room to follow Dr Mainzer in the curious erudition with which he has adorned his subject. He shows clearly the connection of music with education, both classical and popular; and combats successfully the notion, that its cultivation has 'no native soil in the British islands.' As for the vulgar objection to the art on account of the disoluteness of some of its professors, he expends far too much trouble on so paltry a subject. It is sufficient to say that he attributes the low character of musicians to the fact of their being mere musicians—that is to say, to their deficiency in general education. On the usual musical education of young ladies he is especially severe. 'To study music

* Music and Education. By Dr Mainzer. Longmans, London.

is to them nothing but to learn to play the *piano*. You may have talent, or you may have none, you must learn it, under penalty of being taxed with having received but an indifferent education. In what, then, consists this study of the piano? In sitting so many hours daily before the instrument, having the fingers curved, and stretched, and trained; and after having thus passed, in the most tedious and thoughtless of all studies, the most precious and invaluable hours of life, what knowledge has been acquired? Have they become musicians for their pains? Has the science of music been revealed to them? Have they learned to understand, to judge, to analyse a musical composition in its technical construction and poetical essence? Or have they learned to produce, after their own impulse, a musical thought, to develop it, and, in a momentaneous inspiration, to make the heart speak in joyful or plaintive strains, according to their mood of mind? Nothing of the kind. A few have learned to play a sonata, perhaps a concerto; a greater number have reached variations, but by far the greatest majority only quadrilles! This playing of quadrilles, this training of the fingers, mothers complacently call accomplishment, a refined education; and musicians who look with contempt upon musical study and musical works of this description, can they be surprised when the art to which they have devoted themselves is not appreciated, not understood? What can we expect, when its whole destiny is left in the hands of matrons of boarding-schools, who generally are clear-sighted enough to make it an important item of their business, withdraw the lion's part from what is due to the teacher, but are ignorant of its very alphabet? Parents, however, share with the matrons the reprobation of our enthusiast; and he declares to the former that it will be impossible to change so degrading a system, unless they themselves show a better understanding and a higher appreciation of the art. At present, we are in our musical infancy, with variations, songs, duets, and trios dinning for ever in our ears. 'What sacrifices, what hours, what precious years are wasted in the acquisition and practice of a kind of composition, which, in reality, belongs only to what we might call the musical infirmities and excrescences! Such compositions are the productions of musical merchants, written for the market, and calculated upon the ignorance of the customers. The distance of such a musician to a Palestrina, a Handel, a Mozart, can only be measured by that from an *ignis fatuus* to one of the luminaries of the ether above us. In them is spirit, enthusiasm, and poetry. Whoever approaches the sphere in which they breathe, feels himself elevated, and upon the wings of genius carried away into other zones, other climes, more congenial with the spiritual, the immortal man. There he lives with a Raphael, a Schiller, a Mozart, in the regions of the ideal; and tastes, in those moments of light and purity, joys which the world can neither grant nor take away, which no recollection can either darken or efface.' But how can the great choral and orchestral compositions—ranking with historical works in painting, and temples and cathedrals in architecture—be brought within our reach? The elements, it is answered, for raising music from its lowest to its highest station are around us, in every school, and every institution; and if we only make use of these elements, we might be able to say with Zelter, 'our chorus is now nothing less than a vast organ, which I can set a-playing or stop with one movement of my hand, and can make it, like a telegraph, denote and express great thoughts; an organ, every pipe of which is a rational voluntary agent, and which may realise our highest conception. Our choir is a school, whose end is wisdom, whose means poetry, harmony, and song.'

This brings us to the most practically important part of the volume—the consideration of vocal music. That the exercise of the voice in singing is conducive to health, no one now doubts; but our author asserts that it develops and cultivates the sense of hearing, and thus produces, so to speak, a musical ear. Childhood he

considers the fittest period for this education of the faculties, when all the organs of the voice are soft and flexible, and when the ear receives and conveys sound with facility. 'The earliest age—that of six or seven years—is the most appropriate for learning to sing; voice and ear, so obedient to external impressions, are rapidly developed and improved, defects corrected, and musical capabilities awakened. Experience of many years, and observation of every-day's occurrence, have taught us that a considerable proportion of the numerous children with whom we have met could at first neither sound a single note, nor distinguish one from another; yet all, without exception, have acquired ear and voice, and some of them have even become superior in both to their apparently more gifted companions; in others, the very weak or indifferent voices have in a short time become pleasing, strong, clear, and extended. Children from five to six years of age, some of them unacquainted with the letters of the alphabet, have learnt to read music, to a considerable extent, in unison and parts, and to sing, with astonishing precision, imitations and fugues of Hiller, Rink, Fuchs, Telemann, and other great masters. So thoroughly acquainted have they become with the pitch of sound, that, without the least hesitation, they name the notes of which melodious phrases are composed, as soon as sung or played; and it is remarkable that in this exercise the youngest, and those who had at first to contend with the greatest difficulties, appeared the most acute and ready.' Some children, destitute of ear, acquire the faculty in a few days, while others take weeks or months.

If the time is allowed to pass proper for forming an ear, calling forth a voice, and inspiring a love for music, the teacher's difficulties are surmountable only by zeal, perseverance, and natural talent in the pupil. 'Throughout life, the difference between a musician from infancy, and one from more mature age, will be visible at a glance. The latter may possess musical knowledge and taste; the former will possess both, with deeper musical feeling, more power, and greater certainty of judgment. In the one, music will be an acquirement; in the other, a feeling, a new sense interwoven with the constitution, a second nature. With children, the teacher has a power of creation; with adults, he is dependent on circumstances; he educates in the one case, in the other he has to amend the defects of education.' It is likewise dangerous to the health to strain the voice of an adult unaccustomed to the exertion; but besides this physical difficulty, there is the still more formidable one arising from the mechanical habits of mind induced by the soulless drudgery of the piano. Here the pupils do not learn music, but mechanical brilliance. They do not feel or understand what they play any more than a musical snuff-box, and yet for this barren accomplishment they sacrifice the best years of their life. With them, 'the principal object of the teacher must be to draw the attention to the more poetical part of music; to explain the variety of form, the difference of character and style, and the consequent expression in the performance of solo compositions. Thus he may still succeed in imparting, as far as practicable, a thorough knowledge of its theory and practice, and at the same time cultivate the taste and judgment that are so indispensable for understanding and enjoying works of art.'

But to the poorer classes music is of far greater importance than to any other, as an elevating and noble substitute for grosser pleasures; since dissipation in such classes arises commonly, as has been stated before parliament, from the want of rational enjoyments, and especially from the intellectual destitution of the female part of the population.

The musical education, Dr Mainzer thinks, should commence in infant schools, where children should learn little melodies, in poetry and music, and sing only by heart. In schools of children, again, from seven to twelve years of age, 'singing at sight must become as general as reading the mother tongue.' When this is

the case, the style of music will grow with the child till it reaches that which gives it its lofty destiny—domestic or family music. 'In a country where dramatic works have so long and so exclusively occupied the field, it is difficult to make it understood what family, what domestic music is. In the expectation that this style of composition would soon find poets and musicians, we might mention as such, the smaller pieces of Handel and Mozart, the psalms of Marcellus; or, should we name the work of a more modern master, those beautiful duets of Rinck, called, in the English translation, "The Sabbath Eve." In the character of these simple musical dialogues, of which the English poet has unfortunately too much contracted the thought, is our idea of one kind of family music best personified. They have that sublime cast, that lofty tone and sentiment, which mark this kind of music as the most cheering, the most elevating. Who once has been a witness of the magic charm thrown over a family by the true and expressive interpretation of such simple compositions; who has seen what a little paradise rises, as by enchantment, out of the few inspired strains of the poet-musician, will ever forget what an endless ocean rolls its waves between the every-day compositions, and works, such as we understand them, and as we would fain see them domesticated under every roof, at every fireside?'

But Dr Mainzer does not dogmatise as to schools and methods. 'Teach! teach!' that is his cry. Let the labourers work as they please; give full scope to competition; encourage talent; and throw wide open the gates of instruction. 'The educational and family music, scarcely known as yet by name, will, in the midst of an ocean, in all its various changes and tempests, stand in its simplicity, purity, and grandeur like a rock, and bear unshaken the sway of all the surrounding tides of style and fashion. There will be a music which appears neither upon the stage nor the market-place, neither in concerts nor drawing-rooms, but which modestly enlivens the school and the cottage, and helps to instruct the people, to embellish the hour of toil and that of rest. Thus music will again be looked at with reverence. In churches she will fill, like a stream, the hearts of the multitude; she will again appear as the minstrel and the harp of old in our dwelling; be our guardian angel, a heavenly messenger, our teacher, friend, and comforter; and from her deepest dejection, from a state of servitude, corruption, and degeneracy, rise, a new Phoenix out of ashes, higher and higher to a glorious apotheosis.'

Such is our author's *finale*; and in closing the volume, we feel that, during its perusal, we have been drawn into the vortex of its amiable enthusiasm. The work is dedicated to the members of the Educational Institute of Scotland; but we hope its circulation will go far beyond even that extensive body, and that, as a treatise introductory to family music, it will become a family book.

CHANGE OF AIR.

An occasional change of air may be said to be almost necessary to the perfect wellbeing of every man. The workman must leave his workshop, the student his library, and the lawyer his office, or sooner or later his health will pay the penalty; and this, no matter how great his temperance in eating and drinking—no matter how vigorously and regularly he uses his limbs—no matter how open, and dry, and free from sources of impurity may be the air of the place in which he is employed. In the slightest cases of impaired health, the sleeping in the suburbs of the town in which the life is chiefly spent, or even the spending a few hours of detached days in some accessible rural district, at a few miles' distance from the dwelling, may suffice to restore the healthy balance of the bodily functions, and maintain the bodily machine in a fit state for its duties; or in cases of somewhat more urgency, or of somewhat more aggravated character, a more decided change of air, for even a few days, once or twice a year, may suffice to adjust or restore the due economy of the system.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

THE ROBIN REDBREASTS' CHORUS.

[There is an old English belief, that when a sick person is about to depart, a chorus of Robin Redbreasts raise their plaintive songs near the house of death.]

THE summer sweets had passed away, with many a heart-throb sore,

For warning voices said that *she* would ne'er see summer more;
But still I hoped—'gainst hope itself—and at the autumn tide,
With joy I marked returning strength, while watching by her side.

But dreary winter and his blasts came with redoubled gloom,
With trembling hands the Christmas boughs I hung around the room;

For gone the warmth of autumn days—her life was on the wane;
Those Christmas boughs at Candlemas I took not down again!

One day a Robin Redbreast came unto the casement near,
She loved its soft and plaintive note, which few unmoved can hear;
But on each and successive day this redbreast ceased not bringing
Other Robins, till a chorus full and rich was singing.

Then, then I knew that death was nigh, and slowly stalking on;
I gazed with speechless agony on our beloved one;
No tearful eye, no fluttering mien, such sorrow durst betray—
We tried to soothe each parting pang of nature's last decay.

The blessed Sabbath morning came, the last *she* ever saw;
And I had read of Jesus' love, of God's eternal law,
Amid the distant silver chime of Sunday bells sweet ringing—
Amid a chorus rich and full of Robin Redbreasts singing!

The grass waves high, the fields are green, which skirt the church-
yard side,
Where charnel vaults with massive walls their slumbering inmates
hide;

The ancient trees cast shadows broad, the sparkling waters leap,
And still the Redbreast sings around *her* long and dreamless sleep.

C. A. M. W.

* Evergreens hung about on Christmas eve, ought to be taken down on the 3d February—Candlemas-day—according to old usage.

AN EXEMPLARY LANDED PROPRIETOR.

The following account of the improvement and thorough change of character of the estate of Bogbain, near Tain, lately appeared in the *Ross-shire 'Advertiser'*; and shows what vast changes for the better may be made on waste lands by the application of capital guided by enterprise and skill. When the proprietor, Mr Kennedy, purchased Bogbain in 1836, it might be said to be almost in a state of nature. The yield of corn that year amounted to five small stacks, while this year we counted in the corn-yard nearly 100 large stacks of wheat, barley, and oats, besides an immense stack of hay. There are 80 acres under turnips, 25 of which are Swedish, and each acre of the latter will, it is expected, produce from 35 to 40 tons. The arable land is now subdivided, and enclosed with thriving hedges and wire fences into parks of from 28 to 30 acres each—all in one beautiful sheet—comprising about 340 acres, trenched 22 inches deep, all tile-drained 15 feet asunder. The main drains are built with stone, with covers of freestone 3 inches thick. A large space of from 40 to 50 acres, which formerly was a lake of from 5 to 8 feet deep, is now the most fertile and productive spot on the estate. The canals (one of which is 4000 yards long, and from 5 to 9 feet deep) carry the whole water off the property, are covered so far as the arable land extends, and afterwards merge through the plantations, which are also all thorough drained, and are emptied in the romantic Loch Oigh. The soil of Bogbain is of a fine sharp loam and clayey nature, with a southern exposure, well sheltered, and mostly level, the highest part not being above 80 feet above the level of the sea. There are no public roads passing through the estate, except the approach to the residence. The farm-steading are of the first class, the greater part of which have been erected by the proprietor. The trenching, draining, roads, and fencing at Bogbain, with other improvements, have cost Mr Kennedy upwards of £16,000, who, till lately (when the improvements were so far completed), annually employed from 100 to 150 labourers. The plantations on the estate extended from 350 to 400 acres, consisting of hardwood, fir, and larch. There is a regular nursery, in which are reared all sorts of forest trees.

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YOUTH AND AGE.

HUMAN life is a series of developments, and at each new period some new power is unfolded; new experiences are likewise added: by which means not only are old prejudices frequently corrected, but the errors of our former conduct exposed, condemned, and punished. During the earlier epochs of our existence, we are impelled by dim instincts with such impetuosity as permits small opportunity for reflection—a time, however, at length arrives when the man comes to a pause, and reverts his contemplation on the path which he has so far traversed. How much, in the haste of the transit, has been overlooked and neglected—how much injured and defaced—how many mistakes have been committed—how many wrongs inflicted and suffered! Then follows the usual exclamation—'If my time were to come over again, how differently would I have acted! But ah! it is too late now!' And so the man commences again his swift career, hurrying afresh onward, and still onward, pursued by remorse and fear, until he reaches the goal—the grave.

Meditating these facts, we are sometimes tempted to believe, that if the prudence of age could be added to the impulse of youth, a great advantage might be gained for the individual. But a difficulty exists against blending them in one and the same person. Happy, however, is the man who benefits by the dear-bought experience of his elders; who, duly influenced by the example of those who are not only aged, but also good and wise, has learned, without suffering, what to avoid, and what to pursue. The counsel of a sage mentor in a parent, grandfather, or great-uncle, cannot fail of being advantageous in many important respects; but on the other hand, there are many counterbalancing disadvantages: the young are enterprising—the old prefer safety to victory, peace to anxiety. In advising youth, old persons accordingly regard rather the dangers to be escaped than the object to be attained. This, in the way of caution, may, must be well; but if it amounts to coercion, even in the slightest degree, it cannot fail to have evil consequences. If, instead of persuading or guiding the judgment, it should substitute a control upon the volition of the young, it will fatally preclude action, stopping it at its very source. We have not, in such a case, combination, but mere displacement: young impulse is altogether put aside, and antique prudence takes exclusive possession.

The caution of age should be used for the regulation, not for the annihilation, of the impulsive instincts of the ardent and juvenile. Another danger, too, arises. Antique prudence may be *obsolete* prudence; circumstances may so have changed, as to make it the reverse of prudence at all. The world of commerce affords

abundant instances of this, particularly in firms of long standing. A young man of good abilities, full of vigour, becomes, for instance, by right of birth, a junior partner in an old-established business, and deems his fortune made. But in a few years, the concern, to the surprise of all, sinks and perishes. The surprise is the greater, because, in the world's estimation, the house was always considered particularly safe. It meddled not with modern speculations, it relied on an exceedingly old connection, it did no business that it was not sure of—yet it failed. In fact, though it risked no losses, it achieved no gains; and thus in the end suffered more than it would have done from bad debts or mistaken speculations. Meanwhile let us imagine, or rather simply state—for we record facts—the position of the junior in the firm. What was it? Anything more distressing could scarcely be conceived. From the first he was powerless. He found an established method—a system of routine to which he was compelled to adhere. Of an enlightened understanding, and an enterprising spirit, he at first attempted innovation, and aimed at those sources of profit of which more youthful firms availed themselves; but was met so uniformly by the fixed habits and rooted prejudices of the older partners, that at length he succumbed to necessity, and fell himself, for the sake of peace, into the customary channels. Had he commenced business on his own account—thrown himself entirely on his own energies and resources, and been at once inspired by hope, and controlled by prudence, he would in all probability have achieved brilliant success.

Youth is proverbially rash, but the aged may show an equally dangerous rashness in holding doggedly to old and worn-out notions. Accustomed to venerate what has existed for generations without challenge, the older class of persons are prone to oppose the slightest attempt at modification, and they suffer accordingly. Many a warning, in the course of events, is received; yet age is obstinate, and persists in the old course—not because it is right, but because it is old. The association of ideas, sympathy, determination of character, a sense of pride, while it recognises the peril, and other like motives, induce age to disregard the symptoms, and inspire it with courage to endure martyrdom, rather than incur the shame of a submission to change. Thus the inveterate controversialist will not confess a proven truth though convinced; falsely apprehending as a defeat what, if candidly acknowledged, would be really a triumph, he wins a ruinous conquest, and wears a counterfeit laurel. Can we take up a newspaper without being made conscious of the hideous train of disasters which have ensued in various European countries from a rash and unphilosophic persistency in what ought to have been long since modified and accommodated to the spirit of the

age? The energies of France, outgrowing the routine of old dynasties, require a new electoral system: being refused, the nation indignantly dissolves the partnership between her and the sovereign. Such are the evils which flow from the substitution of the merely regulative for the dynamic forces themselves.

The last illustration presents the topic under a graver aspect than it was our intention to have considered. Thus drawn, however, to the subject, we cannot refrain from remarking how often we hear that said with pride regarding institutions and systems, which, rightly regarded, should be otherwise spoken of. 'Thus long has stood this system without one iota of change—here, as we stood centuries ago, do we yet stand—what was thought and professed then, is still thought and professed. Change has often been called for, but never granted; so that here, at least, we have one monument of the past that has never bent to the inconstant wind of human caprice.' If such a thing really exist in the world—which is gravely to be doubted—assuredly this is a questionable boast. The minds of masses of men being liable to a continual, though it may be slow and imperceptible change, it is impossible for any institution to go on unchangingly, without falling out of relation with the world. Its vital is changed for a nominal existence; and so far from deriving strength from its antiquity, it derives weakness and danger. Institutions of this kind may be flattered, up to the last day of their existence, with the external homage which they have been accustomed to receive, and ere four-and-twenty hours pass, they may be trampled on as noxious weeds, or quietly consigned to universal forgetfulness. Such catastrophes are clearly traceable to the error of setting up persistency as the law of the world, the real law being change. Man continually changes, and everything that would wish to live with him must consent to change too: everything must partake of his eternal rejuvenescence, or take the consequences of becoming too old.

It is the instinct and tendency of youth to transcend the limits of its actual experience. It presumes, assumes, idealises, colours from its own rich heart the outlines and forms of things, and anticipates results with a prophetic power that sometimes induces their realisation, but more frequently clothes the distant prospect with those enchantments which Hope pictures as belonging to the future. Youth is the season of æreal castle-building—of countless projects—of boundless aspirations—of infinite possibilities. But a period of limitation at length arrives—of aims more and more positive, objects more definite, an arena more contracted, and labours more special. The man has become the class-man—the cosmopolite, or the patriot—the general lover, or an attached husband and father—the acquaintance of all, or the friend of a few—the wanderer of the clubs, or the domestic man, whom nothing can tempt from his chimney-corner on a winter's evening. Much has been gained, but evidently much has been lost. While the difficulty of blending in one individuality the advantages of both conditions is freely acknowledged to be great, we are far from holding it to be insuperable. There is much needless waste of wealth, much extravagance of anticipation, much borrowing on the credit of the future, much excess of all kinds, on which it would be well that youth should be timeously admonished. With all the regulations of experience, however, it is of equal importance, individually, and for social wellbeing, that the middle-aged and old should cultivate as far as possible youthful feelings. Let not 'the glory and the freshness of the dream' of youth depart with the dream

itself, some glimpses of the vision may surely survive in memory. 'Once more,' exclaims Byron, 'who would not be a boy?' To 'carry the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood is,' says Coleridge, 'the prerogative of genius.' And what a prerogative it is! Yet it is not one so exclusively that all men may not share in it, each in his degree. We would warn, therefore, the man of middle age from becoming the victim of fixed habits and acquired routine, to the exclusion of new impulses, and the pleasure that constantly attends them. Every day is a new day, every hour a new hour: the world is always becoming new, and creation is renewed every moment, so that nature is still in travail with fresh generations. Nothing, if we rightly consider it, is really old—not even age itself. To insist on guiding ourselves by the prejudices of yesterday, is merely to resist the progress of growth. Judgment, in its maturity, has nothing to dread from concession to increased knowledge. Its tendency is to deliberate—to move slowly—to stand still; and it indeed needs the agitation of new ideas, interests, and opinions, to preserve it in a healthy state of life and action. An old man of our acquaintance, who as solicitously sought the instruction of new impressions, as others are anxious to reject them, declared to us that, as his understanding became more and more illuminated, he felt as if he was growing younger every day: it was, moreover, evident to all that his intellect, owing to the freedom with which he had permitted it still to operate, was constantly to the last receiving fresh development and expansion. Happy the man thus united to an aged body, who yet owns a young mind! His are at once the security of discretion and the rapture of imagination—this sobered in its tone, and that vivified—and both coexisting in beauty, like light and shade in the picture of a great master.

THE CORAL-FISHERS OF TORRE DEL GRECO.

A STORY.

I AM a man who has the rare faculty of 'walking with his eyes open.' I believe I learned it in my youth from a little story entitled 'Eyes or no Eyes.' The author's name has escaped my memory; but that matters little, since the influence of his or her writings has rested there ever since, probably influencing my character to a degree of which I am myself unconscious. After all, is not this an author's best immortality? Thus always looking beneath the surface of things, I peer into a man's face for his character; examine his general mien for his fortunes or occupation; amuse myself in the most incongruously-mingled crowd by framing little fanciful histories for each member of it; and pry into life and its curiosities something after the fashion of a geologist. At times I turn up only rugged stones, but now and then a precious jewel, thanking Heaven which sent me among the rocks and crannies of life—a moral geologist.

Following my usual fantasy—I can hardly call it a pursuit—I stood on the shore at Torre del Greco one bright morning in March, when the *tramontana** had 'crept into its cave,' and the beautiful Bay of Naples lay, all peace and sunshine, beneath the cloudless Italian sky. I was watching a little fleet of boats that seemed about to depart; they were just trying their sails, after the manner of a flock of young goslings, when first dipping into their native element. I was stranger enough in the land to wonder why so many fishing-boats were making sail at once, and asked the question of a lazy sunburnt lad, half sailor half beggar, who lolled beside me.

'*Santa bergine!* does not the signor know? The coral-fishery begins to-day; these are the boats; the fishermen are just coming down from Torre.'

'How gay they look!' I said, as a troop of mariners, all dressed in their best, and fluttering with ribbons, came down to the beach. Most of them were young;

* A stormy periodical wind.

many had the striking peasant-beauty which seems natural to an Italian clime. 'The coral-fishery must be a merry life,' I continued.

'It is the life of a dog!' observed the young lazzarone, stretching himself, as if exulting in his own laziness.

'Then why do those young fellows seem so merry?'

'Oh, signor, it is their first season: they do not know what is before them. I tried it once; but the man who goes two seasons to the coral-fishery is mad or a fool—that is, if he lives through the first. I had rather starve on shore than be worked to death at sea.'

I tried to get some explanation from my young acquaintance respecting the hardships of the fishery; but his disgust appeared to be so great, that I could elicit nothing, except a repetition of the fact, that it was '*la vita d'un cane*.' I thought that the life of the lazzarone himself seemed of a very canine and half-civilised character, and could hardly imagine one that was worse; so I left him, and watched the fishermen enter their boats. They were accompanied to the shore by a number of peasant women; and as I drew nearer, and looked in the faces of these mothers, sisters, betrothed wives perhaps, I found that my speculations, founded on the gay ribbons and holiday appearances, were, to say the least of them, as fictitious as such fanciful pictures generally are.

One soon begins to individualise in a crowd, choosing out those who seem most worthy to be made the foundation of some romantic superstructure. My fancy lighted on a young pair who appeared superior to the rest, certainly not in dress, but in an indescribable something of air and mien that is best expressed by the term 'interesting.' I took an interest in them accordingly; and hidden by a shore-driven boat, used my eyes, and—shall I confess it?—my ears too, with infinite pleasure. It did them no harm, poor souls! What was I to them, or they to me, save that their loving looks, their ill-suppressed tears, their lingering embraces, touched a chord in a heart which, perforce, has learned from such sympathies to still its individual throbs, and to beat only in unison with the great pulse of human nature.

'Bertina, *mia cara*,' whispered the young fisherman, 'it is only a summer, a short summer. What is that to the long life before us—a life spent together? The feast of San Michele will soon come, and then the fishery is over, and the fifty ducats will be gained. Think of this, Bertina!'

'Ah, Ippolite!' sobbed the girl, 'how can you talk of fifty ducats, which must seem nothing to you, though it is a great sum to me. But I have been poor all my life, while you— Oh, Ippolite! I wish—I wish you had never loved me, and then Madonna Guiditta would not have been angry, and you would not be perilling your life for the sake of fifty ducats. Go back to her now, and tell her that you will not marry me, and that I will promise to go away and never see you more.'

'You are very unkind, Bertina,' the young fisherman answered; 'but it is too late now. I thought of your doing this, so I got the money in advance, and now I am obliged to go, and I am glad of it. I shall never return to my sister again; and if you leave me, the fishes in the coral beds may take Ippolite Sacchi, for all that he cares.'

As he spoke, the girl clung around him, and stopped his words with her tearful embrace. They never seemed to see their companions, only each other, although many a compassionate eye was directed towards them as well as mine. 'God help them, poor souls!' I said to myself: 'there is trouble here, as there is all over the world, wherever love comes.' As the fishermen embarked, the crowd of lamenting women shut out from my sight Ippolite and his Bertina, so that I did not see their parting. Many of the women fell on their knees, and old their rosaries in silence; while others took handfuls of sand, which they threw after the receding boats, saying, '*Possio dare come nave degli angeli!*'—('May it

sail like a bark freighted with angels!') It was a superstition of love and piety: I could not even smile at it.

When the women turned to go home, I saw one of them still standing, as motionless as a marble statue, gazing after the boats. It was the girl Bertina. I looked at her wistfully.

'Poor thing!' murmured a voice behind me. I was almost startled at the gentleness of its tones, seeing that they came from my young lazzarone. Well, one sometimes finds a grain of gold-dust in a bed of coarse sand. There was good in the lad, with all his dirt and laziness: I began to like him.

'Why are you so sorry for that young girl?' I said. 'She is not worse off than all the other women who have sent their friends to the fishery.' This was a *ruse* of mine: it succeeded admirably.

'I wonder the signor is not ashamed to speak so unfeelingly,' said the lad, becoming energetic and angry at once. 'But it is always so with the cold-hearted *Inglese*' (English). 'Who would not be sorry for poor Bertina, when all the town knows that she ought to have married Ippolite Sacchi in peace and happiness, and gone to live at the pretty vineyard on the side of Vesuvius, if it had not been for— But I beg the signor's pardon for running on thus,' interrupted he.

Now, if there is one thing which a Neapolitan beggar likes better than lolling in the sun and eating macaroni, it is a gossip, when he can have all the talk on his own side. I knew the lad was longing to tell as much as I to hear; but with that spice of cunning which makes newsmongers and news-seekers coquet with each other, we mutually tried to deceive ourselves—he and I pretended just so much indifference as brought out the story in all its completeness. Despairing of ever conveying in English the inimitable sketch which the lazzarone gave—enriched by his energetic attitudes, his expressive patois—I will endeavour to furnish a condensation of this historiette.

Ippolite Sacchi had been brought up from the cradle by his half-sister, Madonna Guiditta, his elder by some twenty years. All the love which some hidden fate had forbidden to expend itself in other ways, was concentrated on this boy. He was her pet, her plaything, her pride. She loved him with a love 'passing the love of women.' All their father's property had been left exclusively her own, to the prejudice of little Ippolite; but his sister never married; 'because no one would have her,' my lazzarone observed. I thought, and am now sure, that he was mistaken. However, Madonna Guiditta, miser and devotee as she was, and consequently disliked by everybody, was yet almost like a mother to the young Ippolite, until he grew up, and excited her ire by falling in love!

'Look at Bertina yourself, signor,' continued my informant, 'and see if he could help it! A sweeter and better girl never lived, though she is only a poor vine-dresser. Madonna Guiditta was ashamed to call her sister, though every one else thought the shame was on the other side. The ugly old woman was so proud of her riches, and expected Ippolite to marry some one better than a poor village girl. She told him to choose between his sister and Bertina—to live and be the heir of the vineyard, or be turned out without a *danaro*. He chose Bertina, as who would not? and was turned away.'

'And did he marry her?'

'How could he, signor, when they had not a ducat between them? So he went to the coral-fishery, and poor Bertina is left to work alone, until they both get money to marry upon. Heigho! it is better to be a lazzarone, and do nothing. Will the signor give me a *danaro* for amusing him?'

'Human nature is human nature after all,' I thought; so I gave him the coin, and was turning away, when he pulled me by the sleeve.

'See, signor, there is Madonna Guiditta come to look after the boats I suppose. I wonder she is not ashamed to see her own brother, whom she pretended

to be so fond of, among the coral-fishers. Ugh! there she stands, *la donnaccione*!

It is impossible to give the full effect of this purely Italian word, as the lad used it, accompanied by a meaning shrug: it implied all that was ugly, contemptible, and abhorrent in female nature. I looked at her to whom he applied it. She was a tall, thin woman, certainly the reverse of beautiful; but yet the time might have been when the roundness of youth softened her large, strongly-marked features, and the benign influence of a happy and loving heart made them almost pleasing. We should not judge harshly of any one. I almost pitied her when I saw the expression of wild sorrow in her dark eyes, how they were strained to distinguish the distant white sails, that looked like floating sea-birds in the bay.

'She creeps along, that no one may see her: she is ashamed, and well she may,' moralised the lazzarone—'that poor Bertina there is happier than she. I wonder if they see one another?'

Apparently they did not, for Bertina sat under the shelter of a sand-hill, with her face buried in her lap, and the sister of Ippolite seemed to see nothing but the vessel that was bearing to labour and danger the youth who had been her darling for so many years.

At last the white sails disappeared, and Guiditta turned to leave the beach. Bertina also rose up, and the eyes of the two women met. The younger one was weeping bitterly; at the sight, the passing softness which had come over Madona Guiditta was changed into anger. How dared a mean peasant girl even to weep for *her brother*? She cast on Bertina a look of the bitterest scorn and jealousy, and swept away, leaving the poor maiden humbled to the dust. The young vine-dresser waited until Ippolite's proud sister had passed out of sight, and then crept away, to toil and to grieve for her lover.

Many a time during the summer that I stayed at Torre del Greco, a vague interest led me to follow the steps of both Ippolite's sister and his betrothed. Very winning was the latter, with her gentle beauty, her patient toil, her faithful love, which found a brief reward when, every fortnight or three weeks, the boats put in from the fishery, and Ippolite leaped on shore for a few tender words, a few half-weeping caresses, which lightened his labour, and made him seem to suffer less from the hardships of the coral-fishery than those who had no loving aim to reach at last. Still, they were young, and love alone is happiness. My heart clung more to that lonely woman, whose only refuge was her pride. Erring as she was, I pitied Madona Guiditta more than I did those whom she had caused to suffer—for who knew what bitterness might have drunk up the fount of love, which so rarely runs dry in a woman's heart! She had sinned; but who is it that the angels in heaven weep over—the injured righteous, or the sinner?

My little lazzarone, Pietro, met me occasionally on the sands, and presuming on the easiness of an idle man, often began to talk—chiefly about those in whom I took an interest—as his quick perception soon found out, and of which his natural cunning took advantage. Many a stray *soldo* did the young scapegrace wile out of my pockets by his stories about Madona Guiditta and the pretty Bertina—how the father of the latter had been a young man well-to-do in the world, but had ruined himself by his extravagance—and how Guiditta's father had helped him, and would have done more for him, had he not married Bertina's mother, a low servant girl. I did not believe the half of what Pietro told me, and yet I wished it had been true. I put together the disjointed fragments, and framed a little romance—the romance of a dreamer. It half atoned for the harshness of that desolate woman, and so I cherished it, for I would ever fain believe in the best side of humanity.

The feast of San Michele is the time when all the coral boats come on shore, whether fully laden or not;

and the fishery is ended. No threats will induce the sailors to work another day after that blessed time of relief has arrived. The continued hard labour, the want of sleep, and the bad food, which are the unfailing portion of the coral-fishers, took effect in time even upon the youth and strength of Ippolite Sacchi. His bright and hopeful eyes grew dim; and when, about a month before the feast of San Michele, his boat put into shore, I saw that a great change had come over him.

'It is the last voyage, indeed the last,' I heard him whisper to his betrothed, as the same evening they came down to the boat together. 'A little more patience, Bertina, dearest, and I shall have earned the money, and then we will be married. With your care, I shall be quite strong against the vine season comes; and tending the grapes will be delicious—quite like play—after working at the coral-fishery.'

'Alas, alas! that you should have to work at all, my Ippolite!' answered the girl, kissing his delicate hands, now hard and embrowned by labour. 'Oh that I had the strength of a man, that I might work for you! It breaks my heart to think that I am the cause of all this—I who would give my life to save you one care.'

I was a fool—I know I was; and yet there was something in that girl's love that made my eyes run over. I hid myself behind the hillock where they sat, and watched her as she laid his weary head on her shoulder, and parted his long damp hair: I could bear it no longer, but crept away—

'Love's pain is very sweet.'

Why is it that we envy and long for even its sufferings, rather than the desolation of its utter absence?

On the eve of San Michele, all the other boats crowded into the harbour of Torre del Greco like a swarm of white butterflies—all except the little vessel of Ippolite Sacchi. I was down on the beach, mingling with the crowd. I did not see Bertina there; for the vintage season had already begun, and the young vine-dresser could not spare an hour from labour, not even for the sake of love. I was rather glad that she was absent: it would have been a sore pain to that tender heart to witness all the happy greetings, while she herself had to endure the bitterness of suspense. At the time, no one thought anything of this temporary delay in the arrival of one boat; but as the night passed, and the feast of San Michele dawned, while the little bark was still absent, many from the town of Torre came down to the beach with fear and anxiety in their countenances. There were other anguish-riven hearts besides that of Bertina.

All that day I looked in vain for my little Mercury of good or evil tidings—Pietro the lazzarone. He had quite disappeared from his accustomed haunts. I watched the various merry groups and processions, half-festive, half-religious, which hailed the return of the coral-fishers; but in the midst of all, my mind often reverted to the poor Bertina, sorrowing unseen, perhaps alone and unpitied; and more often than even to her did my mind revert to the vineyard on the side of Vesuvius, where one more wretched still abided. I had an idea that Pietro's absence was in some sort connected with these two; and it was a positive relief to me when, at the close of the day, I saw him traversing the beach with a restless haste that contrasted strongly with his usual lounging gait.

'Good news runs fast, Pietro,' said I: 'where are you carrying yours?'

The lad turned round and made his usual salutation; but the broad stereotyped smile of a Neapolitan lazzarone contended with an expression of sorrow, which made him look comical in the midst of his evident grief. 'The signor's condescension would almost turn bad news to good,' he answered, with an attempt at his usual cajoling. But it would not do: the poor lad had a heart in his bosom beneath those paltry rags, and the tears stood in his black eyes as he added, 'Oh, signor, do not

stop me; I am going to poor Bertina with the news about Ippolite Sacchi!

'What news? Is the boat come?'

'Alas, no, signor! But a fishing-smack has brought the news that it was seen three days ago foundering in the midst of a storm off the Barbary coast. There is little hope that poor Bertina will ever see her betrothed again.'

'And you are going to tell her so?'

'No one else will; and she may bear it best from me—for Ippolite always liked me—he was always kind, for I was an orphan like himself—and she knows I would have done anything on earth for him.'

'And where are you going to find her, Pietro?'

'At the church. She is sure to be at vespers, praying for him, poor girl. Good evening to the signor!' And Pietro scampered on, his bare brown feet hardly leaving a trace in the sands.

I could not control my own steps; insensibly they brought me to the church: I had kept Pietro in sight until he disappeared at the door. Then I felt in my very heart what was passing within; I almost heard the scream of that widowed maiden, as his terrible news met her ear. Yet I could not prevent myself from entering the church.

It was almost empty. Throughout the day many happy hearts had poured out their thankful orisons—for in Catholic countries religion is mingled with every passing event of daily life—but these had gone away: it was only mourners who came to pray and weep. Through the sombre twilight, which always reigns in foreign churches, I saw one figure kneeling—no, less kneeling than prostrate on the floor. I knew it was Bertina, and that she had heard all. Pietro was not beside her; he was advancing with an angry vehemence towards another worshipper at a little distance—a woman covered with a hood. The lazzarone touched her dress, and she drew it away, as if from contamination. But in another moment a shriek, wild as that I had expected from the patient, mute, sorrowing Bertina, disturbed the quiet of the church. Pietro had told Madona Guiditta of her brother's fate. It struck her like a thunderbolt: she fell on the marble pavement half insensible. A century of agony and conscience-stricken remorse must have been comprised in that one moment.

When Madona Guiditta lifted up her head, Bertina had risen from her knees. The two women looked at one another for an instant, and then Ippolite's sister opened her arms; the girl threw herself into them, and all pride, all enmity was forgotten—one common grief had united them, one all-sanctifying love for him who was gone. Ippolite's sister and his betrothed went away together; the elder mourner leaning on the arm of the younger, guided by her, and seeming to look to her with all the helplessness with which an aged mother clings to her child. The proud woman was completely shattered by the blow.

I turned homeward, moralising, after my usual habit, on what I had seen. How often it is the stern rod of affliction which strikes the rock, and the waters flow! And who shall say that the hand which deals the stroke is not a merciful one? It was so now for both those desolate ones. Yet that poor Ippolite! Well, let us not ponder too much on these things, but look to the end of all.

'What has become of Madona Guiditta and Bertina?' I inquired of Pietro, when, after an absence of some time, I met him on the beach.

The lad broke into a broader smile than ordinary. 'Oh, they are living together in the beautiful vineyard. Madona Guiditta is growing quite fond of her poor brother's pretty bride—the Virgin pardon her sins! But if the old wretch had come to her senses a little sooner, poor Ippolite would not be feeding the fishes off the Barbary shore, nor Bertina pining her life away, as I know she is, though she smiles and looks cheerful for the sake of her lover's sister. A fine sister indeed! no

more like Ippolite than'—a brilliant idea crossed the mind of the young beggar—'than this ragged old jacket to the beautiful new one which I could buy if the signor would only give me a few soldi.'

'At the old trade again, Pietro,' I said, trying to look angry, while a slight movement made the coins jingle in my pocket, and reminded me that the bitter equinoctial winds were just beginning to blow, and the lad's brown skin peeped out at the holes in his shadowy apology for a coat. 'It is a sin to encourage idleness,' whispered Prudence, but Compassion put her sweet lips to my ear, and murmured, 'How hard were poverty and orphanhood combined!' Somehow, Pietro got the soldi.

'So, Madona Guiditta is really kind to the poor girl?' I pursued.

'Oh yes, signor; as kind as such an old creature can be. At first she seemed as if she could hardly bear to look at Bertina, but now she sits whole hours watching her; and I have often peeped through the vines, when they were sitting together, and seen Madona Guiditta take Bertina's head between her two hands—ugly brown withered hands they seemed beside those soft cheeks—and look into her face, muttering to herself for minutes together. The old woman may well look too; for poor Bertina's was once the prettiest face ever seen, and the very image of her father's, who was the handsomest fellow in Naples, people said. But the Signor Inglese can take little interest in these things.'

I nodded, but did not farther detain my young informant. As I walked on, it was with a thoughtful spirit. Another leaf in the great tablet of the human heart had been unfolded before me through these unconscious revelations. They set me pondering for a long time. As we advance in life, we philosophise where we once used only to feel. I was on the boundary of the two crises, and my meditations savoured a little of both.

As the winter drew on, I began to experience the weariness of an aimless life. The subsiding of the passing interest which the little episode I relate had given me perhaps increased this feeling. My strolls about Torre seemed to have a painful uniformity, so I projected a journey up the mountain. Perhaps some vague remembrance of Bertina, and of the vineyard on Vesuvius, which seemed a very paradise to the little lazzarone, was the unconscious reason of my choosing this direction for my peregrinations. If so, the same chance led me thither; for one day, at the commencement of a sudden storm, such as are peculiar to the region, I found myself seeking shelter at a dwelling which fully answered Pietro's description.

While I speculated on this, the door opened, and I was courteously welcomed in by a voice which I knew well, though it was the first time its accents had ever been addressed to myself. I soon found myself sitting face to face with Madona Guiditta and Bertina. Little did either know how well the stranger had read the hearts and the destiny of both. I watched them eagerly. A change had come over Ippolite's sister; the harsh lines in her face had melted away. When she looked at, or spoke to Bertina especially, there was a sweetness in her countenance that made me remember with surprise Pietro's epithet of 'donnaceina.' But most of all did I marvel at the patient calmness of Bertina's face—a calmness which seemed the very sublimation of grief. Then I knew how great and holy is the love which survives even the parting of death, and through its intensity conquers even that last despair.

I was almost glad that the storm continued, so that I had an excuse for remaining; but I was not exactly pleased when the shaggy head of Pietro the lazzarone peeped in at the door. Madona Guiditta turned away with an expression of pain, but Bertina went and spoke to the lad with her own kind tones. Pietro seemed unusually restless, though a continual succession of furtive smiles appeared creeping about his mouth. At last he came close to Bertina, and whispered something that made her start and turn pale.

'What is it? Oh, mother of mercy! what is it?' she uttered tremulously.

The lad's eyes wandered uneasily towards the door. 'Don't be frightened, Madona Bertina; it is nothing—only the boat—the boat: I can't keep it any longer!' cried the boy, bursting into a caper of frantic joy, that nearly overthrew the table and myself too. 'Ippolite is come back!'

He was indeed! for the next instant he darted into the room, and snatched to his arms—ah, the first embrace was not the sister's, but the beloved Bertina's! Even then a pang seemed to shoot through Guiditta's heart, since, when Ippolite left his betrothed to fall on the neck of his sister, she only kissed his brow, said softly, 'Thank God,' and glided out of their presence. The happy ones never thought of this—how could they know it!

A short time after, Madona Guiditta returned. Bertina and Ippolite looked anxiously towards her, and the girl half withdrew herself from the loving arm of her betrothed. But there was no cause for doubt in that serene, affectionate, though half-mournful face.

'Bertina, the Virgin has heard our prayers,' she said. 'My brother, welcome home! Forget all the past, as I do. Ippolite, bring to me my sister!'

During that silent embrace I and Pietro crept out of the room. We had no business there.

I do not think I shall ever see Torre del Greco again, though I shall carry with me all my life a pleasant memory of the summer I spent there. But it is very unlikely that I shall ever be allowed to forget the place, since I have an active and faithful Italian servant, who has followed me half over Europe, and who keeps perpetually reminding me of the beauty of a particular vineyard on Mount Vesuvius. He never urges me to go there, except by picturing the happiness my presence would give.

'And the signor always likes to please other people rather than himself,' the fellow adds sometimes.

Sly Pietro! I should not wonder if you had your own way after all.

THE LAW OF RIOTS.

It used to be said that the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them; but even if this were true, one would think that the people would have some curiosity to know what the laws really are which it is their duty to obey. The law, however, in this country, as regards the masses of the population, is a sealed book, committed to the charge of the lawyers; and to them all without the pale of the profession look for its interpretation. Offences are daily committed, of which the perpetrators know not even the name, far less the penalty; and we constantly read in the newspapers, and think it a capital joke, that a certain offender—to his great astonishment—was 'locked up!'

Something of this, no doubt, is owing to the equivocal nature of the laws themselves, which appear to be expressly constructed to serve as a bone of contention for the lawyers; and something, likewise, to their prodigious number, which would demand the exclusive study of many years—and then, for the most part, elude the inquirer. But still there are circumstances of life, circumstances of constant recurrence, upon which it would be as easy as it would be advantageous to know the true bearing of the law; and to this extent, at least, it is not too much to expect that men anxious both to walk in safety themselves, and discharge their active duty as citizens of the commonwealth, would devote a small share of their attention. In this idea, various cheap works have been printed of late years, explaining the law of debtor and creditor, landlord and tenant, and so on; but we have now one before us on a subject

still more urgent at the present moment—the LAW OF RIOTS.*

What is a riot? Mr Wise, collating the old standard authorities, and the suggestions of the Criminal Law Commissioners, gives this definition:—'A riot is where three or more persons are assembled together without the authority of the law, and engaged in the actual execution of a joint design of a private nature, with violence, and to the terror of the people.' The word 'private' here should more strictly be *local*, and it is used to distinguish the offence from high treason; but at all events, it is clear that three persons may commit a riot as completely as three thousand. Fewer cannot do so, any more than one person can be guilty of conspiracy.

As for the *personnel* of the riot, it may consist of men, women, or infants. Infants at common law are under fourteen: above that age, they are punishable as persons of full years, while under it the penalty depends upon the opinions of the jury as to the extent of their knowledge that they were doing wrong. Women being held to be rioters as well as men, are punishable in their own persons; and husbands may take the flattering unction to their souls, which is offered to them with becoming gravity by the text-books, that they are *not* to be flogged for their wives' misconduct.

The object of the riot is of no manner of consequence, the purpose of the law being simply to prevent violence and tumult, under whatever pretence. If three or more persons, for instance, indignant at a manifestly illegal enclosure, combine to destroy it, they are rioters if they do so in the terms of the definition we have given. The indictment charges no specific purpose: it is the illegal combination, even for a legal object, which constitutes the riot. An *accidental* affray, however violent and terrifying, is no riot; although a lawfully-assembled meeting may become riotous, if they proceed to execute their purpose with violence.

A conspiracy, an unlawful assembly, and a riot, are three distinct offences. The first may exist in its purpose alone—that of effecting any object, legal or illegal, by unlawful means; the second may likewise be without aggressive acts, only *threatening* danger to the peace of the neighbourhood; while a riot is constituted by the offenders being in the actual and violent execution of their project. Of these three, the 'unlawful assembly' would seem to be the grand difficulty. We can tell at once whether the means used by conspirators are legal or otherwise; and about the nature of a riot there can be no doubt: but it is a very delicate task to interfere with the free expression of public opinion, by declaring that a certain meeting of the people is likely to prove dangerous to the peace. Still, there is generally room for a very tolerable presumption. If the meeting expresses, beyond any doubt, the will of the whole kingdom, the question of illegality is at an end; but if, on the other hand, it is merely the voice of a certain portion of the people, who endeavour, by the intimidation of numbers, or physical force, to overawe the authorities, it should unquestionably be put down as unlawful. In order to determine its character, we must weigh all the circumstances of the case; for we are by no means to be governed by the opinion of timid or excitable persons. We must consider the apparent *animus* of the leaders, as disclosed in their speeches, the time, place, and manner of the meeting, and the state of the public

* The Law Relating to Riots and Unlawful Assemblies, &c. By Edward Wise, Esq. London: Shaw and Sons, Fetter Lane.

mind at the time—whether temperate and rational, or likely to be moved by the pressure of circumstances to extravagance, recklessness, and revolt. A careful consideration of these things by firm and reasoning men, will leave little place for error.

It is said, in our author's definition, that a riot must occasion 'terror to the people;' but the people may be represented by one man. If a single one of the Queen's subjects is terrified, that is enough; although the averment as to terror—in *terrorem populi*—is essential to the validity of the indictment. In an otherwise perfectly clear case, where this allegation was omitted, it was held that the defendants could not be convicted of riot. It is unnecessary, however, that the terror should be realised, for personal violence is not an indispensable ingredient in a riot.

Who is guilty of riot? This, it will presently be seen, is a most important question, and must be answered as distinctly as possible. If the meeting be a legal one, and a riot ensues, those only who actually take part in the riot are guilty; but if the meeting be in itself for an unlawful purpose, all attending it countenance the illegal design. Knowing the meeting to be illegal, prudent persons ought either to absent themselves, or assist in dispersing it. If they do neither, they are at least an obstruction to the peace-officers, and so far accomplices of the rioters. It is vain for a member of that illegal meeting to say, that although he approved of the purpose, he did not approve of the violence; for the act of a single individual in such circumstances is construed to be the act of all, and the military, when it is proper for them to act, would be justified in firing upon the whole mob. A mob riotously burned a building; but one of the persons apprehended was proved not to have been present at the commencement of the fire, and it was therefore argued that he could not be guilty as principal. The offence, however, was not destroying the house by fire, but riotously assembling, and while the riot continued, demolishing the house; and the prisoner was found guilty, and transported for twenty-one years. The punishment for simple riots is fine and imprisonment, with or without hard labour; and for aggravated riots, in which houses or other property are destroyed, transportation for life, or for any term not less than seven years, or imprisonment for any time not exceeding three years; and solitary imprisonment, not exceeding one month at any one time, or three months in any one year, may also be inflicted.

The enactments familiarly called the Riot Act were made at the time when the newly-seated House of Hanover was distracted by popular tumults, and they are of course distinguished by much severity. The first section declares that all persons, to the number of twelve or more, who continue riotously assembled for one hour after proclamation is made (termed reading the Riot Act), shall be adjudged felons, and suffer death, as in case of felony, without benefit of clergy. The punishment has since then, as we have seen, been modified,* but the other provisions are strictly enforced. When the proclamation is to be made, says the act, 'the justice of the peace, or other person authorised by this act to make the said proclamation, shall, among the said rioters, or as near to them as he can safely come, with a loud voice command, or cause to be commanded, silence to be while proclamation is making; and after that, shall openly, and with loud voice, make, or cause to be made, proclamation in these or words like in effect:—“Our Sovereign Lord the King [Queen] chargeth and commandeth all persons, being assembled, immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations, or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of King George, for preventing tumults and riotous

assemblies. God save the King [Queen].” And every such justice and justices of the peace, the act continues, ‘sheriff, under-sheriff, mayor, bailiff, and other head officer aforesaid, within the limits of their respective jurisdictions, are hereby authorised, empowered, and required, on notice or knowledge of any such unlawful, riotous, and tumultuous assembly, to resort to the place where such unlawful, riotous, and tumultuous assembly shall be, of persons to the number of twelve or more, and there to make, or cause to be made, proclamation in manner aforesaid.’ So strictly are these formalities of the proclamation observed, that in a case where ‘God save the King’ (now ‘the Queen’) was omitted, and in another where the additional words ‘of the reign of’ after ‘the first years’ were introduced, it was decided that the indictment must fail.

It is further enacted that any opposition to the reading of the proclamation—‘opposing, obstructing, letting, hindering, or hurting’ the persons reading or attempting to read—shall be considered as grave an offence as the remaining for an hour after it is read; and likewise that if the reading is prevented by such hindrances, those of the rioters who are aware of the fact shall be considered as guilty as if the proclamation had really been made. We frequently hear of the Riot Act being read more than once; but this is merely in order that there shall be no doubt as to the fact, not to give the offenders more time, as is commonly supposed, for the computation of the hour of grace is made from the first reading. This statute, however, is merely cumulative. The magistrates remain possessed of all their powers for the suppression of crime; and rioters who think that the proclamation gives them the right to do as they please for an hour without interference, will find themselves prodigiously mistaken. The act extends to Scotland.

The rights and duties of private individuals during a riot are perfectly clear and simple, although the great body of the people, we apprehend, know very little about them. ‘By the common law,’ says Lord Chief-Justice Tindal, ‘every private person may lawfully endeavour of his own authority, and without any warrant or sanction of the magistrate, to suppress a riot by every means in his power. He may disperse, or assist in dispersing, those who are assembled; he may stay those who are engaged in it from executing their purpose; he may stop and prevent others whom he shall see coming up from joining the rest; and not only has he the authority, but it is his bounden duty, as a good subject of the king, to perform this to the utmost of his ability. If the riot be general and dangerous, he may arm himself against the evil doers to keep the peace.’ But although the law not only permits, but enjoins this interference, it is considered more ‘discreet’ for private persons to range themselves on the side of the authorities; yet ‘if the occasion demands immediate action, and no opportunity is given for procuring the advice or sanction of the magistrate, it is the duty of every subject to act for himself, and upon his own responsibility, in suppressing a riotous and tumultuous assembly; and he may be assured, that whatever is honestly done by him in the execution of that object, will be supported and justified by the common law.’

It follows from the right to quell such disturbances by force, that rioters are held criminally liable for the consequences of their resistance. If a life is sacrificed by such resistance, this is murder; and the deed of one person, as we have already said, being chargeable upon all his aiders and abettors, the whole mob is guilty of the capital felony. But private persons have not only the right to interfere—it is their duty to assist the authorities when called upon. Obedience is compulsory, under pain of fine and imprisonment; the refusal, like the riot itself, being a misdemeanour.

When a riot is apprehended, too serious to be dealt with by the ordinary police force, special constables are summoned from the inhabitants of the district, and ‘sworn in.’ The oath is as follows:—‘I, A. B., do swear

* In a conviction under the Riot Act, the minimum of transportation is not seven years, as in ordinary cases of riot, but fifteen.

that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lord the King [Queen] in the office of special constable for the parish [or township] of —, without favour or affection, malice or ill-will; and that I will, to the best of my power, cause the peace to be kept and preserved, and prevent all offences against the persons and properties of his majesty's subjects; and that while I continue to hold the said office, I will, to the best of my skill and knowledge, discharge all the duties thereof faithfully according to law—So help me God.' The persons summoned to take this oath must obey, under a penalty not exceeding L.5. We have no room to describe the rights and duties of special constables, but they are identical with those of common law constables. They receive no salaries, but may be ordered allowances out of the county rate. 'Such,' says Mr Wise, in concluding the chapter he has devoted to them, 'are the provisions made by law for the preservation of peace and order by the civic guard, as they may be termed—a guard including within it all classes, binding all with equal rights, imposing upon all equal duties, because all have the deepest interest in protecting each other. So will they best protect themselves, and hand down that freedom to their posterity which their ancestors have acquired, of which the imperfection can be corrected by earnest inquiry and manly energy, but not by wild violence, nor by each class seeking to attribute all their own difficulties to the faults of others, and not caring to think how far they may have been the architects of their own misfortunes.'

The rights and duties of the military in cases of riot appear to be very generally misapprehended. 'The soldier,' says a high authority, 'is still a citizen, lying under the same obligation, and invested with the same authority to preserve the peace of the king as any other subject. If the one is bound to attend the call of the civil magistrate, so also is the soldier; if the one may interfere for that purpose when the occasion demands it, without the requisition of the magistrate, so may the other too; if the one may employ arms for that purpose, where arms are necessary, the soldier may do the same.' The military, in fact, are called out simply as that class of citizens whose services are likely to prove most efficient.

With the magistrate of course rests the most important duty of all; for in addition to his own powers as an individual, he has authority over all other individuals. He may either give firearms to those who assist him, or summon the assistance and advice of the military. He reads the Riot Act. But it is no part of his duty to marshal and lead the constables, or ride with the military. It is his province, in short, to give orders, not to assist personally in their execution.

In conclusion, we have only to advert to the recourse which individuals who suffer in their property from a riot, have against the community of the district to which they belong. In order to establish this recourse, the building or other fixed property must have been either entirely destroyed, or rendered unfit for its customary use, or at least it must have been the *intent* of the rioters so to demolish it. The damages recoverable are the value of the house, or other property, and also of the fixtures, furniture, or goods that may have been destroyed at the same time. 'The object of this,' to use the words of Lord Chief-Justice Denman, 'is to make it the interest of all the inhabitants of a district to exert themselves in the timely suppression of riotous assemblies, and in the prevention of the serious loss that such assemblies may cause to the particular individuals who are the first victims of their lawless outrage; and not to stand quietly by, either through fear or indifference, while the property of a neighbour is destroyed, and the rioters acquire that increase of strength which always accompanies unrestrained violence, until the evil extends itself, and in the end falls upon the heads of those by whose forbearance the strength and power of mischief were permitted to increase.'

There are few of our readers who will not perceive

the utility and interest of the little volume which has afforded most of the materials for this sketch; but we can say besides, that, independently of the information it affords, it is written with great tact, and even taste; and although professionally careful in its references and other details, is perfectly well adapted for popular perusal.

HOSPITAL FOR INFANT CRÉTINS.

THE unfortunate beings whose destiny forms the subject of this memoir are well known to travellers in Switzerland, whose enjoyment of the beauties of that glorious country has often been clouded by the sight of what has hitherto been considered as incurable suffering. The benevolent have sighed over their degradation, the political economist has calculated the dead weight that they must prove on so poor a population, and the Christian has mourned over immortal souls enveloped, as it were, in a chrysalis, which will open only when the cerements of the tomb shall burst.

They have existed for centuries—indeed no one in the country knows the time when there were no crétins in the land; they have existed as an unavoidable evil, and no means had hitherto been sought to turn away so great an affliction or modify its intensity, till one of those noble and unselfish characters which the world sees from time to time stand forth from the crowd, rose up to help them, giving his powers of mind and energies of heart to the subject, and devoting himself entirely to the cure or amelioration of *infant crétins*.

It is now seven years since the simple-hearted and benevolent Dr Guggenbühl founded his asylum on the heights of the Abendberg, a spot which poets and painters might choose as the scene of their reveries, and which is singularly well calculated to supply the wants of its inmates for their physical and intellectual development. A purer air cannot exist, nor a scene of more exquisite beauty. It is an open space three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, and overhanging the towns of Interlaken and Unterseen; below, the mountain is thickly covered by a fine forest, and opposite rises the giant form of the glorious Jungfrau, a sovereign among the mighty Alps. The buildings which form the hospice are extremely modest, but convenient; and on that height is to be found nearly all the necessities of daily life. The produce of the kitchen-garden is, in general, very abundant; and Indian corn, and even other corn, grow well there. The inmates bake their own bread, and sometimes kill their own meat. Poultry and goats complete their stock.

Almost always the winter, which is severe in the valley, passes gently over the heights. Two unfailing springs of water supply them amply with baths, as well as what is wanted for household use.

In this retirement, with all the ardour with which discoveries inspire genius, and the patience and affection with which the love of his fellow-creatures has filled his heart, the young and scientific physician we have named has resolved on spending his life, surrounded by objects for the greater part of a disgusting nature, and without companions of like education with himself, except in the valley below. Before this living example of Christian love we bow with feelings of unmixed veneration; for when he began his work, there were no admiring crowds to fan enthusiasm; there was everything to fear from want of funds; and little co-operation to hope for from the medical practitioners of the country. There were deep-rooted prejudices to overcome: money never is abundant in Switzerland, and one canton takes but little interest in the institutions of another.

Once inspired with this generous determination, and prompted by scientific knowledge, Dr Guggenbühl gave himself up to the study of the probable causes of this mysterious disorder, and of the probable means of curing it. For this, he availed himself of the researches and opinions of others, and also of what is always a sure guide

—the hereditary wisdom of the inhabitants of those places where crétinism is most prevalent.

He found that from the celebrated De Saussure, down to the living physicians of Switzerland, all agreed that the disorder never showed itself *above* the height of four thousand feet on the mountains; and that children attacked by it, and immediately carried up into a purer and keener air, were sure to recover, and even to be more lively and forward on returning again into the valleys, at the approach of winter, than the other children of those parts; but also, they easily fall back again into the same state as before, and require more than one summer spent upon the heights to free them entirely from all symptoms of the disorder.

He found also that those who were rich enough sent their offspring away while infants to healthier spots; and that the inhabitants of Sion, in the Valais, who possess *mayens*, or pastures, and chalets on the heights, send their wives up to them to be delivered there, with the conviction that the infants so born are freer from attacks of crétinism than those born in the valleys. All these undoubted facts led him to found his establishment at the height so indicated, and in the healthiest spot possible, where the little crétins can spend the winter as well as the summer in comfort, and be not only under the care of nurses and physicians, but also under that of schoolmasters and mistresses, and so receive bodily care and intellectual instruction at the same time.

He began in the spirit of Franke, whose example he so often alludes to; and relying on the fullness of Christian benevolence to realise what he felt sure of executing, were the means obtained. His difficulties were great, and the sympathy he met with at first amongst his own countrymen next to nothing; but we cannot but regard the neighbourhood of Interlaken, which in summer is filled with tourists from every country, as a most providential circumstance for the success of the rising hospital.

The first news that we received of its existence was from the graphic pen of one of the daughters of the Russian ambassador, the Baron de Krudener, then at Interlaken, who had accompanied the Princess Rephin on a visit to it, and who described its very infancy with enthusiasm. Some time after, the king of Wurtemberg, while resident at Interlaken, inspected it himself, and gave substantial marks of his interest; and the scientific of all countries, as well as the philanthropic and the curious, who visit the Bernese Oberland, have spread a knowledge of its foundation throughout the continent more rapidly than otherwise could ever have been hoped for.

Nevertheless, ill-natured doubts were thrown on the facts which Dr Guggenbühl published, and ridicule even was not wanting to dishearten and distress him. Some generous-minded persons were, however, to be found who held out a helping hand, and assisted him to put his benevolent designs in execution.

As soon as the establishment was opened, the government of Berne granted it a sum of six hundred livres; and those of Fribourg, the Valais, and St Gall, sent crétin children to be maintained there at their expense. The king of Prussia likewise took notice of it, and ordered two children to be placed there from the principality of Neuchâtel; the Countess of Hahn Hahn, who had taken her daughter to the Abendberg, in the vain hope of effecting her cure (but her age, sixteen, rendered it impossible), with a most natural sympathy for others similarly affected, requested that a Valaisian child should be always maintained there at her expense, to be called *her child*, one succeeding the other when cured, and for which she gave the necessary funds.

Associations began then to be formed in many of the capitals of Europe, beginning with Hamburg, Amsterdam, &c.; and finally, Dr Troxler, professor at Berne, gave the establishment the sanction of his powerful name. Subscriptions were made which have enabled Dr Guggenbühl to extend his operations wider than he possibly could have done; and last year he ventured to add a second building to the original one, that the children might be enabled to continue their

gymnastic exercises through the winter, whereas before, they could only be performed in the open air. He has also added two or three rooms in the new building, which can be occupied by parents of the children, who may wish to remain with them for a longer or a shorter time; for amongst the sick, whom Dr Guggenbühl's rising reputation has brought to the Abendberg, are some of high rank, who, though not precisely crétins, were yet of that class of patients in whom the brain appears not to have been properly developed, and to these he has been of very great use. When we visited him in 1846, and fully enjoyed the sight of so much natural and moral beauty, we saw two titled little girls who had been taken to him from Germany, to die, as it was thought, but who have, on the contrary, lived and prospered under his roof.

Of the number of children hitherto admitted, one-third have been sent back to their families quite cured, others more or less ameliorated, and some few have died. In general, Dr Guggenbühl complains that they are not left long enough, and assures that a long space of time and continued care are absolutely necessary to insure perfect success; not less, he reckons, than three years in general. Some have appeared to baffle every effort, their bodies presenting an ensemble of deformity, their tongues protruding from their mouths, their heads hanging down, their skin wrinkled like a person of eighty, their limbs dwindled to nothing, their bodies enormous, and neither sign of intelligence nor any articulate sound to be drawn from them. Even these, by his kind and judicious treatment, by unwearied care, by baths, by aromatic frictions, by electricity, by goats' milk, by exposure to the air and sun, by every means of infant development, playing, talking, laughing, by lessons with pictures, and by singing—even these have acquired the use of their limbs, the power of speech, the faculty of learning, and have, after a long stay on the Abendberg, been sent back as well as, and even more forward in most branches of instruction, than the generality of children of their age. Their progress is never uniform or regular, but always by fits and starts, and all at once, as if a cell were opened in their brain, or a veil withdrawn from their understanding, and that, too, when least expected. Parents and schoolmasters might learn many a useful lesson on that alpine height, and find data which would save more than one dunce from the rod, and teach the master that he is far more to blame than the scholar.

His great principle is to strengthen the body before he attempts to develop the mind. He even goes so far as to say, that to venture on the second before the first is accomplished, is productive of the most disastrous consequences; and were his warning voice but listened to, how many victims of precocity, how many little wonders, who minister to parental self-love for a time, and then sink into mediocrity afterwards, might be saved from subsequent suffering and nervous irritability!

Dr Guggenbühl divides crétinism into several different species:—1st, Atrophy, in which the spinal marrow has suffered mostly, and the extremities are nearly paralysed: 2d, Rachitism, where the bones have become soft and spongy, and out of proportion: 3d, Hydrocephalie; the disorder being occasioned by water formed in the cells of the skull, which ought to be occupied by the brain: 4th, Inborn, of which the germ is in the infant at its birth, and which presents any or all of the foregoing principles, and varies in intensity, from the slightly affected, down to the mass of animal matter which lies where it is placed, and can neither move nor speak. In this class are to be remarked those who have imperfect bodily growth, and the head out of proportion to the body; and also those who do not speak, yet are not deaf, but who have great difficulty in articulating, and are too lazy to attempt it.

We might give some striking extracts from the German report published by Dr Guggenbühl in 1846, illustrative of each of these forms of crétinism; but perhaps the following case of the first-mentioned form of crétinism (atrophy) will be considered sufficient in a non-professional journal like this:—

'L—, a little girl of six months old, was brought to us. Her mother is strong and healthy, but her father

weak and scrofulous. Till she was four months old she was in good health, but weaker than children of that age generally. A violent cold was the beginning of her illness; and when brought to our house, her appearance was so wretched, as to procure her the name of *the little worm*, from the Princess-Royal Henrietta of Wurtemberg, during her visit to us; and truly was she so named, for she was frightful to look upon. Her body was more like a skeleton covered with skin than anything else, and that skin was cold and wrinkled. All her muscles were immovable, and the extremities of her body like miniature hands and feet. Her face was deadly white, her forehead and cheeks wrinkled like an old person's, while her black and piercing eyes had a singularly knowing look. She slept ill, her pulse was feeble, and she had no natural heat. She came to us in July; the weather was beautiful, and the keenness of our mountain air, the uninterrupted sunshine of our unclouded sky, the electricity which predominates in the atmosphere, all which have so great an influence on our invalids, were furthered by strict regimen and constant care. This delicate little creature, who so soon after her birth had begun to lose all resemblance to a human being, and that so rapidly, now made as rapid strides towards recovery. In three months' time the deformities of her person began to disappear, her skin recovered its natural warmth, the wrinkles vanished, and her face grew young again, with the hue and the charm of infancy; and at the same time her smile, and the manner in which she took notice of those around her, showed that the faculties of her mind were awakening also. In the space of twelve months, she had lost the appearance of a little doll, and had regained that of children of her own age—proof sufficient of the efficacy of proper treatment begun without loss of time, and of the disorder being more efficaciously treated in earliest infancy than at a later period. It is now eighteen months since she left us, and we have had the happiness of learning from the Pastor Bitzius of Lutzelflück, so well known as a popular writer, in whose parish she is, that she continues in perfect health, and can talk and express herself well.*

Dr Guggenbühl makes a wide distinction between crétinism and idiotism, and after illustrating his ideas on the subject by the description of two brothers who are in his institution—the one crétin, the other idiot—he proceeds thus:—

‘Crétinism shows itself sometimes in the physical development, and sometimes in the intellectual, and sometimes in both, and to about the same degree. It is always accompanied by some great defect in the constitution; while the intellect is, nevertheless, capable of being acted upon.

‘Idiotism, on the contrary, is often found in a beautiful, well-proportioned body. It is occasioned, without any exception, by a fault in the formation of the brain—sometimes too large—or an organisation of it which excludes the possibility of any but a very slight degree of cultivation.

‘Anatomical researches on the bodies of crétins have shown that the seat of the disorder is almost always in the brain. Sometimes its substance differs from that of healthy subjects by being too hard or too little, sometimes it is watery, and sometimes its fibres are flat and small, as in animals. Yet a cause still hidden from us, either before or after birth, hinders the proper development of the brain and of the spinal marrow, both so essentially necessary to the growth and the progress of the child.

‘Crétinism is also closely allied to scrofula: the symptoms of the latter being often, if not always, found in crétins, and the same remedies being generally good for both. (Goitre, also, often accompany or precede it, and are sometimes enormous in old crétins.) Scrofula is frequent in the valleys, very fatal, and its effects dreadful, even when it does not kill.’

Such, then, is crétinism—a disorder which is sometimes brought into the world by the unfortunate child at its birth, and which in that case has a stronger hold over the constitution than when it attacks it at a later period;

but which the oftenest shows itself in the first few weeks, or months, or years of its existence: seldom or ever after the age of seven years; and if met by a change of air and diet, by strengthening and exciting remedies, by action on the nerves, the bones, and the muscles, can be stopped short, and finally cured if taken in time after the moment when it first manifests itself, and if the treatment is continued long enough; and which can almost always be modified: thus differing entirely from idiocy, which is incurable and unmodifiable. Crétins at the highest point of the disorder never live longer than twenty-five years, and pass, as it were, at once from childhood to old age in their appearance.

They are, even in that extreme state of disgusting helplessness, the objects of tenderness and superstitious reverence in their families; according to the beneficent dispensations of a merciful God, who never permits a want in the human race without implanting a feeling in the human heart which is to lead men to minister unto it. Their heads are almost invariably larger than those of other men, and offer some singular and defective forms, through which one feature runs without exception—the depression of the forehead. Unfortunately, those prejudices which exist everywhere amongst the poor, have hitherto greatly hindered all anatomical researches on crétins, and rendered the study of the causes of crétinism so vague and unsatisfactory.

We will now turn to the remedies which Dr Guggenbühl has employed with the greatest success, and which he recommends to the notice and use of the scientific world.

They are, in general, the same, with little variation; and consist in electric shocks on the head and on the feet, given during sleep or in the bath, where generally the little patients pronounce their first distinct words; of aromatic frictions on the back, with baths of the same; of preparations of steel, bark; of the waters of Wiedegg, which are in the neighbourhood; of cod-liver oil; of iodine; of juglum regia; of a diet composed of goats' milk, which is peculiarly aromatic on the mountains; of meat, some few vegetables, with the entire exclusion of potatoes; but above all, and the most important, is continual exposure to the air and sunshine—those who cannot walk being laid out on the grass to inhale the wholesome breezes of that high, pure air;* cold baths they cannot bear. Gymnastic exercises, which require the daily use of every muscle, are also very important, and excite the children to emulation in their feats; whilst the exercise of the faculties of the mind are equally carried on in mental gymnastics, according to the powers of each little scholar. Music has been found to be a powerful aid, soothing, interesting, and refining; and we can bear witness ourselves to the thrilling effect of the voices of the happy little group, who sang to us in their infantine manner the praises of their God. Few persons, we think, could have restrained their tears while listening to that infant choir, and reflecting that but for the Christian love which has watched over them, their voices might still have uttered nothing but groans, and their souls remained ignorant of God their Maker.

Let us now turn to the difficult question—what are the causes of crétinism; and set forth the various suppositions which have been given down to the present day.

From all the observations made by Dr Guggenbühl himself, and collected by him from others, from those also published by the different societies which have examined into it, there seems to remain no doubt that it arises from local causes affecting the state of the atmosphere in which the children are born or live. That it is necessarily hereditary, does not appear; for children of parents half crétin, or with some signs of the disease, often escape; whereas very lively and healthy persons often have crétin children, when living in a close, steamy air, in valleys where there is not a thorough renewing of

* Messrs Schubli and Buxorini have shown by their experiments that the human lungs absorb in the mountain air a much greater quantity of oxygen than in the plain; for which reason the nervous system is more active, animal heat is stronger, and the nourishment given to the body more abundant.

the air, or where stagnant vapours remain on the sides of the hills, by the waters coming down from the heights, and being held in by a ledge of rocks or a belt of trees. We must add also the want of cleanliness and fresh air in the habitations, which are but too often devoid of a sufficient number of windows, and which are generally ornamented in front by a large dunghill, surrounded by a pool of infectious water, from which emanations exhale which must necessarily form a part of the atmosphere of the interior of the dwellings. Want of cleanliness in their persons also—the use of fresh water being no part of their education; and lastly, the miserable food that the peasants in general live upon, consisting of salt meat at times, black bread, hard cheese, and potatoes.

What seems to justify this theory is, that along with the advancement of civilisation (the consequence of long peace), of much travelling, of money flowing into places which formerly were never visited by strangers; in consequence also of the progress made in comfort in the houses, of cleanliness in particular (partially introduced), of drainage, of better roads, &c. it is certain that the very most disgusting form of crétinism has nearly disappeared. Those unfortunate beings, who could neither move, speak, nor show any sign of humanity, except its most degraded form, are scarcely now to be met with. Such were those frightful objects which the French soldiers fired at on their first entrance into Switzerland, not from cruelty, but from the horror with which they inspired them. The inhabitants have also at the same time become more active, laborious, and sober by their intercourse with other countries;* and the great facilities of land and water carriage have introduced the produce of the colonies, and substituted a much more wholesome species of food than the indigestible cheeses, curds, salt pork, and greasy bacon, which before constituted their only nourishment.

Formerly, also, crétins but a step removed from the state we have described were unfortunately permitted by the authorities to intermarry, and thus became the parents of wretches yet more unhappy than themselves. Now, marriages amongst near relations, especially where there is any tendency to disorder, are much discouraged, as being fatal to the health of their children. We may therefore hope that, if no great pressure of misery should fall on the inhabitants of the Alpine valleys, every succeeding year may bring amongst them some of those habits which are the best preventatives of scrofula, goitre, and crétinism.

But to return to the history of the Abendberg. There have been founded two other hospices in imitation of it—the one in Wurtemberg, by a few Christian friends associated together, and which is placed under the direction of Mr Röschi; the other in Saxony, formed by the unwearied efforts of Dr Carus, physician to the king. In Austria, researches are making, under the superintendence of the Baron de Funchtersleben, but no establishment has yet been made; and through the mountains of Caucasus inquiries are going on by the great Russian oculist, Piragoff, whose name is so well known to science. The king of Sardinia also has taken up the subject with royal munificence, and ordered an investigation of every parish throughout his dominions, which has been now at work for many months, and the report of which is expected to be published speedily.

Dr Guggenbühl's second report, as yet only published in German, is accompanied by a very large number of letters of affection and encouragement, addressed to him from all parts of the continent by men of science, learning, philanthropy, and Christian principle, many of whom have visited the Abendberg, and give their witness to its success. They are in some instances accompanied by the diplomas of different learned societies.

* It is a fact that since the opening of the route into Italy by the Simplon, the number of such wretched beings has much diminished all through the Valais. Only since then the banking up of the Rhone has taken place, and is still prosecuted by the authorities of the canton, by which the marshes, which formerly were under water on each side of the river, are drained, and formed into a fertile and salubrious country.

It is now time to close our humble tribute to the beauty and the importance of Dr Guggenbühl's bold undertaking in a medical, a scientific, a philanthropic, a political, and, above all, in a Christian point of view; and we can fearlessly call on all those in our own happy land, where crétinism and goitres are unknown, to whom the present and future welfare of mankind is dear, to come forward with the abundant riches with which prosperity and commerce have blessed us, so different from the scanty resources of poor revolutionised Switzerland, and help one of the noblest and the most unselfish enterprises that the age can boast of.

Let not his confidence in the sympathy and the assistance of the wise and the good of every country be disappointed, but let those who are unscathed by such afflictions build *here* an altar of thanksgiving to God!*

THE PAINTER OF CORK.

In a carpenter's workshop, adjoining a small house situated in a suburb of the city of Cork, a lad of fourteen was standing one day about sixty years ago. He was tall for his age, and slightly made, with handsome features and bright quick-glancing eyes, that seemed to turn in scorn from the instruments of homely industry that surrounded him, and to fix with a gaze of longing love on the waving branches of a fine old elm-tree, that chequered with their greenness the laughing blue of a summer sky. He stood lost in contemplation, till his reverie was broken by a rough voice behind him.

'What, Nat! idling as usual, and staring out of the window instead of finishing the table for Mr Wilson. You know it must go home to-morrow, and it is not half made.'

The boy sighed deeply, and without replying, took up a piece of wood and a chisel which were lying upon the ground, and walked slowly towards the working bench. The person who addressed him was his father, an honest, hard-working mechanic, who, after watching for a while his son's listless resumption of his task, sighed in his turn, and said—'Well, Nat, if you don't wear out many tools by hard work, at least you don't spare the chalk. I'm afraid all the furniture you have made, or ever will make, won't pay me for all the lumps of it you use in scrawling on the walls and timber. You're now no longer a child; and tell me, in the name of common sense, how do you ever expect to earn a livelihood by wasting your time in such folly?' The boy cast a mournful glance round the walls of the workshop, which were flourished over with designs of figures and landscapes. Though drawn with common chalk on the stained plaster, they displayed a freedom of touch and beauty of expression quite marvellous for an artist so young and so untaught. Every picturesque form of inanimate nature or grotesque living figure that met the eye of Nathaniel Grogan, was immediately treasured in his mind, and his hand proceeded to trace it visibly with the sole rude materials within his reach, impelled by an impulse of genius as irresistible as that which filled the birks and braes of Scotland with the untutored and undying melodies of Burns. The youth we speak of is still remembered in his native land as an artist of no common order. Many exquisite engravings and original paintings remain to attest his skill. Had he lived under more favourable circumstances, he might have achieved a European reputation; as it is, we are still proud to class him among the gifted artists whom our city has produced. Some passages in his life deserve to be noticed, and with these we will proceed.

The boy loved his parents, and yet he was thoroughly unhappy: he felt wild longings and aspirations that carried his thoughts far beyond his father's workshop, even while he was chained to unsuitable labour. He was wont to despatch his daily task as speedily as pos-

* A large number of the children admitted are very poor, and many pay nothing; the benevolence of the founder preventing his turning them away from his door.

sible, and then, with a few rude materials which he possessed, pursue his darling studies. One fine summer evening he was sent by his father on an errand, which led him for some distance along the river banks. The varied loveliness of the scene filled the boy's ardent mind with rapture, while the peaceful calm of sunset tended to soothe the repining emotions which were ever ready to arise when he thought of his humble lot. He had long contemplated leaving home, and pushing his fortune in a foreign land: the thought recurred now as he watched his own bright Lee gliding on towards the ocean. But how could he leave his parents?—how tell them that he must forsake the humble occupation to which they had destined him? An opportunity offered sooner than he had expected. An American vessel was in the harbour, and the captain, who was ready to sail for New York, wanted some additional hands. He happened this evening to be taking a stroll by the river side, and remarked young Grogan gazing wistfully on the waters.

'Holla! youngster,' cried he; 'would you like to take a trip across the Atlantic this fine weather?'

The youth started, and looked up. We do not know what reply he made, but it certainly was not in the negative, for before two days had passed, Nathaniel Grogan was shipped on board the Ajax; and his weeping parents, after giving him their parting embrace and blessing, watched with anguish the swelling sails that bore away their only boy.

Ten years passed on, and the Grogans heard nothing of their absent son; they believed him to be dead, and mourned for him as only parents can mourn; but woes of another kind came on them. The father one day, in cleaving a piece of timber, cut his hand severely; he did not at first attend to it properly, and the pain and inflammation in a few days became so great that a fever ensued, and his life was in danger. After a long illness, he began slowly to recover, but continued for some time unable to work. All his savings were expended, and he found himself and his wife reduced to the utmost poverty. Sometimes the poor invalid, when eating his scanty meal of potatoes, so ill suited to restore his wasted strength, would say, with tears in his eyes, 'Ah, if our poor Nat could only have contented himself at home, what a help and comfort he might be to us now!' Then his wife would turn her weeping eyes towards a landscape hanging on the wall, which her son had placed there the day before he sailed, and say, 'God is good, James; let us try and be resigned to His holy will.'

One day when Grogan was nearly recovered, he was sent for by a rich and benevolent gentleman residing in the neighbourhood to execute some trifling jobs in his house. The carpenter's clothes were so old and worn, that he felt almost ashamed to present himself at the door of a handsome dwelling. His employer, however, received him most kindly, and ordered refreshments for him before he proceeded to work. After the poor man had partaken of a hearty repast, Mr — called him, and said, 'I want to bespeak some deal tables and chairs from you, Grogan; but first come into the drawing-room—one of the window frames is strained, and I want to have it settled.' The carpenter of course obeyed, and taking off his shoes at the threshold, entered a more splendid apartment than he had ever seen before.

'Wait there for a moment,' said Mr —; 'I will come directly, and show you what to do.'

Left alone in the drawing-room, Grogan had leisure to look about him. At first he felt bewildered by the splendour of the furniture and richness of the hangings that surrounded him. He also remarked several paintings; but one in particular arrested his attention. It was placed leaning against the wall in an excellent light, and the old man started when he gazed at it. There he saw his own likeness standing in his workshop, everything in it drawn with the utmost fidelity, as it appeared on the well-remembered evening when he bade his son farewell. The figure of the boy appeared

in the foreground, but his face was not seen; for it rested on his mother's shoulder, in whose arms he was locked, and whose meek countenance of wo was portrayed with matchless fidelity. With clasped hands and parted lips the old man gazed; he did not speak or stir till Mr —, who had entered the room unperceived, touched his arm and said, 'Does that picture, Grogan, remind you of any one?'

'Oh, sir, my boy—my boy!' It was all he could say. His chest heaved, and tears, such as poverty and sickness failed to draw, streamed down his cheeks. A side-door opened, and a man rushed in. Who would have recognised the slight pale-faced stripling in that tall handsome figure? But the father knew the soft-toned voice that now, with touching gentleness, besought his pardon; and the father felt the quick bright glance of that eye meeting his, whose beams he had mourned as for ever quenched. It was indeed his long-lost son, returned to comfort him and his wife in their old age.

Since we lost sight of Nathaniel Grogan he had passed through many vicissitudes. He had experienced in the new world all the varied chances of a wandering life, and suffered many and bitter privations, so that often, in utter weariness of spirit and hopelessness of heart, he felt almost ready to lie down and die. How did he mourn over the wayward temperament which led him to forsake his parents and his country: yet he shrank from returning to them a penniless outcast. He vowed to himself that he would achieve honour and competence ere he again trod the green fields of Erin. That vow, through his own persevering endeavours, and the disinterested kindness of some rich countrymen whom he met in America, he was enabled to keep. Having realised some money by the sale of pictures in the United States, he came over to his native city, recommended to the kind and powerful patronage of Mr —. During the voyage, the vessel was for some time becalmed, and Grogan occupied the tedious hours in committing to canvas that parting scene, which the lapse of years had failed to efface from his memory. Like the patriarch of old, his heart was bursting with the question, 'Doth my father yet live?' and, like him, when the sight of that father once more gladdened his eyes, 'he fell upon his neck and kissed him'; and then 'he nourished his father and his father's house with bread.'




The subsequent career of Nathaniel Grogan was respectable and tolerably prosperous. He taught drawing with success for many years in his native city, where, however, his talent failed to be appreciated as fully as it deserved. Some of his paintings still adorn the collections of the gentry in the south of Ireland.

FLYING MACHINES.

If the desire to fly conveyed the presumption that man was ever destined for its enjoyment, it can only be said to be very lamentable that this long-deferred faculty has yet to be realised. But that it is the fascinating occupation of some ingenious minds to draw plans and devise machines for this end, the press has never long suffered us to doubt. A modest, and, for a marvel, a sober-minded little book, by one taking the name of Dædalus Britannicus,* is one of the most recent of such records, and has, by its appearance, suggested the cursory consideration we propose to bestow upon this subject. We conceive, however, that there is a legitimate distinction to be recognised between the arts of *flying* and *floating* in the air. The distinction is such as prevails between a rudderless, oarless, sailless boat, at the mercy of the billow on which it reposes, and a steamer full of volimotory powers. So here, ballooning—that is, being hauled up a certain distance into the sky, and let down again wherever the wind wills—and aerial navigation are very dissimilar things. The one we have attained to; but it is, to say the least of it, a

* Aerial Navigation. By Dædalus Britannicus. Sherwood: 1848.

most questionable thing whether we shall ever be permitted to accomplish the other.

It is needless, in the present advanced state of information, to go into any account of the origin or history of balloons. By the ingenuity of Mr Green and others, the balloon has apparently attained perfection; but after all, it is nothing more than a toy—a machine helpless in the midst of the atmosphere. Unlike the ship at sea, it has nothing against which sails or rudder can be made to act. Theorising men of science, however, are not satisfied, and new contrivances to guide the machine have been attempted. One of these consists of a sail placed horizontally, or vertically, in connection with proper sustaining apparatus attached to the car. Mr Edgeworth first proposed the use of this resisting surface to the Royal Irish Academy in 1795, but it was principally for facilitating the ascent and descent of the machine. A Mr Evans appears to have conceived the first successful method of directing the flight of the machine. Using a small 'Montgolfier' balloon, he suspended a large oblique surface beneath it. When the balloon ascended, it ascended in the direction toward which the upper edge of the oblique surface looked, and descended again to the point to which the lower edge was directed. Thus a sort of aerial tacking was attained. The course which a balloon thus fitted would take in its ascent, might be described thus ; then when it attained the highest point, the edge of the plane would be reversed, and the balloon would descend thus ; or the whole course . It was proposed that two balloons should be used—a Montgolfier below, and a hydrogen a considerable height above. Biot remarked, this was placing a furnace underneath a powder magazine. It was manifest that aerial voyaging, if only to be accomplished by this means, had little to recommend it to the philosopher, and none to the expeditious traveller. This idea, therefore, fell to the ground for a time. The motive powers of the steam-engine were then thought of, and it was proposed to place a light engine in the car, which should actuate a pair of vanes on either side. But the weight of engines, fuel, water, and the necessary attendants, has hitherto been an insurmountable difficulty. The lightest marine-engine, on the condensing principle, cannot be made under at least twelve or thirteen hundredweight per horsepower. Many ingenious plans were devised for reducing the weight of the steam-engine. Mr Gurney invented some engines, which, with their fuel for one hour, did not weigh more than 300 pounds per horsepower. Sir George Cayley, an accurate mathematician and a sound philosopher, clung with invincible tenacity to the steam-propulsion idea, and proposed the use of a balloon made of Mackintosh's India-rubber cloth, filling it with steam, and at the same time propelling the car by a steam-engine beneath. He concludes by expressing his belief that Dr Darwin's lines, so often quoted, and in our day in part so strikingly fulfilled, should yet receive their fulfilment in the regions of air:—

'Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide-waving wings expanded, bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.'

The steam-engine being thus apparently a hopeless drag, our aeronautic genii returned to balloon-manceuvring. A Dr Macsweeney of Cork has written a pamphlet, in which he enters into a description of the *aéro-tactics*; and there are several curious modes of balloon progression described by this sanguine gentleman. One method of navigation is called *balloon-warping*. It requires two balloons, which must be connected by a long rope; and after some perplexing fashion or other, it is stated that the aeronauts can by this means wind or warp one another along. Another equally curious and whimsical, and, in our estimation, of about an equal feasibility, was called *crescenting*. Let our readers imagine the strides of a giant pair of compasses, in half

circles, across a country, and they will form some idea of the plan proposed under this head. Two balloons were requisite also in this case: under the car of one was a long pole, with a couple of planes of canvas projecting downwards from it. The other balloon was to be made stationary, a brisk breeze was to blow, and the balloon with the pole-planes to be hauled across the current. Thus it would be made to describe a great semicircle—and in this way we were to fly across England! Wings and oars filled with gas were also tried; but this proved a vanity likewise. It was then thought that these erratic machines—balloons—might be made available for the purposes of traffic by means of 'balloon-ways.' This contrivance was by fixing a number of posts, like the posts of our electric telegraphs, from one town to another; a long rope was sustained by these in a spring catch, which ran through a ring in the bottom of the car. Thus the balloon was guided—that is, was to be guided—from place to place.

Passing these fanciful contrivances, we may advert to one which, though discovered long since by Baldwin, still keeps its place in aerial navigation. This is the invention of *hedging*. Probably it derived its origin, as well as name, from the artifice common in navigating a vessel down a stream—which is by carrying an anchor trailing under her bows; thus steerage-way is gained on the vessel. Mr Green; as a substitute, uses the long rope, called the 'guide-rope.' By allowing the end of this rope to trail on the ground, rotation of the machine is prevented, its course is retarded, and a guiding power is to some extent established. It is to be remembered, however, that the rope, when long, is of itself a great addition to the weight of the machine. To meet this objection, a tapering rope has been proposed, the thickest end being attached to the car. The rope thus acts also in some measure as a regulator of the height of the machine. If it has a tendency to descend, more rope is thereby supported on the ground, and the balloon becomes more buoyant; if it rises, it has to carry more rope. A dangerous accident sometimes occurs from the end of the rope lashing round trees and houses; this has been remedied by fastening a long rattan cane to the extremity. After all, even the guide-rope, the simplest and best of these plans, is of very limited application on land. At sea, possibly, it might prove of value. Altogether, we cannot for ourselves look to the guide-rope for much practical benefit beyond its preventing rotation. The success of aeronauts in the air alone having proved so limited, many plans have been suggested for a union of *aéro* and *hydro-nautics*, and several hybrid machines were constructed. In some of these the steam-engine was placed in a boat, which dragged the balloon after it. We are at a loss to discover any superiority over an ordinary steam-vessel in this whimsy.

Perceiving the futility of these schemes, some ingenious men first conceived the idea of forming a machine after the principle of a fish! Their reasoning was ingenious. They perceived the fallacy of comparing a balloon to a ship; and adopting a juster argument, determined to construct an aerial machine on this novel rule. Their machine was called the *aëronautic fish*. It was first planned in the year 1789: it contained many ingenious contrivances: water was used for ballast: it had wings working with cranks, by which its flight was to be secured. But the most curious idea about it was the plan for ascending or descending. The machine being built on the model of a fish, was long and sharp-pointed; underneath it was a weight, which was movable from end to end by a series of ropes and pulleys. When it was desirable to ascend, the weight was pulled down to the tail; this made it heavier, and consequently the prow rose up. If the machine would fly now, it would take an upward course. But if the desire was to descend, the weight was hauled down to the fore part, and it followed, of course, that the direction would be downwards. The balloon was of a long, fish-like figure, by which it was hoped that the tendency to rotation would be destroyed. The machine was constructed in

France, and it is said that Marshal Ney, who took the deepest interest in its construction, spent as much as 100,000 francs upon it. It was launched, it floated, with feeble powers it flew, but it *would* turn on one side. All the ingenuities were in vain; and after a long struggle of patience, talent, hope, and money against the difficulties of the subject, it was thrown aside in despair.

The next attempt had a similar termination. In the year 1835 there appeared in the papers the advertisements of the European Aëronautical Society. Men were prepared for something wonderful, and they were not to be disappointed. In the Victoria Road, London, a dock was built, in which the lines of the first aerial ship were laid down. The name of this machine was the 'Eagle.' Borrowing the idea of the fish aërostat, the object of the inventors was to imitate a fish as far as possible. A vast curiosity was excited by this announcement, and for a time the Victoria Road Dock was the attraction of the learned and unlearned, the ignorant and the scientific. Time wore on, and the machine, when complete, may be thus described:—In order to obtain the requisite buoyancy, a principal part of the Eagle consisted of an immense balloon, in the form of a horizontal cylinder, terminating in a cone at each end. This part of the ship was one hundred and sixty feet long, and sixty feet in height. It was of such dimensions as to contain, by calculation, 200,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas; consequently the floating capacity was sufficiently large to admit of the suspension of a long car. The ingenious projectors, anxious to carry out their type, had contrived a clever apparatus for imitating the air-bladder of the fish. It is familiar knowledge that the fish is able, by the compression it can exercise over this receptacle, either to rise to the surface or to sink itself to the bottom. This idea was developed also in the Eagle. Along the car ran two iron pipes; these were connected with an air, or in this case, a gas pump, which, by means of a tube entering the balloon, drew out the gas from thence; and pumped it into the iron pipes. In so doing, the effect was precisely similar to that produced by the fish: the machine became specifically heavier, and sank down. To elevate it again, it was only needful to let out some of the compressed gas back into the balloon, when, becoming specifically lighter than an equal bulk of air, the Eagle rose. The next step was the propelling machinery. Keeping true to their original idea, it was constructed so as to resemble, on a vast scale, the pectoral and ventral fins, and the tail of a fish. There were four pairs of fans, two of which were placed on each side of the car. They were made of cane and varnished cotton, by which it was hoped the requisite strength and lightness would be secured. These fans were moved by a windlass, which was worked by the crew. Now the Eagle was to be a really useful invention. It was to make aerial voyages to Paris and back. It was to carry seventeen individuals, and to accomplish the journey in six hours! It was not intended to fly at a greater altitude than three hundred feet, which would clear all ordinary obstacles; and the machine could, on extraordinary occasions, easily rise by means of its compressed gas. Neither was it intended to brave a storm: if the wind were in favour, so much the better; but if, on the contrary, it was right in the Eagle's eye, it was not to be contended with—she was to return, and wait for fair weather. The inventor of this machine is understood to have been Count Lennox. In the year previous to its appearance in London, it is said to have been tried in Paris; but that city proving a bad starting-place, it was brought over to wing its way thither from London. The Eagle never flew; the scheme proved an utter failure; and the name and day-dreams of the European Aëronautical Society are all that now remains of it.

The most recent applications of machinery to balloon propulsion were two small models—the one by the 'veteran aëronaut' Mr Green, the other by Mr Monck Mason. In 1840, Mr Green exhibited in the Polytechnic Institution a small balloon, three feet in

diameter, which certainly did travel in any given direction in the still air of the great room. This he effected by letting a guide-rope hang from the car, and attaching to the car a pair of windmill vanes, which were moved by clockwork contained within. The direction of the aërostat was in a line with the guide-rope, and horizontally. In 1843, Mr Monck Mason effected the same object by affixing an Archimedean screw upon a spindle which protruded from the car. In both cases the result was only such as was to be anticipated—*aerial navigation was not advanced by either.*

The 'Ariel,' the far-famed invention of Mr Henson, is the first modern attempt to construct a machine to fly by mechanical powers alone. The idea was first started about five years ago, and the interest and curiosity produced will be well remembered. Even the legislative assembly caught the infection, and the House of Commons passed the bill for the constitution of the Aerial Transit Company. Sober expectations of seeing the Ariel sweep on rapid pinion over the top of St Paul's were raised in the minds even of thinking men; and wondering crowds went down to Poplar to look at something which popular report declared to be the real machine. The description of it is as follows:—It consisted of a large light frame, 150 feet in length, 30 feet in width, and containing therefore an area of 4500 square feet. The frame was to be covered with varnished linen or silk. There was also a tail, which, turning on a joint, was to direct the Ariel's flight. In the centre of the frame the car was attached. After the requisite arrangements for passengers and the stowage of fuel, came the motive power. This is said to have contained some remarkably clever adaptations. It consisted of a light and powerful steam-engine, suspended in the middle of the wings. It drove two sets of vanes, each twenty feet in diameter, which were placed at the hinder edge of the wings. The boiler was equally remarkable. It was formed of fifty hollow truncated cones, each one being three feet long, and five and a half inches in diameter at the base. These cones were arranged with the blunt ends downwards, all round, and above, and below the fire, thus presenting a surface of fifty square feet to the action of the flames. The steam thus generated was to supply two cylinders of twenty-horse combined power, and after fulfilling its functions, was to be condensed in a number of small tubes, which would be kept sufficiently cool by the rapidity of the flight. Water was thus economised—only twenty gallons of which was said to be sufficient for the boiler to work with. The whole weight of this steam-engine of *twenty-horse power* was put at the fabulous figure of 600 lbs. The Ariel was to start by first running down an inclined plane, the resistance of the air was to carry her off free, and then the vanes were to sustain and to propel her on her way. The main reliance of the inventor appears to have been upon the large resisting surface his machine offered to the air in descending. Calculating the load at 3000 lbs., there was a provision of a square foot and a half for every pound weight—that is, the area of resistance was 4500 square feet. Now it is easily ascertained that a weight equal to the above, under the most favourable circumstances, has a gravitating tendency equal to thirteen miles an hour, or eighteen feet a second—all that the surface of resistance can do being to retard the fall. To sustain this weight, falling at this rate of speed, the power requisite amounts to at least that of sixty horses; and even then nothing would be gained over an ordinary balloon, if we except a pretty rapid tumble should the engines stop work. Therefore the engines of the Ariel must have been trebled in power before it could even *float*; while to fly at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour, it would be necessary to raise their power to that of two or three hundred horses. It need scarcely be added that the Ariel never fulfilled those highly-coloured expectations which were entertained of her. A small model was exhibited, which, working by clockwork, and *sustained at the end of a balanced arm*, certainly flew round; but this was all.

Now, the scheme just put forth by Dædalus Britannicus has one merit—that it is a complete novelty, and can be compared in no respects to its predecessors of any kind. Without meaning the smallest unkindness, we cannot compare the representation he has designed of it to anything more appropriately than a flying whale! It is composed of a stout horizontal frame formed of fagots of bamboo, containing within itself a long silk balloon tapering to a point at each end. On each side of the frame are two pairs of boxes, made of sheet iron, supplied with movable lids, which are connected with the main rods of four wings. The wings are to be formed of long and narrow silk planes or feathers, one to be circular in form, twenty feet in diameter, and so connected with the frame by joints and springs, as to make the upward movement in an oblique direction, while in the downward action the whole under surface will be exposed to the resistance of the air. On the under surface of the whale-like balloon is to be a car twenty-five feet long; and at one extremity a conic shield is to guard the balloon from injury; while at the other a rudder or tail, twenty-seven feet long, is to direct its flight. It will be asked, what is the moving power? The answer will be heard with surprise: the successive explosions of a mixture of gas and air in the boxes at the root of the wings, by which means they will be made to flap about twelve times a minute! The balloon, says Dædalus Britannicus, is not to be depended upon for its assistance; it is a mere reservoir for gas. The explosion is to be effected in the four boxes by the electric spark. The inventor calculates on thus attaining a power equal to eighty horses! The weight is placed at 2000 lbs. The velocity he prudently declines to conjecture. 'Judging from the analogy of our model *aéronauts*' [the birds] 'we may expect a rate of progress almost unknown on earth.' Were we to venture an opinion upon the probable success of this machine, we fear it would be found at variance with the sanguine expectations of its author.

To sum up. Willing as we are to welcome the faintest dawn of any invention which will really and in every sense benefit our fellow-men, we must join in the desponding conclusions of many far better able to form a sound decision than ourselves, and say, that notwithstanding that probably upon no subject has so much power of mind been concentrated as upon *aérostation*, and that in a period altogether miraculous for its mechanical attainments, the hopes that it will at any time prove a practicable, or at least a valuable art, appear few and faint indeed. The experience of storm-driven *aéronauts* might have taught them ere this what a toy is the most stupendous of their machines in the tumults of the aerial ocean. And if aerial navigation is to be reserved for fair weather and prosperous gales, our position is already proven.

INDIAN RECREATIONS.

The love of strife and bloodshed would appear to be an original sin of humanity, which is only subdued by the gradual influence of civilisation. In the 'state of nature,' as it was formerly called, this savage passion flourishes in its greatest energy; and in the wildest and loveliest solitudes the ocean holds in its embraces, we find the human inhabitants inspired with the deadliest hatred against each other—family against family, tribe against tribe, nation against nation. It would be agreeable to be able to set this down as the result of circumstances; but unfortunately the same thing prevails throughout the entire world, in paradises of beauty and plenty, as well as in those ungenial wastes where the shivering and hungry savage murders for a meal.

In process of time, when the state of nature proves to be no state of nature at all, but merely the imperfect and rudimental condition of beings destined for a loftier rank, a change takes place in the aspect of society—a portion of the warring groups are welded into one, and form a barbarian state, probably under the

arbitrary government, at first, of some individual who has risen to this eminence by his talents or determination. Their love of strife can now be gratified only by national wars or occasional revolutions—the only other bloodshed taking place in form of law, or by the conventional tyranny of the great over the mean. But although in this stage greatly advanced beyond savagism, the original taint in their character is by no means eradicated. It assumes, however, a new phasis. It expends its vicious energies upon slave-combats and fights of animals; and the bloodthirstiness of the people loses its character of wild courage, becomes allied to cowardice and effeminacy, and paves the way for subjugation, and eventually for a new regime, which is probably destined to advance the race another step in moral progress. It is proper to observe, however, that civilisation does not move like a fluid, overflowing a whole country at a regular level. On the contrary, it leaves masses of the people comparatively untouched; and at this moment, the cock-fighting of the Malays is somewhat more than paralleled by the cowardly brutality of the Welsh main of England.

We have been led into this train of thought by a description, quoted from a Calcutta paper in the 'Indian News,' of an entertainment recently given by the king of Oude to the governor-general, at his majesty's capital Lucknow. It consisted chiefly of combats of animals, which are not only interesting in themselves to the natural historian, but present some points to the moralist well worthy of his attention.

The exhibition, which was witnessed by the king and the governor-general, seated on raised thrones above the other personages, with the mob at a greater distance, commenced with an abortive fight between two elephants. 'Two little partridges were now made to fight, and with difficulty only separated from a desperate struggle. Two *neelgas* (a kind of antelope) were then set a-fighting, and really never have I seen a more furious encounter. They fought most desperately, and it was a real herculean task to separate them. You will be surprised to hear the names of the next combatants—a donkey and a hyena. The hyena had a rope tied round its neck, and from each side of this extended another rope held by two men. The hyena rushed on the donkey, who coolly turned round and gave his antagonist a kick on the head. Not relishing such treatment, the wild beast flew at the poor ass and pulled him over. The donkey, however, soon recovered himself, knelt on the hyena in the most cunning manner possible, and fastened his teeth in his enemy's shoulder, apparently grasping it with the greatest satisfaction. I believe the little fellow, who certainly raised the asinine species high in my favour, would have bit off a portion of it, had not an attendant separated the combatants. I have not seen anything more amusing than this fight, and less harmful in its result. Two terrier dogs next made their appearance; a bird was let loose on the water, and they sent after it. Their part was soon played. Two men next commenced their duties. The first combatant was a man with a large sword, very heavy, with a large handle. He wielded it about as if he was attacked by a host of enemies, groaned, advanced, retreated, jumped, and flourished his weapon with fearful rapidity, cut his neck, and eventually cut a melon in slices, as a feat of dexterity. Another succeeded him, who was in his movements as active as anybody could be. From his actions and motions, I inferred that he was imaginatively attacked by a regiment. He cut, waved his sword, put his shield to every part of his body, and, to say the least of it, was very well practised in agility. Two athletic persons then performed some surprisingly quick movements with weapons like two-pronged forks, and displayed the utmost nimbleness in all their evolutions. They met, closed, overthrew each other, seized each other's hands, loosened them, laid on their backs, and did everything surprisingly well and quick. Two others then fought with each other for about ten minutes, and performed some most admirable

manœuvres; neither, however, received many blows from his ambidextrous antagonist. A man with four swords next came forward, and gave us a specimen of his activity and nimbleness. He had two swords in each hand, the handle of one touching that of the other. The next performer was a man with a *bariat* (a spear with a ball on each end of it), who excelled in agility anything I have ever seen. He held it in the middle, and wielded it like lightning; I really believe it would have been impossible to have struck him with a sword. One man of herculean proportions then displayed feats of dexterity and strength with an immensely thick and heavy club. Men and boys then carried on the sports. Elephant fights succeeded; and an encounter between two rhinoceroses next amused the spectators. After being urged for some time by their keepers, they met, and made two or three pushes at each other with their horns; when suddenly one, not liking the contest, coolly turned round, and, to my surprise, walked into the water and quietly took a bath; the other seeing which, followed his example. Elephant fights commenced again; two of them fought so furiously, that they were only separated with difficulty by men rushing between them with fireworks. There was also some graceful horsemanship exhibited by some men on the opposite side of the water. One rode backwards and forwards with great address, fired a gun, and performed admirable feats of dexterity. At eleven o'clock we went to another place, to witness the tiger and buffalo fights. A buffalo, with a little calf, but not its own, was the first that appeared on the ground below us. Two tigers were then let loose upon it. A slight skirmish between the buffalo and a tiger took place, and another royal Bengal tiger attacked the poor calf, and tore it to pieces. The buffalo once slightly struck one of the tigers and broke his teeth. The skirmishing continued for some time, when master Bruin made his appearance. He was a little fellow, with a great deal of courage; and though he retreated from the charge of the buffalo, did not hesitate to attack a tiger, whom he severely wounded. The latter, however, too strong for the poor bear, seized him in his mouth, pressed his skull, and bit off the greatest part of the lower jaw. The bear retreated to the middle of the arena, staggered about for some time, and then fell down; the eyes turned dim, and he was taken motionless into the cage; a rope, however, prevented his having fair play. The buffalo, meanwhile, smarting only from the wound made by the tiger, several times charged towards the tigers, but did not assail them. Four tigers were then let loose, but only crouched down, and dared not attack the victorious buffalo.

What we would point out as worthy of remark in this detail, is the comparative humanity of the sports, and the obvious change in this respect which has taken place in the national character within no great space of time. In the travels of John Mandelslo we have an account of a dinner given by the native governor of Ahmedabad to his Dutch and English friends, at which the amusement was nautch dancing, performed by twenty girls. When these had danced themselves out, the host sent for another set, who, on refusing to come, were dragged into the presence, and, as a punishment for their insolence, *beheaded* on the spot before the European guests! These were the Indian recreations at the comparatively recent date when the English first appeared upon the scene.

We have only further to remark, that the animal fights of the king of Oude, while betraying the low status which the people hold as a community, are incomparably more humane than the amusements of a portion of the English people.

AUSTRALIAN WINE.

Such is the extent to which vineyards have been planted in New South Wales, that a single landowner, Mr M'Arthur, has made in one year 17,000 gallons of wine, some of which, when bottled, has been sold for 20s. a dozen at Sydney.

OGIER THE DANE.

[BY W. MOY THOMAS.]

[Ogier the Dane was one of the most favourite heroes of the ancient Trouvères. Ariosto and other Italian poets have also given him a place in their poems. The stories that are told of him are innumerable, embracing various portions of his long career, which extended to nearly a century, without impairing the vigour and bravery of his character. At last, on returning from the Holy Land, he is said to have landed by chance on an island belonging to the fay Morgana. That lady, who was a kind of siren, conceiving a strong passion for the ancient warrior, presented him with a crown of three flowers inwoven, which had the power of imparting to the wearer immortal youth, at the same time steeping his delighted senses in forgetfulness. How this charm was at length broken is not now necessary to be known. His fabulous adventures present that curious mixture of northern chivalry and Oriental superstition which is easily accounted for in the long connection of the Moors with Southern Europe.]

Often the starlight have I seen,
And many suns go up the sky;
And long with thee I must have been,
Morgana, dreaming pleasantly.
Yet still the triple-flowered crown
I wear, and in the marble font
I cannot mark a single frown
Whereby my happy years to count.

What was I ere I came to thee?
I know not; but a dream I have
At times of moving on the sea,
Or fighting with a turbaned slave:
Of river-shadowing palm-trees near
Great cities all of marble planned,
And wells of water cool and clear
Wide scattered in a barren land.

Great crowds of people, too, I've seen,
Who called me Ogier the Dane,
And hailed me bravest Paladin;
That fought for knightly Charlemagne;
And seemed it something like a cry
That once had stirred my quiet heart,
But now it passed unheeded by,
As pass the summers where thou art.

From these high towers of Avalon
I see the waters every way,
And the deep sky looks deeper on
The brimming surface of the bay.
Ah! I am safe in Paradise;
I know it, for it changeth not:
I will not fear where nothing dies,
So bring light myrrh and bergamote:

And bring me wine of sunny gold,
And ope the silver-hinged door,
And let the air blow soft and cold
'Mong curtains rustling evermore:
And my Morgana, come and sing
No hateful song of cruel wars,
And thou shalt find me listening
When all the sky is full of stars.

And pleasant shall it be to take
Aside the flowered tapestry,
And see on the fresh-water lake
A circle of the dotted sky.
And if the unaccompanied moon
Come up, we'll watch her all the night,
From rising, till her silver noon,
And thence till morning drinks her light.

So gazing with a dull blue eye,
Entranced he listened, while the sun
Went down, and in the farther sky
A pale star twinkled all alone:
Then sad and weary was the gloom
That spread upon the quiet sea,
And still more sad and wearisome
Her low and thoughtful melody.

And from the dull and lowly mood
These things within his spirit wrought,
He spake of how the fair and good
To evil suddenly are brought.
Meanwhile deep thoughts enfilmed his eye,
And felt they like a dreary spell,
The shadow of the misery
That on the morrow there befell.

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TEARS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

We have already given the anatomy of laughter, and are now tempted to inquire into the nature of the opposite phenomenon. This sequence is perfectly natural; for the two subjects are connected by more than contrast—an overflowing of the eye being an unailing accompaniment of the convulsion of mirth. In the midst of life we are in death; in the midst of laughter we are in tears! But the strange association does not end here; for weeping produces joy, by relieving and solacing the wounded heart; and through the gloomy portals of the grave we pass into immortal life.

Weeping is an earlier affection than laughter. The former comes to us with our first inflation of the lungs by atmospheric air; but we are not sufficiently reconciled to the world to laugh at it for some little time. Crying is easy: we take to it by instinct the moment we are born; but we require a month or two, and sometimes more than that, to find out the jest of life. We do not know all at once what people mean by poking us in the ribs, pinching our cheeks, throttling us with their kisses, and addressing us in an unknown tongue. But the fun of the thing at length dawns upon us, and then becomes clearer and clearer, till, beginning with a smile, we get in time to a downright crow. Weeping is not only first, it is likewise last. The tears of infancy are renewed in old age; and the same salutation we give the world at meeting suffices for our farewell. But midway between these two points we are freer from the emotion. Equidistant from the softness of youth and the weakness of age, the 'mortal coldness of the soul' comes down over our manhood like death:—

'That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears!'

Weeping is not only first and last, it is a necessary condition of perfect life. Laughter no doubt is wholesome, from its effect upon the lungs and the circulation; but tears are indispensable to the sight. Some people get on very well without laughing; but we must all look at the world through our tears, or else not look at all. Without this moisture, the eye would lose its brightness, the cornea would wither and dry up, and we should become blind. Laughter is an accident, an exception, a liberty taken with nature; and after the convulsion is over, our features recompose themselves into deeper gravity than before, as if in remorse for their extravagance. Tears, on the other hand, are a normal suffusion that is necessary to the organ of sight; and after their effusion in weeping, we feel refreshed and thankful—the grief that has called them forth being softened by the shower, just as any acrid matter that may enter the eye is diluted by its protecting tears.

But although grief may be the most common cause of weeping, it is by no means the sole cause. Joy, surprise, sympathy, and other emotions, affect us in the same way. When long-severed friends meet again, they not unfrequently weep. Thus Joseph was so affected by the meeting with his brethren, that 'he made haste, and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there.' Among savages there is a great difference in this respect. The American Indian would think his manhood foully stained by a tear; while among the New Zealanders, weeping is practised as an accomplishment by the chiefs, who consider it still more necessary to be able to cry well than fight well. The western strangers, they remark, meet their friends like so many dogs—civilised dogs of course they mean—giving each other a paw. As for themselves, they not only embrace, and rub noses, but then sit solemnly down face to face, and drawing their mats over their heads, weep for joy, as if their hearts were breaking.

Triumph, after severe suspense, moves men to tears as commonly as the joy of meeting. Laughter is said by some writers to be a manifestation of this proud feeling; but the same thing might be said more correctly of weeping. We remember, when visiting the church of Notre-Dame at Mantes, being much struck with the loftiness of the vault of the nave, from which some men, engaged in whitewashing the roof, swung in barrels, looking like so many spiders. When this vault was built, and the supports were about to be withdrawn, Eudes de Montreuil, terrified at the boldness of the arch he had constructed, did not dare to look on, but went home, and there awaited the result in an agony of suspense. Judge of his feelings when he heard at length the hasty steps of his nephew, whom he had deputed to witness the operation. 'It stands! it stands!' cried the young man, bursting into the room, 'an immortal monument of your fame!' At the words, the architect fell to the ground, as if struck down with a blow, and burst into a passion of tears.

The constructor of the first Menai bridge had more nerve than Eudes. He looked on while the last chain was fastening, when in another moment the fate of his remarkable work would be determined; but success had the same effect upon him as upon the French architect, and when he saw that all was safe, he burst into tears. A feeling somewhat different from this, united with home recollections, affected Bruce when he saw the object of his adventurous wanderings completed; and his full heart saluted the source of the Nile, not with exclamations of wonder and exultation, but with silent tears.

No more than this! What seemed it now
First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Thence far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices called him back.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Behold his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years!
Oh happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee.'

We need hardly remind our readers that Queen Victoria, oppressed with conflicting emotions, wept when the crown was first placed upon her head.

But tears are not only called forth by opposite feelings, they are likewise the cause of opposite phenomena.

'I saw thee weep—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dripping dew:
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.'

It did not perhaps occur to the poet that these two effects were produced by the same cause, and that his mistress's eye owed its brilliance, as well as its softness, to a tear. The power attributed to the eye in itself is in great part a delusion. It is not a kind of *soul*, as people are fond of representing it, but a mere body, owing its greater or less brightness to the greater or less adaptation of its colour for reflecting light through the lachrymal liquid. Its expression is determined, in great part, by the other features, but more especially the mouth. Look at the face of a blind man, and you will see that it expresses the passions pretty nearly as well as that of a man endowed with sight—wanting only the effect of moisture in the eye, the quantity of which is to a certain degree indicative of the emotion.

We tried recently an experiment on this question, the converse of that of the blind man; putting out the other features instead of the eye, and leaving that alone to tell its story. This we accomplished by means of a paper mask, which hid the whole face with the exception of the eye; and our subjects being chiefly young ladies, it may readily be supposed that we obtained as much expression as nature intended to give. But what an expression! If you have ever witnessed the unnatural effect of a glass eye, think of what *two* would have. While the paper mask was quivering, and the whole frame convulsed with suppressed laughter, there stood the eyes, staring straight forward, cold, stony, mute, spectral, destitute of feeling and of life. There was something strange, almost shocking in the contrast; but when the mask was torn off, and the young and mirthful face disclosed entire, the expression at once returned in a flood of light, and the rekindled eyes laughed till they wept.

The lower animals bear testimony to the same thing. In them we often meet with an expression either of amiability or moroseness; but this is without variety, except in those species gifted with mobility of feature. The cat, for instance, who has no such mobility, except on extraordinary occasions, looks invariably grave, even in the midst of her wildest gambols. The dog, on the other hand, having the power of imitation, has a decidedly human smile when he chooses, and can easily be moved to tears by soft and melancholy tones. But we were once very intimately acquainted with a lady's lapdog, which followed its mistress in something more than her smiles and tears. This little animal was of the most delicate organisation, and of so nervous a temperament, that on meeting a beloved friend (such as ourselves) after a long absence, the joy was overpowering,

and poor Fanny fainted away. This curious manifestation of sensibility we have repeatedly witnessed, although only in the case of the same individual of our canine friends.

With regard to the human species, it is not only in the important circumstances and great emergencies of life that tears come uncalled for; they are produced by a thousand sympathetic emotions, so slight and evanescent, that we can hardly trace their nature or their track. A trait of generosity or nobleness of feeling—a picture of hopeless devotion—a scene of humble happiness—a breath of music—a word—a look, associated with our early recollections—all may cause a sudden suffusion in the eyes, wanting only opportunity to overflow. A deep tragedy affects us in this way less than a little touch of sentiment occurring in a comedy. Our taste may be gratified by the pictured griefs of princes and heroes, but our tears rise more freely in obedience to some thrill of the chord of our everyday feelings and sympathies. Among tragedies, those are the most successful in touching us which the heart can translate into common language, and remove into the humble sphere of its own affections.

It is impossible that a comedy can make us laugh which does not here and there make us sad and tearful. No one can laugh through several acts, any more than he can refrain from yawning after the first few pages of a jest-book. We want contrast to give relief, to carry us on from point to point, to give piquancy to the entertainment. The mind needs no repose, but it must have variety. When tired of one thing, it applies itself to another of a totally different kind—just as a tailor gets up to rest himself by standing. Tears and laughter, besides, are natural associates; a fact which was impressed upon us many years ago by the admirable acting of the elder Mathews, in a trifling little comic piece called 'My Daughter's Letter.' He personified an old Frenchman in Canada, who was constantly calling at the post-office for a letter from his daughter, and was as often disappointed. Here were slight materials—but Mathews was a man of genius; and he so contrived, with his pathos and absurdities, his French broken by English, and English broken by French, and the universal language of nature over all, to keep the audience in a continuous alternation of sobs and laughter. Never did we hear such manifestations of grief—never behold such enjoyment of fun. One moment everybody was drowned in tears, and nothing was heard but catching of breaths and blowing of noses; the next a general burst of laughter swept round the house like a tempest.

A living poet desires of chemistry to turn a tear into a gem, that he may wear it on his bosom:

'Oh that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure,
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure!'

But as the great bulk of tears consists of water, with only a very small portion of saline substances, it might be difficult to obtain from them in sufficient quantity (unless perhaps in New Zealand) even such evanescent crystals as are left by evaporation. The ordinary use of tears is to wash and moisten the eye, for which a small quantity suffices; but nature is never found wanting in great emergencies, and accordingly, in the case of an accidental injury, the liquid pours upon the cornea in such abundance as may be requisite for its protection. It guards the eye from cold, screens it from light, assuages its sufferings from smoke or other acrid vapour, and breaks the harshness of contact with

a foreign body, which it either dissolves, or floats away in its beneficent stream. Finally, in affections of the mind, and more especially sorrow, tears pour in until they overflow. 'In tears, as Metastasio tells us through Mrs Hemans—

'In tears the heart oppress with grief
Gives language to its woes;
In tears its fulness finds relief,
When rapture's tide o'erflows!
Who, then, unclouded bliss would seek
On this terrestrial sphere,
When e'en delight can only speak,
Like sorrow, in a tear?'

In such emergencies as we have mentioned the operation of nature is spontaneous. When the eye is wounded, she rushes, like a watchful mother, to the rescue, and without any solicitation on our part, pours bountifully out the curative waters of her fountain. But when it is the heart that is torn by great grief or sudden emotion, although she is equally on the alert to soothe and heal, there is this difference, that in the former case we are passive patients in her hands, while in the latter we are often able to exercise control, and defy at once the doctor and the disease. Persons of strong nerve can arrest the torrent of their tears, even when the big drops are trembling on their lashes, and compel the rising waters to sink and disappear. Many an eye looks cold and calm when the fountain of its hot and bitter tears is boiling beneath. Many a pale, smooth brow is raised erect, as if to look down the misery that besets it in society, when the proud man would fain, like him of old, hide himself in his chamber to weep unseen.

But pride, being in itself unholy, cannot be expected to produce good fruits; and accordingly, wherever the dread of tears prevails habitually, and in an excessive degree, we find coldness of heart instead of manliness of character, and an incapacity to extend to others that sympathy which we shrink from ourselves. Abstractedly, there is nothing more unmanly in a manifestation of sensibility by tears than by smiles. The one is no more a proof of weakness than the other; and generally speaking, the former have their origin in the higher and more refined emotions. When reading anything ridiculous, we smile openly; but when the subject awakens our better sensibilities, we either repress our tears, or hide them as something shameful or criminal. Why is this? We have heard in conversation various reasons assigned for the odium into which tears have fallen. Their hypocrisy, for instance, since so many people have the New Zealand faculty of producing them at will; and the constitutional feebleness they betray, since women and children are the greatest weepers. But is the opposite phenomenon more rare in women and children? Is the 'sapphire blaze' always a natural production? Does the silver laugh invariably come from the heart? Have we never heard that a man may 'smile, and smile, and be a villain?' There are, of course, sensibilities for which weeping would be as unavailing a manifestation as laughter; and there are likewise

'Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;'

but we suspect that our dread of betraying the softer emotions is a remnant of the same unreflective pride which keeps the western Indian in a state of savagism to this day. The remark, however, is addressed exclusively to our own countrymen; for among most of the continental nations, a proud and manly eye is no more

despised than a sweet and feminine one for being seen, even on many ordinary occasions, suffused with sympathetic tears.

DRY FOGS.

To any one but a metropolitan the subject of fogs is in all probability destitute of much interest. Even the smoke-dried Londoner is beginning to grow weary of the reiterated phenomenon, and the time comes when meteorology alone will look upon a fog with kindness, and take pains to investigate its nature and disclose its causes. If fogs were *all* like 'London fogs,' we should not regret the neglect. We are about, however, to call attention to a variety of this phenomenon which, from the rarity of its occurrence, and the highly important nature of its effects, is sure to excite the reader's interest, and may set afloat his speculations. Meteorologists have agreed to call it, by way of distinction, 'dry fog.' The ordinary aqueous meteor called 'fog' admits of an easy and natural explanation, as produced by the precipitation of watery vapour, held by the air in diffusion, and deposited in the form of opaque spherules of water. Although men of science have disagreed on the subject, it appears most probable that the vapour, in its precipitation, forms minute vesicles or bladders of water, containing each a little spherule of air. The direct causes of such phenomena are, without doubt, principally disturbances of atmospheric temperature, often, probably, the intermixture of a cold current from the north, with a warm, water-laden stream of air from the south or south-west. The peculiar, defiling, world-renowned opacity of a metropolitan fog—a genuine one, that is to say, the 'pride of November'—is undoubtedly attributable to the infusion of the smoke of a million chimneys. It has been clearly shown that carbonaceous particles possess a great avidity for the absorption of different vapours and gases. Absorbing, then, the excessively saturated air, they become doubly increased in weight; and consequently, instead of dissipating by the ordinary process, they sink down, covering the great city with their hateful odours. These few preliminary remarks are necessary, because it is of importance to distinguish between the phenomena classed under the general head 'fog.' It is thus seen that fog, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, is simply a hydro-meteor, connected often, though probably not invariably, if we give credit to M. Peltier, with electric phenomena.

Dry fogs, distinguished from the above in origin and in character, cannot well be described, except from the appearances which attend them. A mass of air appears of a dim blue colour; the azure of the sky has lost its ordinary purity of tone, and appears muddy; objects at any distance are either altogether removed from sight, or are shrouded in a delicate mantle of light-blue; the sun at mid-day is shorn of much of its brilliancy, and its aspect is no longer golden, but reddish; as it nears the horizon, the unprotected eye can look on it without annoyance, and sometimes, if the dry fog is dense, it is lost to sight before it dips in reality beneath the distant hills; lastly, there is often a peculiar odour perceptible, and electrical and even volcanic phenomena are often prevalent about the same time. Occasionally dry fog reaches an intensity great enough to attract public observation, and even to claim record in the works of historical authors. In 1557, after a very hot July, August, and September, thick, ill-smelling fogs made their appearance, and were much noted, by reason of the alarming circumstances which followed in their train. In 1733, a still more extraordinary phenomenon occurred in France. According to De Jussieu, 'fogs more dense than the darkness of Egypt, and of a most offensive odour,' covered the land, and filled the inhabitants with consternation. History also makes mention of a similar phenomenon which occurred in England at the time of the dreadful earthquake which shook the city of Lisbon to ruins. This fog lasted

for eight days, and for density and opacity, had not been equalled for a century previously. In October 1775, the district of Galloway in Scotland was visited by a dark, dense fog, which had the extraordinary duration of *five weeks*. It was accompanied with a particularly disagreeable smoky smell, but with very little rain: the wind continued pretty steadily from the south-east. During the whole period of its continuance, the sun was almost wholly obscured. It appears probable that this fog had travelled northward from France, as the autumn of the same year had ushered thick and noisome fogs, with concurrent maladies, into that country.

We believe, however, that not since the dawn of history has any dry fog been so remarkable as that of the years 1782 and 1783. This phenomenon, in fact, deserves a most conspicuous place among the *memorabilia* of meteorology; its like has never been seen since, nor is there any account of a similar one before. It appeared in the form of a pale blue haze; it was most dense at noonday; at a little distance, objects were totally lost sight of; the sun, at his meridian, looked of a blood-red colour; it was said to possess an indescribably peculiar odour; drying properties of a certain kind were also attributed to it; and it was believed to have deposited in some places drops of a viscid, acrid liquid. The most remarkable fact was its enormous tract of distribution. It covered the immense region extending from Lapland to Africa! Dr Hamilton writes, that in England, from the 1st of January to the end of May, and especially in the latter weeks of that period, there was a remarkably gloomy and uncommonly disturbed state of the atmosphere. Dr Darwin adds his testimony, and declares that the air was quite muddy, and the sun for many weeks obscured by dry fog, so as to appear blood-red. At the same time that it mantled over England, it shrouded Paris; and travellers who had just come from Rome, declared it to be just as thick and hot in Italy; and even the summits of the highest Alps were covered with it. Travellers from Spain affirmed the same of the condition of the air in that country. 'At Dover,' says a contemporaneous account, 'the oldest man living could not remember any fog of so long a continuance;' and it was stated that for weeks the opposite shore could not be descried. On the 10th of June, it appears to have reached an extraordinary height at Lincoln. A thick, hot vapour filled for several days the valley between the hill on which the upper town stands and that which descends from the heath; so that, to borrow an expression of the time, the sun and moon appeared 'like heated brick-bats,' and as they are sometimes seen through a morning fog in the metropolis. The captains of vessels from the Archipelago and Mediterranean, declared that the fog was equally dense in these generally transparent regions; and navigation became excessively hazardous in consequence. This extraordinary phenomenon produced the greatest alarm. The churches, and cathedrals, and saints' shrines on the continent, were crowded with panic-stricken multitudes, who augured from it the immediate dissolution of the present order of things. In England, serious impressions of a similar kind, though differently manifested, were awakened, and many sober-minded Christians believed the end of the world to be at hand. In Paris there was the greatest consternation. M. de Lalande, the eminent member of the Royal French Academy of Sciences, sought to allay the panic, and published a letter to the editors of several journals, conveying his views upon the probable cause of the phenomenon. He stated that a dry fog, of a somewhat similar character, though of course far more circumscribed, had appeared in 1764, and was followed by storms and hail. Such, he predicted, would very likely be the conclusion of the present visitation; and the event showed that he was correct. The grounds on which he thus attempted the solution of the difficulty will be presently stated.

The most tremendous volcanic and electrical phenomena coexisted with the fog of 1783, and succeeded to it.

Calabria was rent by a devastating earthquake, and in Iceland a volcanic eruption of unparalleled violence took place, the lava-stream of which desolated a large tract, and burnt up seventeen villages. The thunderstorms were of terrific energy. One of the principal cities in the north of Hungary was destroyed. The lightning struck it in nine different places, setting the city on fire in every direction, and it was thus burnt to the ground. In many parts of Germany churches were struck, public edifices seriously damaged, and powder-magazines blown up. Silesia was distracted with a succession of similar catastrophes, and experienced in addition the terrors of devastating water-floods. In France, storms of wind laid the country waste, and the harvest of ten domains was altogether destroyed by tempests of hail. In England the ruin was awful. In the course of twenty days, at least *eighteen* deaths took place by lightning-stroke; not to mention a very large number of persons who were struck, but escaped death. In the county of Norfolk, one farmer lost forty sheep, and several horses, by the electric fluid; the destruction of live-stock in other counties was very great. Fire-balls fell upon many houses, destroying them, or setting them on fire, and causing the deaths of the inhabitants. The shipping was struck, and many lives lost; mills were burnt to the ground; mansions and cottages alike were smitten with the ruin-dealing bolts. The thunder rolled its deep tones incessantly over the affrighted country, and appeared to intimate the arrival of more terrible judgments. The lightning assumed the most fantastic forms, sometimes globular, sometimes in broad sheets, and sometimes as if it were emitted from the mouth of a cannon. The rains which followed were unusually heavy, and many districts were laid deep under water.

In the year 1814, a similar obscuration of the air took place, though of a more limited extent, and accompanied by excessive cold. In the metropolis and in Dublin the darkness was extreme; probably much more so than in the case just referred to. Many persons perished by walking into canals and rivers. At the Dublin post-office, in consequence of the condition of the atmosphere preventing their transport, it was calculated that at least *ten tons* of newspapers lay waiting for fair weather. Persons who charitably undertook to guide others through the dim air, were like the blind leading the blind; and the proverbial catastrophe in more than one instance followed. The atmosphere of the year 1831, that much-to-be-remembered period, exhibited a similar foggy condition, but of less intensity, and apparently assimilating closer in character to that of 1782-3. Dr Hancock states that he was informed by an intelligent captain of a sailing-vessel that he could not remember for thirty years such a condition of the air as occurred at that time; and added, that he had not made one voyage free from fog for the past eighteen months. In 1834, says the meteorologist Kæmiz, a dense dry fog was observed, which covered a very large portion of Germany.

We now approach one of the most interesting and most modern examples of a dry fog. In the early part of the year 1846, the 'Gardeners' Chronicle' gives an account from a correspondent of a light fog or haze, which was observed to be slowly travelling over the surface of the earth, from the south-west to the north-east. In some districts the appearances were very remarkable; dense fogs of a defined outline, of a very peculiar kind, were seen to creep over the surface, and sometimes covered whole districts. They were occasionally accompanied with excessive sultriness, and the manifestation of violent electrical phenomena. These fogs were by no means limited to one district, but appeared at different periods very generally over the country, and were particularly remarked in the Highlands of Scotland. Those who encountered them, state that they possessed a very peculiar odour, a sort of half-putrefactive, half-sulphu-

rous stench. Finally, it may be mentioned that toward the close of the last year 1847, in addition to an unusually disturbed condition of the atmosphere, the Registrar-General's report makes mention of a period of very unusual darkness, which, being concomitant with the epidemic of the period, lends some probability to the belief entertained by many that that was due to the presence of 'dry fog' in the air.

In the course of the foregoing observations we have avoided intermingling the consequences of dry fogs with the accounts of their occurrence, purposely, that this very remarkable portion of our subject might stand out in clearer relief in its present position. It may be taken as a well-established fact, that the *peculiar dry fog* to which all along reference has been made, is almost invariably followed by the breaking forth of disease. Be the nature of the disease what it may, it exhibits this remarkable peculiarity, that it attacks the lower animals as well as human beings; very frequently it also affects vegetables. Let us support our position. In the instance of 1557, the dry fog had not lasted more than a few days, when a malignant epidemic of extreme violence followed. In France, a raging epidemic catarrh immediately succeeded to the dense dry fog occurring in 1775; and in England, horses and dogs died in great numbers before it appeared amongst the people. The remarkable phenomenon of 1782-3 was still more extensively productive of disease; a severe epidemic catarrh—in other words, influenza—accompanying it. Men and brutes were alike sufferers. A remarkable fact has been mentioned, that at St Petersburg, during the prevalence of this fog, the thermometer suddenly rose thirty degrees, and the *very next morning*, as if the aerial poison only required an elevated temperature to act extensively and immediately, *forty thousand persons* were laid up with influenza! Need we remind bereaved friends and relatives, whose heart-wounds seventeen years have scarcely healed, of the dreadful scourge which visited us in 1831—the CHOLERA? It has been a common mistake lately to state that the last great attack of epidemic influenza preceded the cholera; the fact being just the reverse, for the influenza followed on the heels of that disorder. Now, the atmosphere in 1831 has been already commemorated as being pervaded by dry fog, and we beg to submit the following striking fact. Dr Prout, for several weeks before the arrival of cholera in the metropolis, had been engaged in ascertaining the specific gravity of the atmosphere; and on one particular occasion he found it suddenly *increased*. Surprised at the result, he repeated the experiment; but the increase was still manifest. *Next day*, the first case of epidemic cholera was reported in the metropolis, and from that time the disease continued to spread over the fated city. Influenza succeeded, and prostrated half the population, stopped manufactories, shut up shops, and closed the theatres. It is sufficiently remarkable that the peculiar dry fog which appears thus evidently to have been concerned in the production of these two extensive disorders, was accompanied (as usual) with remarkable electric phenomena, especially a brilliant aurora borealis, with tornados and earthquakes, and with the outburst of a new volcanic crater in the sea, near Sicily. Facts of a remarkable kind have been adduced to prove that the dry fogs of 1845-6 were intimately connected with the potato disease. The recent epidemic—corresponding as it did in every respect with the symptoms of previous epidemic catarrhs—there is every reason to believe, is safely to be attributed to the presence of a similar impurity in the atmosphere; and it is interesting to remember that the period was particularly observed to be marked by electric disturbances, and one or two magnificent displays of the aurora borealis.

The inquiry now arises—can science offer any explanation of these phenomena? The following have been proposed by men of eminence. Lalande believed the great haze of 1782-3 to be caused by the development of a large quantity of electricity in a

hot summer succeeding to a moist winter. But however we may be disposed to admit the actual existence of a large electric charge in this fog, it is difficult to suppose that the presence or absence of electricity could produce, in the first place, an alteration in the physical characters of the atmosphere; and in the second, the remarkable morbid consequences of dry fog. Other meteorologists believe it to have arisen from metallic emanations. We may particularly allude to the ingenious theory of Dr Prout, developed in his *Bridgewater Treatise*. One of the most alarmingly destructive and deleterious gases known to chemistry, is seleniuretted hydrogen, a compound of the metal selenium and hydrogen gas. Berzelius has the honour of its discovery; but he himself experienced the powers of this agent. Allowing a minute bubble, as large as a *pin's head*, to enter his nostril, he was immediately sensible of a violent pain, and *all the symptoms of a very severe catarrh* ensued, and lasted for some days. 'Now,' says Dr Prout, 'selenium is a volcanic product; dry fogs are preceded by volcanic disturbances; is it, therefore, conceivable that some compound of seleniuretted hydrogen, perhaps with ammonia, is the cause of the dry fog, or at any rate of its disease-producing qualities?' Every spark from a mind constituted like Dr Prout's emits light; and we are by no means prepared to negative this conjecture entirely, although we do not consider it equal to the explanation of the whole phenomenon. M. Veltmann has shown that the haze of 1782-3 was coincident with great burnings of peat land in Westphalia. M. Kämtz, following his suggestions, and in the tone of rash confidence which too often characterises an erroneous doctrine, believes that dry fog is—to give his opinion in one word—nothing but smoke. In support of his theory, he states that *the dry fogs of Germany* are coincident with the annual peat-burnings of that country, and are therefore very probably only the diffused smoke arising from these combustions. He also shows that the dense dry fog of 1834 was probably produced by a great peat-burning in Bavaria and on the Hartz Mountains, while terrible conflagrations of peat and forests took place at the same time in Prussia, Silesia, Sweden, and Russia. Upon similar principles he would explain the immense phenomenon of 1782-3, endeavouring to show that the volcanic eruption which destroyed so many villages, and must have carbonised everything it overwhelmed, sent up such a vast volume of smoke into the air, as sufficiently to account for the phenomenon. He treats with disdain the idea that the fog and the epidemic disorders were connected. Highly as we respect the authority of M. Kämtz as a meteorologist, we cannot help feeling that there is a singular want of care in his inductions on this subject. In the first place, it is positively certain that volcanic eruptions have often *succeeded*, instead of preceded, dry fogs; and in the next, we would ask what are all the peat-burnings of Germany, a-fire at one time, compared to the combustion of one American prairie—a very ocean of fire? Yet the dry fog of 1782-3 has no parallel in the history of that continent; or, in fact, to come nearer home, we may ask what is all the smoke thus produced to that poured out in a week by our metropolitan chimneys, or by the more diligent furnaces of Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Manchester? We are not ignorant that certain astronomical phenomena, such as the scintillations of the stars, are much affected by the actual state of the atmosphere of our country, in consequence of its smoky habits; but it is preposterous to state that anything like the peculiar dry fog, with all its attendant electric and convulsive phenomena, arises from such a source.

It will be considered a pleonasm to say that the subject is altogether involved in deep obscurity. Chemistry confesses its ignorance, and meteorology acknowledges the same. The writer of this article has paid some attention to the question; but it appears impossible, in the present state of knowledge, to arrive at any accurate decision on the subject. It is of consequence,

however, to observe that only ignorance or prejudice will seek to confound the haziness of the atmosphere polluted by smoke with the singular phenomenon in question. The streets of every large city in which mineral coal is consumed, are always more or less shrouded in a pale blue veil; but this will not be confounded with the dry fog, so frequently the messenger of death to a country, or even a quarter of the globe. Mr Darwin, in his *Journal*, mentions the appearance of a peculiar blue haze mantling over distant objects. Humboldt, and other travellers in tropical climates, speak of similar phenomena, alluding to them as contributive of a peculiar grace to the landscape. But this appears principally due to the presence of aqueous vapour in the heated air. Such an unsatisfactory conclusion humbles us. But the position it compels us to assume is the right one after all. It may legitimately stimulate fresh inquiry, while it ought not to fail to elevate our thoughts to Him who has given power to an instrument of correction so terrible in operation, so fearful in effects!

THE HOLY LANCE.

THE Crusades were themselves a miracle of human enthusiasm, and we need not wonder at the narrative of miracles attendant on them which we find recorded by contemporary historians. Fanaticism was the mainspring of the first Crusades, and fanaticism is closely allied to credulity and superstition. The spirit of the age in which they took place was favourable to the belief in superhuman manifestations; and the cause in which the Crusaders were embarked was deemed so peculiarly the cause of Heaven, that no Divine intervention in their behalf appeared too astounding for acceptance. It is in the first Crusade especially that we find most frequent instances of this superstitious credulity and fanaticism; for during it, the inexperienced rashness of the Christians oftenest brought them into straits, from which nothing but the invigorating belief in the marked favour of Heaven in their behalf could have sufficed for their extrication. In the later Crusades we hear less of miracles, and more of warlike ability and knightly prowess: the old saying, that 'God helps them who help themselves,' found readier acceptance than then the narratives of prodigies. Among the marvellous incidents recorded of the first Crusade, none were productive of such extraordinary and important results as the discovery of the Holy Lance—the story of which we have chosen as the subject of the following paper. The miracle and its attendant incidents will be found narrated at length in the work which we have used as our authority—the able and graphic '*Histoire des Croisades*,' by M. Michaud.*

After a protracted siege of eight months, Antioch fell into the possession of the Crusaders by the treachery of one of its citizens. It was high time. An immense host, such as the East can alone raise, was fast approaching for its relief, under Kerbogha, sultan of Mosoul, a warrior grown gray in arms; and on the third day after its fall, the mountain-slopes to the north were resplendent with the glittering armour of the Mussulman army, whose myriads soon covered the banks of the Orontes. The Crusaders had had no time to re-victual the city, and their foraging parties were quickly driven in, or cut to pieces by the Mussulman horse. Despite all the gallant efforts of their chiefs, they were unable to keep the field against their impetuous assailants; and in turn the Crusaders found themselves besieged in the taken city. The citadel of Antioch was still in the hands of the enemy; and the sorties of its garrison, combined with the assaults of the besiegers, placed the Christians, as it were, between two fires. But an enemy more dreadful still was already among them. Famine came, with all its attendant horrors. The chiefs themselves were soon involved in the surrounding misery. Godfrey, as long as any provisions remained with him, freely distributed them to the army; but at last the brave

warrior had to sell his sole battle-horse to procure the barest means of subsistence. The horses themselves were next killed for food, and roots and herbs were eagerly sought after and devoured by the famishing multitude. Despair seized on every heart; the people hid themselves in underground vaults, and shrunk from meeting their fellows in the streets. Antioch was like a city of the dead, or a place deserted by its inhabitants. The deepest silence reigned in its streets; and the stillness of night was only broken by the clangour of cymbal and kettle-drum from the Mussulman camp. Bohemond, left almost alone on the ramparts, strove in vain to rouse his men to defend the walls, and even gave to the flames an entire quarter of Antioch, to compel the inhabitants to bestir themselves. Misery and despair had brought apathy: spiritless, almost motionless, they endured the daily-increasing assaults of the enemy, who now redoubled their efforts in proportion as the prize seemed nearer their grasp.

All seemed lost. But at this fearful crisis fanaticism again woke up in the Christian army, and when all else had failed, saved it, even at the eleventh hour. Weakness and misery had made them superstitious, and prodigies and miracles were not wanting to revive their enthusiasm, and fill them anew with the confidence of victory. A priest, passing the night in a church, had a celestial vision, in which the Saviour, moved by the tears of the Holy Virgin, promised once more to aid the cause of the Christians. A deserter from the city had been met and turned back by his brother, whom he had seen killed in battle at his side, who assured the Crusaders of coming victory; and who said that himself and the rest of the slain would rise up and combat in their ranks. To complete the general enthusiasm, Barthelémy, a priest of the south of France, appeared before a council of the chiefs, and revealed to them how St Andrew had appeared to him thrice when asleep, and thus addressed him:—'Go to the church of my brother Peter at Antioch. Near the high altar you will find, on breaking ground, the iron head of the lance that pierced our Redeemer's side. In three days that instrument of eternal safety will be revealed to the eyes of his disciples. The mysterious iron, carried at the head of the army, will effect the deliverance of the Christians, and will pierce the heart of the infidels.' Adhemar, Raymond, and the other chiefs believed, or feigned to believe, in the apparition: the report quickly spread through the army; and the soldiers said one to another that nothing was impossible to the God of the Christians. For three days the Christian host prepared themselves by fasting and prayer for the discovery of the holy lance.

On the morning of the third day, twelve Crusaders, chosen from among the most respectable of the clergy and knights, met in the church of Antioch, with a number of workmen provided with the necessary tools, and commenced breaking ground at the foot of the high altar. The deepest silence reigned in the church; every moment they thought to see the miraculous iron. The whole army assembled at the gates, which could scarcely be kept shut, awaiting with impatience the result of the search. The diggers had worked for several hours, and had reached the depth of more than a dozen feet, without any appearance of the lance. Evening came, and they had not found it. The impatience of the Christians was every moment increasing. Amid the shadows of night, that now filled the church, one more trial is resolved on. While the twelve witnesses kneel in prayer at the edge of the pit, Barthelémy leaps into it, and in a short time reappears, holding the sacred iron in his hand. A cry of joy bursts from the assistants; it is repeated by the army, who were waiting at the church gates, and is soon re-echoed in every quarter of the city. The iron, on which all their hopes rest, is shown in triumph to the Crusaders; to them it seems a celestial weapon, with which God himself will scatter his adversaries. Every soul is exalted; they no longer doubt the protection of Heaven; and all demand with loud cries to be led to the combat.

Peter the Hermit was forthwith despatched to the gene-

ral of the Saracens, to propose to him a single combat or a general battle. His proud message was contemptuously received by Kerbogha, and the Christian envoys made a hasty retreat, to escape violence from the incensed Mussulmans. The chiefs of the Crusaders prepared for battle on the morrow. The heralds and the priests ran through the streets to animate the soldiers; the night was passed in prayer and devotion; and the last grain of flour in the city was used for the celebration of the mass.

At length day rose on this scene of warlike devotion. The wounded Raymond was left to keep in check the garrison of the citadel, and the rest of the army poured through the city gates into the plain. The sacred lance was borne by Raymond of Agiles. At the head of the army a portion of the clergy walked in procession, chanting the martial psalm, 'Let God rise, and let his enemies be scattered.' The bishops and priests who remained in the city, surrounded by the women and children, blessed from the ramparts the arms of the Christian host; and the neighbouring mountains rang with the war-cry of the Crusaders—'Dieu le veut!—Dieu le veut!' As they advanced into the plain, most of the knights and barons on foot, and many of the soldiers in rags, they seemed like an army of skeletons, so famine-struck were they all. The whole plain and mountain-slopes on the north bank of the Orontes were covered with the Mussulman battalions, among which that of Kerbogha, says an old writer, appeared like 'an inaccessible mountain.' But the enthusiasm of the Crusaders set odds at defiance; the exultation of victory already filled them as they advanced against the enemy. Two thousand Saracens, left to guard the passage of the bridge of Antioch, were cut to pieces by the Count of Vermandois. The fugitives carried the alarm to the tent of their general, who was then playing at chess. Starting from his false security, Kerbogha beheld a black flag displayed from the citadel of Antioch (the preconcerted signal of the advance of the Crusaders); and ordering the instant beheading of a deserter, who had announced the approaching surrender of the Christians, he immediately set about issuing orders for the battle.

Having forced the passage of the Orontes, the Crusaders advanced down its right bank against the Mussulman host, which was drawn up partly on the slopes of the mountains, and partly in the plain, stretching from their base to the river. The Christian army was wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm: the most common occurrences seemed to them prodigies announcing the triumph of their arms. A globe of fire which, after traversing the heavens, had burst over the Mussulman camp, seemed to them a foreign sign of victory: a gentle and refreshing rain, which fell as they were leaving Antioch, was in their eyes a fresh proof of the favour of Heaven: a strong wind, which aided the flight of their darts, and impeded those of the Saracens, seemed to them the wind of Divine wrath rising to disperse the infidels. The army marched against the enemy in the best order. A profound silence reigned in the plain, which everywhere glittered with the armour of the Christians. No sound was heard in the ranks but the voice of the chiefs, the hymns of the priests, and the exhortations of Adhemar.

Of a sudden the Saracens commenced the attack. They discharged a flight of arrows, and with barbaric cries bore down upon the Crusaders. But despite their impetuous onset, their right wing, under the emir of Jerusalem, was repulsed, and driven back in disorder. Godfrey experienced greater resistance from their left wing, which rested on the mountains; but it, too, was at length shaken, and confusion spread through the ranks. At this moment, when the troops of Kerbogha were giving way on all sides, Kilidj-Arslan, the sultan of Nice, who had advanced unseen on the reverse slopes of the mountains, suddenly burst upon the rear of the Christian army, and threatened to cut in pieces the reserve under Bohemond. The Crusaders, who combated on foot, could not withstand the first shock of the Saracen horse. Hugo the Great, apprised of Bohemond's danger, abandoned the pursuit of the fugitives, and hastened back

to support the reserve. The combat was renewed with fresh fury. Kilidj-Arslan, who had to avenge his former defeat at Doriolaus, and the loss of his states, fought like a lion at the head of his troops. A squadron of three thousand Saracen cavaliers, all bristling with steel, armed with ponderous maces, carried disorder and terror into the Christian ranks. The standard of the Count of Vermandois was taken and retaken, covered with the blood of Crusaders and infidels. Godfrey and Tancred, who flew to the succour of Hugo and Bohemond, signalled their strength and prowess by the slaughter of numbers of the Mussulmans. But the sultan of Nice, whom no reverses could daunt, still bore up stoutly against the shock of the Christians. When the battle was at its hottest, he ordered lighted firebrands to be thrown among the heath and dry herbage that covered the plain. Soon a conflagration rose, which surrounded the Christians with whirlwinds of flame and smoke. For a moment their ranks were shaken; they no longer saw or heard their chiefs. Victory seemed on the point of slipping from the grasp of the Crusaders, and Kilidj-Arslan already congratulated himself on the success of his stratagem.

Then, say the historians, a squadron was seen descending from the summits of the mountains, preceded by three knights clothed in white, and covered with dazzling armour. 'Behold,' cried the Bishop Adhemar, 'the celestial aid which was promised you! Heaven declares for the Christians! The holy martyrs St George, Demetrius, and Theodore, are come to combat along with us.' Forthwith the eyes of all were turned upon the celestial squadron. New ardour filled the hearts of the Crusaders, who were persuaded that God himself came to their aid; the war-cry, 'Dieu le veut!' rose again as loudly as at first. The women and children, assembled on the walls of Antioch, by their cries stimulated the courage of the Crusaders; the priests ran through the ranks with uplifted hands, thanking God for the succour which he sent to the Christian army. The charge again sounded along the line; every Crusader becomes a hero; nothing can withstand their impetuous onset. In a moment the Saracen ranks are shaken; they no longer fight, but in disorder. In vain they strive to rally behind the bed of a torrent, and on a height, where their clarions and trumpets sound the assembly. The Count de Vermandois, quickly following up his success, assails them in their new position, and drives them from it in utter confusion. Broken and discomfited, they now only look for safety in flight. The banks of the Orontes, the woods, the plains, the mountains, are covered with fugitives flying in wild disorder, and abandoning arms and baggage to the conquerors.

Kerbogha made his escape to the Euphrates, escorted by a few faithful followers. Tancred, and some others, mounting the steeds of the vanquished, pursued till nightfall the sultans of Aleppo and Damascus, the emir of Jerusalem, and the broken squadrons of the Saracens. The victorious Crusaders set fire to the intrenchments behind which the Mussulman infantry had taken refuge, and great numbers of the infidels perished in the flames. Such was the battle of Antioch, in which the Saracens left 100,000 dead on the field, while the Christians lost only 4000.

When the danger was past, the holy lance began to lose its miraculous influence over the troops. It remained in the keeping of Raymond and his Provençals, and the offerings which it brought to them as its guardians soon excited the jealousy of the rest of the army. Doubts were raised as to its genuineness, and Arnald and the Normans especially distinguished themselves by their vehement outcry against it. In vain miracles in its favour were got up by its supporters: nothing could silence its opponents, and discord rose to an alarming height in the army. At last Barthelemy, carried away by his fanaticism and the applause of his adherents, announced his intention of submitting to the ordeal by fire. In a moment calm was restored in the camp. The pilgrims who followed the Christian army were invited to witness the ordeal, and the host of the Crusaders ranged themselves in a circle round the place of trial. On the appointed

day (it was a holy Friday), a large pile of olive branches was raised in the middle of the vast plain. The flames already rose to a great height, when the spectators saw Barthelémy approach, accompanied by priests, who advanced in silence, barefoot, and clothed in their sacerdotal robes. Covered with a simple tunic, the priest of Marseilles carried the holy lance, decked with waving flaglets. When he had approached to within a few paces of the flaming pile, one of the principal clergy pronounced in a loud voice these words—'If this man has seen Jesus Christ face to face, and if St Andrew has revealed to him the divine lance, let him pass uninjured through the flames; if, on the contrary, he has been guilty of falsehood, let him be consumed, with the lance which he carries in his hands.' At these words all the assistants bowed, and replied together, 'Let God's will be done!' Barthelémy threw himself on his knees, took Heaven to witness as to the truth of all he had said, and recommending himself to the prayers of the clergy, rushed amid the flaming pile, through which an opening of two feet had been left for his passage.

For a moment he was hid from sight amid the flames. Many pilgrims began to bewail him as lost, when they saw him reappear on the side opposite to that where he had entered. He was immediately surrounded by an eager crowd, who wished to touch his garments, and who exclaimed it was a miracle. But the object of their veneration had received mortal injury. He was borne dying into the tent of the Count of Toulouse, where he expired a few days after, protesting to the last his innocence and his veracity. He was buried on the spot where the pile had been raised. Raymond and the Provençals persisted in regarding him as an apostle and a martyr; but the great majority of the pilgrims acquiesced in the 'judgment of God,' and the holy lance, from that day forward, ceased to work miracles.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FRENCH AGONY.

AT the time when we write—nearly four weeks before the day on which the present sheet appears—France is under the agony of a revolution, one of the immediate effects of which is, by the extinction of confidence, to disorganise the whole industrial system of the country, and put large masses of the people out of relation to their usual means of subsistence. The private suffering from this cause must be very great, and it is difficult to see where and how it is to end. What ought to be the conduct of England on the occasion? May she allowably exult in the distresses of a country which too often has expressed jealous and hostile feelings towards herself? May she even congratulate herself on that embarrassment which promises to make her neighbour for some time to come little able to act as an enemy to other states? We would hope that those who feel thus will be few, and that the bulk of our community will rather be disposed to compassionate the unhappy case of the French, and to show that they do so. Now seems to be the time for attempting to convince that people that England bears no malice towards them, and would much rather be regarded as their friend than their enemy. The French, let us remember, are now only in a new crisis of the transition which they have been obliged to make from the heartless despotism of their ancient monarchy, to such liberal institutions as we ourselves possess. For nearly sixty years has this transition been in progress, and how much the country has suffered in that time need not be particularised. The case is precisely that which was our own in the seventeenth century. Had we then had a predecessor in the realisation of free institutions, and had that state acted sympathisingly in the midst of some such agony as that of the Remonstrance, or the treaty of Uxbridge, or even the settlement of the crown on William and Mary, how pleasingly must we have felt it!—how apt would such conduct have been to wipe out past offences, and induce bonds of fraternal alliance

and peace! It would be well if, while forced in conscience to condemn many of their particular acts, we could truly and earnestly sympathise with the French in the distresses which they have almost involuntarily brought upon themselves. Let there be no levity in our remarks, much less any ill-considered reproaches; but let them see that our only interference is that of the benevolent social feelings, and that the first wish of our hearts is a good deliverance from their troubles. Such at least is, in our judgment, the duty of England on this occasion, under the constraint of the highest laws of our moral nature. The consequences are of inferior importance to the performance of the duty; but human nature can never perhaps be too impressively told that as we sow we must reap.

RELIEF FOR INDIGENT GENTLEWOMEN.

Among the many distressing visions of penury which meet our attention, one of the *most* distressing is that of the poor elderly female 'who has seen better days.' We can scarcely rank it amongst those which come broadly under public notice: it is more apt to shrink from the gaze of the world, and only to be discovered by accident by those who make it their duty to search into the nooks and crannies of our complicated social structure. Scarcely any one, however, can have failed to become acquainted more or less with some particular cases of the reduced gentlewoman; not always, alas! to be pictured as one sustaining neat and clean appearances in some poor lodging, and now and then even presenting herself at the tables of her old acquaintances, but often as the helpless bedrid creature, drawing out an attenuated existence on some miserable pittance, and dependent for half her living, and all the nursing she requires, on some sempstress niece, or old servant scarcely more vigorous than herself. For such persons, the ordinary charities of the country, whether those established by law, or those which spring from special voluntary benevolence, are of no avail, being destined for totally different objects. There is therefore scarcely any groan more hopeless than theirs; in no cases is the exigency of need more overmatched by obstructions to its relief—the chief of these being the delicacy which forbids asking.

A sense of the need which everywhere exists for charity meeting this peculiar form of wretchedness, induces us to advert to an institution having that end in view, which has been in operation for about a year in Edinburgh. It assumes the name of the 'Benevolent Fund for the Relief of Indigent Gentlewomen of Scotland above Fifty Years of Age, and Unmarried.' The mechanism for collecting funds very appropriately consists for the most part of ladies; the annual subscription (inclusive of donations) being half-a-crown. Thus £1265 have been collected in the first year. It may also be remarked as a peculiar feature, that about one half of the established clergy of the country have interested themselves in the collection of subscriptions. The expenses attending the starting of the society have absorbed a larger proportion of the results than was to have been expected; but nevertheless, sums varying from £5 to £10 have been given to 154 applicants. We find in the first annual report some brief anonymous memoranda of a selection of the cases, showing the age, parentage, other resources, and general condition of the poor ladies who have been selected for the society's charity—thus: '74; landed proprietor; about £8; quite blind; occasional aid from friends not related to her; no relations able or willing to support her.' '60; lieutenant royal navy; 3s. a week; nearly blind; weak in intellect; often without food or fire; no relatives.' '60; clergyman; subsistence only from knitting; no relatives.' '76; merchant; taught a school till 75 years old; £5 or £6; incapacitated by age for labour.' '51; captain in army; £6; Queen's bounty; almost constantly bedridden; gets a little assistance from a poor niece, who supports her own mother and two sisters by teaching.' These are short and similes

annals, but how much do they reveal! The report says very modestly, 'The relief, coming to them, as it did, at an inclement season of the year, was most welcome, and in many instances served to provide them with necessaries much required. The aid was in almost all cases administered through the ladies' own pastors, and the gratitude of all was unbounded. Some of the openings of the hearts of the poor destitute ladies to their ministers, when receiving from them the welcome allowances, were most touching.'

We would hope that a fund calculated to be so serviceable in the mitigating of human misery, will continue to be well supported, and will also not be allowed to remain an example unhonoured by imitation in other portions of the empire.

THE CHARACTER OF COSTUME.

ALL who have exercised even a superficial degree of observation, must be aware how much their estimation of a stranger is influenced by the habiliments of his outward man. The garnishing of a bonnet, or the pattern of a vest, can give curious hints on biography; and Beau Brummell's maxim, that a 'man was esteemed according to the set of his shirt-collar,' is not without some experimental truth. Look out on a city thoroughfare, saunter along a fashionable promenade, enter a place of public assembly, and see what varieties of character present themselves to the mind through the different combinations of silk, woollen, and cotton fabrics which form the staple of British apparel. Almost involuntarily a spectator will discover and classify the accurate and inflexible in small ways, who would wage war for the size of a button or the position of a pin; the jumbled and disorderly, whose lives stumble on from one casualty to another; the strivers after effect and show; the servants of unembellished utility; the creatures of milliners, yea, and those of tailors also, who live only from the fashion; and the few who use the fashions of life, yet are not subject to any of them. It is not possible that impressions thus received could be always correct: there are a thousand petty influences that operate on the clothing as well as the conduct of humanity, but they are generally entertained in lieu of something more certain; and those who will not go as far as character, occasionally inquire of beaver and broad cloth regarding the wearer's profession; not only where it has appropriated some peculiar mode, as in the cases of clergy and military men, but in the less conspicuous vocations, where the matter is left entirely to individual selection. Thus poets and Blues were believed to be recognisable in the days of our grandfathers, and some still pretend to discern the insignia of those orders. We once heard a railway clerk assert that he never was mistaken in schoolmasters or commercial travellers; and among the anecdotes of the French Revolution, is one concerning a countess who attempted to make her escape from the Temple in the disguise of a charwoman, but was detected by the aristocratic fashion in which she wore a washed-out cotton shawl. 'How were they dressed?' is a universal inquiry; and the whole body of writers in travels, fiction, and history, seem aware of the fact, and describe the attire of their principal characters with minutiae worthy of the Court Circular. Nor is the idea of its importance unfounded. An old author remarks, 'that it is not Quakers', millers', and bakers' boys alone that are distinguished by the cut and colour of their garments; but individuals, nations, and times, because the habit of clothing is one of the great particularities of man, which, if it be not common to all men, is shared in by no other animal; and like the handwriting, or fashion of speech, it serveth to denote somewhat of his proper personality.' The truth of these observations is strikingly illustrated by a gallery of old family pictures, or those portraits of sovereigns and celebrated persons which exhibit the costume of the ages in which they flourished; and it is an amusing, yet not uninteresting

study, to trace the coincidence that exists between the character of each succeeding century and the fashion of its garments, from almost the dawn of our national history to the reign of Victoria. In this respect costume furnishes the most obvious signs of the times, in which the beholder may read their moral and mental character, even as the picture-lovers of some future generation will speculate on the books of beauty, the fashionable magazines, and, should any be preserved, the photographic portraits of our own day. The earliest account of British costume is given us by Julius Cæsar and his contemporaries, according to whom it consisted of a beard, reaching to the breast like a tangled mane; a mantle which descended almost to the knee, made of the hide of a brindled cow, with the hair worn outwards, and fastened in front with a pin of bone or a long thorn; a shield composed of wickerwork; a brazen javelin; and the greater part of the body painted dark-blue, or some say green, the breast and arms being punctured with the figures of plants and animals, like the tattooing of the South Sea isles. This primitive fashion naturally represents a land covered with primeval forests, the resort of the bear and the bison; huts constructed of wattles and mud, and thatched with heath and fern; gatherings for rude Pagan rites round the solitary cromlech, or in that puzzle of antiquaries—the circle of Stonehenge; and a savage veneration for the Druid and the mistletoe.

How the belles of Britain were arrayed in Cæsar's time we are not informed, but the progress of civilisation may be traced by the dress of the celebrated Queen Boadicea, who lived more than a century later, as described by a Roman historian on a state occasion: her light hair fell down her shoulders; she wore a torque, or twisted collar of gold; a tunic of several colours, all in folds; and over it, fastened by a fibula, or brooch, a robe of coarse stuff. We also gather from some remnants of old Celtic poetry that at the same period the dress of the Druid was a long white robe, as an emblem of purity; that of the bards a blue one; and the professors of medicine and astronomy, which appear to have been curiously connected in the minds of our Celtic ancestors, were distinguished by a garment of green, because it was the garment of nature; while those who aspired to unite the honours of those three vocations to their names, wore variegated dresses of the three colours—blue, green, and white.

Pliny tells us that these divers-coloured garments were made of a fabric called *bracæ*, composed of fine wool, woven in cheques, and evidently synonymous with the Scottish tartan. Several Roman writers add, that of this chequered cloth the many-coloured tunic of Boadicea, and the entire dress of her most distinguished warriors, were formed. From their description of the latter, it appears to have exactly resembled the costume of a Highland chief, with kilt, plaid, and dirk; wanting only the plumed bonnet, and the tasseled sporan or purse. These were the additions of after-times, which came with the pibroch, the fiery cross, and the black mail, to the Celts of our northern mountains; but the days of which we speak were those of the plaided warriors, encountering the cuirassed and Latin-talking legions of Rome—the days of the hewing down of old oak woods—the building of those Roman forts and cities whose ruins and burial urns are turned up by modern excavation. It is curious to consider that the chequered cloth, which was now regarded by the Romans as a savage dress, had once (if a modern and well-supported theory be true) been the costume of a large part of the earth, including the countries afterwards inhabited by the Romans; and that, after surviving eighteen centuries in one corner of the island of Britain, it has come again to be a favourite *wear* over regions far beyond the bounds of the Scottish Highlands, as if the first fancy of the European races with respect to clothing had involved some peculiar felicity, which was sure to rekindle their affections on its being brought again before their notice. True it is the chequered *bracæ*, in

which the heroic queen so nobly, though vainly strove to defend her country and people, is at this moment worn throughout the British dominions—and they are wider than Rome ever dreamt of—in a thousand varieties, from the satins and velvet of court costume, to the coarse muffle cloak or plaid of the winter traveller; while the faith, the power, and the vices of the Romans have long ago become but matters of dry and antiquated history.

Next come the Anglo-Saxon times, of which we have actual portraits preserved in some old illuminated manuscripts, such as that of King Edgar in the Book of Grants to the Abbey of Winchester, A.D. 966. Here flax appears in full fashion—the monarch's dress consisting of a linen shirt, a tunic of the same material, descending to the knee, having long close sleeves, but which sit in wrinkles, or rather rolls, from the elbow to the wrist: it was confined by a belt or girdle round the waist; and the royal attire was completed by a pair of loose buskins, or rather stockings, wound round with bands of gold, which the generality of his subjects supplied with leather, a sort of tiara, or crown, and a short mantle.

Similar habiliments were worn by the good King Alfred, and the renowned Charlemagne; for all the nations of Gothic or Germanic origin, who at that period occupied the continent of Europe, resembled each other in their customs, and even language. The dress of the Saxon ladies appears to have been composed of the gunna, a long flowing robe with loose sleeves, from which the modern word gown is derived; a shorter one called the kirtle; and the head-dress on all occasions consisted of a long piece of linen, denominated the wœlfes, in which the head and neck of the wearer were enveloped. These pictures remind us of the old Saxon chroniclers, with their simple faith and blunt sense; of the low solid Saxon arch; of rude habits, primitive customs, and wild wars with the invading Danes. It was in this period that our national language, our popular superstitions, and most of our rural festivals had their origin. Yet among the kirtles and wœlfes of the Saxon dames we find the curling-irons of modern fashion in full exercise. Adhelm, Bishop of Therborne, who wrote in the eighth century, describes a belle of the period as 'having her delicate locks twisted by the iron of those adorning her'; but the wearers of kid gloves among us little think how many efforts and ages were required to bring those indispensable articles to their present perfection. Till about the end of the tenth century, the hands even of English royalty were covered only by the end of the loose sleeve; but then some of the leaders of fashion began to assume a small bag, with a thumb at the one side, the fingers being all indiscriminately confined, which certainly could not have had the effect of increasing their usefulness.

The Saxon was succeeded by the Anglo-Danish period, so called from the conquest of Canute the Great and his successors, some portraits of whom are extant. Their costume was the same as that of the Saxons; but their chosen colour was black, like their national standard—the raven; on which account the Saxons called them the Black Northmen. But we find they also excelled them in civilisation, for the old chroniclers inform us that the Danes were effeminately gay in their dress, combed their hair once a-day, and bathed once a-week; which seems to have been considered intolerable foppery by the honest Saxons. The Normans, who succeeded the Danes, under the conduct of William the Conqueror, were of similar northern origin, and, as might be expected, retained a similarity of dress. The earliest specimens of their costume are given in the Bayeux tapestry, one of those immense specimens of needlework produced only in the middle ages; being thirty-seven yards in length, covered with scenes from the conquest of England, and said to be the work of William's queen, Matilda, and her maids of honour. Wealth and splendour are evi-

dently on the increase. As we descend to the Norman days, the robes are bordered with fringe of gold; cords and tassels are added to the mantle; but the Saxon beard is gone, as well as the Danish long hair; for a complete exquisite in the reign of the Conqueror would not suffer a single hair to grow on the whole expanse of his countenance, and the entire back of his head, which had only a few short and straggling locks round the forehead, and over the ears.

In the reign of William Rufus, lengthening and enlarging seem to have been the mode; and under several of his successors, long cumbersome garments, with immense sleeves, were the gentlemen's attire, with shoes whose toes turned up in a projecting peak to the height of twelve inches, and a chain at the top, which was fastened to the girdle above; and what progress they made in walking, history sayeth not; yet these days are memorable for the introduction of the oft-denounced corset, as part and parcel of the ladies' wardrobe; female dresses being then laced tight to the bust, while the skirts and sleeves were of such intolerable length, that it was necessary to fasten them up in huge knots, to admit of moving at all. In a manuscript of the close of the eleventh century, the satirical illuminator has introduced the father of all evil in female apparel, with the skirts as well as the sleeves of the tunic so knotted, and the garment laced up in front.

What a contrast to these civil fashions is presented by the military portraits of the period!—the knight in full panoply, with visor closed! Yet both serve to illustrate the barbarity, pomp, and luxury of the period; the iron age of unlettered pride and despotic strength, when books were things known only to abbots and bishops, when lawsuits were decided by single combat, and the wealth of a nobleman was estimated by the number of peasants he owned, or the amount of plunder his vassals could collect on the highway; for such, in spite of all its tournaments and troubadours, was the period of feudalism, romance, and chivalry. Yet even in these Gothic times, it appears that fashion was scarcely less fickle than her followers in our own age have found her; and in the reign of Edward III., the gallant conqueror of Cressy, a monk of Glastonberg thus expressed his dissatisfaction: 'The Englishmen haunted so much unto the folly of strangers, that every year they changed them in divers shapes and disguisings of clothing—now long, now large, now wide, now strait, and every day clothingges new and destitute and divest from all honesty of old arraye or good usage; and another time to short clothes, and so strait-waisted, with full sleeves and tippets of surcoats, and hodes over-long and large, all so jagged and knit on every side, and all so shattered, and also buttoned, that I with truth shall say they seem more like to tormentors or devils in their clothing, and also in their shoeing and other array, than they seeme to be like men.'

In spite of many such remonstrators, garments continued to increase in variety and expense. Indeed, if there be any truth in the censures of the clergy, and the lamentations of the poets, in which Chaucer himself unites, in his 'Canterbury Tales,' public extravagance in dress seems to have gone to a length scarcely credible in our pinching times even to a London milliner. Grooms and servants are said to wear velvets and damasks; the nobles had their robes bordered with precious stones; and one coat belonging to Richard II. is stated to have cost 30,000 merks. Similar fashions seem to have extended to the court of Scotland, though at a later period. A portrait of James I., in the castle of Nielberg in Swabia exhibits the peaks of the monarch's shoes fastened by chains of gold to his girdle; and in a wardrobe account of James III. of Scotland, A.D. 1471, quoted by Mr Logan, occurs an entry of 'an elne and ane half of blue tartane' [by which was understood not the tartan of the country, but a kind of French serge, so costly, that it was valued at sixteen shillings a yard] 'to lyne his gowne of cloth of gold.' About the same

time mourning first appears in England, but the colour of sorrow was as often brown as black; and Chaucer mentions a widow's robe of brown. The quantity as well as the quality of dress was a great object with our ancestors; their sleeves in particular frequently attracted the legislature's attention, and the most stringent laws were made to curtail their dimensions. One old writer denominates them, when worn by servants, 'the devil's receptacles, into which all they stole was popped.' Yet notwithstanding the overabundance of kirtles and hauserlines, the skirts that required three pages to hold them up in front and rear, the tippets worn round the head, the different-coloured hose, with each side of the gown to match, there was a stately grandeur about the English costume of that period worthy of the romantic honour and high-flown courtesy of knights like the Black Prince, and the first companions of the Garter. Nor will the extravagance of all ranks in dress appear so far beyond belief, when it is remembered that, like all the productions of those ages, the velvets and damasks were intended to stand the test of time; and in spite of the mutations denounced by the Glastonberg monk, gowns and kirtles evidently served the vanity of more than one generation, as we find them mentioned in wills as valuable bequests; and no wonder, when so much of individual property was vested in the wardrobe. The prevalent idea of the feudal times was pomp and display, for which all the comforts and appliances of daily life were utterly neglected; and the merchant or tradesman who appeared in ermine and gold, was content to sit on a three-legged stool, and sleep on a bundle of straw. Articles of dress were on this account regarded as presents fit for royalty to give and receive. We read of Richard III. presenting the Duke of Buckingham with a velvet gown, which, adds the chronicler, 'made the duke right joyful.' Imagine Queen Victoria presenting Lord John Russell with a new paletôt, just to illustrate the difference of our times! There is another peculiarity remarkable in the ancestral portraits of Britain, which is common to those of all Europe to the beginning of the sixteenth century—the difference between male and female costume is scarcely observable. The Crusades, which commenced about the time of the Norman Conquest, doubtless contributed to this state of things, as the flowing robes, as well as the coarse magnificence of Asiatic nations, were brought back to Europe by the warlike princes and nobility. There is also some confusion of terms in the matter of apparel, which sounds strange to modern ears; a gown and a petticoat being mentioned as prominent parts of a gentleman's attire in the reign of Henry V.; and about half a century later, the waistcoats of the ladies cut a conspicuous figure not only in the entries, but even the sermons of the day. Still greater causes of wrath were the horned head-dresses which begin to figure in all female portraits after the battle of Agincourt. Monstrosities of taste they are certainly, some having two curved horns, like, as the old divines remark, to 'ane lowing cow'; others standing erect on the head, covered with linen rather loosely, and varying from two to three feet, according to the taste of the wearer. These are succeeded by another form, rising like a spire so far above the natural height, that history mentions the doors of several churches and palaces which required to be altered, in order to allow the ladies of the court entrance. But it does the common sense of the nation some credit, that the monstrous things were generally disliked. One monk in particular acquired considerable celebrity by preaching a regular crusade against them both in Britain and France, from which latter country they are said to have been imported by Catharine, queen of Henry V.; and with the habit of reference to Satan common to his age, he denominated them 'ye devil's towers;' but adds in one of his sermons, rather ungallantly, 'of a truth I do believe that Bezebab hath more sense than she who invented such headgear.' The portraits of Henry VII.'s reign are

remarkable for the resemblance which costume in general begins to assume to the most prominent of our modern fashions. Were it not that we miss the ribboned and flower-trimmed bonnet of the lady, and find the gentleman's head laden with plumes like a Russian field-marshal, some of them might pass for shadows of the nineteenth century. The difference now becomes perceptible; men begin to wear tight garments, and the modern indispensable of pantaloons first become visible under the sway of the Tudors. The old flowing Eastern style is still more forsaken as the Reformation approaches; feudal pomp and splendour are passing away; men have begun to put less confidence in armour, and less glory in pageants, though there is still an occasional tournament; and the Field of Cloth of Gold, in which Henry VIII. and his rival Francis I. of France displayed their vanity and magnificence, still prove how much was sacrificed to empty display. Yet it was near the time of the world's great discoveries—printing, America, and popular representation; but in the matter of costume, we find the most striking was the display of ladies' arms, which had never been seen since the days of the Norman Conquest.

It was under good King Hal, as one would think he was ironically called in history, that the inexpressibles of the gentlemen were stuffed to such an enormous size, according to one of their contemporaries, with sacks of wool and hair, that a species of scaffolding was erected over the seats in the Parliament House for their accommodation, the ordinary benches being utterly insufficient; and the fashion did not disappear till the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. On the whole, the caprices of its costume betray the age as one which, though filled with great events, was neither good nor grand in England, and characterised by bad taste and worse morals.

The dresses of Elizabeth's reign have found abundant illustrations. These were the days of starch and ruffs; and both articles furnished themes for vituperation to the reforming clergy, if their accounts may be relied on. In the words of Beau Brummell, 'starch was' then 'the man.' Its introduction to the English public, like that of silk-weaving and stocking-knitting, was owing to the persecution of the Protestants of Flanders by Philip II., which drove thousands of the best citizens to seek refuge in England, bringing their arts and industry with them. Linen shirts also became prevalent about this period; and some of them, according to Stubbs, 'cost, horrible to hear, no less than ten pounds!' Elizabeth is said to have never worn the same dress twice; and as her majesty knew the value of her robes too well to part with them, the inventory of her wardrobe, at the close of her long reign, must have been truly astounding; yet with all its cork-shoes, diamond stomacher, stiff corsets, and frightful ruffs, there was a degree of formal splendour and regal state about the court strongly characteristic of the mind of Elizabeth, and the history of her reign, in which there was much strength, and little, though very obvious, weakness. Nor must we forget that the modern hat owes its origin to this period. Stubbs speaks of them as 'head-coverings, made of a certain kind of fine hair, which they call beaver hats, of twenty, thirty, and forty shillings a-piece, fetched from beyond sea, whence a great sort of other varieties do come.' Most people are aware that Elizabeth wore the first pair of silk stockings, and the Earl of Oxford the first worsted articles of the kind ever made in England without a seam, the hose of all preceding monarchs being manufactured by means of the needle and scissors. How the art of knitting was imported, has been already mentioned; and the stocking-frame was introduced some years after, it is said, by the ingenious revenge of William Lee, who took this mode of superseding the industry of a knitter, to whom his addresses had been paid in vain; but this cause of the invention rests only on vague tradition.

Under James I., we find the love of splendour and pageant, which ruled the former reign, still prevalent;

and some letters of that prudent monarch illustrate the anxiety of the nobles to display jewels and diamonds of great value in their caps. 'I send you,' writes the king to his son, the unfortunate Charles I., who was then on a matrimonial expedition, 'the three brethren that ye knowe full well, but newly set, and the mirroure of France, the fellow of the Portugal dyamont, quiche I wold wishe you to wear alone in your hatte, with a little blacke feather.' The story of Louis XIII.'s queen bestowing her diamond epaulette on the Duke of Buckingham, which that luckless gallant returned with expedition, on account of the wrath and jealousy its absence occasioned, has a prominent place in the court scandals of the period.

It was in the reign of the learned monarch that the farthingale attained its highest magnitude—an article, be it observed, very similar in effect to the modern crinoline; and there is an anecdote on record which might apply to the last-mentioned garment also, regarding a Turkish sultana, who, when visited by Lady Wych, the wife of the British ambassador, in all the fulness of her farthingale, seriously inquired if the peculiar appearance it gave to her ladyship's figure were the natural formation of all English women; and when informed to the contrary, she exclaimed, 'God is good, but wonderful are the fancies of the Nazarenes!'

With Charles I. came the cavalier costume, whose abundance of lawn, lace, and ribbons, drooping plume, short cloaks, and mingled grace and foppery, the pencil of Vandyke has made as celebrated as the events of the Civil War. Long doublets and starch were now dethroned, after a reign which comprehended both that of James and Elizabeth. It is remarkable that the latter was of all colours which prevailed in turn, the last of the band being yellow; but the inventrix of it was executed for poisoning Sir Thomas Overbury, it was said, in a yellow starched ruff; and fashion could not tolerate the acquaintance of the gallows. The plain and serious fashions of the Puritan party stand out in strong relief amid so much finery; and even in the portraits of the period, whether of Cromwell in his plain coarse coat and sword, contrasted with Charles covered with gold lace, and wearing a jewel in one of his ears, or a court lady opposed by the russet gown and hat of a parliamentary citizen's daughter, may be read the character of the struggle which then excited so much warlike zeal, and since called forth so much earnest controversy.

The low dresses and affected foppery of Charles II.'s court, in which that well-known superfluity, the periwig had its origin, also indicate the character of the reign as one at once servile, tyrannical, and coarse, though covered with polish: but after the revolution of 1688, Holland begins to take the lead, and sober Dutch fashions come in with the Prince of Orange—the stomacher once more makes its appearance, though not with the diamonds of Elizabeth's day, and the head-dresses are built as high as lace and ribbons can make them; but the periwig continues in its glory, and the chief accomplishments of a beau at the establishment of the Protestant succession consisted of combing it in the theatre or ball-room, and cocking his hat over it in some particular fashion. Armour had dwindled down in the days of William III. to a breastplate, a back-piece, and a hat lined with steel; but the last remnant of old knightly fashions—the sword—was retained (a worse than useless appendage) at the side of every gentleman, amid the square cut coats, stiffened out with buckram and wire, the long flap waistcoats, and the abundant ruffles which distinguish the reign of Anne. As for the ladies, the 'Spectator' and other popular works have kept alive the remembrance of the hoops, patches, commodes, and hair powder in which they delighted to array themselves; and these fashions continue throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, about the commencement of which snuff-taking is mentioned as one of the habits adopted by belles of the first water, and broadcloth came into general use in gentlemen's apparel:

the last remnants of this capricious taste—hoops, wigs, cocked hats, and all—passed away with the peace of Europe at the first French Revolution. But its portraits, like the literature of the period, indicate the general frivolity and emptiness of the public mind, and a state of things in which real knowledge, or even thought, was confined to the few. The pictures of our own day now meet us, having no temptation to linger among the short waists and long skirts of the war. But it is time to close our sketch, for we cannot anticipate the verdict of posterity on the character of our own costume.

'THE DARK HOUR.'

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.—TRANSLATED BY META TAYLOR.

MOST men, who live in the home-circle of their families, enjoy spending 'the dark hour' in quiet. Children grow restless about this time, but the elder folks draw over the fire, and sit musing silently, or now and then exchanging a gentle word of affection. These are moments when the mind receives and imparts the most refreshing and purest thoughts. There seems to be a general reluctance to break the approaching darkness by lighting a candle; for all, unconsciously, have a certain feeling of the holy power of nature, which spreads out before us, so oft unheeded, the wonderful phenomena of light and darkness. Oh the cozy, comfortable chat in the dark hour! One sits looking at another by the flickering light of the fire, and the few words spoken are caught attentively: the eye, too, has repose, for the mind is undisturbed by the object on which it rests. A single word will often fall upon the ear like an impressive note of music, and convey a feeling which long after finds an echo in the soul.

Farmer Hagenmaier was one evening sitting thus in the parlour with his wife, his son, and his son's wife. The wedding of the young couple had taken place only the day before, and the joy occasioned by the event was fresh in the minds of all. For some time no one spoke a word, and yet one feeling—perhaps one thought—filled their minds. Young Hagenmaier had hold of the hand of his wife, who sat beside him; perhaps the old man guessed the joy there was in his child's heart: he was ensconced in a dark corner, unseen, and thus at length broke the silence:—'Ah, children, 'tis an easy matter to talk of loving one another with your whole heart, and to promise to hold fast your love through life; but when it comes to the point, and you have to yield to each other, to control the will for mutual improvement, 'tis often a difficult task, and words are not then enough. There are times when a man is ready to go through fire to serve his wife; but, without a murmur, to drink a cup of coffee which she may have let heedlessly grow cold—believe me, that's a less easy matter. The words of Scripture are full of meaning, which tell us of the foolish virgins whose lamps were extinguished when the bridegroom came: for many a heart is hardened by self-will, whereas every one ought to be prompt to catch and to enjoy the highest happiness. You see, children, in what love and harmony your mother and I live; but do not imagine that this came without a struggle: I was especially obstinate and self-willed, for in my young days I led a careless, independent life. Hark ye, I'll tell you two stories of the time soon after our marriage, and you may learn a lesson from them—I warrant me you will.

'Well do I recollect my delight the Sunday when I was to go to church with my wife for the first time. We had been chatting away the time unawares that morning, till starting up, I exclaimed, "Come, quick! we shall be too late for church." My wife ran to her chamber to dress. I was ready long before she was, and waiting for her: she had constantly some little matter still to arrange. At first I begged her, in a gentle tone, and jokingly, to be quick; but presently I called louder, intreating and urging her to make haste. Three times did I fill and light my pipe. Each time it went out, as

I stood kicking my heels impatiently, calling to her at the chamber door. At such moments one feels as if standing upon hot coals, or, in other words, in the *figes*. My face was as red as scarlet when she at length made her appearance. I could not speak, and we left the house.

'We had not gone many steps, when my wife recollected something that she had left behind. All the keys had now to be got out—all the closets to be opened. I stayed waiting in the street, and it seemed to me an age till she returned. I thought of going to church alone, but I was ashamed; and when at last she appeared with a smiling face, and began to pull up my shirt-collar playfully, I turned angrily on my heel, and said in a gruff voice, "Go and dress yourself—you are long enough about it forsooth!" And we walked to church in this manner, without exchanging a word more.

'My cheeks glowed with vexation and anger, both with my wife and myself, as I entered the church. My wife went to her seat. Had she once turned round to look for me? I knew not. I leaned against a pillar, and was as stiff as the stone itself. From time to time I caught a word the clergyman said, but instantly forgot him again, and stood staring at the roof and walls, and thinking what a lofty and cold building it was. This had never come into my head before; and I was angry with myself that my thoughts were so distracted, and that I could pay no attention to the sermon. It now occurred to me that this was owing to the misunderstanding with my wife: how indeed could I take to my heart what I heard at such a moment? I longed to make it all up, and looked round at her: she did not, however, raise her eyes, and this vexed me again. Was not *she* in the wrong? thought I; and ought not she therefore to beg my pardon for dawdling and wasting my time in a way to drive one mad? Look ye, children, thus it is with a man when he gets out of temper, and deceives himself about his own heart and conduct. I was angry with my wife, even for being able to say her prayers so calmly, since she had offended me; and in this manner I behaved like a good-for-nothing fellow, both before and during church time, and imbibed that hour which might have been one of the brightest and happiest in my life. Our misunderstanding might very likely soon have been at an end, if I could have taken my wife's hand, and spoken a kind word with her; but we were separated in the church, and it seemed to me as if our quarrel had estranged our hearts for ever.'

The good woman was here going to interrupt her husband, but he said, 'Nay, nay, lovie; let me tell my story out: I have another to follow; and then you may have all the afterpiece to yourself. So you may imagine, children, that we soon made matters up again; for your mother, in her young days, was a merry soul; and whenever I put on a sour look, and was out of temper, she would laugh at me so good-humouredly, that I was forced to laugh too. And then I could not understand how it was I had been so pettish—and all for the merest trifle, not worth speaking of; but the fact is, when a man's anger is up, he does not understand this.

'Well, now for the other story: it is about just such another half-hour's trial of temper. The wedding of our cousin at Lichtenau was fixed to take place; we were invited to it, and were to be there punctually at a certain hour. The day came, and it was high time to start—there was not a moment to lose. I had put to the old gray mare (which we had at that time), and stood cracking my whip at the door. Your mother seemed as if she would never come. I sent up every woman that passed to help her to get ready. I knew she would not like this, and I did it just on purpose to tease her. What business had she to keep me waiting there? When at length she did come, I rated her soundly. Your mother bit her lips as she got into the chaise, and she held her handkerchief up to her eyes the whole while we drove through the village; whilst I

kept on whipping the old mare, till she kicked fore and aft. But when we got outside the village, your mother began to weep, and said, "For Heaven's sake, husband, how can you act thus, and put yourself and me both to shame before all the folks?"

'These words cut me to the heart: I recollected our first walk to church—my wife was now by my side. I threw the reins on the old mare's neck, and stuck the whip behind me: it was time to put reins upon myself; and I may say with truth that I have thoroughly repented my hastiness of temper. But you see how one can tell, from such trifles as these, whether the true light still burns in the heart. The few minutes that I had thus twice to wait proved to me hours of trial; and thenceforth I learned to study the temper and enter into the wishes of others. Think of this, children, if ever you meet with a similar trial.

'Now comes the afterpiece!' cried the good woman. 'And you have forgotten to say, husband, that from that time I never again made you wait, but was always ready before you. Come, now let us light the candles: we have had enough of the dark hour.'

They did so: bright faces, lighted up with good resolutions, gazed joyously one at another.

LAND OCCUPANCY IN SCOTLAND.

SCOTSMEN are sometimes ridiculed for partiality to their native country. It was, after all, an amiable peculiarity, appropriate to a time when Scotland required all the affection of her sons to make her appear a tolerable home. Now that industry and prudence have given her wealth and its enjoyments, we hear much less of national partiality. There are, however, it must be asserted in all seriousness, some institutions in Scotland either greatly superior to any analogous things in England, or in which England is yet altogether deficient, and of which Scotchmen may therefore be allowably somewhat boastful. For example, a perfect system for the registry of property, which makes all incumbrances on land ascertainable by the public. England, too, is only now struggling to obtain the public prosecution of criminals, which Scotland has enjoyed for hundreds of years. The tithe system, which was a bane in England till a few years ago, was settled in Scotland in the reign of Charles I. When one reflects on the period of the origin of many of the good institutions of Scotland, he is tempted to think that the condemnation of the Stuart dynasty, in which it is now the fashion to indulge, is, to say the least of it, too sweeping. Many excellent laws were passed in Scotland by these monarchs, and generally, till the struggles of opinion which commenced with the Reformation, they stood up for the commons against the tyranny of the nobles. To James II., an accomplished prince, who perished in his thirtieth year by the accidental explosion of a cannon (1460), is due the credit of having ratified an act of parliament giving tenants of land those securities which till this day are vainly contested for by leasehold farmers in at least one part of the United Kingdom. This act of the Scots parliament was passed in 1449, and forms the basis of the existing common law and usage respecting the tenantry of land. It is interesting to observe that the act was expressly ordained 'for the safetie and favour of the puir people that labouris the ground;' or, in other words, was a law to protect tenants on lease against eviction and misusage in the event of proprietors wishing to oppress them, or in the case of lands being sold or alienated. This law may be said to have defined the leading points in a lease—the term of years, the periods of entry and outgoing, and the rent to be paid.*

* In old language, the lease is called the *tack*, the period of outgoing the *tak*, and the rent the *mail*. Hence a farm in Scotland was called a *mailing*.

The great attention bestowed on territorial management in Scotland during the last hundred years, has served to consolidate the principle and practice of leasing lands, so that the process is now probably as perfect as it is likely ever to be. The following is a familiar account of the manner in which land tenancy is conducted and operates.

There are few or no tenants holding land by verbal arrangement; that is, no tenants at will. Every farm is let by a written agreement or lease; and a note or missive stating terms of lease is held to be equally valid as a lease, if followed by possession, and that not only against the granter of the lease, but his heirs and successors. Any shuffle by a landlord to oust a tenant in occupation, on the plea that his lease is not technically correct, would meet with no mercy in the Scotch courts; and an attempt to do anything of the sort would incur universal odium. Leases, however, are usually drawn up with great care and precision. The document, of which each party has a copy, defines mutual rights and obligations, specifies the date of entry to the farm, the duration of the lease, the annual rent to be paid, the routine of cropping, &c. Sub-letting is strictly prohibited, and the least approach to such an invasion of the landlord's rights would be instantly checked. The duration of the lease is ordinarily from fourteen to nineteen years—nineteen, very probably, if the lands require much improvement: in either case, the lease is heritable, and its rights and obligations descend to the farmer's family or heirs. Nineteen years form a reasonable length of time for a farmer to sow and reap in every sense of the word. Insured possession either in his own person or his family, he has an inducement to bring the land into the best possible condition, to drain it and to manure it at his own expense, and to subject it to the most approved routine of agriculture. That he has his reward, is evidenced in the position of respectability enjoyed by Scotch farmers generally. But does the farmer not scourge or exhaust the land towards the conclusion of his lease? This is provided against in the agreement, and also by common usage. He must leave the land unexhausted and in crop, but the period fixed for leaving is usually in November, when there is little crop or seed in the ground. A proportion of the value of the lime and manures lately employed on the land is paid for by the incoming tenant. So far, therefore, the lessee loses nothing, and any selfish inducement to take scourging crops from the land is removed. The incoming tenant is also bound to pay his predecessor for the seed sown and unreaped; that is, any crop at the time on the land. But if the farm has proved a fair bargain during the currency of the lease, the tenant most likely desires a renewal. In perhaps three-fourths of all cases a renewal is granted for a fresh term of nineteen years, and generally at an advanced rent, corresponding to the increased value of the farm.

No Scotch farmer starting with a new lease, grudges that he has to pay a somewhat higher rent than formerly. This may seem paradoxical; and yet there is nothing unreasonable in it. A lease for nineteen years is understood to clear all scores. For the first few years, nearly all is paying out; for the latter years, nearly all is coming in—the cost of working the land being much more than covered by the large crops which are produced. It is very interesting to observe the patience with which a Scotch farmer will wait for returns. For years, you will see him with his men toiling to eradicate huge stones from the ground, blasting rocks, digging open ditches, draining with tiles, levelling rude heaps, ploughing, liming, and otherwise improving the farm. At first, the crops are poor; then they begin to look a little better; about the eighth or ninth year they are abundant. Now comes the period of repayment. Ten years of heavy crops, with little outgoing, set all to rights. At the end of the nineteenth year the land does not owe the farmer a penny. Such, in usual circumstances, being the case, the farmer

has no pretension to consider the land as his, or to say, 'I have a claim for making this property what it is.' True, he made a garden out of a wilderness; but he has been more than paid for it. If he has been a sagacious farmer, and not engaged to pay too high a rent, the land and he are quits. When the lease refers to land already improved, the nature of the tenure is not altered: the lessee in such instances runs less risk, and has less toil than on a highly-improvable farm; but he pays rent in proportion, and looks alone to the fourteen or nineteen years' possession for a redemption of all outlays.

On every farm there must necessarily be improvements or meliorations of a substantial and lasting kind, which the tenant cannot be expected to execute even on the principle of self-remuneration. We here allude to the erection of a suitable dwelling-house, a barn, thrashing-mill, and stables, the building of stone walls, planting of hedges, making roads, and so forth. These things, which are of a permanent character, are always executed at the cost of the landlord, and remain his property, the tenant being bound only to keep them in repair. In many instances, a landlord builds a new house for his tenant, on the occasion of a fresh lease with an advance of rent; and thus, from time to time, the farm-buildings in Scotland have been renewed in a substantial manner, greatly to the improved appearance of the country. There are few examples of Scotch farmers building houses entirely at their own cost. Occasionally, where the laird lacks funds, the tenant will engage to pay part of the money, but only on the condition of being repaid in the form of certain annual deductions from the rent; and it is so expressed in the lease. When a new farm-house is to be erected, the tenant, if a man of capital and taste, may possibly offer to pay a certain share of the expense out of his own pocket, provided he is allowed to have a building to his mind. If the landlord agree to this proposal, it is on the express understanding that no claim is in future to be put forward on account of such an outlay; nor is it to be handed down as a burden on succeeding tenants. In general, the landlord is anxious to make the tenant comfortable, and to live on good terms with him; and many examples could be given of landlords voluntarily exceeding the covenants by which they are bound. The farmer is for the most part equally, if not more, desirous of conciliating the goodwill of his landlord. The truth is, each has the power to serve and to annoy the other; and there are therefore the best reasons for adopting terms of mutual conciliation. The only source of discord may be said to be in the game-laws, which are rigidly maintained by some landlords, greatly to the loss, and discontent of their tenants.

Of the private relationship of landlord and tenant, however, we have here no special reason to speak. As respects territorial management, Scotch landed proprietors manifest a keen sense of what is economically proper. In late years they have disregarded the slow process of melioration presented by existing leases; that is to say, seeing that certain improvements are desirable, which have not been stipulated for in the lease, or considered in the rent, they enter into a special agreement on the subject. It may be arranged that, for the sum which the landlord lays out, the tenant agrees to pay interest at a moderate per centage during the remainder of the lease. By this means land is brought at once into the finest state of tillage, and the landlord is certain of receiving an advanced rent next time the farm is to be let.

It will be gathered from all we have said that the Scotch farmer ceases to have any claim whatever on his farm when his lease expires, excepting only what he may have to receive from recently laid down manure, or the seed of unreaped crops. Houses, fences, drains, meliorations of all sorts, become, as a matter of course, the property of the landlord; because all have been executed either directly at his expense, or in virtue of

a covenant, by which the tenant has been required for his personal toil and pecuniary outlay. No tenant farmer in Scotland, therefore, ever asks a sum for 'good-will' from his successor: the idea of such a thing would be looked on as preposterous and impudent in the highest degree. With his successor he has nothing to do, except to settle for the transient matters above alluded to.

Such are the rational, the simple, and satisfactory usages in Scotland respecting lease-tenure. In that country there are no agrarian disturbances; agriculture is pursued as a profession by men of skill and capital; and while the farmers benefit themselves, they also benefit the public, by throwing into the market the abundant produce of their highly-cultivated fields. All this, however, could only have been brought about by the care and enterprise of the landlords. If the landed proprietors had hung back, either through perversity or negligence—had they left tenants to do anything they liked—the face of the country would have been altogether different.

It is melancholy to reflect on the condition to which a fine country may be brought through the inattention of landlords: it is chiefly in consequence of such inattention that the present outcry for 'tenant-right' in Ireland has arisen. We can sympathise with this outcry, for it never would have been heard had Irish proprietors done their duty. In Ireland, leases of land have never been conducted on that uniform and satisfactory principle which is customary in Scotland. In many instances their stipulations are broken with impunity by both parties. We have heard of landlords breaking them on the plea that they were invalid, though they must have been parties to that invalidity. The English law, we fear, has much to answer for on this account. Its cumbrous machinery, and unintelligible technicalities, are unsuitable to Irish capacities and Irish feelings. To turn a poor and ignorant man summarily out of his farm, to break or trample on his lease, and leave him to seek legal redress only by a suit in Chancery, is nothing short of oppression. Evictions, of course, do not usually take place without some grounds of procedure—bad farming, subletting, non-payment of rent, and so forth—but is not the habitual inattention of landlords to their estates a very common cause of abuse? Tenants have been allowed to go on for years as they liked; they have been permitted, without challenge, to make improvements during their leases, and to receive payment from their successors at the close. In this alone there are the elements of inextricable confusion. An entering tenant will be seen paying to the outgoing tenant £100 for possession of an improved farm; and to this sum the new tenant will perhaps add as much more for fresh improvements, as if the property were his own. These sums may be expended for substantial and rational improvements, or they may not. They may be paid for perishable acquisitions, for embellishments of little practical utility, or they may be paid for mere 'good-will'; but for all these the tenant considers he has an equitable claim either against the landlord or against the succeeding tenant. Farther, he considers that he is entitled to sell his right to whom he pleases, and to induct whom he pleases, as if he were disposing of an established business.

These claims are clearly erroneous to a very great extent; and yet they are not only contended for by tenants in Ireland, in memorials to government, at public meetings, and defended and enforced by clergymen and other influential persons; but the principle is also upheld in parliament, and sought to be embodied in public acts. Upon such a principle, a landlord might be improved out of his estate, not only without his consent, but against his will, and in defiance of all propriety. Farm-houses might be turned into mansion houses, wholly unsuited to the size and value of the farms; and common fences made into handsome park walls. In a late case, the sum of £1800 had been expended, and

was demanded, for such improvements, on a farm yielding only £64 of rent to the landlord. The annual interest of £1800 being £90, it thus happened that, according to tenant-right, the landlord would have had to pay £90 a-year to get tranquil possession of a farm yielding only £64 a-year. Was this at all reasonable? Certainly not; but the error fundamentally lay in the landlord not taking care to lease his lands on a sound principle, not looking after his property till it was too late; and we can scarcely pity him for the charges to which, by his negligence, he had exposed himself.

The clamour for tenant-right originates in a sense of wrong and suffering. Without any distinct definition of rights and obligations, the Irish farmer improves his land, and builds a house upon it, and then all at once he is turned abroad on the world, obliged to lose all he had expended. Can we wonder that this injustice should excite commotion? Making every allowance, however, for the hardships endured under the present system, we do not think that the imparting of tenant-right, as it is called, is the proper method of rectifying affairs. The right way of going to work seems to be as follows:—

1. The nature of the claim of each tenant should be examined; what has been expended superfluously should be disallowed; and the balance, if any, for real improvements should be paid by the landlord. If the landlord cannot pay this balance, his property ought to be sold to the amount.

2. But in many instances the lands are in the hands of mortgagees; in such cases the balance to be a charge on the property after the mortgagee's claims are satisfied. A sale, with count and reckoning, would speedily and satisfactorily settle the matter.

3. Solvent landlords being now placed in possession of their properties, they ought in all cases to be compelled to grant definite leases, briefly and simply expressed; and no lease should be valid which has not been examined and certified by a public officer appointed for the purpose of summarily settling disputes as to land in every county.

4. Every lease should be drawn up in the name of the actual proprietor of the land, or at least with his sanction, and the actual farmer. Subletting to be a valid ground of ejectment.

5. A register of leases to be kept in every county, open to public inspection.

6. No ejectment to be legal except between ten o'clock A.M. and two o'clock P.M.; and not without a previous notice of ten days in a metropolitan and provincial newspaper.

He would be a bold man who said that arrangements of the above nature would give peace to the rural districts of Ireland; but they at least aim at disentangling affairs, and placing them on a permanently sure foundation. Will the landholders, however, agree to such trenchant measures, even with the view of relieving themselves from the effects of their heedlessness? and will they turn over a new leaf, and in future, like their brethren in Scotland, pay that degree of attention to their properties which is alone calculated to prevent agrarian disturbance?

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

Every young man in this metropolis, if he will only attend to his business, whatever it is, and keep out of scrapes, is a rising man, and has all the prizes and honours of the nation before him, if not for himself or his children, at least for his children's children. There is no reason to complain when this is the case. We have no exclusions of race. Take any dozen men in good circumstances, either at the east or the west end of London; take them in a club in Pall-Mall, or in the Exchange, and inquire into their origin. One is an Irishman, another a Scotchman, another is a Welshman. Perhaps half of them can show a Celt in his pedigree. The same number can produce an ancestor driven to this country by the revocation of the Edict of

Nantes, or a foreigner of still more recent date. So much for race. As for condition, the great-grandfather of one was a labourer; of another a gentleman's butler, of another a weaver, of another a journeyman blacksmith, of another a hairdresser, and so forth. So far from the trade and commerce of London being at all a monopoly, it is notorious that nearly all the tradesmen of London, or their immediate ancestors, came from the country. In the manufacturing districts, these examples of successful industry are still more numerous. Manchester, for example, is made out of nothing. Now this state of things suits the British taste very much better than any scheme for making and keeping all men equal. The fact is, that we don't like equality. Saxons are a spreading, a stirring, an ambitious, and a conquering race. We prefer hope to enjoyment, and would rather look forward to be something better than to be always the same. Englishmen of any thought have just the same feeling about their posterity. They hope to rise in *their offspring*. They also know that they will do so, if they are steady and industrious, and train up their children as they ought to do. Every working man with two ideas in his head knows very well that it is his own fault if he does not thrive, live in a comfortable house, rented at more than £10 a-year, have a little money safely invested, and before many years, find himself and his family safe at least from the work-house.—*Times newspaper*.

SALE OF BOOKS.

In the year 1511, eighteen hundred copies of Erasmus's work entitled 'Encomium Moris' ('The Praise of Folly') were sold; and in 1527, twenty-four thousand copies of his 'Colloquies' were disposed of. In the sixteenth century, sixty editions of the 'Orlando Furioso' were published. It is stated that as many as eighteen hundred editions of the 'De Imitatione Christi' of Thomas à Kempis have been issued. Such was the popularity of Daniel Defoe's satire, called 'The True-born Englishman' (1708), that more than eighty thousand *pirated* copies of it are believed to have been sold in the streets of London. In 1732, Franklin began to publish, in America, 'Poor Richard's Almanac,' the demand for which became so great, that ten thousand copies were sold in one year—a very large number, considering the comparative paucity of readers in the new continent at that time. Richardson's novel of 'Pamela' met with great success, having gone through five editions in the course of a year. When Dr Johnson's 'Rambler' was first published, the sale seldom exceeded five hundred; and it is curious that the only paper in the series that had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was No. 91, which Dr Johnson did not write, but is said to have been written by Richardson. So popular were the essays published under the title of 'The Craftsman' (1726), written by Bolingbroke, Pulteney, and other writers, in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole's measures, that ten or twelve thousand were frequently sold on the day of publication. The first edition of M. Thiers's 'History of the Consulate and the Empire of France under Napoleon,' consisting of ten thousand copies, was exhausted in Paris on the day of publication, within the space of a few hours; and orders were soon received for six thousand copies of the second edition. Of Hannah More's religious novel, 'Cælebs in Search of a Wife' (1809), ten editions were sold in the year of its publication. Constable calculated that nearly fifty thousand copies of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' were sold in Great Britain, from the time of its first appearance, in 1810, up to the middle of 1836. The two thousand copies of the first edition of 'Marmion' were all sold, at the rate of a guinea and a-half each, in less than a month; and up to the middle of 1836, it is computed that about fifty thousand copies had been sold. In the ten years that have elapsed since this calculation was made, the aggregate number of copies sold of both these favourite poems has considerably increased. From the fact of one hundred and thirty editions of 'Hoyle on Gaming' having been published, and only sixteen editions of 'The Whole Duty of Man,' an unfavourable estimate has been drawn of the morality of the times.

PRACTICAL VALUE OF SCIENCE.

Many ignorant despisers of systematic natural history reproach us with wasting our time on nomenclature, or in watching and describing the metamorphoses and general economy of insects; and contend that it is only from what they call 'practical' men—that is to say, farmers and

gardeners—that effective means of destroying noxious species—one of the main objects of entomology, taken in its widest scope—can be looked for. Such objectors should be referred to a paper read by M. Guérin-Ménéville to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris in January 1847, from which it appeared that while the cultivators of the olive in the south of France—who in two years out of three lost oil to the amount of nearly 6,000,000 of francs annually by the attacks on their olives of the grub of a little fly (*Dacus oleæ*)—were utterly unable, with all their 'practical' skill, to help themselves in any shape, M. Guérin-Ménéville, though no cultivator, applying his entomological knowledge of the genus and species of the insect, and of its peculiar economy, to the case, advised that the olives should be gathered and crushed much earlier than usual, and before the grubs had had time to eat the greater part of the pulp of the fruit; and by their adoption of this simple plan, the proprietors of olives in the years they are attacked by the *dacus*, can now obtain an increased annual produce of oil, equal in value to £240,000, which was formerly lost, in consequence of their allowing the grubs to go on eating the olives till they dropped from the tree.—*Mr Spence's Address to the Entom. Society, January 1848.*

LOOK FORWARD, AGE!

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Thy youth hath long been passed—
The verdure and the flowerage faded long;
Life's sunny smiles, amassed
In pleasant places, amidst dance and song,
Live but in memories, that make them look
Like dried leaves in a book.

Pain, more than pleasure, dwells
Within such memories: therefore seek not thou
To dive within the cells
O'er which their sickly scent dead lilies throw;
Nor ransack records, 'mid whose mildewed leaves
Its net the spider weaves!

Canst thou thy youth restore,
By seeking at its dried-up fount the draught
Which may not ever more,
Howe'er so great thy thirst, by thee be quaffed?
The waters gone to waste, no longer run
All sparkling in the sun.

The gray hairs on thy brow,
Turn thee to piteous auburn, as thy thoughts
Are with the Long-ago,
Careering on the mist that vaguely floats
O'er the past, through which all things appear
More bright, because less clear?

And nimbler grow thy feet,
As thou in thought retracest paths once trod,
Undreaming that deceit
Followed thy footsteps o'er the daisied sod?
Pause ere thou try'st youth's dance with limbs that tell
How years may vigour quell!

Then gaze not on the past
As on a picture, whence true joys may rise,
Or thou wilt find at last
The bitterness of lying vanities;
And, like the reed that shakes to every wind,
Fall with thy fallen mind!

But to the coming look—
Gaze to the eastward—to the rising sun!
See where the gushing brook
Doth from its source in vigorous brightness run;
Read back no leaf, but turn the onward page,
And so look forward, Age!

NOTE.—The individual who wrote a tale in the Journal a few years ago on an incident in the history of the Tankerville family, is requested to correspond with the editor.

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SPRING-TIME IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

SPRING comes peeping round the corners of the crowded streets and breathless alleys of busy London—twenty times a day do those industrious costermongers, whose stock changes as the seasons change, pass my door, exclaiming, 'All a-growing, all a-blowing!' And the goodwives who have a little back-yard, in which the sunshine sometimes finds itself a prisoner, hurry out and buy wallflowers, daisies, hollyhocks, sweet-williams, &c. &c. at a penny a root; and these they plant in the two narrow square yards beyond the water-butt, where they dwindle away in a week or two, if they are not broken down before morning by the cats. A poor man's London garden measures about six paces; and besides the outhouse at the end, contains a dust-bin, water-butt, coal-shed, two posts that uphold the clothes-line, a little square cinder space in the centre, eight feet by six—the children's playground—and his flower-beds on each side the low, damp, sunless wall. His waving trees are stacks of chimneys, the pots of which are occasionally gilded by the sunlight. In some primitive neighbourhoods, where sewer was never yet sunk, a deep sluggish ditch yawns and stagnates, and there a stunted alder—a kind of living death—does, in its slow decay, now and then manage to make a sign, and lift up its few green leaves, amid which 'smuts and blacks nestle in place of birds.' Not that these London gardens are wholly without their choristers, for there are plenty of sparrows, whose notes seem to have been copied from the sounds made by the knife-grinders in the streets; and sometimes these dirty fellows come out from under the smoky eaves, and hop about like a parcel of little sweeps. 'You never see them 'preen' themselves, like your decent country sparrows; for they seem to know that it would be but 'labour in vain;' so they get case-hardened as soon as they can, and look as glossy as beetles. The banks beside these ditches, instead of being white over with daisies, are strewn with broken crockery, while an old saucepan-handle occasionally shoots out, and here and there a rag flutters from the stunted alders, and throws a cooling shadow upon the fragments of broken bottles below. Part of an old hamper, yellow with rain and rot, at the foot of which a piece of old green baize has been thrown, may, if the imagination is vivid enough, be magnified into a root of primroses. Violets, too, on a washing-day, where the women use plenty of stone-blue, may, by the same imaginative power, be seen to wave on these banks when they empty their washing-tubs. The Zephyrs, who 'fan their odoriferous wings' in these gardens, come in the shape of door-mats and carpets, and raise such cloudy perfumes as make a man sneeze again, while the silver showers rouse every Sabrina that sits

under the 'cool translucent' sewers. These London gardens are also rich in earwigs—great, nimble, long-bodied things, which, if you chance to cut them in two with the spade, make nothing at all of it, but scamper off like an engine without the train, leaving that black and cumbrous body, the carriage, behind. They are accompanied by a genteel sort of worm, with a superabundance of legs. In the bulbs which you have left all winter in the ground, hundreds of little innocent grubs congregate, that come forth in due time, eat up every green leaf, and then attack the stalks. In vain do you apply soap-suds and tobacco smoke; their lives hang not by a slender thread; they were never delicately nursed, but born to endure every hardship. There are thousands of such gardens as these in and around London, and hundreds of pounds are expended in the purchase of flowers in spring-time to decorate these little sunless patches of earth. As for sowing seed, you might as well expect to see a crop of gravel shoot up; a kidney-bean, by the end of a week, is occupied by a thriving family of grubs.

Spring in London is borne through our streets in barrows, or sometimes carried in triumph in a basket on the heads of her votaries; besides flowers, she comes crowned with radishes and young onions; or, like a gleaner in autumn, bears a sheaf of rhubarb on her brow. Her hair is entwined with the sprouts of broccoli, while in her hand she carries a cream-coloured cauliflower. Sometimes you see her crammed into a little sieve, where she sits looking out of the windows in the shape of a salad. There is no room for her to flaunt in all her gay attire in this money-growing city. Her very violets, as if even the perfume occupied too much space, are rolled up in leaves and paper, and sold in a dying state; for London is the great cemetery of flowers—the grave in which all the 'beautiful daughters of the earth and sun' are buried. They cannot live amid its high-piled walls.

'High up the vapours fold and swim,
Above them floats the twilight dim,
The place they knew forgetteth "them."'

How different is spring-time in the sweet, green, open country, where the sunshine seems to sleep like a wide unbounded ocean, stretching to the edge of the very heaven from which the golden radiance descends! Here the silver-footed showers of April leap and chase each other from leaf to leaf; and you might fancy that every rounded drop went dancing on until it became weary, then settled down into the bells of the flowers, or slept amid the opening buds that come forth in their tenderest array of green. You hear the lark singing somewhere amid the dissolving snow of the clouds, but cannot tell whether it is hidden among the blue that hangs below the floor of heaven, or amid the feathery silver that streams out like the wings of a mighty angel. Through

the vernal green of the grass you see the young daisies dawn, as if a new firmament was rising out of the earth, studded with another milky-way of unnumbered stars. The bleating of the young lambs falls upon the ear with a strange, dreamy sound, and you seem wandering through a newly-made world—a fresh formation, that has risen above the wreck and ruin of winter, and strewn the brow of its black, naked, and volcano-like front with flowers. You hear the babbling of childish voices in the winding lanes, and by the woodside; and there is a cheerful creaking of busy wheels on the brown and dusty highway, which fills the landscape with sounds of life, where before the snow lay like a winding-sheet over the muffled lips of the dead. The streams have broken asunder their icy fetters, and like liberated slaves, with the jingling fragments dangling about them, go dancing and singing down the steep hill-sides, and through the valleys, as if their only delight was in the motion that accompanied the sounds they made. The bees, like schoolboys broken loose, come buzzing out of the hives, and murmuring to each other as they hasten along, ransack every hidden nook in search of flowers, and wage war against the velvet buds; while those dusky and noisy foragers, the rooks, either sally out to ravage the wide neighbourhood, or stay at home, brawling and fighting, among the branches of their old 'ancestral trees.' The bark-peelers are busy stripping and felling in the adjacent forest, and you inhale the rich aroma as you wander along, and sigh when you think of the baked atmosphere which you are doomed to breathe in the burning summer of the city. If you ramble beside the clear river, there, in the willow holt, you see the busy osier-peelers at work, hear the rods whistling through the brake, and behold the tall taper wands spread out in the breeze and sunshine to dry. Field and farm, forest and river, hill and valley, are all alive, and throbbing beneath the stirring impulse of spring.

As the season advances, the day is cheered by the glad shouting of the cuckoo, and the silence of night awakened by the song of the nightingale; for as the voice of spring deepens, it is heard everywhere; and a hundred different choristers come from distant lands to swell the great anthem which is poured forth in our wild greenwoods.

Spring-time is the youthful season of the year; it passes its babyhood in the lap of winter, wrapped in its swaddling-clothes of snow; summer is the beauty of its full manhood; and autumn, with its yellow and fallen leaves, the old year in its age and decay. We have not that love for the flowers of autumn which we extend to those of spring, beautiful as many of them are; for we know that when they are withered and dead, nature must sink into a long sleep before others will grow up to replace them. With spring it is different: the violet and the primrose are quickly followed by the rose and the lily; and when the hawthorn has shed its pearl-tinted blossoms, the sweet woodbine appears with her crimson-streaked cheek. Yet if we love the flowers of spring more, we see them pass away with less regret than we do those of autumn. So with the loves and friendships formed in our youthful days; the broken and parting pangs seem more severely felt at the time, but they leave not the lingering regrets which make the heart empty and desolate in its old age. In the spring of our lives we shoot up amid sunshine and beauty, but bear no fruit; even that which hangs upon the summer of our manhood is green and crude, and scarcely worthy of being garnered until mellowed by the mists of autumn.

When shed and treasured, the season is again in its infancy; for spring leaps not up from the ashes of the dying year, but sleeps throughout the long night in the womb of winter. The child cannot begin with the knowledge we leave behind us when we enter the mysterious gates of the grave. There is a closer affinity between the out-of-door world of nature and ourselves than may at a first glance appear. The bud, the leaf, the flower, and the fruit, exhibit every stage of progression from infancy, youth, and manhood, to old age. The perfection of all intellectual growth is but a superior seed dropped into fruitful soil. The spirit of Shakespeare lives not when grafted on a dull human stock—the rose cannot take root in a heap of cinders and ashes—the mountain-heath withers and dies in the swampy soil of the reedy marsh.

There was a time when, to our own minds, spring brought but few associations, saving such as were connected with the lengthening of the days, the return of the singing-birds, and the coming again of the flowers. Even now, we can ramble throughout the whole livelong day, and divest our mind of all graver memories, contented to watch the shifting colours that fade over the landscape, and to burrow about the banks and hedgerows. But amid those grave and sable hours which slowly close the curtains of the midnight, almost every distinct object assumes a shape, and has a meaning; it becomes a part of one great whole, proving that

'The whole round earth is every way
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.'

The sunshine of spring comes in light and gladness, and throws open hundreds of narrow courts and suffocating alleys in London; and in the warm mild evenings, you see the inhabitants congregated on the broad pavements of the open streets, or seated upon the kerbstones, or the steps around the mouths of those inhabited charnel-houses. The little, ill-clad, half-fed, dirty children are no longer driven to their pallets of straw or shavings at so early an hour as they were in winter. They now run riot in the streets, chasing each other like swallows, forgetting even for the time the pangs of hunger in the midst of their momentary happiness. The blessed sunshine, that God scatters like gold from heaven upon the rich and poor, even in these places, produces enjoyment not the less pure because unpurchased by the worldly man's standard of wealth. Many of these children are shoeless. After every romp, they have to stop to replace the little dirty frocks that have slipped off their thin spare shoulders: for every pull, and drag, and rent, they will probably, when they arrive at home, receive a blow; this they appear perfectly conscious of from the exclamations occasionally uttered; yet they 'bate not a jot of heart nor hope,' but run after each other with merry whoop and loud halloo, until summoned in by the shrill voices of their mothers. Many of them, during the daytime, had wandered from door to door, perfect in the very trick of the beggar's suffering look and canting whine, bearing a box of lucifers or a row of pins, under cover of which they escaped the vigilance of the police. It would be difficult to recognise these juvenile impostors amongst that merry group, were we not accustomed to meet them in 'their daily walks and ancient neighbourhoods.'

The village poor, amid all their poverty, can see the hand of spring at work as she hangs the tender green upon the branches, and scatters flowers of every hue over upland and valley. Unpoisoned by the malaria that rises from sink and sewer, the unadulterated air of heaven blows sweetly through the open doors of their thatched cottages, and there the morning sunshine comes streaming in, bright and beautiful as when it first issued from the golden chambers of the east. Instead of the waving of ill-washed garments, which send up an unhealthy smoke as they hang to dry in the city courts, the long leaves are talking to them all day long; and in place of the bawling of the costermongers, who from morning until night are ever breaking the peace of the

streets, their ears are greeted with the mellow pipings of the golden-billed blackbird, the music that gushes forth from the speckled throat of the throistle, or descends like a shower of melody from the clouds, where the twinkling wings of the skylark beat. The very child sent out to tend cattle in the long wandering lanes—who appeases his hunger by a hunch of brown bread, and quenches his thirst at the wayside brook—finds a hundred objects to amuse him in his solitude, and shuns all those numberless vices which lie in wait at every corner of our thickly-populated cities.

Unfettered, he can roam abroad,
And as he chooses pass the hours;
Can linger idly by the road,
Or loiter 'mid the wayside flowers:
For what cares he about the morrow?—
Too young to sigh, too old to fear;
He has no time to think of sorrow—
He finds the daisies everywhere;
And still sings through each green retreat,
And plucks the flowers around his feet.

ERMAN'S TRAVELS.

In 1827, Professor Hansteen, in pursuance of his researches in terrestrial magnetism, set out upon an expedition into the interior of Siberia, the expense of which was defrayed by the Norwegian government. The request of Mr Erman, already known in the scientific world, to be allowed a share in the undertaking, was complied with; and the results of his observations, both moral and philosophical, are now laid before the English reader by Mr Cooley.* Mr Erman's reputation is a sufficient guarantee for the value of the book. In 1844, he received one of the Royal Geographical Society's medals; the president, Sir R. I. Murchison, declaring, while he pronounced the adjudication, that with the exception of Humboldt himself, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a man more deserving of the honour. Supported by this authority, Mr Cooley, in the preface, very naturally launches out into the praise of his author, not only as a scientific traveller, but as a correct observer of manners, and appreciator of national character. To this, however, we have some demur to make, though not as regards Mr Erman's talents, but solely on the score of the inadequacy of his opportunities. In so rapid a journey, it was impossible for him to do more than skim the surface; and it was equally impossible for him to avoid the misapprehensions to which even the most talented traveller is liable in hastily traversing a foreign country. It is as safe as it is easy to praise where we are ignorant; but since 1827, much light has been thrown upon at least European Russia; and in the portion of the work referring to this region, we cannot say that we are struck by any great superiority on the part of our author over the common run of hasty travellers.

But some allowance must be made for the mere lapse of time; for the 'permanent form of civilisation' has no more permanence in Russia than elsewhere. Mr Erman's journey from St Petersburg to Moscow lay through a savage country, almost wholly destitute of inns or other conveniences for travellers; while only eight or nine years later, we ourselves rolled over the same tract in a diligence more comfortable than any we ever met with in France, dining at handsome restaurants by the roadside *à la carte*, and having our choice of French and German wines at various prices. All this was an agreeable surprise, as we had been forewarned by Dr Clarke that it would be madness to expect even clean straw for a bed. Had we taken this traveller's advice, we should have provided ourselves with a pewter teapot, a kettle, a saucepan, tea, sugar, bread, and meat; and on descending from the diligence to dine, we should

have astonished the natives by walking into their Parisian restaurants with a large cheese under one arm, and the lid of our saucepan under the other, to be used, according to the doctor's recommendation, as a dish!

But the difference between Mr Erman and other travellers on the character and position of the various classes into which the population is divided, cannot be ascribed to the revolutions of time. The dislike he supposes the Russians to have to intimate association with foreigners—the segregation of the women of the upper ranks—and the social position of the priesthood—are all mistakes which he has fallen into in consequence, no doubt, of the briefness of his sojourn, and the pre-occupation of his mind by other studies. The comparative isolation of the foreign mercantile class at St Petersburg is owing partly, no doubt, to the prejudices of the Russian gentry; but prejudices of a different kind from what Mr Erman supposes. It is the profession they dislike, and that alone—a fact which is proved by the very same barrier existing between them and their own merchants. The masses of the people have no avenue to the government service (the grand distinction of rank in Russia) but through the army. Trade, however successful, neither ennobles nor dignifies; and the wealthiest merchant may continue throughout his life a serf, paying his master an annual rent for his liberty to buy and sell. This explains the original isolation of the English factory, as it used to be called—an isolation kept up to this day by English prejudices as well as Russian. Our countrymen never mix thoroughly with the population anywhere. In the towns of France, Germany, and Italy, they are very nearly as distinct a class as they are in St Petersburg.

In Moscow, the foreign residents are chiefly teachers, and their intercourse with their employers is on a much more easy and equal footing than at home. But foreigners, who are neither merchants nor teachers, amalgamate as completely with Russian as with any other society; and more completely if English, because the heartiness of hyperborean hospitality breaks through the national reserve, and compels them to feel at home.

The kind of segregation of the women of the upper classes mentioned by our traveller exists to a less extent in Russia than in England. In the former country, not taking morning calls into account, which are comparatively rare, the reign of sociality commences at three o'clock—the general dinner hour; from which time till late at night all is flutter and freedom among the womankind. After dinner the company separate, but only to meet again, either in the same or some other house or houses, and the whole evening is spent in a succession of festive reunions. But on the other hand, the women of the mercantile class live in a kind of Eastern seclusion, drinking tea from morning till night, of which they imbibe, it is said, not less than from forty to fifty cups in the day. But the secrets of their prison-house are unknown, for the antagonism of classes is as strong on their side as on the other; and a noble would find it as difficult to join the domestic circle of a merchant, as a merchant would to seat himself at the table of a noble. The women, however, go to church, and on some occasions to the promenade, when their beauty, with which Mr Erman was so much struck, appears very remarkable indeed—as a work of art. The man of science was too much of a true philosopher to question so agreeable an illusion. He only saw the most exquisite complexions it is possible to conceive, and took it for granted that they were formed of nature's own red and white. Among the peasantry, again, there is more separation between the sexes (not seclusion), oddly conjoined with more intermixture, than perhaps in any other country. Custom does not prevent the women from bathing in the same pond with the men; but it generally prevents them from mixing in their dances or other recreations. You will see on the highways, near the villages, a group of bearded peasants dancing together with the utmost gravity, and at a few yards' distance a group of women similarly engaged,

* Travels in Siberia, &c. By Adolph Erman. 2 vols. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1848.

neither party bestowing even a look upon the performances of the other. While mentioning the peasantry, we may as well say that it is not brandy, as it is called throughout the work, that is the common spirits of the country, but vodka, a liquor distilled from grain, and somewhat resembling, both in taste and weakness, the gin of the Londoners.

With regard to the churchmen, our traveller tells us that they do not form so distinct a group of the population as the other classes; the higher clergy intermixing with the nobles, and the lower with the tradesmen. This is quite a mistake. The higher clergy are monks of St Basil, sworn to perpetual bachelorhood, and they do not go into lay society at all. They confine themselves to their convents, where they live well, and wax portly, and (belonging by birth to the upper classes) are indeed the most gentlemanly-looking men in Russia. The lower classes, on the contrary, are part and parcel of the people. They must be married before they are ordained, and they are ineligible to the higher offices of the church. Though their functions are sacred, they and their families belong to the vulgar; and we have seen these clergymen, in their canonicals, go into the vodka shops of Moscow, and reissue while depositing gravely in their pockets a bottle of their favourite liquor. The religious feelings of the better class must have much decreased since Mr Erman's visit, since he tells us that a custom prevailed among them, which is rarely seen now, of offering adoration before meals to a crucifix set up in the room. The word crucifix we presume to be a mistranslation, for the Russians hold graven images in as much abhorrence as the Jews, paying their devotions instead before painted and gilded portraits of the saints.

The 'cautious reserve of the natives,' their 'shrinking from contact with a foreigner,' and their 'repugnance towards everything foreign,' are not merely unknown among the Russians of the higher class, but they are the very reverse of the fact. There is, in truth, throughout this order of society, to use the words of a more recent traveller, 'a sickly craving after everything foreign, and an unmanly affectation of scorn for everything native.' But while protesting against the book before us being received as high authority in anything but practical science, we would by no means be understood as being blind to the real merits of our author. Even leaving science out of the question, he is obviously an intelligent and accomplished man; he has a taste for the picturesque, and with good descriptive power; and, above all things, he has a sympathy with human nature even in its rudest condition, which throws a charm over the whole work.

In a work of such various and extensive information, the choice of subjects for notice is a difficult task; but we think we can hardly go wrong in devoting some little space to what many will deem rather a curious exposition of the economical importance of the Ural Mountains. Here, it seems, there are 132,000 tons of iron produced every year, four-sevenths of which are destined for European Russia, two-sevenths for Asiatic Russia, and one-seventh for the states on the south-west. 'The iron,' says our author, 'thus dispersed from the Ural would, if collected into one mass, constitute a sphere of only forty-seven feet diameter; and, if we assume the ores raised at five times the quantity of iron produced, we shall see that the diminution of the beds of the Ural will not exceed the contents of a sphere of 380 feet diameter in one hundred years. The result of this calculation will, as usual, only furnish another instance of the insignificance of human operations; for a globe of this size would not quite equal the dimensions of the Blagodat, as far as the ores are exposed above ground; so that many centuries must pass away before it will be necessary to go beyond the metallic accumulations which present themselves to view.' About the same value of gold and platinum is produced every year, and about one-fifth of the value of copper; giving of these metals the annual

amount of nearly five millions and a half sterling. To this must be added the produce of salt springs, rising through artificial borings carried into the lowest bed of the mountain limestone.

The magnitude of this branch of industry will be still better appreciated from our author's statement, that it would require 361 vessels of 400 tons each for the transport of a like quantity of minerals by sea. Here, with the exception of a comparatively small portion, it is distributed throughout the empire by means of river navigation, extending from Slatoust to the Baltic, or in an uninterrupted line of about 3350 miles. During 1000 miles of this route the boats have to struggle against rapid currents; and after all, they are prevented by the cataracts of Bronitsui from retracing their route, and on reaching the Baltic, are broken up as firewood for the denizens of St Petersburg.

The vessels used in this remarkable voyage are 120 feet long and 25 broad, flat-bottomed, with nearly parallel sides, and triangular though not sharp, both at bow and stern. Each fleet is attended by two pilot boats, and each of the larger vessels by a punt; all these vessels being constructed by the miners themselves during the winter. By the 20th of April the ice has disappeared from the rivers, and on that day the fleet, led, with flag flying, by a commodore vessel containing the owner or supercargo, leaves Slatoust; but not before a solemn mass is celebrated on the deck of the commodore, and the vessel blessed by the priest. Mounted attendants are stationed along the banks, receiving orders from the commodore, and salutes are fired as the residences of the Bashkir chiefs are passed. At night the fleet brings to, and the crew, all of whom are miners, sleep on shore, on almost every occasion surrounded by different scenery—now a narrow valley hemmed in by wooded hills, now an open plain, and again a gorge of bare calcareous rocks, sometimes rent into enormous columns, and sometimes hollowed out into caverns. At Satka an addition to the cargo is made from the magazines there, and the complement of men increased in proportion, to work the heavy oars at bow and stern. Nor is the work easy, for all sorts of difficulties beset the navigation, sometimes impeded by shoals and banks, sometimes by rocks and islands. But the light-hearted boatmen sing their way through all, knowing that they will be recompensed at night by the enjoyment of sitting round their watch-fires, drinking the sap of the birch, collected from notches cut in the trees, and playing their balalaika, or native guitar. These men, however, do not voyage far. The crew is diminished in number as the navigation becomes easier; and at Ufa the whole of the miners are sent home, and the vessels manned by hired Votyaks.

At Laishof a radical change takes place in the voyage; for here the vessels bound for Nijnei or St Petersburg must prepare to quit the smaller rivers, along which they had hitherto threaded their way, and to commit themselves to the broad waters of the Volga, the nursing mother, as it is called, of the Russian empire. They are now therefore rigged and fitted with a railing round the deck, each having a crew of thirty men, which gives employment altogether to 20,000 of the inhabitants of the neighbouring country. The ascent of the Volga is not facilitated by tracking with cattle. All is done by means of human labour, and the boats warped along by a windlass and hawser. At St Petersburg, as we have said, their history closes.

But this is not the sole trade the Russians carry on from the confines of Europe and Asia. In one direction they barter the goods of the western world with the Chinese; in another they collect the furs of the frozen regions of the north; and in a third they exchange productions with Western Asia. The last-mentioned trade is carried on chiefly with Bokhara; and some readers will wonder in what possible way a commercial character can attach to a barbarian state, without industry or resources, and a mere oasis in a desert of sand; and why 15,000 loaded camels should wend thither every year in

caravans from the surrounding countries of Asia. In a work published three years ago, Baron de Bode has solved this question, by pointing to the geographical situation of Bokhara as a central point of all the commercial routes between Eastern and Western Asia, and through which the chief products of that quarter of the world must be sent to Europe.* It is likewise the natural depôt of the southern countries, whose merchandise is sent to the north; and almost from the gates of its capital city the steppes begin which stretch to the Russian frontier. This remarkable oasis, together with that of Khiva, was formerly, according to the Greek and Asiatic historians, in a much more flourishing state than now; and in a memoir communicated by Humboldt to a German officer, the author of a work on Khiva, the writer speculates on the gradual desiccation (often referred to by other inquirers) of this part of Central Asia as one of the causes of the change.†

The present trade is described by Mr Erman at Troitsk, one of its Russian depôts, bordering upon the steppe of the free Kirgis. 'On the Kirgis side of the bazaar,' he says, 'may be seen, in worn-out and ludicrously-patched garments, the men riding upon camels and horses, the women on saddled cows; and the piercing cries of the camels, which are obliged to kneel down to be unloaded, are heard continually. The men are chiefly employed in selling the horses which they bring here in immense droves, and which are kept partly in a piling within the hall, partly turned out to graze in the steppe. The women, seated on the ground on the felt mats of their tents (kibitki), carry on the retail trade, and reckon their money. The Bokharians, Tatars, and Bashkirs, are said to deal fairly and peaceably with their brethren in religion, the Kirgis, and to find amusement in their peculiar loquacity. The contrast between the grave and circumspect demeanour of the Bokharian, sitting in his dark booth on the woilok cushion, waiting quietly for customers, and the savage boisterousness of the Kirgis, is said to be very striking. These more civilised merchants are even there always clad in the rich long khalat, while the greater number of the Kirgis go about in short jackets of horse-skin with the hair on, or in ragged cloths, and with the most clownish air.'

We now come to merchandise of a different kind. 'The conversation of a Kirgis belonging to our host, and who was a constant companion of our nocturnal trips in the sledge, contributed not a little to compensate us for our tedious disappointment while lingering in the lonely German churchyard. He told us how, when he was a lad of sixteen—and boding no good—he was enticed by his father from the steppe to the Siberian frontiers, and was there handed over to some Russian merchants in discharge of a debt of 180 roubles. He travelled with his new master to Tomsk, and being dismissed from thence, he entered immediately into the service of his present owner. The only tidings he had since received from his own home were, that his unnatural father had met with the punishment due to perfidy, being killed by some Russians with whom he had quarrelled. Perhaps, for the sake of the appearance of revenging himself on fate, the otherwise good-natured man related, with rare glee, how he, too, had renounced the children whom he had reared at Tobolsk from his marriage, and had given them into servitude to other Russians. Among the inhabitants of the steppes, the trade in the human being is ever a favourite business. Cases, however, like the present, which display an unnatural want of feeling in parents, are of rarer occurrence. Sometimes the eldest son, on the death of the father, gets rid in this way of his sisters, the support of whom devolves on him; the kidnapping of children is generally the work of families at variance, who thus take revenge on one another. The Kirgis, who are so numerous in ser-

vice in Western Siberia, and those in Bokhara and the other Khanats, have been all carried off in this way. Those Kirgis, in particular, who attend the merchants of Bokhara through the steppes, have quite a passion for kidnapping their neighbours' children; and it is said that, in consequence, whenever a caravan in the steppe passes through an Aul, or inhabited place, the mothers, with the anxious bustle of cackling hens, drive their children together into a felt tent, or kibitka, and there guard them from their itinerant fellow-countrymen.' The Russians, it may be supposed, who fall into the hands of these wretches are not on a bed of roses. 'Our Kirgis friend declared to me that he knew nothing of the custom, attested to me previously, and by most credible witnesses, as existing in the little horde, of knocking Russian prisoners dexterously on the head in such a way as to blunt their intellects, and so render them less capable of effecting their escape. But on the other hand, he described, as an eye-witness, a cruel practice, usual in his own tribe, and having the same object in view. When they have caught a Russian, and wish to retain him in servitude, they cut a deep flesh wound in the sole of his foot, towards the heel, and insert some horse hair in it. There is then no doubt that, even when the wound is externally healed; he will abide for the rest of his life, by a leading rule of Kirgis national manners; for as the Kirgis is always on horseback from choice, so the maimed Russian becomes a confirmed equestrian from the pain of walking.'

The Siberians themselves are described by our author as an enterprising and industrious race, bearing not a few of the characteristics of the New Englanders. As for the exiles, or convicts, as we should call them, they appear to be very well off, passing among the kindly Russians by the name of the Unfortunates. 'All these Unfortunates, as they are called, live in the town in perfect freedom; and with the exception of some newly-arrived exiles, who are obliged to do penance in church, they seem quite exempt from any special control or watchfulness on the part of the police. Many of the older ones do the same thing of their own accord, and doubtless from sincere conviction. These aged exiles pass over from the luxury of Moscow to the frugal simplicity of Tobolsk with true manly equanimity. They let their beards and hair grow; and, as they say themselves, they find the life of the Kosak and the peasant far more supportable than they once believed. Hence it is easily conceivable that the children, whom they bring up from marriages with Siberian women, totally lose all trace of so remarkable a change of fortune; and that the Russian nobility employed in Siberia in agriculture, hunting, or any other *promuiss*, are as little to be distinguished from their neighbours as the posterity of Tatar princes.' The exiles of the better classes are officers who have been guilty of fraud or breach of trust; while those convicted of state offences are sent nearer the Icy Sea.

In pursuing his journey northward from Tobolsk, our traveller found the comfort of the people greatly dependent upon their wives, who not only kept their houses clean and in good order, but were themselves distinguished by healthy and pleasant looks, neatness of dress, and hospitality. Near the arctic circle, the town of Bereasov was found steeped in that 'half-dark day' which, according to a Russian poet, has a magical charm for every nation of the north. A plain of snow and ice extended beyond, till it met the line of the horizon; the silence of the desert reigned in the twilight streets; and but for the smoke from the chimneys, the travellers might have fancied themselves in some city of the dead. 'It would be a great mistake, however, to judge of the interior of the snow-covered houses from the dreary and inanimate appearance of the streets; for instead of finding the people sunk in their winter sleep, one sees them full of hilarity and vigour, and willing to enjoy life. In conformity with the ancient Russian usage, the duty of entertaining the strangers was not allowed to fall on a

* Bokhara, its Amir, and its People. From the Russian of Khankroff.

† Memoir of the Countries about the Caspian and Aral Seas.

single family; but during a residence of five days in the place, I was continually moving as a guest from house to house. In the course of each day, the wandering social circle, as I may call it, kept continually increasing, my hosts of the preceding days always joining it, until at last the *posejunki*, or evening sittings of the men, consumed not a little of the long winter's night. One might spend years in this conversational life without wishing for anything better; for the weighty experience of many generations is here accumulated into a rich treasure, and the men who have collected, and who impart it, seem gifted in no ordinary degree. Nowhere else did I find among the natives so lively an interest in the objects of our journey; and it is entirely owing to the circumstance that many here had been instinctively led to meditate on philosophical questions, that, besides the geographical and magnetical observations, I obtained at Beresov much valuable information respecting the peculiarities of the climate, as well as the men and animals inhabiting the country around.

This would seem indeed a traveller's tale to one ignorant of the circumstances which combine to give so intellectual a character to a remote and isolated community almost buried in snow. But the blood of the Beresovians is mingled with the best in the empire; and the flower of the court and army—exiled generals and statesmen—have united with their Ostyak wives to raise a progeny distinguished at once by refinement and vigour. Then they are not always alone; for travellers from Tobolsk come frequently to give a fillip to their faculties with news of the busy world; and Russian crews—wild men of the icy Sea—make their way sometimes to Beresov, and pay for their winter quarters with stories of their adventurous lives.

Such is life in the far north; but our space warns us that we must conclude, at least for the present. As yet, we have only got through the first volume; and the second is full of interesting details of life among the Ostyaks, and of the intercourse of the Russians with the Chinese. On the latter subject we shall have an opportunity of comparing the observations of our author with those of Müller, Pallas, and other writers; and from such sources we shall hope to be able to lay before our readers a sketch both useful and entertaining.

'THE MERCIFUL' ESCAPE.'

AMONG the vestiges of former times remaining in the town of Dundee, is a wynd, or rather court, leading from the High Street, and known in native parlance as 'the Voults.' It is so called from being supposed to pass over extensive vaults belonging to an ancient monastery, whose site is no longer discernible; and the popular belief is in some degree confirmed by the hollow reverberations which its pavement gives back to passing steps or vehicles.

Time and fires have considerably diminished their numbers, especially of late years; but it is evident that the Voults was once as densely inhabited as city wynds were wont to be in the days of our ancestors; and those antiquated mansions, that look as if they had seen and never forgotten the devastating troops of Montrose, were occupied by the local rank and fashion of two hundred years ago. Since then, they have experienced the usual gradations of inhabitants, from anxious business down to reckless poverty. As the Voults is a kind of thoroughfare between two principal streets, some remnants of the former are still observable; but so late as the commencement of the present century, it was one of the busiest and most important localities in the burgh. At that time, which happens to be the period of our story, the lower flats in some of the cellars were appropriated to shops and offices, whilst the upper afforded habitations to operatives of every description, including the handloom weavers of linen cloth, which branch of industry was then new among the manufactures of Dundee.

The men of the loom in that neighbourhood were an industrious, intelligent class, though reckoned somewhat curious, and inclined to gossip; but there was no better specimen of these united characteristics in the order to which he belonged than James Wotherspoon the widower, who, with his only son and loom, abode for more than forty years in an attic room of Scrymgeour's Lând opposite the Hostel. Both these buildings are long ago numbered among the things that have been, but they were conspicuous at the period of which we speak. The former was a tall timber house of five storeys, with an outside stair and balcony, said to have been erected by a branch of the once powerful family of Scrymgeour before the Reformation, but in its last days inhabited by the poorer class of artisans; and the latter, a lower but larger and more solid stone fabric, traditionally reported to have served the different purposes of a chapter-house, a mansion of the Lindsay family, and an inn kept by a Flemish refugee, when there was no other inn in Scotland.

From the last-mentioned circumstance was derived the name which it retained through many a change of service, till at length, when the first French Revolution gave the news-reading world an impetus such as it never knew before, nor ever wanted since, the proprietor of a weekly paper, in high repute among local politicians, found more than sufficient accommodation for his establishment in the Hostel. A queer old place it was, with narrow windows, wainscotted rooms, and supernumerary doors in every corner, leading to winding passages and stairs, as if modes of egress and entrance had been the only study of the builders; but some of them were permanently locked up, and some forgotten, through the disuse of years. The people engaged about the 'Saturday Express' were thoroughly acquainted with the ways of their old-fashioned office, and it was believed the editor rather liked their intricacies, as they afforded no encouragement to the visits of strangers.

Whether owing to that cause or not, the office was rarely visited; but to one of the opposite neighbours at least it was an object of ceaseless interest and admiration, and that was James Wotherspoon. James was deservedly looked up to by the humble circle of his acquaintances, on account of superior attainments in the two great topics of their mental world—politics and theology: none could give a fuller account of the Sunday's sermon, or more clearly interpret a newspaper paragraph: he was acquainted with every popular work on divinity that had been published north of the Tweed for the last two centuries; could estimate the abilities and orthodoxy of every preacher between Tay and Don, and knew the political bias of all the notables of his time, from Pitt to the author of the 'Rights of Man.' Nor was his knowledge of those matters so surprising as it appeared to his simple companions, considering that the only hours of his waking existence which he spent off the loom were devoted to what he called 'studying the divines,' on which earnest pursuit a walk of ten miles to borrow an unread volume, or hear a celebrated preacher, was in his esteem as nothing; and the only coin he could or would spare, besides the purchase of life's daily necessities, was expended in subscribing for the Saturday Express, which he read every week, from the title to the last advertisement, at the rate of so many columns per day, to the great edification of his son and enlightenment of his neighbours, most of whom were content to receive the news of the day second-hand, and with explanatory notes by either of the pair.

A closely-resembling pair they were that father and son; and the Voults, in general, graphically expressed their sense of the only visible distinction by styling the one Big, and the other Wee Jamie, as their Christian names happened to be the same. Big Jamie was forty, and Wee Jamie was fourteen; but in size alone they were dissimilar: both were thin, muscular, and somewhat withered, with grave but curious faces, on which hard work, harder thought, and spare living, appeared

legibly written. In church each sat with the same reverent though watchful attention; in the streets each had the same cautious but rapid walk; and in the attic, where the one plied the shuttle, and the other wound the pirns or bobbins which supplied the woof, each wrought with the same air of determined and tireless industry. In modes of expression, shakings of head, and elevation of brows, the father and son were complete imitations of each other. The boy was a model of the man even in the matters of theology and politics; and a more regular, praiseworthy, but singular pair could not be found among the proverbially well-instructed artisans of their country. But there was one yearning which troubled the quiet of the Wotherspoons' days, like the repinings of Rasselas in the Happy Valley. The Saturday Express was their oracle—it was a Whig, and so were the two Jamies; they had read it with faith and understanding, week after week, from the first number, but they had never seen the interior of the printing-office. 'It's the temple o' science!' old Wotherspoon would exclaim, as he cast an adoring look from the attic window on the smoking chimney of the Hostel—the temple o' science, an' I may say the high place o' knowledge, from whence its glorious light is dispersed on all the nation. No but that there's mony mair o' sic fortresses built again' ignorance in Glasgow and Edinburgh, ne'er speakin' o' Lun'on an' the distant capitals o' Europe; but it fears me there's few papers filled wi' truth an' sincerity like the Saturday Express; an' to think that that mighty engine the Press is doin' its work for unborn generations at the tither side o' the Voults, an' us ne'er saw the powers o' printin' in actual operation!

'Mr Moodie's gay ill-willie to let in strangers,' responded his son to one of these outbursts. 'Sic folks shouldna be in places o' power an' trust; but Hirsalin' Jock, the deevil, telt me, in the speerit o' confidence, for clearing up to him how his majesty George III. had gaen clean wud, that his temper's amazingly mollified sin the plunderin' o' Loretto; an' we might hae a chance to see the work in a' its glory, if we wud jist step in some Saturday forenoon an' comport oursel's discreetly.'

'We'll try it, Jamie; we'll try it,' said his father with an emphasis that indicated resolution. 'Mr Moodie can do nae waur than refuse.'

It may be requisite to remark that Mr Moodie was the gentleman in command at the Hostel, whose partiality for the absence of visitors has been already noted; but after a long and minute discussion of the information imparted by Hirsalin' Jock—such being the Voults' sobriquet of a boy in the establishment—it was at length arranged between the greater and smaller Jamie that a bold attempt to see 'the dispenser of knowledge,' as the former styled the press, should be made on the following Saturday.

It was Wednesday when they came to this high resolve, and many a determined but anxious look was cast towards the Hostel from that till the appointed day: none of their neighbours were informed of the project—the Wotherspoons were too prudent for that, as they knew that failure was possible; but Jock had been waylaid, and catechised by the junior partner touching the possibilities of success in case such an enterprise were attempted, at some indefinite time; and his replies being satisfactory, the father and son rose from their loom at an unusually early hour on Saturday, equipped themselves as much in Sunday fashion as they considered advisable on a week-day, and proceeded to put their design in execution.

The Hostel was their goal; but by way of avoiding observation, and giving their courage time to rise, they trotted the whole length of the Voults and sundry adjoining streets, till at last, making a final sweep, they entered the mystic precincts in the train of a running newsmen. Keeping close behind him, the Jamies passed through a long wide gallery, a couple of empty rooms, and a flight of stairs with a door at the top, which ad-

mitted them to a large dusty apartment, where the broad and now wet sheets lay in piles, beside which several men and boys were at work, some folding, others putting on the covers, a pair of clerks were writing at a table in the centre, and a red-faced gentleman, loudly exhorting to haste, was pacing up and down when they made their appearance.

It was near the hour of issuing the paper, and all engaged on the Saturday Express were that day unusually hurried: the arrangements of newspaper offices were not then so perfect as at present; some delay had occurred in the transmission of intelligence, the compositors had blundered beyond correction in the leading article; and Mr Moodie, his official duties done, but still in the temper evoked by these trials, turned his eye on the elder Wotherspoon as he stood wondering at the scene, and demanded, 'What's your business?'

'My son an' me,' said Jamie, bowing reverently in the presence of literature, but still true to his resolution, 'jist cam in to see the glorious mystery o' printin'.'

'There's no time to let you see it now,' interrupted the editor. 'The hour of publication is almost past, and we are trying to get out a supplement.'

'Weel, I'm sorry,' responded Wotherspoon. 'I hae been a subscriber an' constant reader for a year and three-quarters.'

'Ah, indeed!' said Mr Moodie, manifestly softening. 'Well, just have the goodness to return in an hour or two, and you'll see it quite comfortably. Good-morning, sir.'

'Good-morning, and many thanks,' said Jamie, stepping, as he believed, to the door of entrance, which closed behind him and his son the next moment with a bang; and they hurried down the steps, determined to wait the leisure of the press in some of the rooms below. But both thought the staircase wonderfully darker than when they ascended.

'It's lang to get doon; an' guid guide us, there's nae room here,' said the boy, as they reached the last step, and found themselves at the entrance of a narrow and dingy passage.

'I doubt we're aff the gaet. They say the auld place is fu' o' holes and bores. But we'll no gang back to yon ill-grained craytor till the time's up. There's surely some door to be got,' said his father.

With this comfortable hope they entered the passage. It was long, and dimly lighted by small slit-like windows near the roof, which were thickly covered with cobwebs; and, as old Wotherspoon remarked, 'nane of the place was owre clean.' But it grew darker towards the end; and pressing forward with a kind of desperate fear, both felt, for they could not see, that their further progress was opposed by a strong and fast-shut door. The father seized the handle, and attempted to turn it with all his strength; but it would not move. 'Deil a bit o' us can get out,' said he, planting his feet more firmly on the floor, to give greater force to his second effort; but a cry of terror and amazement burst at once from father and son as the boards beneath them suddenly gave way, and both were precipitated fathoms deep into the darkness below. Fortunately the surface they reached was damp earth, and the boy's fall was broken by alighting on his father's breast.

'Guid be praised there's nane o' yer banes broken!' was the first exclamation of poor Wotherspoon, as his son, recovering from the first shock, scrambled up. 'But whar in a' the worl' are we?'

It was a most natural inquiry under the circumstances. They were in utter darkness; but by that keen perception which necessity sometimes calls forth in extraordinary situations, they soon discovered that the dull damp atmosphere which surrounded them was that of a wide and silent cavern or cellar, for whose bounds they sought in vain. Hand in hand the father and son groped and stumbled on, in hopes of meeting with either door or steps; but nothing could they reach but the damp earthen floor, with here and there a loose stone, a fragment of crumbling wood, varied with old bottles and

pieces of broken pottery. All fear of Mr Moodie and his subordinates was by this time swallowed up in greater terror. They raised their voices, and called for help with all their might; but the hollow and prolonged echoes that followed their shouts had something in them so overpoweringly fearful, that they were soon terrified into silence.

'Lord have mercy on us!' said the father. 'Jamie, dear, I doot there's nae earthly help for us. Do ye ken whar we are?'

'In the heart o' the auld monks' vaults, faither,' said Jamie. 'Listen, you's the street above us;' and the pair could now hear a rumbling sound overhead, like broken and distant thunder.

'Well, if it's the Lord's wull there will be a way of escape for us: let us pray to him,' said the father. And scarcely had he uttered this pious sentiment, when a faint gleam of light appeared in the distance, but only sufficient to give a dim idea of the vast extent around them.

'There must be some outlet, some chink there,' cried Wotherspoon; and his son uttered a cry of joy, which became dreadful in its echoes. 'Lord grant we may win tillt!', continued the old man, and both pressed on. Feeble as the light was—in fact the merest glimmer—it served as a sort of beacon for their sight, now in some degree accustomed to the darkness; but suddenly Jamie felt his father plunge forward, and at the same moment grapple at him with both his arms. The weight dragged him down, and the boy felt himself literally stretched on the ground, the extremities of his body resting on firm earth, and the middle portion grasped by the arms of his father over a deep circular chasm, in which the old man hung suspended.

'It's a well, Jamie!' cried the old man, flinging out his feet on all sides in search of some resting-place, no matter how small; but in vain. The mouth of the pit through which he had fallen was evidently covered with a large flag, having an orifice of something less than three feet in diameter in the middle. This the boy ascertained with his hands, which were still free; and a dripping sound far below, as of dust shaken down by their exertions, falling in deep water, proved too plainly that Wotherspoon's first idea was correct, and that he hung suspended over a deep old well.

'If I let you go, Jamie, do you think ye could fin' your ain way to the light, lad? Do you see it still?'

The boy replied with a shout of such wild and horror-stricken intreaty for his father to hold on, that the vaults replied as if with a hundred voices.

'Weel, Jamie,' said the father, when the fearful sounds died away, 'I canna haud lang; but the Lord might help us yet;' and both earnestly invoked that Providence on which the last hope of human nature hangs under all forms of faith and fortune.

'I see whar the light comes fra: it's in at a chink aboon a great stone pillar just beside us,' cried Jamie, interrupting a petition; 'an' here's a hole in it you could run a stick up just at my very fingers. Losh! but it's like the speaker's pipe in the wall o' Ramsay's Land.'

'Squeal up it, Jamie—squeal up it!' vociferated his father; and with an exhortation to keep a guid grip, the boy writhed himself round so as to reach the orifice, and bawled with all his strength, 'Help! help! my faither's droonin!'

'What's that?' cried the editor's clerk, who still remained in the business room with a couple of pressmen, winding up the last of the week's work, and rather anxious to get finished, as again and again from under his desk came a shrill whistling cry of 'Help! help! my faither's droonin!'

'It maun be the deil,' said the oldest of the men, making a stride towards the door. The clerk sprang to his feet and seized the desk, which was fortunately movable; the other man lent his assistance; but the voice still sounded on, and the clerk saw the paper, which happened to be loose on the wall, vibrate with

the sound. He tore it off in an instant, and discovered plainly the small circular opening of a speaking-tube in the lath and plaster, from which the cry proceeded.

'That weaver and his son haven't come back yet,' said the clerk, as an indefinite idea of the unused doors and the places to which they might lead, crossed him.

'No yet?' said the elder pressman, letting go the handle of the door. 'Do ye ken, sir,' he continued, pointing to one situated almost behind it, 'whar that leads? As I'm a leevin' man they went out of it; but Mr Moodie was sae awfu', I ne'er mintit to speak.'

'Then God help them, they have got into the old cellar, or maybe the vaults,' said the clerk; 'and how will we find them? Run and tell Mr Moodie, or the police. Hollo! where are you?' he shouted down the tube.

Never did a sound, of all the news they had heard in the course of their mortal existence, impart such joy to the hearts of the two Jamies as that brief inquiry. The father uttered a pious thanksgiving, and the son replied, 'Hingin' owre a well, and near the droonin', in the heart o' the auld monks' vaults!'

'Hold on, then, as long as you can,' responded the clerk, 'for there's help coming.'

Jamie uttered an earnest exhortation to all sorts of hurry, but none replied: the clerk had gone after his two assistants to alarm the neighbourhood. In a short time the more public parts of the Hostel were filled with the surrounding population, some with lights, some with ladders, and others with various weapons to break through walls and doors. The news had spread like wildfire 'that Big and Wee Jamie were smotherin' in the Vaults;' and the general esteem in which the Wotherspoons were held, was evinced by the eagerness of their neighbours for their assistance. But the most efficient help was that of the pressman already mentioned, who pointed out the door by which the pair had made their exit. The staircase and the passage beyond were speedily explored, and the light of some dozen lamps and torches cast on a wide trap-door, which still yawned above a broken and long disused ladder. More certain means of descent were soon procured, and a considerable party went down into what was supposed to be an old wine cellar, divided from the great vaults by old partition walls, which in many places had fallen away, leaving what seemed a boundless extent of 'darkness visible.' The lights reached Jamie's eye first, and the shouts of him and his father guided the searchers to where the former lay literally across the mouth of an ancient draw-well, supposed to be as old as the Hostel itself, and more than a hundred feet in depth; whilst the latter, with his arms tightly clasped round his son, hung suspended within a few feet of the water, which was afterwards found to occupy more than half its depth, having accumulated there, it was supposed, for centuries.

By means of ropes and willing hands, the pair were extricated from their perilous situation, and Jamie the younger pointed out the speaking-tube in the pillar, which had been the means of their deliverance. Why its opening was situated so near the ground, or what communications it was originally intended to convey, were mysteries which employed the speculations and surmises of the whole Vaults for some time; but the constructors had left no record, and the most ingenious conjectures were hazarded regarding the convenient proximity of the well to the wine barrels in the days of the good Fleming, from whose occupation the Hostel received its name: yet a complete solution was never obtained.

By special command of the proprietor, that unlucky door in the printing-office was finally nailed up; and after the tale of the Wotherspoons' mischances became public, Mr Moodie, to his entire satisfaction, was relieved of the visits of the curious. It was some days before James Wotherspoon and his son recovered from the exhaustion and injury consequent on that Saturday's adventure, but neither ever again returned to

'the temple of science.' It was even remarked in after-life that both entertained an unaccountable horror of printing-offices in general; and when such matters were mentioned, the father was wont to observe, with a long and deep inspiration, 'The press! ou ay, it's a mighty engine o' knowledge; but we had a mercifu' escape.'

PRE-CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES OF IRELAND.

THE superiority of Ireland in the cultivation of antiquities is gratifyingly shown in a small and unpretending, but intelligent and accurate, volume recently published.* While modestly taking rank as a guide-book, it is, in reality, the production of an elegant and highly-informed mind, from which the most original contributions to our knowledge might be expected. By its plan, moreover, it makes up for the narrowness of its dimensions. The kinds of antiquities are classed; the finest examples of each kind described, with beautifully-executed illustrations in wood; and thus, in a couple of hours, we rise with not only a good general idea of the aspect of Ireland as a field of antiquarian research, but some knowledge of almost every very remarkable object of the kind which it contains.

Ireland and Scotland are both rich in relics of the early heathen population. But the antiquarian spirit has scarcely yet awakened on our side of the Channel. We only know enough to see that a great similarity prevails among those antiquities of the two countries which relate to pre-Christian times. Mr Wakeman's first chapter refers to *cromlechs*, which abound in Ireland, as they also do in Scotland. 'A cromlech, when perfect, consists, of three or more stones, unhewn, and generally so placed as to form a small enclosure. Over these a large stone is laid; the whole forming a kind of rude chamber.' 'From the fact of sepulchral urns containing portions of calcined bones, and in some instances of entire human skeletons, having been discovered in connection with several, these monuments appear to have been sepulchres.' Similar structures 'exist in many parts of the world, even in the heart of India.' Appearing as the first and rudest form of the sarcophagus, it would be difficult to assign them too remote an antiquity. Such, probably, were the lonely tombs to which distracted people betook themselves, as described in Scripture. The common idea regarding them in Scotland is, that they were sacrificial altars of the Druids.

Pillar stones, called in the native language *Leaganns*, are common in Ireland as with us, being usually tall rough blocks standing alone in fields or moorlands. Mr Wakeman does not decide whether they are idol-stones, or monuments of events, or landmarks, all of which characters have been assigned to them. In Scotland they are regarded as memorials of chiefs who have fallen in battle. We can mention a particular worthy of note, which we observed many years ago, regarding two such stones, placed at the distance of a few hundred yards from each other in a moor near Dingwall in Ross-shire—namely, that they stood in a line due east and west. There is one preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, with an inscription in what is called the Ogham character—a voice of the far past, which no one can now interpret.

It affords some affecting considerations regarding Ireland, that amidst the struggles of its peculiar modern barbarism, the better spirits of the land may allowably rejoice in the vestiges of ancient, though it might be imperfect, civilisation, which show that it was *something* while yet England was nameless. To judge merely from the gold ornaments, necklaces, and bracelets, of not inelegant workmanship, which have been found in surprising abundances in the sister island, we might suppose its early people to have been no small way

advanced in the refinements of life. No one could read Mr Wakeman's account of the Newgrange Mound or Cairn, without retaining the impression that some great unchronicled history belongs to Ireland, as to some of the lands of the East, and to those of Central America. This mound, which lies four miles and a half from Drogheda, was opened in 1699, and found to contain a subterranean building of massive stones, accessible through a narrow passage. It is, in fact, a little hill, composed of a ruined edifice of a singular and primitive kind. A central chamber, on which the passage opens, is cruciform, and eighteen feet high; its sides and roof being composed of huge slabs, mostly covered with curious carving, representative rather of scrollwork than figures, and which evidently has been executed before the stones were put into their present situation. Two similar mounds, called the hills of Nowth and Dowth, exist near by; and in one of them, an internal chamber of much the same form and style of decoration has recently been discovered, containing many half-burnt bones of animals, some small shells, a pin of bronze, and two small iron knives. These curious structures, with their many decorations, are finely illustrated in Mr Wakeman's volume.

Many names of places in Ireland have Rath as their initial syllable; thus Rathdrum, Rathcoormac, Rathfurling, &c. 'Rath' is a Celtic word for 'fort.' It abounds in Scotland also, but usually with a variety of pronunciation—*Rait* (though sometimes *Raith*). In our country, where this circumstance is not generally known, we have several times ventured, with regard to places having the syllable *Rait* in their names, to predict that ancient forts would be found near them—for example, *Rait* in the Carse of Gowrie, and *Logierait* at the junction of Tay and Tummel—and the result invariably justified us. Probably the well-known farewell cape at the north-west angle of Scotland has a fort on its summit, and should be called Cape *Raith*. Such forts are usually mere earthworks, forming a circle, or set of concentric circles, on plain ground, or cutting off the outer angle of a bank overhanging a rivulet. The enclosure is supposed to have contained temporary buildings for residence.

The celebrated Hill of Tara, in the county of Meath, is covered with a cluster of raths, and presents few other objects. From an indefinitely early time down to the sixth century it was a chief seat of the Irish kings. According to Mr Wakeman—'Shortly after the death of Dermot, the son of Fergus, in the year 563, the place was deserted, in consequence, as it is said, of a curse pronounced by St Ruadan, or Rodanus, of Lorrha, against that king and his palace. After thirteen centuries of ruin, the chief monuments for which the hill was at any time remarkable are distinctly to be traced. They consist for the most part of circular or oval enclosures and mounds, within or upon which the principal habitations of the ancient city undoubtedly stood. The rath called *Rath Righ*, or *Cathair Crofinn*, appears anciently to have been the most important work upon the hill, but it is now nearly levelled with the ground. It is of an oval form, measures in length, from north to south, about 850 feet, and appears in part to have been constructed of stone. Within its enclosure are the ruins of the *Forradh*, and of *Teach Cormac*, or the House of Cormac. The mound of the *Forradh* is of considerable height, flat at the top, and encircled by two lines of earth, having a ditch between them. In its centre is a very remarkable pillar stone, which formerly stood upon, or rather by the side of, a small mound, lying within the enclosure of *Rath Righ*, and called *Dumhanna-n-Giall*, or the Mound of the Hostages, but which was removed to its present site to mark the grave of some men slain in an encounter with the king's troops during the rising of 1798. It has been suggested by Dr Petrie, that it is extremely probable that this monument is no other than the celebrated Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny, upon which, for many ages, the monarchs of Ireland were crowned, and which is generally sup-

* The Hand-Book of Irish Antiquities. By William F. Wakeman. Dublin: James McGlashan. 1848.

posed to have been removed from Ireland to Scotland for the coronation of Fergus Mac Eark, a prince of the blood-royal of Ireland, there having been a prophecy that in whatever country this famous stone was preserved, a king of the Scotie race should reign. * *

'The *Teach Cormac*, lying to the south-east of the *Forradh*, with which it is joined by a common parapet, may be described as a double enclosure, the rings of which upon the western side become connected. Its diameter is about 140 feet.

'The ruins of *Teach Midhchuarta*, or the Banqueting-hall of Tara, occupying a position a little to the north-east of Rath Righ, consist of two parallel lines of earth, running in a direction nearly north and south, and divided at intervals by openings which indicate the position of the ancient doorways. These doorways appear to have been twelve in number (six on each side); but as the end walls, which are now nearly level with the ground, may have been pierced in a similar manner, it is uncertain whether this far-famed *Teach Midhchuarta* had anciently twelve or fourteen entrances. Its interior dimensions, 360 by 40 feet, indicate that it was not constructed for the accommodation of a few; and that the songs of the old Irish bards, descriptive of the royal feasts of Teamor, may not be the fictions that many people are very ready to suppose them. If, upon viewing the remains of this ancient seat of royalty, we feel disappointed, and even question the tales of its former magnificence, let us consider that, since the latest period during which the kings and chiefs of Ireland were wont here to assemble, thirteen centuries have elapsed, and our surprise will not be that so few indications of ancient grandeur are to be found, but that any vestige remains to point out its site.'

We did not intend to follow Mr Wakeman into the department of Christian Antiquities; but we are tempted out of our design by the Round Towers, which we believe have not been adverted to in this Journal since they ceased to be the mystery which they had been for many centuries. Our author does full justice to the profound learning and unwearied diligence by which Dr Petrie has at length made their purpose and history almost as clear as that of the churches with which they are invariably connected. The conclusions of that learned person are—1st, That the Towers are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries; 2d, That they were designed to answer at least a twofold use—namely, to serve as belfries, and as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden attack; 3d, That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons and watch-towers.

For the one hundred and three Round Towers of Ireland, Scotland contains two—those of Abernethy and Brechin. The former is connected with a town well known to have been originally Pictish. The Picts, according to Mr William Skene's ingenious book, were the progenitors of the modern Highlanders, and therefore the same Celtic people with the Irish. All antique structures in Scotland are popularly referred to the Picts, particularly these towers, and a class of fort-like buildings in the north of Scotland, circular, half covered in with masonry, and composed of regular courses of stone well compacted, either by jointings or cement, these last being commonly called Picts' houses. It is as the relics of a Celtic civilisation that these things are chiefly interesting. In neither country do the same people, sunk as they are into a mere populace, though still retaining some fine traits, seem capable of such architectural efforts. Those who made towers and palaces then, make only hovels now. The days of torques, plates of gold, and elegant sepulchral urns, are long since gone by. A brutish multitude, feeding scantily on the meanest of food, is all that remains of a people who once filled Europe, and played in it a great

though unrecorded part. Strange destiny, which causes an old, and gallant, and ingenious race to fade and pine beneath the rule of a stranger, as if it had qualities which made it shine out masterfully while it stood upon its own resources, but in other circumstances set all to retrogression!

M. LOUIS BLANC'S ORGANISATION OF LABOUR.

M. LOUIS BLANC, now a member of the Provisional Government of France, is a young literary man, who joined the republican party ten or twelve years ago, when that party seemed to be on the point of extinction. He is known in this country as the author of a 'History of France during the Ten Years 1830-40,' but not until the occurrence of the recent events in France did another work of his—a little volume on 'The Organisation of Labour,' which he published originally in 1839—attract general attention among English readers. Of a very sanguine disposition, precocious in talent, and full of certain general notions regarding the amelioration of the condition of the working-classes, which had been widely propagated in France by two Utopian thinkers, Saint-Simon and Fourier, M. Blanc had cast these notions into a shape capable, he thought, of instant application to the existing state of society. Golden and beautiful in appearance, but utterly repugnant to the plain sense of practical men, and, moreover, wholly defiant of the principles which Adam Smith was supposed to have established, the scheme of the young *littérateur* provoked replies from a few of the political economists of France, and especially from the distinguished M. Michel Chevalier. Chiming in, however, with prevalent popular sentiments, M. Louis Blanc's proposition survived these attacks; and a few months ago, when publishing a fifth and augmented edition of his former treatise, he appended a very striking prediction, to the effect that, Utopian as his views seemed, the time when they should be realised was less distant from the hour at which he wrote than was the revolution of 1789 from the eve which preceded it. This prediction has been fulfilled so far, that the views in question are now at least on their trial in France, and this under the auspices of M. Louis Blanc himself. In this experiment all nations are interested. From the methods in which it is conducted, from the crashes to which it may lead, from the total failure, if it should come to that, or from the partial and modified success, disappointing to the projectors themselves, whichever may be the issue, we, as spectators, may derive profit. Meanwhile, in order to be able to look on intelligently, it is essential that we should understand the precise nature of the scheme, and the precise hopes and feelings with which it is connected in the mind of its author.

The fundamental maxim upon which M. Blanc proceeds seems to be this: 'That wherever the certainty of being able to subsist by labour does not result from the very essence of the social institutions that are established, there iniquity reigns.' This maxim, it will be perceived, is equivalent to an assertion that the sufferings which afflict, and have always afflicted mankind, do not result from any inevitable necessities in the nature of things; but only from human perversity and misunderstanding—from the adoption and perpetration of false modes of government, and ineffectual social arrangements. Accordingly, the doctrine of the ephemeral nature of evil, and the perfectibility of human society, is expressly maintained by M. Louis Blanc. 'There are men,' he says, 'who do to God this outrage, to affirm that evil is immortal. Is this your thought? With such a doctrine, you go to the denial of all progress. For by what right do you affirm that it is only a third, or a fourth, or a fifth part of evil that it is given to man to destroy? By what right do you fix, on the road of progress, the limit which it is permitted us to reach, but not permitted us to pass? Do you believe

in progress—yes or no? In the first case, I defy you to assign its limits; in the second, I give up arguing with you. It is the custom to charge almost all our misfortunes on the corruption of human nature; we ought rather to accuse the deficiency of our social institutions. Look around you: what aptitudes displaced, and consequently depraved! What activities become turbulent, because they have not found their legitimate and natural outlet! Our passions are forced to act in an impure medium—they become changed: is there anything wonderful in that? If a healthy man is placed in a pestilential atmosphere, he will respire death. "Our nature," M. Guizot has said, "carries within itself an evil which escapes all the efforts of man. The disorder is in us. Suffering, unequally allotted, is part of the providential laws of our destiny." This, then, is the philosophy of our opponents! The fallacy which lurks in this swift and fluent reasoning of M. Louis Blanc, it is not difficult to discern. That there is a progress in human affairs, all history shows, and all thinking persons admit; that it is in the power of social institutions to accelerate this progress on the one hand, or retard it on the other, is a proposition which we take for granted in our daily gossip and grumblings, and a firm belief in which is at all times desirable; but that misery originates solely in misunderstanding or mal-arrangement on the part of man, or that even under any conceivable form of society it shall cease to exist, is a mere chimera. 'There is in man a liability to do wrong, knowing it to be wrong,' is a fundamental fact, revealed to every individual by his own actions, and by those of other men; and in this fact alone—even if we reject the disheartening theory of Malthus, which asserts the existence of another constant drag upon all efforts at amelioration in the very constitution of the race, physiologically considered—there is sufficient strength to throw the advocates of absolute perfectibility back in their calculations. Nevertheless, this very sanguineness of some men in the effect of good social arrangements to abolish suffering, renders them most useful members of any community to which they may belong; and when publicists of ability, like M. Louis Blanc, come forward to point out social wrongs, and propose remedies, they deserve a hearing, even from those whose faith is more tempered with discretion.

A large portion of the sufferings of the human race have their origin in pecuniary destitution, or the fear of it. Could all the pangs, anxieties, sorrows, melancholies, &c. which at any given moment exist, diffused through the world's population, be collected, and, as it were, amassed into one sum-total, part of the mass would be reducible to the mere fact of the *uncertainty of subsistence*; while the rest would consist of ordinary bodily ill-health, and of those vague and miscellaneous maladies and miseries which constitute 'the mind diseased,' to which no one can minister. The relative proportions of these two parts it is impossible to determine; but in the thoughts of M. Louis Blanc it is evident that the former is the most bulky. To abolish all that portion of human misery which originates from want, or the uncertainty of subsistence—to secure, in short, that every human being who is born into the world, and who is willing to work, shall move in it freely and comfortably, so far as material means are concerned—this is an enterprise which he thinks not at all beyond the compass of existing social science, and he endeavours to demonstrate the fact in the volume before us. That once accomplished, however, he would probably attack even those miseries which originate in other causes than want or the uncertainty of subsistence—he would combat disease, for instance, with a larger sanitary science than has yet been dreamt of—and seek to abolish moral gloom by the methods and resources of a new art of education. Such at least were the aspirations of Fourier, of whom M. Louis Blanc may be regarded as virtually, although in a modified fashion, a disciple.

The great social evil of the age, M. Louis Blanc contends, is the system of competition, or, as he sometimes calls it, individualism, upon which all business is conducted—the system, namely, according to which every man engaged in any occupation tries, by his own private means and energies, to outwork and undersell his neighbour, so as to leave him behind in the market. Regarding this system of mercantile competition, he undertakes to prove—1st, That for the masses, it is a system of extermination; and 2d, That for the middle classes, it is a constant cause of impoverishment and ruin.

He opens with a case strongly represented. 'Is the poor man a member of society, or is he its enemy? Let us see. Everywhere around him he finds the soil occupied. Can he sow the earth on his own account? No; because the right of the previous occupant has become a right of property. Can he pluck the fruits which God causes to ripen in his path? No; because, equally with the soil, the fruits have been appropriated. Can he devote himself to the chase or to fishing? No; because this, too, constitutes a vested right. Can he draw water from a fountain enclosed in a field? No; because the proprietor of the field is, in virtue of the right of accession, proprietor of the fountain. Can he, dying of hunger and thirst, stretch forth his hand for the pity of his fellows? No; because there are laws against mendicancy. Can he, exhausted with fatigue, and in want of an asylum, lie down to sleep on the pavement? No; because there are laws against vagrancy. Can he, fleeing from this homicidal country, where everything is denied him, go to ask the means of subsistence far from the spot where he was born? No; because it is not permitted him to change his country, except on certain conditions, which he cannot fulfil. What, then, shall this unfortunate do? He will tell you, "I have arms, I have intelligence, I have strength, I have youth; take all these, and in return give me a little bread." This is what the labouring classes say at present. But here also you may reply to the poor wretch—"I have no work to give you." What, then, would you have him do? The answer is very simple: *assure work to the poor*. Even then you will have done little for justice, and the reign of fraternity will still be far off; but at least you will have averted frightful perils, and cut short revolt. Have you well considered? When a man who asks to live by serving society is fatally reduced to a position in which he must attack it, on pain of dying, he is, in this state of apparent aggression, really in a state of legitimate defence; and the society which strikes him down does not judge him—it assassinates him. The question, then, is this—Is competition the means to *assure work to the poor*? To put the question thus is to answer it. What is competition as it respects the labourer? It is work set up to auction. A master has need of a workman: three present themselves. "How much do you ask?" "Three francs a-day: I have a wife and children." "Well, and you?" "Two francs and a half: I have no children, but I have a wife." "Very well, and you?" "Two francs will satisfy me: I am single." "Then you have the preference." Thus it happens, and so the bargain is made. What becomes of the two rejected workmen? They will let themselves die of hunger, it must be hoped.' Pursuing this strain, M. Louis Blanc traces to competition, as its cause, the misery of the working-classes of Paris, which he exemplifies in a table, exhibiting the rates of daily wages received by persons employed in the various trades of that capital. Amongst thirty-eight female occupations, the highest wages are 11s. a-week, the lowest under 3s. Of the trades followed by men, which are about twice as numerous as those open to women, those in which the largest wages are earned are the carpenters, slaters, and plumbers, who make 4½ francs a-day (upwards of a guinea a-week), but are idle four months of the year; and the glass-blowers and brassfounders, who make 4½ francs a-day (a little more

than a pound a-week), but are idle three months of the year. Those in which the rate of wages is lowest are the pork-butchers and the hairdressers, who earn, the former a franc a-day (3s. a-week), with board, during about eight months of the year; the latter 85 centimes a-day (upwards of 4s. a-week), with partial board and lodging, during the whole year. 'What tears,' says M. Louis Blanc, referring to these tables of wages, does each of these figures represent! What cries of anguish, what stifled curses! Behold in this the condition of the people of Paris—the city of science, the city of the arts, the glittering capital of the civilised world! In other French towns, he says, the state of things is even worse. At Nantes, for instance, the total yearly income of an average family of the poorer labouring classes is estimated, by an authority from whom he quotes, at only 300 francs (L.12). Of this sum, 25 francs (L.1) are paid away in rent, 12 francs (about 10s.) for washing, 35 francs (L.1, 8s.) for fuel, 12 francs (10s.) for shoes, and 5 francs (4s.) for repairs and removal. Deducting these, and some other expenses, and supposing medical attendance and drugs to be afforded gratis, and the clothes worn to be given in charity, 'there remain but 196 francs (about L.8) to purchase a year's food for four or five persons, who would require at least, stinting themselves to the utmost, 150 francs for bread alone. Thus there are only 46 francs (not L.2) left to purchase salt, butter, greens, and potatoes, not to speak of meat, which they never use.' All this, M. Louis Blanc contends, originates in the false and remorseless system of mercantile competition.

If the system of competition is thus the cause of misery among the poor, it is no less, says M. Blanc, a source of mischief and ruin to the middle classes. '*Good bargains*—such is the word in which, according to the economists of the school of Smith and Say, all the advantages of competition are summed up. But why persist in considering the results of *good bargains* otherwise than relatively to the momentary profit of the consumer? Good bargains do not profit those who consume, otherwise than by throwing among those who produce the germs of the most ruinous anarchy. Good bargains are the bludgeon with which the rich producers knock down those who are less easy in their circumstances. Good bargains are the pit into which hardy speculators cause laborious men to fall. Good bargains are the death-warrant to the manufacturer who cannot make the advances on a costly machine which his richer rivals are able to make. Good bargains are, in one word, the destruction of the middle classes for the benefit of a few industrial oligarchs.' As the most notable example that the world has seen of the effects of the system of mercantile competition, M. Blanc cites England. 'To produce, ever to produce, and by all means to solicit other nations as consumers of her goods, this is the work on which England employs her force; it is by this that she makes her wealth, by this that she develops the genius of her sons.'

'A day,' he adds, 'could not but arrive when the nations consuming her goods would find no more material to give in exchange; from which the result for England would be glutted markets, the ruin of numerous manufactures, the misery of crowds of workmen, and a universal upsetting of credit.' That this day has already nearly come, M. Louis Blanc goes on, in his hasty way, to prove by a few sweeping allusions to the condition of England, both material and moral. In every case of British bankruptcy he sees the providential punishment of the crime of mercantile competition. Nay, our sombre character and cast of countenance is but a moral chastisement for the same national offence. 'The riches,' he says, 'of these great English lords leave them a prey to I know not what vague melancholy; a malady sent by God upon the great of the earth, whereby they also may be made to succumb to pain; pain, that imposing and terrible lesson of equality! What do they actually possess, in the midst of their luxuries, these haughty lords? Bitter thoughts and eternal

restlessness of heart! They must fly the mists of their own isle to scatter their gold again in all the places whence it was drained, and there to drag about with them the burden of their wearying opulence.'

Having, as he thinks, exhibited the evils of the competitive system, M. Louis Blanc proceeds to expound his method of social reform: This consists in the application to all trades and occupations of the co-operative principle, or the principle of partnership. Of this principle most of our readers are doubtless aware M. Blanc is by no means the original advocate. First vigorously expounded and enforced in France by the celebrated Fourier about thirty years ago, it has since been a theme of disquisition for various writers both in our own country and on the continent; and in a previous number of this Journal, we were able to give an account, the fullest that has yet been presented to the English public, of an interesting experiment in which the principle in question was put in practice on a small scale, and for purely private ends, by an enterprising Parisian tradesman.*

The peculiarity of M. Louis Blanc's views consists in the important part which he wishes to assign to the state in the conduct of all national industry according to the new or co-operative method. His ideas, however, will be best understood from the following summary of them in his own words:—'Government should be considered as the supreme regulator of production, and invested as such with the necessary powers. Her task would consist in employing the weapon of competition in order to destroy competition. Government should raise a loan, and employ the product of it in the creation of *social workshops* in the most important branches of the national industry. As this creation would require considerable funds, the number of workshops should at first be limited; by virtue of their very organisation, however, they would possess an expansive power. Government being considered as the sole founder of the social workshops, would have the right to draw up the rules and regulations. There would be admitted to labour in the social workshops, so far as the capital subscribed would go to purchase tools, &c. all such workmen as could give guarantees of good conduct. Notwithstanding that the false and anti-social education given to the present generation renders it difficult to find any other stimulus to exertion than in an increase of reward, the *salaries of all the workmen would be equal*, as a totally new education would necessarily change ideas and habits. For the first year government would regulate the hierarchy of functions—that is, appoint the foremen, &c. After the first year it would no longer be so. The workmen having had time to appreciate each other, and all being equally interested in the success of the association, the hierarchy would proceed on the elective principle. Every year there would be rendered an account of the net profits, of which there would be a triple division—one part to be shared equally among the members of the association; another to be expended, 1*st*, in the maintenance of the aged, the sick, the infirm; and, 2*d*, in the mitigation of crises befalling other trades—different trades owing each other this good service; and the 3*d*, to go to purchase tools for such new members as wished to join the association. Into each association famed for great trades might be admitted persons belonging to trades which must, by their very nature, be scattered and confined to spots. In this way each social workshop would come to consist of different professions grouped round some great leading trade, as separate parts of one whole, obeying the same laws, and sharing in the same advantages. Each member of the social workshop would have the right to dispose of his income as he thought fit; but the evident economy and undeniable superiority of the barrack life would soon lead to an association in wants and enjoyments, as well as in labours. Capitalists would be invited to join the association, and would draw the

* M. Leclaire of Paris. Journal, new series, No. 91.

interest of what capital they chose to invest; but they should not partake of the profits, except in the capacity of workmen.

By introducing such a system in any country, first into a few of the principal branches of industry, and then gradually into all, M. Blanc believes that a social revolution would be effected most admirable in its results. Distress and want would disappear—all classes of society would be bound together by new and beautiful ties—and a progress would be made in science, in the arts, and in morality, of which as yet we can form no conception. With these views, it may be supposed with what alacrity he entered on the post which he now occupies, and in which he finds himself at liberty, under certain restrictions, to attempt in practice the novelties which, nine years ago, he projected in theory. State workshops are now on trial in France.

What may be the result of this experiment, and how far its failure would affect the soundness of the general principle of co-operation in industry, of which Louis Blanc's scheme is but one somewhat *bizarre* modification, we need not here consider; nor—our object having been rather to expound M. Blanc's views than to criticise them—need we enumerate those points in which they seem to run counter to the established principles of economical science, and the laws of human nature. An extract, however, from a review of M. Blanc's work by his most distinguished opponent, M. Michel Chevalier—himself a man of large and philanthropic views—will serve to suggest to the reader wherein the special weakness of M. Blanc's scheme lies. 'The mother-ideas of M. Louis Blanc,' says M. Chevalier, 'which appear every moment in his book, are these two—1st, Human societies may govern themselves principally, if not absolutely, by the sentiment of duty. Personal interest is only a resource of secondary importance; social and individual progress, the development of public and private prosperity, do not require that this sentiment of personal interest be called energetically into play. It is not necessary to excite it directly; an indirect allurements will suffice. Hence M. Louis Blanc concludes that his *state workshops* will flourish, since the members of the workshop shall have only a collective, and not an individual interest—an indirect, and not an immediate interest, in acquitting themselves well. 2d, The definitive term of societies is absolute equality. We already touch this goal; one more effort, and we are at it. Consequently, at a period close at hand, all men may be paid equally. Now these two mother-ideas are radically erroneous. Every social system founded on them is chimerical. Human nature is adverse to the conception of M. Louis Blanc. "So much the worse for human nature," he may tell me. It may be so; but so much the worse at least for your plan! Take men as they are, not as you wish they were. In the mind of the great majority of men, and in the greatest number of circumstances, the sentiment of personal right is superior to that of duty; the thought of interest dominates over that of sacrifice. The immediate and direct desire of individual advantage is a force incessantly acting; suppress it, and industry languishes. Without this, no more progress in the arts, no more ardour among workmen. Law and religion preach to men duty, and glorify self-sacrifice; and we owe them gratitude for this. Society would be lost were the sentiment of duty extinct. It would fall into rottenness if self-sacrifice and self-denial were not honoured among men. But the sentiment of *right* preaches itself; on this point each of us is his own deryman, and finds in himself a docile pupil. It is only the chosen few that are otherwise constituted. Raise statues to Cincinnatus, offer palms to the martyrs; but do not hope that in practical life, and in questions of daily bread, the human race will take their self-denial for a model. Nay, even they themselves, in ordinary transactions, acted on the common principle. Again, to interpret the idea of equality, so as to make it mean identical remuneration for all men, is to misunderstand man and history. True equality—that

which our fathers proclaimed in 1789—consists in effacing the political inequalities founded on the right of birth. National education ought to have for its object to seek out everywhere, in hamlets as well as in cities, in the thatched cottage as well as under the roof of the wealthy, the superior natures of which society has need, in order that affairs may be well conducted. But the proposal to submit to the same material existence all men without exception, supreme magistrates as well as the most humble operatives, is one of those chimeras which are hardly permitted to the schoolboy, whose imagination dreams of Spartan black broth the moment that, having quitted the confectioner's shop, he is no longer hungry. This were not equality—it were the most brutal inequality, the most odious tyranny. Imagine in one of those barracks where the labourers—that is to say, all the citizens—are to lead the common life which M. Louis Blanc offers them; the prince or chief magistrate of the state, the cabinet ministers, the chief judges, the masters of trades, eating in the common mess-room the universal pittance, relaxing from their high cares in the common barrack-yard, and at the same games as the herd, meditating on the destinies of their country, and the general interests of society in their numbered apartments, having around them, by way of inspiration, kitchen utensils and squalling babies.' M. Louis Blanc, who has replied to these arguments of M. Chevalier, complains that they do not fairly represent his case. We shall perhaps return to the subject, when an opportunity may be afforded of considering how far this is true.

FARMER TREMAIN.

THE incident related in the following slight sketch is characteristic of the peculiar people and interesting district of the 'far west' of England, where I resided for two years, domiciled in a solitary cottage, beautifully situated on the slope of a deep valley.

I was sitting in the embrasure of a bay-window, which commanded a lovely prospect of hill and vale, wood and water, with a peep of the town and its church spire in the distance, when the sound of many human voices, chanting a solemn hymn, broke on the silence of the still summer afternoon.

The voices arose from the opposite side of the valley, where I beheld a cavalcade of men, women, and children, some in carts, some on horseback, but mostly on foot, reaching from the bridge to about midway up the winding ascent. At that point the road widened a little, and there was a large flat stone, covered with moss and lichens, around which a crowd had collected, the men with their hats off, the women in various attitudes of devotion, but all joining earnestly in the sacred service.

It was a funeral procession; and after a more lengthened sojourn in that peaceful valley, I found the ceremony one of constant recurrence; the winding road before named leading to the burial-ground of the widely-extended parish, and the flat stone on the hill-side being the usual resting-place for the weary bearers with their coffined load. On the present occasion, I found that some curious circumstances attending the death of the deceased, had rendered the 'wake,' as it was called, a spectacle of more than usual interest in the country side.

Farmer Tremain, for fifty years, had lived on the small but flourishing patrimony, with its substantial homestead, which had descended to him from his fathers; he was a popular and jovial personage, much respected by his neighbours, who consulted him on all occasions of emergency. He had never travelled twenty miles beyond his native farm, so that his sagacity was

homespun, and his knowledge of human nature must have been pretty nearly intuitive. He had a prudent wife and goodly children, and was contented and happy; till, on an evil day, he was tempted by a speculative proprietor to take a share in the deserted mine of Wheal Rose—a mine which had been abandoned on account of water gaining ground, and the produce not equalling the outlay required; but which some wise heads, and Farmer Tremain's into the bargain, determined to patronise once more, in the mysterious belief (for they could not explain the *why*) that an undiscovered lode of rich ore lay concealed beneath. It was indeed whispered abroad that Farmer Tremain had recourse to the forked branch of hazel, which, on being loosely held in the hand of the searcher, points downwards wherever ore is beneath the earth's surface; thus indicating the exact spot where the hidden treasure is to be found.

Farmer Tremain was a prudent man, and he took care not to involve himself very deeply; but the mine was fourteen miles away from his dwelling, and he harassed himself, and rode backwards and forwards on his good horse Dobbin in all weathers: he superintended the few miners set to work, and overlooked the accounts, in the shed dignified by the name of 'counting-house'; and continually got wet through, as the subtle mist gathered over the dreary hills, and, unlike legitimate down-pouring rain, renders all usual protection unavailing. Dobbin was a steady-paced, slow beast, though he had been known, once or twice during a course of years, to take extraordinary freaks into his Roman-nosed head, on occasions of sudden alarm, when he set off like a mad creature.

It was on a dark howling winter's night that Farmer Tremain mounted his sturdy horse, and gladly turned from Wheal Rose on his homeward route. A heavy mist had been falling all day, and the clouds were driving across the sky, scarcely permitting the moon at rare intervals to peep forth. The wayfarer on those lonely barren hills could not see a yard before him; and perchance he thought of his comfortable home and blazing hearth—of his kind comely dame and his rosy daughters—and wished to be among them, instead of where he was, with so long, cold, and cheerless a ride before him. Perchance, too, he wished that he had never been induced to engage in the turmoil and anxiety of mining speculation, but had been contented with his humble lot and hard-worked-for gains.

However this may be, he jogged forwards, perhaps about five miles on his way, when suddenly Dobbin stood still, began to snort in an unusual key, and positively refused to move another step; on the contrary, backed in such a determined manner, that neither coaxing, exhortation, nor whipping succeeded in changing his obstinate resolution. What was to be done? It was very strange, for Dobbin never took such whims into his head for nothing. So Farmer Tremain dismounted, and endeavoured to lead him: but he tugged and tugged in vain—Dobbin planted his forefeet firmly, and remained immovable. As the farmer was struggling with the refractory animal, his foot struck against something which sounded hollow on the middle of the road; but it was so dark just then, that he could not discern what the obstacle was; so he stooped down to feel, and as he passed his hands over its length and breadth, his blood curdled—for it was a coffin. Farmer Tremain was a superstitious man, as are all his people; but he had strong nerves, and was not easily frightened or daunted: so he patted Dobbin's Roman nose, and spoke encouragingly to him, for the poor creature was shivering strangely. He then succeeded in striking a light, the materials for which he always carried about him; and with the help of the moon, which emerged from behind the dark clouds, and cast its partial light on the scene, he saw that it was a common black coffin, evidently made for a full-grown, large individual. After pausing a moment, he opened it: it was empty. 'I

will see *who* it be for though,' quoth Farmer Tremain bravely, as he with some difficulty traced the inscription on the ordinary plate, which ran thus—'John Tremain, aged fifty years.' His own name—his own age!

He gasped for a moment, and his eyes started in their sockets, glaring almost as wildly as did the horse, which, with protruding eyes, distended nostrils, and ears thrown back, exhibited every symptom of terror and abhorrence. Farmer Tremain's sensations were very odd; and he longed for a glass of brandy, as he remembered there was a wayside house of refreshment a little way further on to the right: so privately arranging in his own mind to call there, he began to work himself into a towering passion with Dobbin, who strenuously resisted all efforts to urge him across the dismal barrier. Yet his master could not muster up sufficient resolution to place it on one side, for it lay entirely across the narrow road, and the horse must leap over it.

Excited, angry, and not knowing very well what he did, Farmer Tremain, making a step of the coffin, bounded on his horse, exclaiming, 'Thee shalt taste the butt end, Maister Dobbin!' at the same time striking the animal with all his force repeated and violent blows on the head and shoulders with the heavy handle of his whip. In a moment afterwards the fearful obstacle was cleared, and Dobbin rushed recklessly forward, as he had never rushed before, and probably never did again.

But Dobbin reached Tremain farm alone, panting, bruised, and covered with blood and foam. His unfortunate master was found about three miles from home, where, on some granitic rocks by the roadside, he lay apparently dead. It was supposed that he had been dragged along for a considerable distance, after he was thrown by the panic-stricken horse, which at length stumbled, and rolled over him. Farmer Tremain recovered speech and recollection for a while, sufficiently to explain and comment on the 'warning' which he believed himself to have received; and also to lament his passion and ill-judged harshness towards the faithful steed which had borne him safely for so many years. But the 'warning' was explained to the sufferer ere he breathed his last; which sad event took place a few days after the accident occurred. It seems that the bearers of the coffin, which had been the cause of so much mischief, being slightly inebriated, had heedlessly left it on that lonely road, while they repaired to the nearest alehouse, little dreaming that any one would pass the unfrequented way at so late an hour. Had Farmer Tremain mastered his superstitious dread, kept his temper, and pushed the empty shell aside, his scared horse might have been led quietly past; and as he would in all probability have sought the same refuge as these men, for the same 'consolation,' the whole would have been satisfactorily explained. The coincidence of the name was by no means singular, it being a common one in that part of the country: the coffin was intended for a labourer just deceased, whose solitary hut was within a mile or two of the spot, and whose age happened to correspond with that of his namesake.

Such was the recital I listened to, and it was the crowded wake of Farmer Tremain which I had witnessed; but the singular circumstances attending his melancholy end were not so easily disposed of by the wonder-seeking peasantry. To reason or to argue was robbing them of a pleasant error, and of an added legend to the general stock; and on that balmy summer afternoon, when I first heard the hymn chanted over the dead, on the hillside of our peaceful valley, I am sure that the eyes of the assembled throng traced the inscription of 'John Tremain, aged fifty years,' on the coffin-plate with sensations of unusual awe and undefinable apprehension. I remember thinking at the time that here was another proof, if proof were needed, of the baneful effect of superstitious fear acting on an unlettered mind; and that it involved an impressive

lecture respecting patience and kindly treatment towards dumb creatures, and the evil of giving way to the impulse of passion.

PERUGINO.

'THE life of Piètro Vanucci, commonly known by the name of Perugino, proves,' says an Italian author, 'that poverty does not always act as a check on genius.' He was born of indigent parents at Citta-Della-Piève in Italy, A.D. 1446. His early days were passed in want and suffering: nevertheless, it appears that his friends found means to bind him apprentice to a humble painter in the town of Perugia. This man possessed no extraordinary talent, but he held the art of painting in the highest veneration, and delighted in boasting to his pupil of the wealth and fame to be gained by it when properly exercised. 'Tis true he did not speak from personal experience, for he was miserably poor; but this he imputed to his not being one of fortune's favourites. His words produced a visible effect on the mind of the young Piètro, who listened with sparkling eye and glowing cheek.

'And I too,' he would exclaim, interrupting his master, while his face lighted up with hope and enthusiasm—'I will be a great painter! I will gain fortune and fame!'

If he met with any one who had travelled, his first question was, 'In what country are the best artists to be found?'

This question he also frequently put to his master, who always replied, 'In Florence; for there men are excited to exertion by three things—poverty, criticism, and the insatiable thirst for perfection which that celebrated city inspires.'

Piètro Vanucci, whom we shall henceforth call Perugino (a name which he afterwards took at Peronte, on being honoured with the freedom of that city), hastened to Florence to breathe the atmosphere which he conceived to be impregnated with art, and capable of inspiring and exalting its lowliest votary. But at what a price was he compelled to purchase this inspiration! When he arrived at Florence, he possessed nothing—absolutely and literally *nothing*; his clothes hung on him in rags, and for several months his bed was an empty chest with a little straw! During this time he suffered all the tortures of hunger, and every kind of misery. But what matter! he had the will to succeed—that persevering and powerful will which overcomes all difficulties, and which the Creator has bestowed on man, to be exercised for his own good and that of his fellow-creatures.

Perugino laboured incessantly day and night: painting was his only occupation, his only pleasure. Before him stalked continually the hideous phantoms—want and misery; and to escape them, he flew to his palette and his pencil: then a more pleasing picture smiled on him—that of prosperity and fame, which, in anticipation, he already enjoyed; and to secure the realisation of which, he braved fatigue, cold, and hunger. His favourite maxim was, that cloudy weather must sooner or later be succeeded by sunshine, and during the bright days of summer, a shelter should be provided against the inclemency of winter. Courage and exertion like his deserved to succeed; and they did so. In a few years he became known as a young artist of uncommon merit; his paintings were to be met with not only in Florence and throughout Italy, but in France, Spain, and almost every other country of Europe, making the fortune of those who bought and sold them as well as his own.

Perugino painted for the nuns of a convent in Italy a 'Dead Christ,' the colouring of which was exquisitely beautiful; and the landscape forming the background of the picture was much admired, though this particular feature in painting was not, in his time, brought to the state of perfection which it has since attained. The nuns were offered for this picture three times

the sum they had given for it, with an exact copy by the hand of Perugino himself; but they refused to part with it on any terms, as the artist owned to them that it might not be easy for him to produce another of equal beauty.

At another convent in Florence he painted the 'Nativity with the Magi' on the walls of the cloister, an undertaking in which he succeeded to admiration; and prompted by feelings of gratitude towards one of his masters, Andrea Del Verocchio, he introduced his head among those of the wise men that formed part of the picture. It was a common practice among the artists of Perugino's time to testify their respect for their masters by introducing their likenesses into what they considered their best paintings; and Perugino himself afterwards received an immortalising mark of gratitude of this kind from the divine Raphael, who, in one of his finest paintings, that of 'The School of Athens,' represented himself near Perugino in the character of his pupil.

The prior for whom Perugino painted the 'Nativity' was particularly clever in preparing the beautiful blue called ultramarine; and as he possessed a large quantity of it, he wished it to be used in every painting done for his convent; but being naturally of a suspicious temper, and fearful of losing even the smallest particle of it, he required that Perugino should use it in his presence only. The artist was hurt and offended at this ungenerous treatment, and determined to find a way of revenging himself, and conveying a lesson to his suspicious employer. Whenever he required the ultramarine, the prior, who stood over him like a sentinel, drew some from a little bag which he carried about his person, and put it into a phial, from which he never turned his eyes as long as Perugino was using it; but as soon as the artist had applied one or two touches to the wall on which he was painting, he dipped his brush into a goblet of water that stood near him, and more of the precious colour sank to the bottom of the glass than was used in the work. The prior seeing his bag emptied without much advantage to the painting, clasped his hands as he gazed at it, exclaiming from time to time in a tone of horror, 'Oh what an awful quantity of ultramarine does that limestone wall soak in!'

'You see with your own eyes,' replied Perugino coldly. But the prior had no sooner left the room, than the painter drained off the water, and removed the powder which had sunk to the bottom of the goblet, laying it carefully aside.

At length, when he thought he had sufficiently tantalised the prior, he went to him, carrying with him the precious colour, supposed to have been absorbed by the limestone wall.

'Here, father,' said he, presenting it to him, 'this belongs to you, and I restore it to you. You see how easily I could cheat you were I inclined to do so. Let this teach you to give all men credit for honesty, until you have had reason to doubt them; for to treat a man as a rogue, is sometimes to make him one.'

Unhappily, Perugino himself, as he advanced in years, became a slave to the very vices which he despised so much in others—avarice and suspicion. Having amassed considerable wealth by his paintings, which were executed in different parts of Italy, he returned to Perouse, where he was loaded with honours; but these did not satisfy him. Money was his idol, and to obtain it and keep it seemed the grand business of his life. Even his most intimate friends were looked on with an eye of suspicion whenever his darling money was in question; and to such a length did he carry this unhappy failing, that he became, in his old age, the subject of scornful jests and epigrams. On one occasion, going from Perouse to Citta-Della-Piève, and carrying with him a large sum of money, which he could not prevail on himself to leave behind in safe keeping, he was waylaid and attacked by robbers, who stripped him of his treasure, leaving him half-dead with fright and chagrin for the loss of his money. This misfortune had such an effect on his

health and spirits, that he took to his bed, and refused all consolation. Although he was in possession of extensive property in houses, lands, and money, he set no bounds to his sorrow for the loss he had sustained; till at length his friends and numerous admirers, becoming alarmed for his life, took pity on him, and between them, made good the sum of which he had been robbed. The cause of uneasiness removed, Perugino soon recovered his health, and resumed his occupations; but avarice had taken entire possession of him; and to gratify his longings after gain, he was guilty of acts of meanness that admit of no palliation.

He who had once so ardently panted after fame, now sacrificed it for the sordid purpose of heaping up gold. His paintings were hurried over, and copied by his own hand for sale, to increase his gains.

We will not, however, longer dwell on the defects or infirmities of Perugino's old age, but cast the veil of pity over the close of his life, in consideration of the hardships and difficulties that marked its commencement. His history has furnished us with more than one good lesson: it has added another proof to the many already existing, that persevering industry is usually crowned with success; it has shown us that the very blessings we most eagerly desire may, through our own perversity, become scourges and torments; and lastly, it teaches us a lesson of deep humility, for while we read Perugino's reproof to the prior, we cannot but remember the warning, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

Perugino ranked high in his day both as a painter and an architect. What distinguished him particularly as a painter, was the grace of his heads, especially those of children and women; and his perspective in landscape was thought equal, if not superior, to that of any of his predecessors. In the Louvre at Paris are still to be seen five of Perugino's paintings; and Italy possesses many *chefs-d'œuvre* by this artist, though a number of his works have been spoiled or degraded. He died at the place of his birth, Citta-Della-Piève, A.D. 1524, and his remains were consigned to the grave with the honours due to his genius.

MANUFACTURE OF INDIAN-RUBBER SHOES.

The man of the house returned from the forest about noon, bringing in nearly two gallons of milk, which he had been engaged since daylight in collecting from one hundred and twenty trees that had been tapped upon the previous morning. This quantity of milk he said would suffice for ten pairs of shoes, and when he himself attended to the trees, he could collect the same quantity every morning for several months. In making the shoes, two girls were the artists, in a little thatched hut which had no opening but the door. From an inverted water-jar, the bottom of which had been broken out for the purpose, issued a column of dense white smoke, from the burning of a species of palm-nut, and which so filled the hut, that we could scarcely see the inmates. The lasts used were of wood, exported from the United States, and were smeared with clay, to prevent adhesion. In the leg of each was a long stick, serving as a handle. The last was dipped into the milk, and immediately held over the smoke, which, without much discolouring, dried the surface at once. It was then re-dipped, and the process was repeated a dozen times, until the shoe was of sufficient thickness, care being taken to give a greater number of coatings to the bottom. The whole operation, from the smearing of the last to placing the finished shoe in the sun, required less than five minutes. The shoe was now of a slightly more yellowish hue than the liquid milk, but in the course of a few hours it became of a reddish-brown. After an exposure of twenty-four hours, it is figured as we see upon the imported shoes. This is done by the girls with small sticks of hard wood, or the needle-like spines of some of the palms. Stamping has been tried, but without success. The shoe is now cut from the last, and is ready for sale, bringing a price of from ten to twelve vintens or cents per pair. It is a long time before they assume the black hue. Brought to the city, they are assorted, the best being laid aside for exportation as shoes, the others as waste rubber. — *Edwards's Voyage up the Amazon.*

TRANSLATION OF THE GERMAN STUDENTS' SONG. 'GAUDEAMUS IGITUR.'

SUNG AT THE STUDENTS' FUNERALS.

LET us then be merry, boys, while our youth protects us;
After youth so bright and cheery—
After age's season dreary—
Still the earth expects us.
Where are those who walked the world in the days before us?
To the realms above us go—
Seek the gloomy shades below—
Mystery still is o'er us.
Quickly fled the past of life—quickly fades the present;
Death strides quickly through the land,
Strikes us with unsparing hand,
Spare nor peer nor peasant!
Live the university! live the grave professors!
Live each don of look sedate!
Live each undergraduate!
Free from all oppressors!
Here's a health to every maid famed for wit and beauty!
Here's to every wedded dame,
Every one of spotless fame,
True to home and duty!
Here's unto our native land, and to those who sway it!
Here's to all who spend their gold
As Mæcenas did of old,
And on art outlay it!
Perish all that cast a shade o'er our mirth and gladness!
Perish all the devil's wiles!
Every foe to youthful smiles!
Every form of sadness!

C. R.

SCOTTISH FAMINE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

A partial famine took place in Scotland in 1782, and 'the spring and summer of 1783 proved wet and stormy, and the prospect of the next winter was still more gloomy. The pressure now became extreme; government was applied to for a loan, on the security of assessments to be imposed upon the land; and Mr Dempster, then one of the most active and influential of the Scotch members, brought in a bill for an assessment of fourteen per cent. on rents. Government also made a small grant, which was intrusted to the sheriffs of counties for distribution among the kirk-sessions. Subscriptions were raised in the south of Scotland and in England; many Scotchmen, merchants in London and elsewhere, sent shiploads of provisions for the supply of the poor. Among these the house of Phyn and Ellice was conspicuous. The concluding of a general peace in 1783 set at liberty the stores collected for the navy, and these were placed at the disposal of the sheriffs, but only to be sold. Government also purchased provisions, and sent them down for sale at prime cost. Among other supplies, large quantities of bad white peas were sent down to the north, which were unpalatable even in that time of famine. The rule was, to give as little as possible; but what was sold by the kirk-sessions was to a great extent on credit. The harvest was as bad as was anticipated; in many instances the people ate their stock of sheep and cattle, which in the winter it became impossible to feed. In some Highland parishes the population broke loose, and seized the cattle and sheep of their neighbours; but the instances of this were very few. In general, the patience of the people was great, and every one exerted himself in his own sphere to meet the evil. Their efforts were so far successful. All accounts agree in stating that not an individual died of absolute want during the long-continued famine, though many fell victims to the diseases which spring from insufficient food, or food of bad quality. The clergy record with just pride the efforts made by all classes, and the honesty of the people in repaying the advances of meal or money to the uttermost farthing. Some with difficulty could do this in seven or eight years, but the accounts agree that not a penny of the money but was paid at length. We know instances where gentlemen advanced meal and seed-corn to their poorer hill tenantry; and not only was this all repaid, but for years afterwards, the tenants used to send presents of honey, mountain-berries, and other trifles in token of their gratitude.' — *Quarterly Review for March.*

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'THE OLD ALMANAC.'

THE torrent of great events which has broken over Europe this spring, forcibly calls attention to a branch of literature which we have been accustomed to hold in some degree of credit, on account of its presumed instructive character, but which has of late years been occasionally spoken of in a different strain—that is to say, as little better than an old almanac. One cannot but ask if history is really a useful branch of knowledge, when we find that it did not serve to prepare governments for the late revolutions, nor even to give the public the least premonition of their coming. History, one would imagine, ought to be in public affairs what experience is to private individuals—the guide to the sequence of events, showing what effects are sure to flow from certain causes, and thus enabling statesmen to avoid wrong, and choose right courses. Yet no one can say that history ever appears to act in this way, or indeed to be anything else than a communicator of mere information as to the things of the past—in some places dry, in others romantic and entertaining, but never a lamp to the feet of living nations.

It is unfortunate, but true. One reason palpably is, that it is difficult, out of the great mass of events produced by the contending passions, the ignorance and the knowledge of men, to eliminate maxims as to cause and effect. Corresponding with the jumble of the past, there is a jumble of the present, causing men to attribute the events of history to very different causes, according as their prejudices and general cast of mind may direct: thus some will think the civil war a consequence of the obstinacy and bad faith of the king, while others attribute it wholly to the restless zeal of the puritanic party; so that to each man this whole affair tells a different story, and leaves a different conclusion; and a similar crisis might occur next year without our being in the least enlightened beforehand as to the best way of treating it, or acting under it, by what took place in the seventeenth century. Our written histories, and even the daily comments of our newspapers, take accordingly two, if not more sets of views of everything that has ever happened, or is in the way of happening; one representing all progress as a direct source of good, while another sets it down as an evil, only made so far harmless by the good sense of those who hold to the old ways. In such circumstances, how is it to be wondered at that no possessor of power appears to know whether he may safely resign a part of it, with a view of retaining the remainder, or whether it is not safer for him to take his chance with an absolute resistance to all change?

Another stultifying cause is of a more radical nature—namely, that the world is always making a certain, however slow progress from inferior to better

ideas, as well as feelings: its tendency at any one time is to act on superior considerations to what animated it at any preceding period; this being a result of that growth of civilisation which arises from other causes. History is thus thrown into the awkward predicament of being a teacher of that which is superior to itself. It reports the doings of savagery to the days of chivalry, and the deeds of chivalry to the times of peaceful industry. It exhibits the evils of superstition to those who have long learned to smile at superstition, and it prates of the maxims of narrow class selfishnesses to those who have attained the dignity of thinking that that only is good which is good for all. Thus it may warn—it may warn against the things that would lead to retrogression—an almost superfluous task, as far as appears; but it is ill qualified to guide or instruct in the onward path which most nations pursue. It is to be feared that, with the lamp thus hung up behind, nations are only confused by their own onward-thrown shadows, instead of being benefited by the light. There is such a thing as a love of history for the gratification it gives to taste as a branch of literature, and the charm which it exercises over those feelings by which we are linked to the past. Many are in this way made worshippers of ideas far below the standard of the age in which they live, giving up for a fancy or whim the study of those principles on which the progress of the nation is based. Thus are many men in a manner lost to the community, which otherwise might be benefited by their talents and their aspirations.

Even although we could look at history without prejudice, and although it were less describable as a blind leader of those who see a little better, there would remain one grand obstruction to our benefiting greatly from its narrations. Taking it as it is written, the mass is too huge to be read by all. We would require to have any instruction which it contains drawn off, and essentialised down into some compact principles which could be readily comprehended. But who is to execute this task, or how is it to be executed? We could not move one step until we had a just and universally-admitted view of the natural history of the human mind, showing what it is from which history (the acts of men) immediately proceeds. Is it an aerial conglomeration of unintelligible caprices, or is it a thing acting under certain laws, which render its procedure in any degree a subject of calculation? We should also require to have arrived at some distinct understanding as to that unseen government under which human beings live and act. Is it conducted according to rule—that is, by a sequence of regular effects from certain causes—or is all done after the arbitrary dictates of an impenetrable will? The generality of men act upon the understanding that there is a natural order of things, by virtue of which evaporation is attended by an ab-

straction of heat, irritation follows insult, and honesty is the best policy: they see it in their own limited affairs; but when a revolution takes place in a state, or the convictions of a great body of people experience a change for the better, they lose sight of the connection of cause and effect. They therefore read the grander and more instructive passages of history as they would read a fairy tale or a Greek tragedy; never dreaming that, if these things are exempt from a natural order, they can give forth no lesson whatever as to the determination of future affairs. Now, as for a just system of mental philosophy, and a correct view of the Divine government of the world, they will come when things are ripe to produce them; but while they do not exist, we do not see that much good can be derived from history. Any good that is derived must be empirical and uncertain, and we cannot expect it to operate extensively for the benefit of mankind.

For these reasons, it seems to us that history, notwithstanding all the brilliant names connected with it, is only a series of chronicles. It is curious and interesting in many parts, as merely telling us of what has been done in such and such times and spots of earth. Some noble and affecting passages are scattered over it. It often pleases a high taste, as pictures do. But as a view of what human beings are, perform, and suffer in certain circumstances, or as a guide to them in future contingencies—being only a field for the contention of prejudices, not a temple for the exhibition of ascertained principles—it is nearly altogether useless. A man may be an ill-informed man who is wholly unacquainted with it; but those who have studied it most thoroughly, will be not a whit more advanced in philosophy, or better fitted to address themselves to new crises, if such should occur. We readily admit, however, that, even as information, it is desirable, and it should have a place in the liberal knowledge of every man who aspires to be something more than a mere doer of drudgery, or a medium between one generation and another.

Perhaps, as in the case of meteorology, which, not being yet a science, has nevertheless a number of axioms resting on common observation, so there may be in history, pending its arrival at a philosophical character, some dicta of sufficiently obvious truthfulness to entitle them to notice. For instance, there is always this disadvantage attending a new government, which has come into existence by the victory of one system over another, that it has to take strong measures for its own preservation. With the best intentions, therefore, as to liberty, it may be forced into being a very arbitrary and even tyrannical force. An old government, with not so good intentions, may be milder and more endurable, by reason of its being in such security that it can act easily and good-naturedly. This is perhaps the explanation of what caused Madame Roland's dying sentence—'Oh, Liberty, what deeds are done in thy name!' It is one of the considerations which might give pause to extreme men, if extreme men could see aught but their own ideas. On the other hand, it may be held as tolerably well settled by experience, that governments and institutions are generally their own most dangerous enemies, and that their destruction usually partakes much of the character of suicide. Mankind are, after all, not difficult to govern. Most of them are too much engrossed by their own affairs, to be much disposed to rigid criticism on state matters, so that these are only conducted with a decent regard to the general interest. It therefore is a strong presumption against any political system, that it is the subject of violent discontent. And it must depend on its own good sense whether, having established such a difficulty, it is to get over it or not. Real good intention towards the many will relieve it, while dogged egotism will of course be apt to prove its ruin. Another observation is, that when a government is too much centralised, and the people having everything done for them by paid functionaries, the popular faculties are liable to be benumbed,

for want of exercise in things a little beyond their common range, and the state loses genuine strength accordingly. It seems to be not less certain that countries having a common government ought to be ethnologically one; that is to say, certain natural affinities (affinities being at the basis of sympathies) are required of the people living under one political system, in order that it may be a well-working system. If a union has taken place, it must have been brought about in such circumstances as to preserve for each member of the partnership entire self-respect, otherwise, certainly, that member will never cease to be a source of annoyance to its associate. In these and a few other deductions from plain and oft-recurring facts, there is scarcely an approach made to philosophy, but they nevertheless have a certain paper-currency value, as representing gold which remains in the cellars of the bank. They represent, it is to be feared, all the wisdom that is as yet to be had from 'the Old Almanac.'

THE RUNAWAY SHIP.

A SALT YARN.

ONE afternoon watch, two seamen were seated face to face astride the fore-topmast cross-trees of a large Indian homeward-bound, which had all her canvas, standing-sails included, spread to the south-east trade-wind that slants upward from the Cape towards the equator. The breeze was freshening, and the sails which, about noon, were murmuring and rustling, now slept full: everything drew, as the wind had been hauled a little on the ship's starboard quarter; her head lying about west-by-north, and she going about eight knots through the water; just bending now and then enough to give the lee yardarms a pleasant slope to port, and over the blue surface, which already looked darker and brisker, with little tops of white in our shadow to windward. With the privilege of a watch below, I was lying over the top-sail-yard, in the bunt by the mast, my feet upon the foot-rope, and a spyglass in my hand, through which I took an occasional glance at a vessel on the horizon, supposed to be a frigate. It was so hot and close in my berth on the half-deck, that this employment was no small luxury, joined to that of seeing others kept at work, feeling the air out of the foot of the top-gallant-sail, and looking down into the water, where the shape of every fish that came near the surface was clearly defined in a greenish light, and the coveys of glittering flying-fish sprang ever and anon like swallows from one wave to another in the distance. The white decks stretched below, with the boys knotting their yarns on the forecastle, the sailmaker at his canvas in the waist, and the quarterdeck out of sight, where the first and second mates were busy getting the mizen backstays set up. Before me lay half the ocean-circle, beautifully azure-tinted, where a long line of white clouds were gathered, in contrast to the clear region of the breeze astern. Up above my head shot the white swell of top-gallant, royal, and sky-sails, the former of which half concealed me from the two sailors, although their legs dangled from the cross-trees over my back, while its shadow secured them from the hot sun. One was passing the ball of spun-yarn for his companion, who was twisting it with his sewing-mallet round the shrouds of the royal-mast, which had been pretty well chafed bare by seven months' work and weather. The easy conversation with which this task was beguiled, found a ready cavesdropper in me, since it smacked of the brine, and was in no respect checked by the neighbourhood of a youngster from the other watch. In the present case it fell insensibly to a yarn, which I took care to log as correctly as possible soon after; a yarn in the daytime only happening in such a sequestered situation as this, and being more valuable from its unpremeditated nature.

'Hold on there with the ball, Bob,' said the one parenthetically, and at intervals; 'and give us a dip of the tar. Now pass away, and take the turn out o' that

yarn. Well ye see, bo', he continued, 'Jim Taylor an' me—you knows Jim?—that voy'ge we'd been having a good cruise ashore after the South-Sea trip, and the shot-lockers was beginnin' to turn rather low; but still, as we'd seen so much together, we made it up to go chum for another spell. I'd two or three offers of a berth myself, but short trips wouldn't go down with me at no time, after I knocked off apprentice: there's somethin' low an' humbuggin' about 'em, to my taste, as keeps a man neither green nor blue, neither seein' life nor the world, an' tarnation ready to get sick over a yard; so I've managed to keep a midship helm atwixt the two tacks of a coaster and a man-o'-war's-man. Jim, too, he was rather down in the mouth about a love consarn, so we stuck together like a pair o' purchase-blocks bowed chock on end. Every forenoon we stands round Liv'pool Docks in company, under easy sail, twiggung all the craft, as you may suppose, an' overhaulin' the good an' bad points on 'em, like a couple of bo'suns. Berths at that time was plenty, and hands scarce; so it was the more hard to please Jim an' I. We wanted to see some'ere as we hadn't seen afore, with a smart craft under us, a reg'lar true-blue for skipper, good living, and a fok'le full of jolly dogs. We spells out all the tickets in the rigging of the passage-craft, with the port, and time of sailing; and says Jim, just as I was stepping on the gangway plank, "Hold on, Harry, bo', let's go round the China berth first." And says I, at sight o' their heavy poops, an' Dutch bows, and tumble-home top-sides; all reg'lar-going and holystone, "None o' yer loo'ardly tea-canister affairs for me. Don't ye twig that there lubberly splice in the fore-rigging?" Again we'd fancy Badoes, or Lima, or Rio, or Valparaiso; but speakin' truth, my notion was for some sort of out-o'-the-way-come-venture or another, where we'd see life once in a while, and turn to again on the sober tack. So all said an' done, we fought shy of an offer: as the "old man" hauled close on us, we squared away, tops our boom, an' was off with a touch of our tarpanlins, an' "I doesn't think as how I'm a goin' for to ship this voy'ge, yer honour," for which we got curses enough to split the main-taups'l, ye know.

How's ever, one forenoon watch, as we was both backing and filling alongside of the Queen's Dock, full of bluff-bowed Danish timberers, Norway logs the colour of rosin, and yer wall-sided, kettle-bottomed American cotton-wagons, I seed as fine a barque-rigged craft as I ever clapped eyes upon moored out in the middle to a Swedish brig. She was clipper-cut about the bows; level bowsprit in a line with her run; a long sheer, but plenty of beam before the waist; high topsides, black out, but painted yellow within, and a yellow streak on her. Her sticks had a bit of a rake st, with short lower-masts, and the yards black; but such a pair o' slapping tall topmasts as she had, I never see in a craft of her size: an' I could see with half an eye, though both lower an' taups'l yards was cock-billed up an' down dock-fashion, they'd the weather-arm of any ship in the dock. "That chap's Boston-built, Jim," says I, "for five guineas—reg'lar go-ahead, seed no mistake. Why, she'll spread near half the cloths in her main-taups'l of a twenty-eight sloop-o'-war!" "My eyes!" says Jim, with a shiver like, "how she'd dive into a head sea though! She'd cut through the comb of a Cape swell afore it 'ad time to rise." "That's neither here nor there," I says: "but I'd like to know the ropes o' what she's after: I've a notion it's some'at of a taut bowline. She wants a third of bein' down to her bearings, though they're clearing for out a'ready, ye see." Accordin'ly, Jim an' me uses the freedom to sheer round, and step over two or three other craft, to get a near look at the Yankee. Her mate was roaring like a young bull to a hand aloft that was sendin' up to-gallant and royal-yards; and, "Well," says I to Jim, "it's clear they doesn't savvy sendin' up a gallant-yard here, like they did in the old Pacific. Twig the lubber: he's taken the line wrong side o' that backstay. Be look out; here goes!" I makes one spring into her

rigging, up to the fore-top, bears off the yard, flats the tackle, and clears it, and had the spar rigged out in no time. Down I comed to the rail by a topmast backstay, but no sooner nor the ill-looking customer of a mate opened on me with his jaw.

"Who told you to shove your car in?" says he, "you tarnation British 'loper! I guess you want to book yourself pretty slick; but you don't enter this voy'ge, so be off!" "Axes your parding, sir," says I, winking to my chum; "an' hopes no offence, sir; but I thou't ye wanted a lift that time. You doesn't begrudge a poor fellow's flippers a little tar, sir, after fisting the blankets so long ashore?" "Top yer boom in the twinkling of a handspike," says he; "that's all I've got to say to ye." "Ay, ay, sir," says I, though I hung in the wind notwithstanding; for that moment I twigs a big-beamed fellow come aboard astarn of him, as I took to be the skipper—a hook-nose gentleman, clean-shaved, an' black i' the jaw, with two fists like leading-blocks, an' rigged out in a long-togged coat three cloths under his size; but he didn't look afeared on a gale o' wind.

"Well, Mr Fisher," says he, overhaulin' me all the time out of his weather-eye, "be so good as get them two new taups'ls out o' the half-deck, and bend them. You don't seem but a smartish hand," says he to me when the mate was gone aft—"you don't, my lad, for British growed. Been 'down east,' I reckon, now?" "Yes, sir," says I; "I sailed onst with the Garrick liner, out an' home." "Thought so," says he. "Well, now, if I was short-handed, I don't know but I might a shipped you this trip." "No harm done, sir," says I.

'Well, ye see, Bob, the short yarn of it was, the Yankee skipper ships us both, at eighteen dollars a month, bound to Noo Orlaing, with a cargo of what they called "notions." The barque's name was the "Declaration," Eikabode Tappan, master: we didn't know till after she'd only eight of a crew before the mast when we fell aboard of him. 'Fact, we heard from an old shipmate next day, as Ike Tappan, they called him, was well known in the Gibraltar waters for a sharp hand, that knew precious little of lunars, an' never was heard on with a full-manned ship; she was 'tarnally runnin' away with 'em, and missing her port, like one o' "God's ships," as they used to christen the Yankees. Never an underwriter of 'em all would insure the Declaration; but bein' one o' the owners himself, an' always somehow fallin' on his feet, no man overhauled the craft. "She's a slap-up boat," says Jim to me; "an' he's a prime seaman, I understand; but I'll bet next voy'ge, Ike Tappan's arter some'at new, an' apicy to the bargain. I never knowed her Liverpool-away afore."

'Well, Bob, a night or two after, as we was going into the Hothouse Tavern, as they calls that big skylight affair by the docks, who does we meet comin' out but our new skipper, yard-arm with a long-togged shore-goin' chap, as I fancied, under a false rig, and steerin' shy. Hard-a-port it was, and we sights the two down street, bein' a blowy night, making stiff tacks for the door of a Jew sloop-shop to wind'ard. "Somethin's i' the wind, Jim," says I, "sure enough." The next day we goes down to hoist our dunnage aboard, where we finds no un but the shipkeeper, and a Boston boy washin' decks, until the skipper hi'self come up the companion, with one we took for a new hand, in a red shirt, canvas togs, and a sou'-wester on his head for all the world like a Lunnun dustman's. "My eye, Harry," says Jim, "twig the green; mark them hands o' his. That fellow's sarved his time with ould Noah, I'm thinking, an' slept the watches ever since." "Well, I'm blessed," says I, "if that aint the same chap he had in tows last night, an' rigged out a cloth over strong to begin with."

"Now, my man," says the skipper to him, "tarn to aloft, and tar down them lifts an' backstays." "Ay, ay, sir," says he, quite ready like, though I wish you see what a long face he pulled at first dip into the tar can. A smart, knowing-like chap he was, though he

put his feet into the ratlines like a post-boy, an' went up a bit at a time, smearin' all in his way, instead of from the mast-head out, till of a sudden smash comes the can on deck out o' the maintop, without, "Stand from under." The whible forenoon, I do b'lieve, if the skipper didn't keep that poor devil going aloft, out on the yards, an' gettin' the ropes by heart, in a drizzle of rain, and after every one else was gone. I couldn't make it out at all, until we hears the day after, just afore haulin' through the dockway at flood, as how there was a reg'lar bobbyery kickin' up about docks: a dozen out-bound craft boarded by p'lice and gov'ment officers, all about some quill-driving don that had cut his stick with a sight o' money. As soon as I caught the hand in the red shirt lookin' over his shoulder, I smoked the rig in a moment, an' says the skipper, "You, Smith, up to the fore-taups'l yard, an' overhaul the gear." There was only Jim an' me, and the two mates, an' some dock-wallipers on deck, hard tailing on to the warp-ropes, an' a couple o' ship's boys aloft; the other hands came out in a boat as we dropped down. Just as we sheers round into the river, there was a large New York steamer, paddles backed and 'escape-pipe roaring, and full of passengers, as was being searched from stem to stern, where they found the gentleman's traps aboard sure enough, without hisself. Nor no sooner was we abeam of her, but a boat pulls alongside, and three officers jumps up the gangway.

"Got any passengers aboard, captain?" says they. "Not as long as my name's Eikabode Tappan," says he; "'taint a payin' consarn, I expect." "Look sharp aloft there, and loose that fore-taups'l," sings out the skipper; and I couldn't help grinning when I squints up, an' sees the chap with the red shirt bent over the yard, aver havin' to hail, "Ay, ay, sir," as gruff as a bo'sun. "Bear a hand there, ye lubber; overhaul the reef-tackles an' chuelins—d'ye hear? Forrud there, sheet home fore-taups'l." "Must look into your cabins, sir," says the officers. "Well, if it's law," says the skipper. "I can't go ag'in it; but a fair wind can't wait, you know, gents," says he, "an' I shouldn't like to break my rule ag'in passengers. I reckon we're gettin' a good deal o' way upon her." By the time they come on deck again, we had the two taups'ls, fores'l, and spanker set upon her, and I was at the wheel, the hands aboard rigging out the jib-boom; and, "Well," thinks I, as they got down the side to pull back, "if it had been but a frigate's reefer instead, he'd have hauled on a different rope, Captain Tappan." How's'ever, we soon caught a good wind; and by the way the windmills along the heights went whirling round, we expected a staggering breeze past the Point. How she did take it, too, on them two slapping taups'ls o' hers, the moment she got the full weather, blue out o' the Irish Channel, with a smart swell! Hard work it was grinding her wheel down; but she came to in a twinkling, ready to fly into it. I saw how it 'ud be at worst: with that spread of canvas, and them heavy spars, with the hands we had, in a gale and on a wind, we'd no more be able to reef or hand the two taups'ls or courses nor as many school-boys. How's'ever, we was scarce well out from the land, when somethin' more came on our look-out; surging over it with a flash up the bows, all hands busy gettin' ship-shape, I hears the skipper sing out to his black stoo'ard below, to hand him up the glass. There was a telegraph goin' upon the headland, which the drift on it couldn't be seen, until the smoke of a large steamer was sighted to win'ward, through the haze, headin' for us from up Channel.

"Well," says the old man, "what's this? I ain't"—"She's double-funnelled," puts in the grumpy mate, lookin' through the glass—"a steam-frigate, I calculate." "No!" says the captain; "you don't—whew—ew!" And he gives a long whistle, seein' as just at that moment comes out a gleam behind one o' the big Channel swells, then the sound of a heavy gun. "That's a long un," says the mate. "Clap on the jib,

there," sings out Captain Tappan. "Set the gaff-taups'l and royals, Mr Fisher," says he; "and keep her up a point, lad," to me. Away we cracks, with the craft on her best foot, balling off eleven knots pleasantly. We had the heels of the steamer; but if that wasn't enough, what does we see her do shortly, but stand across the New-Yorker's course, to overhaul her the second turn. By the second doz-watch, it bein' late season and soon dark, we'd lost sight of 'em both. Our Yankee skipper's fashion was to close-reef all afore turning in, man-o'-war style, if the weather was fickle in narrow waters, otherways there was no keeping the craft in hand: it took all on us to one yard at a turn, so ye may fancy what it would a' been in a blow! All the next day, havin' stood well to the east'ard, we sees nought o' the smoke-flag, "Admiral Jones's pennant," as we used to call it in the old Pacific; so cracks on everything that would draw till morning, when it fell a pretty dead calm, with a swell off the mouth of the British Channel. About four bells i' the arternoon we sees our queer customer from the fok'le come 'pon deck out o' the cabin, in a pilot-coat: all at onst the fellow hails the skipper through the skylight, and there, sure enough, was a smoke to west'ard of us, just over the smooth o' the water-line, when we rolled. By five bells you could see the two funnels quite plain, the steamer seemin'ly havin' cruized the two days to win'ward of our course, for an airin' to her hands, an' then comed back to pick us up. The captain looks at his chap, an' then at the steamer. "Yes," says he, taking the cigar out of his teeth, "that's considerable nasty, I expect?" An' I did feel for the other fellow from his looks. "Well," says the skipper, "there's a cloud brewin' to win'ward though. We'll have it hot an' heavy from the nor'west directly. Lay aloft there, all hands, to reef taups'ls?" And he takes the wheel from the hand aft. "Close reef," he sings out, as soon as we'd got hold on the earrings. The yards was braced round, and the swell rose in no time: the cloud was all round the weather-side in a quarter of an hour, as black-blue as you please, and the red sun goin' down through it, till the tops of the heavy swells was as red as blood. It was quite dark in that quarter, when we hears the thud, thud o' the steamer's paddles, and her engine clanking, an' over out o' the cloud she comes as black as night, right upon the comb of a sea; and all in a moment it was white foam, pouring down the water-side, and her full jib and gaff'sls jibing as she went round. Up we went above her, looking on to her deck over the smoke; the men at stations, and a gun ran out to loo'ard. "Port, port," sings out our skipper, "keep full." The steamer's pipe roared like thunder, and she kept givin' a stroke now an' then; the captain and a lieutenant stood up on the paddle-box, holding on by a rail.

"What barque's that?" screams out the captain through his speakin'-trumpet; and afore there was time to hail—"Round to, and keep under my quarter till the squall's over—her Majesty's ship Salamander." "Daresn't do it, captain," sings out the skipper. "I'll dismast you then, by —!" The wind took us just then on the top of a sea, main-taups'l swung full, and away we went, with no time to rise on the swell, shippin' a tremendous horsehead, that washed every one off his feet holding on. Our last sight of the steam-frigate, she was plungin' off one green comb to another, half her length, out against the light, and her weather-flipper whirling round, feelin' for the water, an' the next minute buried up to the grating in a foam. She'd her wrong side to us, or I don't doubt she'd ha' let drive off the top o' the wave with that infernal long eighteen.

When the Declaration rose again, how's'ever, it was pitch dark; nothin' to be seen but the foam gleaming, and a white line 'twixt sky an' sea to win'ward, or the binnacle lamp in-board. It took two of us at the wheel, hard up an' hard down, to hold her; runnin' as straight suth'ard as might be, under nothin' but spanker,

close taupe's, and foretopmast-stays'; wind blowing strong abeam, and a blast o' rain. About three bells morning watch the weather cleared a little, with a break to starward. All of a sudden the look-out on the foreyard hails out, "Light, ho! two lights hard on the lee-bow." And the captain goes aloft to overhaul them. Down he comes—"Cape You-shan't right ahead, Mr Fisher," says he: "we'll never weather it under this canvas, an' can't go about neither. Up there! shake out reefs! swig up taupe's-halyards!" says he. An' up goes the high cloth against the scud to loo'ard, till we made out the two lights from the wheel, drawin' end on, low down betwixt the swells as she pitched aloft. "Split them two lights," says he to the wheel, "or we're ashore in an hour. Press her well up, my lads," says he; "loose away the mains' there." "She'll never bear it," says the mate. "Don't know the Declaration yet, Mr Fisher, I guess," says he. "Board maintack there, ride him down with a will, men. Haul aft the sheet." Well how she pitched, an' drove right under, shippin' green sea over the weather-chains! She hove a fellow over the wheel without, "By your leave," an' the maintack surged like a capstan-fall, every strand with a purchase on it. "It's blowing harder," says the mate. "Half an hour, and we're off," says the skipper. But sure enough, by that time we was reeling through—down head and up again, like a Dutchman's cow—first a howl through the rigging, and then a calm in the trough, things lookin' black for the masts of her. "Ease off the maintack," sings out the skipper; "an' stand by to brail up and furl." Ticklish work it was to do as much as the first; but hand the sail we couldn't, with the captain and his passenger at the wheel to free all hands; so out in the brails we let it blow, like a fisherman's bladders, an' got up to reef taupe's coaster-fashion. As soon as the halyards was let go, chualains an' reef-tackles chock up, the sail drove into the lee-rigging, jammed through the shrouds, every square a bag o' wind; ship careening right down to loo'ard; the yard like to alide us off, if it didn't shake us; an' not a hand on deck to touch a rope. We couldn't compass it nohow; an' the mate sings out to the wheel to luff a little, and shake the sail. "Furl it!" roars out the captain, giving her a weather-spoke or two; an' sartintly we did get up the head-leeches of the sail, and the gaskets passed round one yard-arm, when up slap comes the foot of it in the blast, with a noise like thunder, hammering our heads an' blindin' us till the whole was free again. Not having her jib neither, she was just breaching to with that bit of a luff, when the fo'taupe's saved her: snap went the martingale-stay as it was, and she carried away her jib-boom in the first pitch. The skipper filled away in a moment, grinding the helm hard up, and singin' out to us to leave the sail, an' sheet it half home again; so off she stood, squaring yards before the wind, easing off sheets, flying over it with a roll. We couldn't take another stitch off her; an' if I ever seed a craft runnin' away with her masters, that was it. Hows'ever, the mornin' was broke, and straight down the Bay of Biscay for the two mortal watches we goes, before the stiffest nor'-easter I remember, without lying to. She made easier weather, the skipper al'ays said, on a drive as with a helm lashed. At night I didn't like the looks of it noway; the sea was gettin' tremendous; the wind pinned ye to the rigging; and as cowl'd as a man could stand, though 'twas as dry as oakum, 'cept for the spray.

"Them sticks wot stand it, cap'en," says the mate, lookin' aloft like a stargazer, an' as gloomy as the bowsprit end. "You don't know them sticks, Mr Fisher," says the skipper. "I may say I raised 'em and smoked 'em myself. They're as tough as whalebone. They'll stand it, if the cloth don't." "True enough, sir," says the mate; an' a little after, just as she rose out of a lull, away doesn't the fo'taupe's! go, with such a crack, out o' the bolt-rope, clean away to loo'ard, like a puff of smoke. "Set the mainstays'!" sings out the skipper, "and keep her up a bit, my lad."

'I think I sees that passenger-fellow's face by the mizen-rigging, as he held on like death, and the barque hung over the black surge, up an' down, like looking for her shadow in the troughs, and climbing the hill for fear on it, shipping the grim seas in her waist as she came up. Blessed if he didn't show the white rag that time! an' I thou't myself as he'd done somethin' bad. The men said he looked like a chap woud ha' been glad of the gallows; and one swore his next trick at the helm to luff up into a sea, an' lend a hand to sweep clear of him. Hows'ever, by the mornin' watch our wind was laid a bit, an' we driving as bare as we could to sou'-west, main-taupe's-lyard still half down to the cap, with the sail set. The craft took it better nor ever I seed a craft do with the same sea on; but the mate said we'd run three degrees out of our course. By eight bells noon, what does the captain do but call all hands aft, to say as she'd never lie her course, he was goin' to bear up and run due south, a three months' trip for Monte Video. "I expect," says he, "to make somethin' of it thereaway, an' a sight better market. So, my lads," says he, "if you'll ship, an' no words, why I'll make it two dollars a-head warmer by the month." Every one looks at his neighbour, and grins as he walks forrard, seein' as it was no use to growl, if we'd wanted. For one, I'd ha' been ready cheer ship. "Mr Fisher," says the skipper, "square away the yards, and swig up that maintaupe's-lyard. Down maintack, too; I see the wind's moderatin' pretty fast. Full an' by, my man," says he to the wheel; so away we cracked on her, with a starn sea running, for the Canaries.

'Long yarn, Bob, if I told you the rig our skipper played with the blockhead* at Monte Video, an' them lubberly Brazil cruisers. All I've got to say now is, as it's hard on eight bells, my chum an' I heerd, on gettin' back to Liverpool a couple o' year after, as how that there chase of ours from the steam-frigate warn't about the passenger at all, but a consarn of our sharp-sailin' skipper's, as only an Admiralty clerk could take the turns out on. I never knowed the rights on it; but I don't doubt he kept clear o' both the Channel and Boston for a good spell.'

'Well, mate,' said Bob, as he passed the ball for the last time, 'give us the other yarn in the first watch.' Whether Harry did so or not, I, belonging to the larboard watch, had no opportunity of hearing it.

HISTORY OF A SOD.

'Always examine what other men reject as worthless.'

We may perhaps be thought jesting when we affirm that the history of a sod of grass is one of great interest; and we are content to refer to what follows for our justification, as we state our serious conviction, that the reflections to which a little clump of green turf give rise, are replete with instruction of no mean order. The sod before us, and the pen in hand, we must proceed methodically to our investigation—investigate it historically, botanically, and chemically. Observing this order, we may first inquire how the sod took origin. If we examine its structure, we shall find that it is a thick and consistent mass of roots, which, by their countless entanglements, have enclosed a quantity of the soil beneath in such a manner that it is scarcely to be separated from them. This structure enables us to remove the sod wholly from the surface of the place upon which it is found. How, then, was the foundation, so to speak, of this mass of vegetable fibres and mould laid? If our sod was cut from the stony bosom of a rock, the answer lies far back in ages gone by. A tiny lichen began the work there; and after serving its purpose in coating the naked and desolate surface with a thin layer of vegetable mould, it was at length vanquished by a stronger than itself in the form of a waving, clustering moss. The winds and tempests of years tried the courage of the moss, and many times threatened its utter destruction; but it still

* Blockade.

held firm. The lichen which preceded it had roughened the hard surface, and the clasping fibres of the moss laid hold of the smallest inequalities. The rain descended, and the winds blew; but neither conquered; for the moss flourished, and had a thriving family, which being rapidly joined by vagrant relations and friends, the rock began to look green. This was the first robe. By and by the birds of a distant region found rest on the rock, and left behind them the undigested grains of herbs plucked and devoured many miles away. Of these, some lived, some remained dead. Of the living ones, eventually only a few survived, for some were too delicately appetised to exist on the thin face of their new cradle, and became rapidly choked by those sturdy rustics who were content with a draught of rain (containing a fraction of ammonia), and with such a minute amount of alkalis as was left by the mosses and lichens in their decaying remains. A wiry vegetation was now busy in constructing the foundation of the future sod. Little rootlets, tough as cords, and pushing themselves in every direction, bound together the loose and incoherent mass of decaying tissues, sand, and degraded soil, which the previous occupants had left behind them. The rock itself suffers change. Water and carbonic acid attack it, and it slowly crumbles. The plants now formed help the work; they appropriate its ingredients; the depth of soil increases. It has also become richer; consequently a better class of plants can live thereon. Now the hardy-constituted wiry grass either dies of too much food, or is choked in retribution by the descendants of those which it formerly killed. The soft green blades of fragrant grasses come up, and paint the once gray and dreary landscape in the most refreshing colours. Year succeeds to year; the winter kills some; the spring awakens others; and the summer ripens the seeds of a multitude of grasses which the autumn shakes to the earth, and by its heavy rains, causes to take root in the soil. Layer after layer of roots overtops the last. All traces of the early mosses are lost in the brown humus at the bottom, so that one could scarcely form even a conjecture as to how the work began.

But possibly our sod has been taken from a rich meadow, lying along the sides of a deep inland-penetrating stream, thick, rank, and luxurious, with crowding blades and towering stems. This green meadow was once a quiet lake, or perhaps a part of a more tumultuous sea. From those 'heaven-kissing hills' which form the rough, uneven outline of the horizon, and from which the stream takes origin, centuries have washed down tons upon tons of alluvial soil. The waters of the lake grew shallow, aquatic plants fringed its edges, and assisted the process. The waters sank, the land rose. No sooner did it appear above the surface, than, as if with wings, the seeds of numberless grasses and other plants flew thither, and rapidly colonised the spot. But though the surface looked quickly green, much time must elapse before the due thickness of a sod is formed. Many a contest also will take place between sturdy docks, and noisome weeds, and the sweet-leaved grass, before the latter gains the entire supremacy; and in fact this it never absolutely succeeds in effecting without aid from man. In a few years this work, too, is completed, and the surface over which in bygone times the ripple rolled, or the billow heaved, now rejoices in a waving garment of the freshest green.

So far for the pure history of the sod; now for its botany. Those who have never taken the pains to examine the herbage of a sod, will be disposed to believe all grass to be pretty much the same, if indeed a difference be admitted at all. We believe very few are really aware of the number and beauty of the species which may be, and often are, contained within an area to which a hat would form an ample tent. Mr Curtis, well known for his various works on natural history and botany, tried a curious experiment with the assistance of a friend. Sods of grass six inches only in diameter were cut from nine different places in Hampshire and Sussex, and were selected indiscriminately from the spots whence they were removed. They were then planted in Mr Curtis's

garden, where they thrived luxuriantly. On being examined, the following interesting discovery was made: One piece of sod from Selborne Common, six inches diameter, contained fourteen different species of grass; and, singular enough, a similar sod from Ringmer Down contained an equal number. Others bore respectively nine, seven, six, and five species—none contained fewer than three. Who has not inhaled with pleasure the sweet perfume of new hay! This perfume is due to the presence of the *Anthraxanthum odoratum* (sweet-scented vernal grass). Even the green leaves of this graceful grass readily impart this perfume to the fingers by which they are bruised. Another species somewhat like it in appearance is the fox-tail grass; but it is more coarse in foliage, and is destitute of the fragrant odour of the former. Another, and a more elegant species, is the well-known, almost ubiquitous, *Poa pratensis*, which springs up alike on our old walls and on the fostering bosom of our fertile pastures. Every one must have admired the beautifully fine hair-like grass which clothes the surface of our dry heaths, downs, and sheep-walks—a grass upon whose velvet-like surface the foot is seldom weary of resting. This grass is called the *Agrostis capillaris*, in evident allusion to its character; and being admirably constituted so as to endure heat and drought, it furnishes a valuable food to the mountain-fed sheep, that would otherwise be altogether destitute at such seasons, or could feed only in the sheltered valleys of these regions. Another grass equally adapted for a peculiar situation, and almost certain to be found in our lamp of sod, if it was taken from the hard bosom of a northern limestone rock, is called the *blue dog's-tail* grass; and for such situations as it is found in it is well adapted, from its at all times affording sheep a tolerably fair pasture. Beside these, there are probably in our sod the curious, inconstant, yet common grass called rye-grass, or *Lolium perenne*, of the most vigorous growth, and in rich meadows greedily consumed by cattle. Mr Curtis says that this grass appears to vary *ad infinitum* even in its wild state: he had seen a variety of it with double flowers, and one with awns, both of which are very uncommon. In some pastures, such as are not very moist, the stalks are sometimes viviparous towards autumn; sometimes it produces scarcely any stem, and much foliage; at others, little foliage, and an abundance of flowering stems. It is a curious fact, that if we examine this same sod, having returned it again to the earth, in the next year, or in the year following, we shall in all probability find that an entire change of species has taken place. Some that are now luxuriant will then have degenerated, and some that are now weak will then have become entirely removed from the army of green blades. Why is this? It is found that if the grasses are kept close shaven to the ground, or are fed down, to use the agricultural phrase, this deterioration is avoided; whereas it is almost sure to follow if the herb is allowed to run to seed. It is a sort of natural rotation. Changes in the soil very probably take place which are favourable to the other varieties, but detrimental, or less favourable to these; and the natural consequence is, that the healthiest wins the field.

Let us lay the grass stem under the knife. On removing its leaves from the glistening surface of the stem, they will be found attached at their base to a joint, which they also partly embrace. What are these joints? Passing the knife through the stem, it is found that it has this striking difference from other plants: it is a hollow tube, and at each joint a sort of diaphragm or cross partition is stretched so as to divide the stem into a number of closed cylinders, each having no connection whatever with the one above or below. This is exactly the structure of a bamboo. It is on this account that a great botanist has declared that our tiny inhabitants of the sod, which we have been wont to despise and trample under foot, belong to a noble family, which, under favouring influences of sun and warmth, carry their heads near ten times higher in the heavens than we ourselves—these are the bamboos. In his own words—the words of Nees Von Esenbeck—

grasses are but dwarf bamboos. The microscope only can reveal the true beauty and structure of the minute flowers which adorn the lowly grasses. Thus examined, they present a pleasing and interesting study. Every one must have seen the curious little spikelets of the bromes, or meadow grasses; and the attentive eye will have marked here and there a yellow stamen peeping out of its unattractive flower. The microscope, or a good lens, reveals the fact, that every spikelet is made up of many flowers beautifully arranged together, as if they were the coverings of one which does not appear. Each little flower consists of a couple of tiny scales, supporting the hairs or bristles with which we are so familiar. These little scales—technically, *paleæ*—cover two other smaller scales, which appear to be the rudimentary calyx or corolla of the flower; and these, with the others, enclose and shelter the stamens and ovary. With the structure of the seed we do not think it necessary to deal. Suffice it to add, that in the counsels of a watchful Providence, it has been so ordained that that rapidity of growth which is essential to the speedy covering of the earth with her green mantle, has been both foreseen and beautifully provided for in its fabrication.

We may consider that two chemical processes meet in our sod—the one belonging to the chemistry of life, the other to that of decay and death. To take the last first. If the roots of the sod are carefully examined, it will not be difficult to separate the living from the dead; and the latter class includes the decaying and decayed. The brown, friable, pulverulent matter which is called mould, and composes a considerable portion of the underground mass of the sod, is vegetable fibre having undergone its complete decay. Chemists call it *humus*. It is insoluble, or nearly so, in water; it cannot, therefore, although rich in carbon, contribute any of that element directly to the thick vegetation flourishing above. Yet it was long considered that this very humus was the real and only origin of the wood of plants. As, however, plants can only receive soluble particles by their roots, and those of humus are insoluble, it is a very simple and just conclusion to arrive at, that the source of carbon in vegetation lies not for the most part in the soil. The thin air and the viewless winds will better answer the question. Is the humus of the sod, then, altogether useless? Not so. It is the reservoir of all the alkaline and mineral ingredients of the last generation of plants, and these are absolutely essential to the wellbeing, even to the existence, of vegetation. In the undisturbed greensward, allowed to lie for years by the grazier, this stock of salts amounts to a large quantity; and if the plough is now sent through it, the smiling sod torn up, broken, and crushed and sown for wheat, a crop of vast luxuriance follows. But this only lasts for a year or two, and the land returns to its former average, or possibly falls under, for reasons not to be here entered into. In the upper layers of the sod, vegetable fibre in the actual process of decay is sure to be found. It may be recognised by its crumbling character and brown colour. Possibly it consists of the slain bodies of the grasses which were felled by the last winter's frosts. Water and air are busy here; the work of destruction hastens on; the woody fibres undergo 'eremecausis,' to use the Liebigian phrase—that is, they are slowly, or by degrees consumed. In so doing, they are continually evolving small portions of carbonic acid gas; the fibres become more and more broken up; until at length it is not possible to distinguish them from the pulverulent humus above-mentioned. In this process all the salts and mineral constituents which entered into the composition of the original fibres are again surrendered to the soil in their turn, to enter into new relations, and to serve new purposes in the physiological economy of another generation. The carbonic acid gas eliminated in decay is not produced in vain. When the rootlets of the young grasses are feeble, while the growing stem and leaves draw much upon them, the genial rain descending dissolves this gas, and supplies it to the spongioles of the roots in a liquid form, to be then carried up into the vegetable system, and there decomposed. So far for the chemistry of death in the sod. How little do we prize the purifying in-

fluence of our green fields! How little value the myriads of minute laboratories in the greensward, which, busy all the day long, drink up the detrimental carbonic acid gas of our empsoned air, and pour out in return, volume for volume, invisible fountains of purest oxygen! Such, humble as they are, is their high vocation, so far as it directly relates to man. That fatal gas which he and his manufactures, and his humbler relatives in the zoological scheme—animals, birds, and the almost invisible insect—alike combine to produce, the cheerful sward feeds upon, gladly appropriates, makes into wood, turns into leaves and stems, and, more useful still, converts into health-sustaining food for man and beast. During the shades of night the grass lands, in common with the rest of vegetation, evolve carbonic acid; but it has been satisfactorily demonstrated that the preponderance is incomparably in favour of the oxygen evolution during the day.

We have spoken of the tender blades which crown our sod as forming food. The chemical analysis effected by Sir H. Davy shows that the following principles in the grasses are those by the possession of which it is adapted for this end. Their remarkable simplicity will not fail to be observed: mucilage, sugar, bitter extractive matter, a substance analogous to albumen, and various saline ingredients. Let this suffice for the history of a sod. The desire has been to exhibit, however imperfectly, the rich and varied amount of interest and instruction which may be made to flow out of the contemplation of one of the commonest objects in nature.

ADVENTURES OF AN AUTHOR OF THE LAST CENTURY.

AUTHORSHIP is not so ancient a profession in this country as it is usually considered. Before the beginning of the last century there were hardly any mere authors—that is, persons who lived by literature as a trade. Writers did something else as well as write, if it was only to fetch and carry for their patrons; and except in a few rare instances, books were made in the pauses of the real business of the world, or else manufactured to the order of those who could afford to say, with a later flatterer of the muses, 'We keeps a poet.' An author was part of the train of the aristocracy: he could do nothing without patronage, for the 'reading public' was not yet fairly born; and the consequence was a general servility and toadyism—an acknowledgment of inferiority—which influenced the destinies of literary men long after the cause had ceased to exist.

But patronage was not an evil in itself—it was an indispensable step in the progress of literature. Patrons enabled authors to write, and in some measure compelled the public to read; and as the taste for letters spread more widely, they themselves, having fulfilled their mission, retired gradually before the new power they had invoked. Although patrons, however, cannot coexist with a reading public, the habit of servility survived their withdrawal; and even in our own day, there have been seen specimens of the dedicational fulsomeness which was fashionable at the time when the dedication made the fortune of the book. Such, however, are rare exceptions; and generally speaking, authors, placed as they are on a more equitable and prosperous footing, exhibit in their manner the badge of their independence.

And this occurred occasionally, too, in an earlier day than ours—even in that transition period when patrons were only retiring, and the public only advancing, and when authors hardly knew which way to look, behind or before. 'The notice,' wrote Johnson to Lord Chesterfield, 'which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it;

till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.' Not long before this, the high-hearted author had been arrested for £5, 18s.; and not long after, he was obliged to give up, as too expensive, his lodgings in Gough Square, where he had but a single chair for the accommodation of his visitors, balancing himself in the meanwhile on another with three legs and one arm.

Among the authors of this trying period, although it was fertile in enduring names, none is regarded with more interest at the present day than Oliver Goldsmith. He may be said to be the very opposite of Johnson, not only in character, but even in style—and yet the men were friends; for the 'inspired idiot' and the 'great Cham of literature' were connected by a fine thread of humanity, over which the antagonisms of manner and position had no power. 'Oliver Goldsmith,' says John Forster,* 'must be held to have succeeded in nothing that the world would have had him succeed in. He was intended for a clergyman, and was rejected when he applied for orders; he practised as a physician, and never made what would have paid for a degree. The world did not ask him to write, but he wrote, and paid the penalty. His existence was a continued privation. The days were few in which he had resources for the night, or dared to look forward to the morrow. There was not any miserable want in the long and sordid catalogue, which in its turn and in all its bitterness he did not feel. The experience of those to whom he makes affecting reference in his "Animated Nature"—"people who die really of hunger, in common language, of a broken heart"—was his own. And when he succeeded at the last, success was but a feeble sunshine on a rapidly-approaching decay, which was to lead him, by its flickering and uncertain light, to an early grave.'

This is from the preface to a volume which we wish to recommend warmly to our readers, and but little the less warmly that we think Mr Forster does not discriminate nicely enough between the character of the author and that of the man, and that he thus suffers himself to be led occasionally into some injustice to the persons with whom his hero came in contact. But a generous enthusiasm of this kind is by no means characteristic of the time, and we are not sure that the world does not gain more by the feeling than it loses in the fact. At anyrate, a biography of Goldsmith could not have been worthily written by a cold heart or a tranquil brain; and of all the men we know, the best adapted for painting the lifelong struggles of this outcast child of nature and fortune is John Forster.

The life of Goldsmith has hitherto been but little known in its details, for it required a congenial mind to search out and recognise its materials, and fill up the spaces vacant of authentic record from the hinted facts and unconscious recollections of the subject himself. The narrative, however, is well worth some trouble, not only as conveying the personal history of a man of genius, but as serving to illustrate in a most interesting manner the important literary period we have described as that transition state between private and public patronage, which led to the establishment of authorship in this country as a distinct and now crowded profession. We shall take some pains, therefore, to follow Mr Forster in his narration; and we only regret that the space to which we are restricted will preclude our doing this so often as we could wish in his own language—a language always energetic, and not seldom elegant.

Oliver Goldsmith, born in 1728, was the son of a vil-

lage clergyman in Ireland. He was an ungainly boy: short, plain, awkward, heavy, yet of an affectionate and cheerful disposition. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizer—in other words, a menial; but after his father's death, he was only able to maintain even this miserable position by writing street ballads for his support, at the rate of five shillings each. At night, he used to steal out of the college to hear them sung. 'Happy night!' says his biographer, 'worth all the dreary days! Hidden by some dusky wall, or creeping within darkling shadows of the ill-lighted streets, watched and waited this poor neglected sizer for the only effort of his life which had not wholly failed. Few and dull, perhaps, the beggar's audience at first; more thronging, eager, and delighted when he shouted the newly-gotten ware. Cracked enough his ballad-singing tones, I daresay; but harsh, discordant, loud, or low, the sweetest music that this earth affords fell with them on the ear of Goldsmith. Gentle faces pleased, old men stopping by the way, young lads venturing a purchase with their last remaining farthing; why, here was a world in little, with its fame at the sizer's feet! "The greater world will be listening one day," perhaps he muttered, as he turned with a lighter heart to his dull home.'

He tried for a scholarship, but only succeeded in obtaining an exhibition—worth thirty shillings; and so elated was this wild Irish boy at the unaccustomed success, that he invited some of his companions to a dancing party at his rooms. The festivities were concluded by his tutor bursting in and knocking down the entertainer. Oliver, overwhelmed with the disgrace, ran away from college, but was brought back by his brother. When his college days were gone by, he became a private tutor for a time, but quarrelled with the family, and set off for Cork with £30 in his pocket, a good horse, and some vague plans about going to America. He returned home very soon, *minus* the money, and mounted on a Rosinante, for which he had given £1, 15s. Law was his next speculation. He started for London to keep his terms, with £50 advanced by his uncle; but he was intercepted by the *ill-luck* at Dublin, where he lost the whole at play. Medicine was then tried, and he actually spent eighteen months in Edinburgh as a student; but having become security for a comrade, he left the country, hunted by bailiffs, and proceeded to finish his studies at Leyden. Here he read, taught, borrowed, and gamed for a year, and then determined to pursue his travels farther. A friend lent him wherewith; but Oliver's *ill-luck* still pursued him. Chancing to see some rare and expensive flowers which his worthy uncle in Ireland had a passion for, he bought the roots without hesitation, and sent them off as a gift, leaving Leyden the next day with a flute, a guinea, and his last shirt on his back.

A sketch of his travels is supposed to be given in the history of the philosophic vagabond in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' 'I had some knowledge of music,' says the vagabond, 'with a tolerable voice; I now turned what was once my amusement into a present means of subsistence. I passed among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry—for I ever found them sprightly in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion, but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me even with a trifle.' 'In other words,' says Mr Forster, 'he begged;' but this is not the Irish interpretation. We once knew a professor of music in London who made it no secret that, when times were bad, he drew his hat over his brow, and took his flute out into the streets. This young Irishman would have scorned to beg, and he never even borrowed without blushing! 'My skill in music,' continues the vagabond, 'could avail me nothing in Italy, where every peasant was a better

* The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography in Four Books. By John Forster of the Inner Temple, Barrister. Author of the 'Lives of Statesmen of the Commonwealth.' London: Bradbury and Evans. 1848.

musician than I; but by this time I had acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation. In all the foreign universities and convents there are, upon certain days, philosophical theses maintained against every adventurous disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, then, I fought my way towards England; walked along from city to city; examined mankind more nearly; and if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture. In due time he reached his destination, and in the middle of February 1757, he was wandering without friend or acquaintance, without the knowledge or comfort of even one kind face, in the lonely, terrible London streets.

This was the point to which he had been gravitating from infancy. London was his destiny; and what were his qualifications to meet it? What armour did he bring with him to the struggle? How was he to bespeak the sympathy, and enlist the good-will, of his fellow-wanderers in those cold, stony, interminable thoroughfares of mankind? How was he to elude the crafty, to oppose the bold, to flatter wealth, to propitiate power? In fine, what were his means of drawing subsistence from the wants, or whims, or weaknesses, or wickedness of men? Plain even to ugliness, insignificant in his figure, vulgar in his look and manner, his speech deformed by a provincial brogue, poorly clothed, without a shilling, without a friend, without a care, a fear, or a reflection, what was he to do in London? Steal, starve, or write. In vain he tried to live by his former employments. In vain he spread plasters for the poor, and taught dunces as the despised and ridiculed usher of a school. His fate found him in spite of all; and the philosophic vagabond, pursuing a routine which remains the usual curriculum of literature to this day, became a drudge of the London periodicals.

The time was unpropitious. Burke, a few years before this date, unable to comprehend the transition period in which it was his fortune to live, made it a subject of complaint to his Irish friends that genius, the 'rathe primrose which forsaken dies,' received no encouragement from the nobility, but was left to the capricious patronage of the public. Fielding was recently dead, poor and disappointed; Collins was about to follow, with the addition of madness to his lot; Smollett was engaged in that struggle for bread which was to terminate in a foreign grave; Johnson had just emerged from a sponging-house, to be fed by the booksellers with a single guinea at a time, because he would not work if he had two in his pocket. Richardson alone was successful; but then he was a printer as well as an author, and that made all the difference in the world.

Goldsmith was in his twenty-ninth year when he became an author by profession. He was employed upon the 'Monthly Review' in writing articles which he never acknowledged, as they were all 'tampered with by the proprietor Griffiths or his wife.' He had a small regular salary, with board and lodging; but in five months quarrelled with his employers, being accused by them of idleness, and retorting an accusation of insolence on the part of the man, and a denial of ordinary comforts on that of the woman. The accusation of idleness he met by stating that he worked from nine o'clock till two, and on special days still longer. He now took lodgings in a garret near Salisbury Square, and crept on for some time in obscurity, till his seclusion was suddenly invaded by his youngest brother Charles, who, fancying from the long silence of Oliver that he was getting on famously in the world, had made his way up to London to share in his good fortune. 'All in good time, my dear boy,' cried Oliver joyfully, to check the bitterness of despair. 'All in good time: I shall be richer by and by. Besides, you see, I am not in positive want. Addison, let me tell you, wrote his poem of the Campaign in a garret in the Haymarket, three storeys

high; and you see I am not come to that yet, for I have only got to the second storey.' He made Charles sit and answer questions about his Irish friends; but at this point the light is again withdrawn, and for some two months there is greater darkness than before.

He tried the ushership again; but came back—of course, poor moth!—to the candle whose devouring flame he was destined to feed; and by and by, in a letter to a friend, he mentions that he is 'in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk score.' After this, thinking in desperation that he might possibly obtain an appointment if he could pass the examination at Surgeons' Hall for an hospital mate, it became an important problem how to obtain a suit of decent clothes. This he solved by writing four articles for the 'Monthly Review,' on condition of Griffiths becoming security to the tailor; and thus handsomely equipped, he presented himself at the Hall, and was found—not qualified. In four days after this, the clothes were sent to the pawnbroker, to discharge a debt due at his lodgings, his landlord having fallen into distress still more dire than his own; and before a week had passed, being in actual starvation, he placed the four books he had reviewed in the hands of an acquaintance as security for a trifling loan. Then instantly followed the demand for the books, and the price of the suit of clothes; and on learning the truth, Griffiths applied to the miserable author the names of 'sharper and villain.'

For this Griffiths, notwithstanding, he wrote subsequently a life of Voltaire, intended to be prefixed to a translation of the 'Henriade.' He received £20 for the service, from which he deducted the price of the suit of clothes; and on being visited soon after by Percy, the well-known collector of the 'Reliques,' he was found busy with another work, the 'Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe.' 'He was writing the Inquiry,' says the future Bishop of Dromore, 'in a miserable dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair; and when, from civility, he resigned it to me, he was himself obliged to sit on the window. While we were conversing together, some one gently tapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl, of a very becoming demeanour, entered the room, and dropping a curtsy, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favour of you to lend her a chamberpot full of coals."'

The book was at length published. 'Manifest throughout,' says Mr Forster, 'is one overruling feeling under various forms—the conviction that, in bad critics and sordid booksellers, learning has to contend with her most pernicious enemies.' The work made its way; and with the 'Bee,' and his contributions to other periodicals, he seemed to be getting on a little better. One chair and a window seat, however, were still the accommodations of his room; and on a particular occasion, an employer was known to call upon him, and after a noisy altercation, sit three hours till his literary arrears were made up upon the spot. We next find him uniting with Smollett in the 'British Magazine,' and afterwards contributing to the 'Public Ledger' a series of essays, reprinted in 1760 by Mr Newberry, with the well-known title of the 'Citizen of the World.' He now took more respectable lodgings, made the acquaintance—to ripen into the friendship—of Johnson, and wrote various small matters with industry and perseverance.

Goldsmith now made his appearance in society, and was accustomed to frequent the parlour of Davies the bookseller, the resort of many literary men. 'A frequent visitor was Goldsmith; his thick, short, clumsy figure, and his awkward, though genial manners, oddly contrasting with Dr Percy's precise, reserved, and stately. The high-bred and courtly Beauclerc might deign to saunter in. Often would be seen there the broad fat face of Foote, with wicked humour flashing from the eye; and sometimes the mild long face of Bennet Langton, filled with humanity and gentleness.

There had Goldsmith met a rarer visitor, the bland and gracious Reynolds, soon after his first introduction to him, a few months back, in Johnson's chambers; and there would even Warburton drive in his equipage "besprinkled with mitres," on some proud business of his own, after calling on Garrick in Southampton Street. His next step was the settlement in comfortable lodgings, where his board of £50 a-year was guaranteed by Newberry. Here he was visited by Hogarth, and became a member of the famous literary club established by Reynolds, admission into which was speedily considered a distinction by the greatest in the land.

But he was still in deep pecuniary straits, and all the deeper, perhaps, for the new company he kept. 'I received one morning,' Boswell represents Johnson to have said, 'a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'

Soon after this adventure, was published the 'Traveller,' and the name of Oliver Goldsmith appeared for the first time on a title-page. A higher distinction still was the declaration of Johnson, that so fine a poem had not appeared since the days of Pope; and when the great lexicographer read it aloud in company, 'from the beginning to the end of it,' a sister of Reynolds said that she should never more think Goldsmith ugly. For this poem, which Charles Fox called one of the finest in the English language, it does not seem probable that he received more than twenty guineas. He was prevented by his own want of common sense from deriving a greater advantage than this; for on being told by the Earl of Northumberland that he was going to Ireland as lord-lieutenant, and would be glad to do the author of the Traveller a service, 'poor Goldy' could only reply that he had a brother there, a clergyman, who stood in need of help. 'Thus,' adds Hawkins, the teller of the anecdote, 'did this idiot in the affairs of the world trifle with his fortune, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him;' and Forster informs us that only a few days before the said idiot had borrowed fifteen shillings and sixpence from a friend.

Goldsmith's next attempt was to unite medicine with literature—to practise as a doctor; and out he came accordingly 'in purple silk small-clothes, a handsome scarlet roquelaure buttoned to his chin, and with all the additional importance derivable from a full dress, professional wig, a sword, and a gold-headed cane.' The clothes cost four and a half guineas, and the doctor was so mightily pleased with them, that in the course of six months he got three more suits of a similar kind out of the unfortunate tailor. Nor is this indulgence to be wondered at, since the fact of wearing such a garb deprived him of all his customary enjoyments. No more tea at the White Conduit—no more ale at the club at Islington—no more nights at the Wrekin or St Giles's! Goldsmith was now a professional man, and must behave himself genteelly.

The 'Vicar of Wakefield' now appeared, the identical novel which, through the agency of Johnson, had some time before released its author from the hands of the bailiffs. 'Every one,' says Forster, 'is familiar with the Vicar of Wakefield. We read it in youth and in age. We return to it, as Walter Scott has said, again

and again; "and we bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." . . . Simple to very baldness are the materials employed. But he threw into the midst of them his own nature; his actual experience; the suffering, discipline, and sweet emotion of his chequered life; and so made them a lesson and a delight to all men.' Creating no stir at first, admiration gathered slowly but steadily around it; edition after edition appeared, and it was translated into several continental languages. Herder read it aloud to Goethe; and Goethe, 'some seventeen years ago, standing, at the age of eighty-one, on the very brink of the grave, told a friend that, in the decisive moment of mental development, the Vicar of Wakefield had formed his education, and that he had lately, with unabated delight, "read the charming book again from beginning to end."'

His next original effort was the 'Good-Natured Man,' which, on the first night of its appearance, was barely saved from condemnation, poor Goldsmith looking on with inexpressible dismay. He supped, however, in company, sang his favourite song, and was very noisy; but 'all the while,' said he afterwards, 'I was suffering horrid tortures; and verily believe, that if I had put a bit into my mouth, it would have strangled me on the spot, I was so excessively ill; but I made more noise than usual to cover all that, and so they never perceived my not eating, nor, I believe, at all imagined to themselves the anguish of my heart. But when all were gone, except Johnson here, I burst out a-crying, and even swore by — that I would never write again.' By this comedy he made £500, which, with his usual thoughtlessness, he laid out upon the purchase and furniture of chambers, and so involved himself in difficulties which he never surmounted. In these lodgings he seems to have lived with the most reckless extravagance; and he had other draughts upon his purse besides of another kind. 'He had two or three poor authors always on his list, besides "several widows and poor housekeepers;" and when he had no money to give the latter, he seldom failed to send them away with shirts or old clothes, sometimes with the whole contents of his breakfast-table, saying with a smile of satisfaction after they were gone, "Now let me only suppose I have ate a much heartier breakfast than usual, and I'm nothing out of pocket." His last guinea, exclaims Cooke, after relating some stories of this kind, was the boundary of his munificence.'

It is strange that the life of a poet and romancer should be graced by no love passage! The only thing in the volume even tending that way is the following account of two young ladies, the daughters of Captain Horneck. 'The eldest, Catherine, *Little Comedy*, as she was called, was already engaged to Henry William Bunbury, second son of a baronet of old family in Suffolk, whose elder son Charles had lately succeeded to the title, who is still remembered as *Geoffrey Gambado*, and as one of the cleverest amateur artists and social caricaturists of his day. The youngest, Mary, had no declared lover till a year after Goldsmith's death, nor was married till three years after that engagement to Colonel Gwyn; but already she had the loving nickname of the *Jessamy Bride*, and exerted strange fascination over Goldsmith. Heaven knows what impossible dreams may at times have visited the awkward unattractive man of letters! But whether at any time aspiring to other regard than his genius and simplicity might claim, at least for these the sisters heartily liked him; and perhaps the happiest hours of the later years of his life were passed in their society. Burke, who was their guardian, tenderly remembered in his premature old age the delight they had given him from their childhood; their social as well as personal charms are uniformly spoken of by all; and when Hazlitt met the younger sister in Northote's painting-room some twenty years ago (she survived *Little Comedy* upwards of forty years, and died little more than seven years since!), she was still talking of her favourite Dr Goldsmith, with recollection and affec-

tion unabated by time. Still, too, she was beautiful; beautiful even in years. The graces had triumphed over age. "I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room," says Hazlitt, "looking round with complacency."

Goldsmith was now working at his various compilations; and in a letter to his brother, he notifies his appointment as 'professor of ancient history in a royal academy of painting,' which, in his situation, he remarks is something like ruffles to one who wants a shirt. Yet, with his usual generosity, he gives up to his needy relatives a legacy of L.15. The 'Deserted Village' was now published, and its success was instant and decisive. Many light miscellaneous works came after, with which the author replenished his purse for the theatres, Ranelagh, and Vauxhall, where he strutted about gaily dressed, and with a bag wig and sword. 'She Stoops to Conquer' followed, and met with prodigious success; and then 'Retaliation'—the last flash of his genius.

His debts were increasing, no longer by shillings and pence, but by hundreds, till they amounted at last, it is said, to L.2000; and as their burden waxed, Goldsmith sunk. He had neither the fortitude to reduce his expenses, nor the nerve to complain to his friends; and he 'bitterly felt a reproach,' his biographer tells us, which Johnson gave him at their last interview, in sending away, as a reproof, a whole second course untouched. He was attacked by a local disorder to which he was subject. 'It was neglect,' says Davies, 'which now brought it on. It was continual vexation of mind, arising from his involved circumstances; and death, I really believe, was welcome to a man of his great sensibility.' His worst symptom was want of sleep, and it was feared that this of itself might prove fatal. 'Is your mind at ease?' said Dr Turton, suddenly bethinking himself of the pregnant question. 'No, it is not,' was the reply—the last words of Goldsmith. He died on the 4th of April 1774, having then lived five months beyond his forty-fifth year.

We have now touched lightly upon the leading points in the character and career of one of the most delightful of English authors, and have left ourselves no room to follow his biographer in what may be called, after the title of a work of Goldsmith himself, his survey of the state of literature in England, or in the vivid sketches he has introduced from time to time of distinguished contemporaries. But we cannot conclude without adverting once more (for we have already hinted at the subject in the beginning of this article) at the one defect of the volume—its practically confounding the character of the author and the man, and using, however unintentionally, the colours of poetry in rendering weakness amiable and error attractive. It is obviously a mistake to attribute the misfortunes of Goldsmith to the peculiar condition of the literary profession in his time. A career of the most brilliant success would have made him neither happier nor wiser. Through the inherent recklessness of his nature (as strongly marked in the boy ballad-rhymer as in the poet, novelist, and essayist), he would have wanted in the midst of all-wasted luxuries that had become as necessary as bread; and dying, instead of a debt of L.2000, he would have left behind him a debt of L.20,000. His impulses, indeed, were all amiable, but they were governed by no sense of right; and he would thus without scruple commit injustice in order to obtain the means of being generous.

To pity Goldsmith for his poverty is throwing sympathy away. He was happier in his humble pleasures (for he was never too poor for pleasure) than when strutting in a laced coat with Sir Joshua through a masquerade. It may be doubted whether his most abject distresses produced a greater amount of pain than falls to the lot of higher-minded men in passing through the world. The reason why he took the buffets of fortune with a good grace was, that he felt them lightly; and even in his saddest and loneliest moments, he perhaps never had any experience, or even

conception, of the depth of despondency into which a proud and manly nature may be plunged by the casualties of life.

But his miseries, of comparatively little moment to himself, were a great gain to the world. In no other author do we read better practical lessons in the philosophy of poverty; in no other moralist do we find the acerbities of life sweetened by so gentle and kindly a spirit. But this is a part of the scheme of Providence. Without pain, there could be no pleasure; without adversity, no fortitude; without weariness, no hope. Even the most inspiring strains of the muse are suggested by oppression; for wretched men

'Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
And learn in suffering what they teach in song.'

OCTOBER IN ITALY.

THE great heat which prevails in Italy during the summer months, offers little inducement to the traveller to leave the shelter of the city, or the refreshing breezes of the sea-coast. In the rural districts, during that period, the mid-day sun is intolerable. The peasant quits his occupation in the field; the cattle are brought up from the meadow; and the birds of the air are silent, and seek the shade. Hardly a breath of air is abroad to stir the silvery leaves of the olive; and not a sound strikes the ear save the chirrup of the grasshopper, or the croak of some uncomfortable frog in the adjacent pond. The 'quick-eyed lizard' is basking in the sun, and the butterfly is abroad, and the painted dragon-fly; but all else is stillness and sultry repose—nature is taking her nap. Towards the evening, however, things appear to wake up again. All the world is alive, and out of doors. The water-carriers assemble at the well; the peasant girls are strolling through the valley, or over the neighbouring hills; the bat comes forth to enjoy its noiseless flight in the rosy twilight; and as night—balmy night—approaches, myriads of fire-flies people the olive grove, or sport about with their tiny lamps amongst the tall ripe corn.

Towards the latter part of the month of June we made an excursion into the interior of Tuscany, to visit a small village or hamlet about twenty-five miles from Leghorn, called the Baths of Casciana. These baths are situate in a sort of basin in the midst of several small hills, whose features in many places bear indications of considerable volcanic action. The waters are natural hot springs, strongly impregnated with iron; and during the summer months they are resorted to by invalids from various parts, on account of their restorative properties. Our visit was not so much for any benefit we anticipated from the waters, as for the pleasure we promised ourselves in the society of some good friends, who had taken up their quarters there for a short time. During our stay, we visited several parts of the surrounding country; and in one of our evening excursions, we extended our ride as far as a small village or walled town crowning the summit of a hill, and commanding on all sides a most extensive view of the country. The air was pure and salubrious, and the situation delightful. The vine was flourishing on all sides, giving promise of an abundant vintage; and the locality altogether was so charming, that we resolved, if all were well, to pass the month of October there.

In Italy, October is the most beautiful month in the year. The days are brilliant and warm, without being oppressive, and the evenings are cool and exhilarating. It is the favourite month with the Italians, who frequently spend this delightful season at their country villas, or at some rural retreat in the midst of the 'vendemmia,' or vintage.

With this object in view, we ourselves revisited the spot above referred to; and having an introductory line to one of the priests of the place, on one bright afternoon at the close of September, we alighted from our 'calessio' (or country gig), and proceeded to introduce ourselves at his villa. On entering, we encountered

two formidable dogs, which seriously threatened to dispute our passage; but a word from their courteous master soon recalled them to a sense of propriety, and after a little growling, and a precautionary sniff or two at our persons, they permitted us quietly to proceed. Conducting us over the villa, our host expatiated much upon its advantages, and the beauty of its situation. The interior arrangements partook of the usual uniform character of Italian houses, where everything is contrived so as to resist the heat, but where the frequent prevalence of a keen searching wind appears to have been entirely lost sight of. Passing through the antechamber at the entrance, we arrived at a large *salle à manger*, having long windows opening into a balcony. This apartment occupied the centre of the building; and on either side were doors leading to the sleeping-chambers, a library, and a refectory. The walls and ceilings were gaily decorated in fresco, and the floors were of polished red tiles. Throwing open the windows, the priest led us on to a spacious balcony, overlooking an extensive valley, highly cultivated, and rich in all the variegated tints of autumn. Here he pointed out to us the several objects within the range of our vision. There lay the fertile plain of Pisa, with its white city clearly defined in the afternoon's sun; to the left lay the sea; to the right we had the beautiful valley of the Arno, famous for the Tuscan straw; the lake Bientina, Pontedéra, Volterra, and all the numerous white villages thickly scattered over the face of the country. In the distance were the magnificent Apennines, with their snowy peaks, extending from the kingdom of Genoa, and round beyond Florence, to the confines of the grand duchy.

On the following morning we walked out to see the neighbourhood, and the little town which was within a few minutes walk of the villa. Entering by one of its antique gates, we passed through the market-place; and by a considerable ascent of steps we reached the chancellor's court, which at one time appears to have been a citadel, but is now used as a prison. The courtyard was very ancient, and decorated with numerous armorial bearings and crests of antique shape and fashion, recalling to our minds those dark, but in many respects brilliant, middle ages, when the disputes of rival factions compelled the people to seek security within walled towns. Such interesting relics of ancient feud are numerous in Tuscany.

Leaving the town, we accompanied the priest over a considerable portion of his property, which extended in one direction for several miles. The country about was undulating, or a series of deep valleys, intersected by ridges of high ground, the latter being pretty well covered with the olive, whilst along the warm slopes and valleys the vine was planted on terraces, and supported by canes, or hung in gay festoons from poplars on the more even ground. Quitting the road, we struck out into by-paths, and over the fields; spoke to the vine-dressers; looked in at cottages, and talked to rosy-faced children; and returning through the valley, we gathered several clusters of blooming fruit from the over-burdened vines on either side of our way.

It is said that in Italy there is no shade; and certainly a person coming direct from England must be struck with the scarcity and poverty of the trees in most parts of the country. Generally speaking, they are not much larger than our garden fruit-trees; although in some of the valleys and defiles, and by the mountain streams, the walnut and sweet chestnut are magnificent. Many of the trees, too, are of the ever-green class, such as the ilex, the olive, the cypress, and yew, with several others; and these, contrasted with the crimson leaves of the cherry, and the richly-variegated tints of the chestnut, give a charming variety to the landscape.

The peasantry of Tuscany and Lucca are excellent farmers, and the admirable system of terrace-cultivation of the olive and vine bears sufficient evidence of their industry and skill. They appear also to make the most

of their ground. 'Pergolas,' or vine-covered walks, are very general; and where they cannot train the vine, they plant the olive and fig-tree; whilst the low and damp grounds are occupied by osiers and canes, which are both very useful in their domestic economy. The Tuscan farmer divides the produce of his land with the proprietor, who usually provides him with seeds and implements of husbandry. The latter are of very rude and primitive fashion; and although many attempts have been made to introduce modern English agricultural implements, there is considerable prejudice against them on the part of the country people, who look upon them as innovations, and seem to think that the wooden ploughs and clumsy harrows and carts of their forefathers are all that can be desired. The peasantry in our neighbourhood were a fine, healthy, and good-looking race, particularly some of the women, who came from the country round about on a market-day, or on a 'festa,' when of course we saw them to the best advantage, dressed in their bright colours and gay ribbons and ornaments; and with those large Tuscan hats shading faces rosy as a Ribston pippin, they looked the very picture of health and contentment. There is a natural politeness and dignity of manner about them which is very prepossessing, and they never pass you on the road without a 'Viva, signore!' or some similar mark of respect or acknowledgment. And after a long ramble over the country, we have often been glad to partake of the simple hospitality of the roadside cottage, receiving many a civility that sought no recompense.

Their habitations are generally pretty clean and neat; the chief apartment being a good kitchen, with the fireplace on a raised hearth, nearly three feet from the ground, and a large funnel-shaped chimney to carry off the smoke. We looked in at one poor man's cot, where the variety of occupancy reminded us much of an Irish dwelling. Three kids were frisking about among a lot of chubby-faced children; a couple of dogs were dozing in one corner; the cat lay stretched at full length in the sunshine; and a party of buxom hens were strutting about, quite at home with them all. The walls were adorned with strings of onions, gourds, and red pepper pods, together with extensive colonies of spiders. Milk was scarce, and what there was, was chiefly goats', so that the children knew little about it. The little folks used to get a piece of coarse barley bread for their supper, which was followed by a tumbler of red wine amongst them, and then they were packed off to bed soon after the fowls.

The feast of St Michael, or Michaelmas-day, is considered the first day of vintage in this part of the country; but of course the gathering depends much upon the state of the season and the condition of the grape. Like harvest in our own country, it is a season of great hilarity and enjoyment—every vehicle is in request, and all hands turn out to assist in securing the precious crop. The rude cart slowly takes its way along the valley and through the sun-chequered avenues of luxuriant vines, drawn by two of their fine cream-coloured oxen, so remarkable for their docility and sturdy patience. Each cart is furnished with a mash-tub, as large as it will carry, into which the clusters of grapes are thrown as they are taken from the vine. As we accompanied the cart, and listened to the song of the vintagers, we felt a little concerned to witness such wholesale destruction of fruit, as each blooming damsel came to deliver her basketful of large purple grapes, which were immediately consigned to the tub by the ruthless individual in charge of it. When it is full, the cart returns to the storehouse, where the fruit is mashed up with a wooden club adapted to the purpose (and not pressed with the feet, as in many parts of Italy), after which the whole is carried away in pails—liquor, stalks, and all—and thrown into large vats for the purpose of fermentation. This takes place in a few days, and sometimes in the course of a few hours, according to the state of the atmosphere, and the temperature of the place in which the operation is per-

formed. At such time a movement is perceptible in the liquor; the volume of the fluid increases, and it becomes turbid and oily. At the end of several days, these tumultuous motions subside; the mass falls; and the liquor becomes clearer, and of a red colour, caused by the reaction of the ardent spirit on the colouring matter contained in the pellicle of the grape. When the heat in the mass disappears, and all the phenomena of fermentation have subsided, the liquor is drawn off into casks, where, by a second insensible fermentation, the wine is clarified, and in a very short time becomes fit for use.

The vine appears to us one of the most extraordinary and wonderful productions of nature. Passing through the vineyards in the early part of the year, you see nothing but the dry and sapless plant, not unlike the strands of an old rope hanging from tree to tree. The wood appears so dead and withered, that, as the prophet says, 'It is unfit for any work, nor do men take a pin of it to hang a vessel thereon.' It is utterly valueless even for fuel. But pass we the same spot in the exuberant autumn, and we shall see that withered and apparently sapless branch, staggering and borne down with the weight of clusters of tempting fruit, bringing joy and contentment to thousands, to whom its generous liquor seems as indispensable as bread.

The other staple production of the country is the olive, from the fruit of which the oil is expressed by a very simple process. The berries are carefully gathered in baskets, and passed under a millstone; and when sufficiently bruised, the pulp is put into coarse hempen bags, and placed under a powerful press, from which the liquor runs down into a stone trough, and the oil is seen floating on the surface. This is removed by means of a shallow metal bowl, and poured into large wickered flasks, where it is allowed to stand some time, when the grosser portion of the oil falls, and the finer is poured off into fresh flasks; this operation being repeated until it is sufficiently fine for table, leaving the inferior oil for various purposes connected with the household or farm.

In Tuscany, at this season, a great deal of attention is given to the snaring of birds, which are abundant, and in which amusement our host took a degree of interest that rather surprised us. A few days after our arrival, he took us into one of the upper rooms of his house, where we found upwards of fifty birds of various kinds, all chirruping and singing away most lustily. Each bird occupied a small willow cage; and noticing that some of the thrushes were blind, we found that their sight had been purposely destroyed, by passing a hot wire over their eyes, in order to make them sing better. Cruel as this custom was, it certainly had the desired effect; for the poor birds appeared to be dreaming of the bright sunshine, and the pleasant tree-tops, and poured forth a stream of song that was almost painful to listen to. These birds were used as decoys, at what is called the 'Paretella;' and at a very early hour, our priest and his man were to be seen, like Machiavel,

—'Sallying forth
In an autumnal morn, laden with cages,'

to the scene of operations. The Paretella is a snare for small birds by means of a net, and the one belonging to the priest we shall describe. At the extremity of a ridge of high ground that ran out like a promontory into the valley, there was a green plot about thirty yards long and about fifteen in width. This was enclosed on three sides by a low hedge, and in and about this hedge perhaps thirty of these cages were concealed. In the centre of the ground there was a broad bed of dwarf beech, about four feet high; with its branches properly trimmed, and adapted to the feathered taste and habits; and alongside of this a large net, attached to a frame, lay on the ground, but so arranged by apparatus, that by drawing a bolt, the net would fly up and envelop the beech hedge. A hut was sunk in the earth at the end

of the ground—the roof being concealed by pine branches and other green stuff—and in this the operator could stand, with a cord in hand commanding the bolt, and through a small aperture watch for the game. Most of our favourite birds had names, and could be distinguished by their pipes. 'That's Pietro,' said the priest. 'Bravo, Pietro!' Poor Pietro trilled his notes, and Beppo whistled, several others chimed in, and we betide the luckless bunch of feathers that should come within hearing of that siren choir! Presently a few birds would fly over the ground; but attracted by the vocal harmony, they would wheel round, and drop on to that tempting beech hedge, to see what was going on. In a moment the priest's hand was on the cord, up flew the net over the poor birds, and our host, like a great black spider, stalked out to clutch his prey. The game bagged, the net was thrown back, the apparatus readjusted, and we all slunk off to await further victims. We took larks, becafcos, and numerous other small birds; indeed everything was game that came to the net; and in a few hours they were hissing and sputtering, all in a row, over our kitchen fire.

The thrush is taken with lime, and is much esteemed as a delicacy. The spot selected for this operation is a bit of elevated ground, which is closely planted with shrubs and evergreens. Between these plants, which are not more than eighteen or twenty inches asunder, they place twigs smeared with lime; and in the midst of this plantation a boy is concealed, with two or three cages of decoy birds. Attracted by their noise, some curious thrush visits the place, alights on the fatal twig, and is speedily secured by the boy. In this manner a great number of birds are taken, and hardly a day passed without our having a dish of them either at dinner or supper.

Our reverend friend, with whom we resided at this time, was the youngest of three brothers, the eldest of whom was an advocate, and the second a physician, in the beautiful city of Florence. Under such circumstances, it only remained for our host to conform to the wishes of his family, and go to the church.

In person he was tall, and rather handsome; but far from meeting the austere priest that we had pictured to ourselves, and almost dreaded to encounter, we found him at once the easy, courteous, talkative man of the world, or what is commonly termed 'a jolly good fellow.' For him 'the lines had fallen in pleasant places—he had a goodly heritage;' and with his gun on his arm, and his dogs at his heels, his whole time and attention seemed to be given to sport, and to overlooking the extensive and fertile domain which appertained to the family.

During our sojourn with him, he certainly did say mass once or twice in the neighbourhood; and, conforming to the rules of the church, he fasted twice in the week—an act of self-denial in which we begged to join him; for we very innocently considered that a repast of fish and eggs, various vegetables and omelets, salads, and all the delicious fruits of the season, together with wine *ad libitum*, was, after all, a kind of mortification of the flesh that was not to be despised. We noticed that the only time he permitted his usually sweet temper to be ruffled, was when he came in contact with his old cook in the matter of some dinner grievance. Quietly rising from table on such occasions, we could see his brow darken, as he proceeded to the kitchen to call the old woman all the hard names he could think of. Being rather deaf, and having been in the family time out of mind, the old crone had become a sort of chartered sinner; and on the principle that every man is a hero save to his valet, so we thought that our priest might very well pass for an angel except to his cook; for we verily believe that, whatever the rest of the world thought of it, in his own kitchen he was not regarded as such. The old woman had a quiet and provokingly cool method of going about her affairs, and she generally weathered the storm well; while on the part of our host, he usually

took himself off in a fume, and walking up to an old Dutch clock that hung in the antechamber, he, by a few vigorous tugs at the cords, immediately wound it up. The operation seemed to have a wonderful effect upon his ruffled spirit, for he generally returned to table, took his seat again with most dignified and clerical composure, and with a degree of serenity depicted on his countenance that was delightful to contemplate.

IT IS POSSIBLE.

PRIVY-COUNSELLOR STRYK had perpetually upon his tongue three words that had become to him a kind of proverb: 'It is possible.' It often happened that he used them in the reports made by him to the minister in full council; and when this occurred, a smile, such as is usually given to our neighbours' weaknesses, played upon the lips of his colleagues.

Privy-Counsellor Stryk, nevertheless, was held in high consideration. The different rulers of the electorate, in their turn, showed their appreciation of his varied information and talent by always employing him. Every one did justice to his ability and tact—nay, perhaps a little overrated them; and Stryk, open, upright, and conscientious, was looked upon as a deep and subtle politician, with a penetration and far-sightedness little short of the gift of prophecy. And all this reputation he owed solely to the three words—'It is possible.'

Often, however, they escaped him almost involuntarily; yet when they had once escaped him, he thought himself bound to follow up and maintain their consequences. Thus this saying exercised the greatest influence upon his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life. Who could believe it of a man so learned and enlightened? And yet it was not only possible, but true.

He was himself fully aware of this influence, and yet not only did he remain constant to his three words, but he was seriously anxious to impress his only son with the same conviction of their omnipotence. The young man, who, like most other young people, thought himself much more clear-sighted than his old father, considered this as nothing more than a very singular mania.

'This little oddity, my dear father,' he said, 'may be excused in you, but my adopting it would be considered a mere piece of affectation, a ridiculous copying of you.'

'It is possible, my dear Frederick,' said the privy-counsellor; 'but you may let laugh those that will, when you have in these three words the secret of prudence, repose, security, and happiness. Think not that this maxim became habitual to me by mere chance. I adopted it upon sad experience that led to mature reflection. I owe to it all that I have, all that I am. The misfortunes of my youth, and despair, made me first lay hold of it; and once laid hold of, I raised myself by its help, and reconquered fortune. The little patrimony bequeathed to me by my parents only sufficed to enable me to subsist while studying at the university; and yet, because I carefully avoided debt, I passed for having a comfortable competence, and was welcomed into society that would have disdained me, had people known that I was all the while content with bread and milk as my whole dietary. I was well received, and generally esteemed, yet I had but one bosom friend amongst the men, and but one lady had ever engaged more than a passing thought; and pretension to her, the daughter of a general officer, was hopeless, and would have remained so, had not fortune smiled upon me most unexpectedly. I was made chamberlain to the dowager-duchess, with a good pension; and shortly after, a cousin died in Batavia, and left me a considerable property. Unwilling, in my first hours as an accepted lover, to leave my Philippina, I gave full powers to my friend Schneemüller, the friend of my

heart, my second self, and despatched him to Amsterdam.'

'You never before mentioned this friend to me,' said Frederick.

'It is possible,' answered the privy-counsellor; 'and I will soon tell you why. Alarmed for his health by his long delay and total silence, I sacrificed love to friendship, and tearing myself from my Philippina, while she, overcome with grief, was yet fainting in her mother's arms, I set out for Amsterdam. Suffice it to say, I discovered that my best friend had deceived me, and was by this time in America with the whole of my cousin's bequest. "It is impossible!" I cried; "it is impossible!" But soon I was obliged to say, "It is possible!" And I flew back to Philippina, to soothe the feelings wounded by the treachery of my friend; and again I was compelled to say, "It is possible," when the first greeting on my arrival at home was the announcement that, three days after the letter conveying the tidings of my loss, my betrothed had become the bride of another. I spare you my agonies. Henceforth I believed everything possible but good to me; and no matter how improbable any suggestion seemed, I replied, "It is possible!" In these three words was embodied my whole system of practical philosophy. I kept continually repeating them, till at length they became a comfort in sorrow—an antidote to despair. When I said to myself, "Canst thou ever again be happy in this world?"—my lips formed the words, "It is possible;" and the event justified the almost mechanical hope. I adopted the maxim, and no longer lived in an ideal world peopled either by angels or devils—the youthful heart seldom knows any medium. Henceforth good fortune had no power to intoxicate, for I thought of its instability, and said, "It is possible;" and misfortune could neither surprise nor wholly depress me, for I was prepared for anything. Men in general act in the ordinary, as well as the more important concerns of life, upon a sudden impulse, for which they can hardly account, and of which they are almost unconscious. Take my advice, my son, adopt my maxim, were it only to give you the power of self-possession, and make you ready either to do or to suffer. Repeat it till you have made it your own. This at least is possible.'

The favourite phrase of our privy-counsellor sometimes proved unpropitious; but he was not easily dejected. For instance, one day when the elector presided in person in the council, some debate arose upon the late French Revolution of '93; and as the many changes were mentioned in the people who once so idolised their kings, the elector exclaimed, 'The French are the most abominable race on the face of the earth: no other nation could act as they do. Can you fancy my subjects ever being seized with such madness—ever abjuring their allegiance to their prince? What is your opinion, Stryk?'

The counsellor, just then in a fit of absence, had only half heard what the elector said, and shrugging his shoulders, said mechanically, 'It is possible.'

The elector turned pale. 'What do you mean?' he exclaimed. 'Do you think that a day can ever dawn when my subjects will rejoice in my downfall?'

'It is possible,' again said the counsellor; but this time he said it advisedly. 'Nothing is more uncertain than popular opinion; for a people is made up of men, who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of the prince. Any new order of things begets new hopes. Whatever may be the degree of love, and however well deserved, borne by the people to your highness, I would not swear that they would not, in new circumstances, forget the benefits of their prince, and that we might not see the electoral arms broken, to give place to the tree of liberty.'

The elector turned his back upon him, and Stryk was disgraced; while every one cried, 'What a fool with his "It is possible!"'

A few years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine; the elector, with all his court, took to flight.

As he departed, he saw the tree of liberty planted, and the armorial bearings of the electorate broken publicly by the people.

Stryk being looked upon as a victim to the despotism so lately overthrown, was soon installed in the office which his talents so well fitted him to fill; and by his diplomatic ability, contributed not a little to the establishment of the new order of things; while, notwithstanding his natural ardour of character, he never suffered himself to be carried away by political enthusiasm. But attaching himself to no party, he became an object of suspicion to all. The Jacobins treated him as a concealed royalist, and the royalists as a disguised Jacobin. Still he cared not what name they gave him, and quietly went on with his official duties.

One day a commissary of the republic arrived in the new department, and was received with the greatest honours. All were crowding around him; all eager to pay their court; and some amongst them ventured to throw out insinuations against Stryk, and the lukewarmness of his republican opinions. The commissary made no remark at the time; but one day, at a public dinner, at which many toasts went round in honour of universal liberty, the rights of nations, and the triumphs of the republic, he suddenly turned to Stryk, saying, 'I marvel that kings yet dare to resist us, for they do but thus accelerate their own ruin. The revolution will make the circuit of the globe! What hope is left to them? Do they dream of ever again bending the great nation, and bringing back the Bourbons? Fools that they are! all Europe must perish first! What think you, Citizen Stryk, can a rational man admit that monarchy can ever be re-established in France?'

'It is possible,' said Stryk.

'How possible?' cried the commissary in a voice of thunder. 'He who doubts of liberty has never loved it. It grieves me to see a public functionary holding such opinions. Can you state any grounds for them, citizen?'

'It is very possible,' answered Stryk calmly. 'Free Athens first became accustomed to Pericles, then to a king of Macedon. Rome had at first its Triumvirate, then a Cæsar, and at length a Nero. England had its Commonwealth, bowed before a Cromwell, and recalled its king.'

'What are you at with your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? I hope you do not dream of comparing them with the French? But I forgive your false views: you have not the honour of being born a Frenchman.'

The forgiveness was not, however, a complete one, for Stryk lost his office, and underwent some persecution, as an utterer of language not sufficiently respectful to the republic.

Some years afterwards, Bonaparte became First Consul, then consul for ten years, next consul for life, and finally emperor and king. Stryk was immediately reinstated in his office, as being ostensibly one of the moderate party. He enjoyed more favour and credit than ever; his predictions had been again accomplished, and he passed for a consummate politician.

Napoleon changed the face of the world, and disposed of crowns at pleasure. Stryk became prime minister to one of these new-made kings, and obtained titles and honours. No such thing as a republican was to be found; all crawled in the dust before the new master. It was felt as a stigma to have ever imbibed republican opinions; and every one claimed credit for having been the only one not carried along by the current, and eschewed the shame of having ever been anything but a royalist.

'I see no shame in it,' said Stryk: 'an epidemic raged, and you caught the infection. It may appear again, and you may be again attacked. It is possible.'

'What!' was the indignant reply; 'do you deem us so weak as to be for ever changing?'

'I never forget,' answered Stryk, 'the sultan of Egypt mentioned by Addison. This sultan was scepti-

tical enough to laugh at an aerial voyage said to be performed by Mohammed, in which numberless transactions took place in so small a space of time, that Mohammed, at his return, found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, thrown down as he was carried away, before the water was all spilled. A dervise, who had the reputation of working miracles, undertook to cure him of his incredulity; and in presence of his whole court, ordered him to plunge his head into a tub of water, and draw it up again. The sultan obeyed, and plunged his head into the water; but on the instant he did so, found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. Conceive his surprise! He execrated the treachery of the dervise; but he was obliged to submit to his fate. Some woodcutters near directed him to the next town, where, after several adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune, with whom he lived so many years, as to have fourteen children. At her death, he was reduced to get his livelihood by plying as a porter. He now heartily repented the scepticism of which he believed all these misfortunes to be the punishment. In a fit of devotion he threw off his clothes for the ablution usual with the Mohammedans before prayer, and no sooner raised his head after the first plunge, than he found himself before the tub, and heard from his whole court that he had never stirred, and that all the events that had so troubled him had been crowded into the short space of time necessary to dip his head into the water and take it out again. Gentlemen,' continued the old privy-counsellor, 'yours is a parallel case with that of the sultan of Egypt. If you had been told before the Revolution what you would do during its progress, you would never have believed it; and now that you have drawn your head out of the tub, you remember nothing of what you have thought, done, and experienced in the days of miracles. If the Bourbons and the emigrants ever enter France, they will look upon the history of the years that have elapsed since 1789 as a delusion, and will find themselves, like the sultan of Egypt, standing by the side of the tub, regarding their years of suffering as a deceitful dream.'

There was a general laugh. 'Well,' said some, 'you may not be so much out in your conjecture if they did return; but who ever dreams of the poor Bourbons being restored? This would indeed belong to an age of miracles.'

'Hem! It is possible,' said Stryk.

But the Russian campaign was contemplated, and one of Napoleon's generals asked our friend's opinion as to its successful issue. The privy-counsellor declined answering; and the general, surprised at this reserve, said, 'For my own part, I expect to celebrate the New Year in St Petersburg: but you seem to apprehend an unhappy issue?'

Stryk, as usual, shrugged his shoulders and answered 'It is possible.'

This answer was not forgotten, and his name was soon erased from the treasury list. When the allied powers invaded France, and Napoleon's creations were crumbling into ruins on every side, every one said, 'Stryk is a prophet, and has had the fate of all seers.'

His disgrace under the government of the usurper, as the fallen emperor was now termed, was sufficient claim upon the favour of the new legitimate monarch. But it was not long before his axiom brought a fresh storm upon his head. The monarch giving him one day to understand that his adhesion to every successive government tended to make his loyalty somewhat suspicious, the old man reminded him that his sincerity in his own moderate political views was proved by the fact, that he had the misfortune to displease only when each government pressed on too enthusiastically, and were not satisfied with his discharge of duty to his country, whoever might be the master. 'The state,' he added, 'has always need of the services of its citizens, and it is their duty to serve it in every circumstance.'

'The state,' said the prince, 'is the sovereign. Who dares to separate his person from the state is a rebel in heart.'

This was his last disgrace; but he was still faithful to the maxim that had taught him moderation, and at once salutary distrust and hopefulness. When the improbability of further political changes was pressed upon him, now that the Bourbons were again firmly seated, he answered, 'It is possible. They want to go back to the Inquisition, to the holy alliances. The cause of truth, of civil and religious liberty, is attacked; the freedom of the press is assailed. Thus was it in the days that produced a Franklin and a Washington—the days of the Bastille; thus was it in the time of the Fouchés and the Rovigos. The same causes produce the same effects. It is possible.'

But his maxim taught moderation to no one but himself; and the three days of 1830 proved its truth, and revolutionised the king of France into king of the French.

The oracle appearing no longer necessary to a ruler who was in his own person the very type of the vicissitudes of human life, it ceased. Stryk died. But who that has lived to see 1848 can decline to admit, of anything or everything, 'It is possible?'

WHIMSICAL NAMES OF PLACES.

A PARTICULAR district of Scotland, almost limited to the Lothians and their immediate neighbourhood, is remarkable for the frequent occurrence of whimsically-named places. One on the borders of Peeblesshire is itself called the *Whim*, the reason being, that it was originally a moss, which, lying at an elevation of about 800 feet above the sea, seemed a most unsuitable place for a gentleman's mansion; yet the Earl of Islay determining, nevertheless, to rear a retreat for himself upon the spot, some one called it a whim, and his lordship chose to adopt the joke as an appellation for the place in its new form. Not far from this spot there is a place called *Cauld-kouthers*; another near by bears the name of the *Plot*; while a third is styled *Laugh-at-the-Lave* (lave meaning the rest); all doubtless bearing a like significant reference to some circumstances in their history. Names expressive of disadvantageousness of situation are abundant. The number of places called *Cauldcoots* would have been marrow to the bones of Church-hill, had he known them. There is even one called *Dead-for-could*. *Cauld-backs* and *Cauld-wa's* are names of farms in Fife, where also there is a place called *Hunger'im-out*. In the same county is a lonely cottage called *War's-end*, and another insignificant place styled *Sma'-allowance*. *Blaw-wearies*, too, are not infrequent; and there is a spot in Linlithgowshire called *Mount-cerie*, a term expressive of lonely and dismal feelings. On the other hand, there is no want of merry names—a *Wanton-wa's* near Musselburgh, one in Fife, one near Lauder, another between Bathgate and Linlithgow. *Canty-hall*—as if we were to say cheerful hall—is a place near Carberry, the scene of Mary's rendition to her lords. *Stocken-drouth*, which implies the allaying of thirst, and dates from long before the days of teetotalism, stands on the old Glasgow road near Edinburgh. *Blink-lonnie* is a farm near the same city. Sometimes the appellation conveys the idea of local jokes which prevailed at the inauguration of the new locality—as where we have a *Brisk-forrent* near Dechmont Park in West Lothian (forrent meaning opposite in situation, as with partners in a dance), or *Cock-my-lane* on the road from Edinburgh to Hamilton, a phrase expressive of one complacently taking up a station by himself. We may be very sure, too, when we see a seat of Lord Torphichen called *Contentious*, that there was some merriment connected with its christening. In other cases, we may see that the term has sprung from some quaint reference to the character or circumstances of the builder or first occupant, as in *Warlike-through't* (Struggle through it), and *Wha-wad-ha'-thought-it*, in Fife. Sometimes there is a sarcastic or ironical reference, as where we find a place near the very crest of the bleak Soutra called *Mak-him-rich*, or in such a case as *Dry-pock-Mill* near Ford. In Scotland, whenever a tailor builds a box for himself, it is sure to get the name of *Cabbage-ha'*, repudiated by the worthy owner himself, but sure to be recognised when the property has passed into other hands. *Souter-ha'*, a place in Fife, has a similar origin: in the same

county, a little retreat built by a 'writer' obtained the appellation of *Pow-and-ink*. In *Haud-him-fa'*, which occurs at the Coulsland lime quarries, we may read some unknown incident of past days. And an unsuccessful elopement appears very plainly in *She's-ta-em*, an out-of-the-way spot in a valley called Heriot's Cleuch, near Gala-Water. Broad insinuation may be said to rest in *Clock-him-in*, the name of two places, one near Niddry, the other in Ormiston parish, Haddingtonshire; which, by the way, reminds us that Scott strangely perverted this appellation in his *St Ronan's Well*, when he made it the name of an inn kept by one of the most sternly virtuous of her sex, and got up some ridiculous description of a churchman with a crozier as a sign. The real meaning obviously is, 'Hook-him-in.' Then there is a height called *Glowr-o'er-em* near Linlithgow. It will be remembered that my Lady Glowr-o'er-em is a formidable character, with a charge of grown daughters, in some one of the Waverley novels. *Pickdellem*, a place between Cupar and Newport, in Fife, evidently implies the former residence of a miser at the place, as does *Scart-the-gither*, another place in the same district. It is difficult to perceive any reason why, while such names are abundant in Edinburghshire and some of the adjacent counties, Selkirk and Roxburghshires should scarcely present a single example.

THE GIPSIES' SONG.

FROM THE 'PRECIOUS' OF C. M. WEBER.

In the wood—in the wood!
In the fresh green wood!
Where echo calls loud—
In wood and wild where echo calls loud:
There rings our horn, there shouts our song,
So bravely the silent forests along—
Trarah—trarah—trarah!

The night—the night!
The raven-black night!
Up fellows!—watch well!
Through the raven-black night watch well! watch well!
The wolf prowls around—not far from our ground,
But he rather dislikes the bark of our hound—
Wow-wow—wow-wow—wow-wow!

The world—the world!
The great wide world!
That is our tent!
The world is our tent!
And so on we wander, and shake to our cry
Woods, valleys, and rocks, and the earth and the sky.
Halloh—halloh—halloh!

M. S. J.

SECRETS OF VENTILATION.

Let the air enter the house freely by a large aperture, like a common window, and capable of regulation in the same way. Let it enter a stove room, and be there completely warmed, then let it pass freely through the whole house, and enter all the apartments either at the doors or by express channels. Take off the used air by the chimney and an open fire; or for crowds, provide larger and express openings—there is no more to be done. Houses that we have seen ventilated in this simple, unpretending, unmysterious manner, are the best ventilated we have ever entered. It is too often the fate of the mysterious little pipes, funnels, tubes, and valves by which ventilation is frequently symbolised, rather to indicate ventilation than to effect it.—*Illustrations of the Theory of Ventilation.*

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.

A mixture of two parts of the liquid ammonia of commerce with one of some simple tincture is recommended as a remedy for toothache, so often uncontrollable. A piece of lint is dipped into this mixture, and then introduced into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterised, and the pain stopped. It is stated to be eminently successful, and in some cases is supposed to act by neutralising an acid product in the decayed tooth.—*Lancet.*

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STOCK AND WORK.

Stock is a fine, honest, well-to-do business man, always dressed in good broadcloth, with a pair of handsome top-boots, and very anxious to have everything comfortable about him. Work is a rough, sturdy fellow in a fustian jacket, and seldom a clean face, but not by any means generally ill off. Both are sound-hearted Englishmen, that would fight to the last drop of their blood, and last farthing in their purse, for the honour and safety of their country: they would go heart and hand together against any envious foreign dog who should think of troubling them; yet they have occasionally very bitter-looking quarrels between themselves. It is rather an amusing sort of contention that Stock and Work fall into, not unlike those squabbles which sometimes take place about trifles between man and wife, while both know all the time that they are the best friends in the world, and that their interests are absolutely identical. The tussle, nevertheless, sometimes gets to a great pitch; and if you were to judge from their looks and words, you might suppose them to be on the point of killing each other. Work has even been known to threaten Stock with a cudgel, and two or three times he has gone to the public-house and sulked for a week or two, declaring he would never see Stock's face again. But somehow the wife and children always get round him, and, being an excellent fellow at bottom, he generally consents to forget all that has passed, and become good friends with Stock again, before any irremediable mischief has happened.

Stock and Work had an unusually dreadful quarrel not long ago. It began on Work's side, but was not so much his own blame, as that of certain foolish companions, who wished to persuade him, even against his own feelings, that he was extremely ill-used. Work, being at last fully incensed by these evil advisers, broke out upon Stock one day with the utmost fury, inasmuch that some people expected to see nothing less than bloodshed. Stock acted like himself, and stood quite still, while Work went on like a raging devil, calling him all sorts of bad names, and threatening to knock his brains out. Well did Stock know whence came all this violence: he could not but feel angry, but the very violence of the assault served to keep him calm. When Work had said his worst, he went away muttering threats of vengeance against Stock; and it is said he was not heard to speak one pleasant word at home for a week after.

Stock took the matter very highly at first, said he could not stand this kind of nonsense continually, and that he would rather go abroad, and see if he could do any business there, than be exposed longer to such annoyances at home. 'It is true,' he said, 'Work and I have been brought up together, and have maintained

a worrying kind of friendship all our days: I like the fellow with all his absurdities, and I believe he has a secret respect for me too; but really to be exposed every now and then to such attacks as these, is more than my temper can endure. It makes me quite uncomfortable in my own house. I believe I am falling out of my clothes purely in consequence of it. Far better we should make an end of it, and part.' Some mutual friends thought it would be a pity if two such old associates were to break entirely off with each other, particularly as the consequence to Work must be that, without support from Stock, he and his large young family must be thrown upon the parish. So they interfered to bring about a reconciliation—in which, by the by, they found the chief difficulty to be with Work, who had given all the provocation. At last he was prevailed on to come to a meeting, where Stock was also to be, that they might, if possible, have at least some peaceable conversation on the matters in dispute.

'Well, Work,' said Stock, as soon as they met, 'you seem to be calmer now. What is it, I should like to know, that you have to say against me? or what excuse have you to make for that affront you put upon me a week ago?'

'Why, Mr Stock,' answered Work, 'the fact is, that we men are beginning to think that we are oppressed by you masters; and that, because we are poor men, and cannot help ourselves, you pay us only such wages as you choose, and thus make great profits, while we starve. We have had it all fully discussed in our union; and it must be true, I take it, for nobody has a different opinion.'

'A pretty reason for its being true indeed! You hear only one side; and because there is no dissentient voice, you conclude that there is nothing to be said to the contrary.'

'But you masters hear only one side too, and never listen to a word that we have to say; or at least if you hear it, you knock it down with some piece of political economy which we do not understand, so it is the same to us as if you had not heard it.'

'There is some truth in what you say; at least, grant there is. It is only, like your own, a very natural error. But I will, if you please, pursue a different plan. I will listen to everything you have to say, and give it a candid consideration. So, if you listen as candidly to such answers as I can make, we may have a chance of coming to a right understanding.'

'Very well, sir; all I would stipulate for is, that you give me no political economy, for that is a thing evidently got up to keep down the working-people, and we can't abide it now. All the mischief comes from that, I think.'

'I don't intend to resort formally to political economy in our conversation, but I will bring forward common-

sense views, which perhaps a political economist would say came to the same thing. I may remark, however, that political economy is not rightly regarded either by its friends or its enemies. It is a new science, trying to make out the natural laws which govern the operations of industry and the disposal of the results. If it can do so, it will be a boon to us all, and therefore we ought to treat it with respect. But then, as a new, it is an imperfect science: many of its dogmas would require the stamp of experience to sanction them. If its friends would keep this in view, and press their doctrines with caution, and if its enemies would make some allowance for the ardour of its friends, and believe all to be well meant, though much must be mistaken, then I think political economy would assume a truer position than it at present enjoys, and some good might be derived from it. Let us hear, however, what charge you have first to bring against us masters?

'Why, the first charge is, that your wealth enables you to oppress us; and you do it. We feel that capital is always, somehow, the enemy of labour, and we hate capital accordingly. It is the one accursed thing which more than any other makes this a world of misery.'

'That is a serious charge indeed, but I hope it is substantially an unjust one.'

'Does not the master use his capital to get our work, which makes him still richer, while we never are any richer? and does not he employ his additional wealth in repeating this process, till the difference between his grandeur and our poverty gets beyond all bounds?'

'He does use his capital to get your work, and this makes him still richer; but he is not answerable for your continuing in poverty. Instead of being poorer by reason of his capital, you are the richer. It gives you comforts which you never could have otherwise enjoyed.'

'I should like to know how that is the case. I assure you I feel nothing of the kind.'

'Yet the fact is certain, that wherever there is no capital, the working-people are in misery, and only where there is much capital is there any considerable portion of them well off. A learned Frenchman has pointed out that, according to Homer, it required twelve women to grind corn (which was then done by hand-mills) for the persons composing the household of Penelope, queen of Ithaca. He estimates this as probably one person for every twenty-five. Now, a large mill, got up by capital, can grind corn for a hundred thousand persons, while only employing about twenty men; that is, one person employed for every five thousand consumers. Where the products of toil were so small as amongst Penelope's grinders, they could only be supported by some wretched pittance, whereas the mill could give good wages to its workmen, because, from the use of capital, its products were large. For the same reason journeymen bakers are a slavish and ill-paid class of men. The concerns are usually small; the masters ill provided with capital; little or no aid is taken from machinery. The men must go through much toil, and be content with poor wages. But there are a few baking concerns throughout the country which are conducted on a large scale by men of capital: there the journeymen are as well off as any other working people, purely because, by means of capital, the products are comparatively great in proportion to the toil. In one of them, if not more, the bread is sold cheaper than it is by other bakers, and thus the public is benefited also by capital.'

'This may be all true, but it is too deep for me. I

only feel that we workfolk are always poor, although it is we who make all the things which other people enjoy. You masters make nothing. The rich people who are not in business do nothing but enjoy themselves. We toil for ever, and are never any better for it.'

'Well, I don't know how you come to think so. One half the masters in my circle of acquaintance were working-men—they have been the better of their toils. Almost all the men who have good situations about works or stores were once common workers—they have been able to make things a good deal better. A good many men I once knew as operatives, I now see keeping shops, and doing well in the world. That is another portion of the people who, you say, make everything, but are never the better of it. If you fix your attention only on those who are working-men at any particular instant of time, it may appear that they are not improving their circumstances, for nobody makes a great advance in a moment. But observe the progress of the class through a few years, and you will find that many go on to be something much superior to what they were at starting. The clever, diligent men, who can take care of their earnings, are almost sure to rise.'

'Ay, that is what we are always taunted with. We are expected to save where we scarcely make enough to keep body and soul together. I should like to see some of you masters called upon to save out of fifteen or eighteen shillings a week.'

'It might not be easy; yet I do not see that it is impossible, when there are men who have less wages, and can live upon them. Perhaps there are some unreasonable expectations formed regarding the ability of working-men to save. I can easily see how liable the inducements must be in many cases to fail before the difficulties. On the other hand, no improvement of any kind can be achieved except by a manifold grappling with difficulties. Setting this aside, there is a vast number of working-men who have comparatively high wages, out of which they might spare a good deal; and yet they never lay aside anything. I do not, however, call for mere hoarding—or at least not hoarding for its own sake. But I should like to see working men get above the practical degradation of living each week on the proceeds of that week only. People who are content, year after year, generation after generation, to go on in the state called *from hand to mouth*, liable any day to fall out of work, and then become dependent on charity, are virtually slaves, though they do not bear the name. From this there must be some means of redemption, if it only could be hit upon—the principle of assurance has been suggested. Anything would be better than this living constantly next door to pauperism.'

'Robbed as we are by capitalists, it is all little enough that we come upon them for support when we are out of work. It will be long before we get back all our own from them—for is it not we who are the foundations of all their wealth?'

'I think labour is the foundation of all wealth; but I do not think any particular generation or description of labourers are so. The man who devises and directs is as truly a labourer as the man who works with his hands. Capital is also concerned in the case, and this is just the hoarded results of the shares of proceeds belonging to such of the labourers, whether with mind or hands, as have chosen to save, and been able to preserve and transmit their savings. So when we say labour is the foundation of wealth, we mean hoarded

labour—that is, capital—as well as living labour, which is the toil of the men actually engaged in the operations.'

'Oh you have got to political economy now. I give you up of course, for that is all jugglery.'

'It surely is a clear case. Say two men work in felling timber with such instruments as they can readily get. One spends all his wages; the other saves a little, and buys superior tools, with which he does a third more work, so that he presently obtains a superior income to his companion. Thus enabled to spare still more, he at length becomes the employer of that companion, and of other men, and finds it only necessary to direct the work and sell the products. In this case labour is the foundation of the whole concern, but it is not the labour of the men alone now working—the savings of the master and his management are also concerned. And it is a mere abuse of language to say that the master robs his men because they do not get all.'

'Look to the results, however. You cannot deny that there is a fearful and shameful difference between the two classes who are concerned in labour. There is vast wealth amassed in this country, but it is in the hands of a few. The working-people are poor, and every twelfth person in England is a pauper.'

'I do not believe it is true that the wealth of the country is in the hands of a few. The funds are divided amongst a great multitude. The depositors in banks are very numerous.* There is nearly thirty millions in the savings' banks, mostly belonging to persons in comparatively humble circumstances, though but a small share, I believe, to artisans. Some very rich people there are, but they form the exception, not the rule; and such prodigies of wealth have existed in all civilised countries in all ages. Generally, it may be admitted that the employing class present a remarkable contrast in point of wealth to the employed; but I believe this distinction is not a necessary or unavoidable one to nearly the extent in which we see it existing.'

'Yes, it would be less if we had justice, and got our due share of the profits. To that we must come. The workmen must be taken into the concerns as partners, and not fobbed off with a mere weekly salary, which is spent in tradesmen's shops as soon as it is received.'

'Well, I know of no law which could compel a master to take his workmen into partnership with him, and I see no justice in making one. But neither is there any law to prevent masters and workmen from going into such an arrangement if they choose. Men may be guided on this subject entirely by their sense of what will be for their interest. Only it must be observed that, if masters advance all the capital, they must continue to have profits in much the same proportion as at present; and it would therefore be necessary for the workmen, if they wished for much larger incomes, to put in some share of stock, or allow a portion of their wages to run up for that purpose. The advantages of the plan would be, its creating a necessity for self-denial in the operatives, its giving them something to hope for, and its raising in them an interest in the business in which they are engaged; capital and labour would then be more essentially connected than they now are, unless, indeed, the men were to begin at length to hire substitute workers out of their profits, which would leave matters no better than they had been. Supposing it be determined to try this system of extended partnership, the workmen must expect difficulties, and be prepared for the occasional losses which are inseparable from all ventures—even for bankruptcy itself as a possible event. It might be that they would come to think in many cases that they would have

been as well with their clear, definite, ready-money wages, provided only they could have taken some care of them, and not spent all on immediate enjoyments.'

'What, then, do you suppose to be the cause of the working-class being so distinguished from all others by their poverty, if it be not that they get less than their fair share of the proceeds of labour? Give me some daylight upon that point if you please?'

'I believe that, in all concerns whatever, the workmen must ever have their fair share of the proceeds: it is by an irresistible law that this must take place. But from whatever cause—whether from something attaching to the wage system as not engendering hopefulness and care as to means, or from mere ignorance and bad habits—the working-classes do not in general make so good a use of their resources as other people do. When I contrast the frugal life of many poor shopkeepers, struggling to pay rent and taxes, with the self-indulgent lives of many workpeople whose gains are much greater, and see how decent and content the one set appear as compared with the other, I cannot but think that the latter are either morally inferior by nature, or that there is something in their circumstances which makes an approach to the respectable behaviour of the middle classes too difficult. Fools and knaves are constantly flattering them with the notion that their employers and the government are to blame for all their sufferings. Very natural to think anybody in the wrong but ourselves—but very dangerous too. I thoroughly believe that they get more than their strictly just share, for there is a constant and copious stream of beneficence running down to them from the more frugal middle classes—by which, again, their own interests are injured, for the money thus spent is so much abstracted from the capital which otherwise would be affording them remunerative employment. He would be their true friend who should endeavour to show them how much they have in their own power to correct the evils in their condition; how one desire curbed was a greater advance to them than any act of parliament could be; how one aspiration for cleanliness in their dwellings, and the maintenance of good order in their families, was better to them than a gift of gold.'

'All this is preaching to the winds. Though I am not able to controvert what you say, I know that we all feel something else to be necessary. Many of us are now suspecting that the evil lies in competition, and that its only perfect remedy will be in going upon the opposite principle of co-operation. I have heard many good arguments for that principle, and it is working tolerably well in some places.'

'The sole question concerned there seems to me this—What motive are men to have for exertion? Hitherto, we have seen them usually proceeding upon the motive of individual interests. This is not a high motive; but it serves, in the meantime, to keep up a system of immense activity; and the results are magnificent. If men could be animated to equal exertions by kindly social feelings, each emulating the other in public services, without regard to his own immediate gain, it would be no doubt a better system, for it would develop superior feelings. But men would need to be considerably improved before we could expect the bulk of them to act on such disinterested principles. They may be fit for such a system in time, but they certainly are not so now. We must be content to put up with the many obvious evils of competition, only doing our best to soften them away by mutual kindness, until, in the progress of civilisation, the millenium of the higher sentiments shall arrive.'

'Then you expect us to remain content in the meantime with the evils which we suffer, in hopes that our grandchildren's grandchildren may be somewhat better off? I can tell you this won't do, Mr Stock.'

'You take me up rather too sharply. I think that much may be done for the immediate improvement of the condition of working-men. In the existing arrangements, your interest in the results of your labours is too

* It has come to our knowledge that a branch bank in a Scottish country town of five thousand inhabitants has deposits to the amount of £800,000, although there are other three branch banks in the same place. A village of eight hundred inhabitants in a rather poor district of Lanarkshire has two branch banks, in one of which there are deposits to the amount of £140,000.—Ed.

slight and evanescent. The rural worker should have a piece of the soil to work upon for himself, that he may feel an interest in the business he is engaged in. The manufacturing labourer should be something more than the weekly-hired *attaché*, with the world to begin again every Monday morning; though I cannot well say what it is he ought to be. Education and sanitary reform must be introduced as auxiliaries, and the bonds of social union between classes must be drawn closer. I trust that the middle and upper classes will ere long become generally cognisant of the force of what I say. They may depend upon it that the mere maxims of political economy will not suffice: these show how wealth is to be most readily produced, but they do not tell us how human beings are to be adjusted in the relation to wealth which is most conducive to the general happiness. There is prejudice on all sides to overcome. Do you, Work, try to get the better of what you find among your confrères, while I make the same attempt with mine. By and by we may meet again, and have another conference. Meanwhile, believe you have not a better friend than John Stock.

Stock and Work now parted. The latter was observed to be for some time after very thoughtful. What good may come out of the conversation we cannot tell, but he has had no squabbles with Stock ever since.

R. C.

THE LAWYER'S FIRST CLIENT.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

IN the year 1782 there came from Paris a lawyer to establish himself in Arras, his native town. He was young, full of scholastic learning, but fuller still of Rousseau, whom he worshipped, and Voltaire, whom he detested. Very young, having, in fact, but little passed the age of boyhood, he assumed a very humble appearance. Too poor to afford a servant, he took a young and attached sister, an orphan like himself, to reside with him as his housekeeper; and this done, while waiting for business, he devoted himself to study and composition. Small and even awkward was the little room which served as the student's cell, until it should become the advocate's chambers; but scrupulous was its neatness, as if to vie with that of the person of its owner, whose black shoes, shining silver buckles, unspotted white stockings, and ruffled shirt, showed one full of precision and method.

Early one morning he sat in his studio, an open book in his hand, but not reading. He was dreaming, as those dream who, without being exactly ambitious, foresee the future greatness of their part in the world's history. He was a small, pale young man, of a bilious complexion, with spectacles shading his eyes, and with a nervous twitching in his face and hands that seemed to denote a spirit restless and uneasy within. Near him sat his sister, who, having put away the breakfast things, and placed a plate of oranges on the table, had taken in hand some domestic work suited to her age and taste. The young man was at his third orange, a fruit which he constantly devoured, when there was heard a stamping of feet on the landing without, followed by a ring of the bell.

The young woman hastened to open.

There stood on the threshold a little old man, who, though poor in dress, and hungry and weary in look, wore the costume of a marquis. There were the laced ruffles and red heels, the sword, and every other necessary accessory, even to the look of self-sufficiency and importance, which Molière's satire had not eradicated. He seemed to hesitate, though the door was open, as if he waited to be quite sure of being right.

'Enter,' said the young lawyer, rising and laying down both his book and his visions: 'I am very happy to see you, Monsieur le Marquis.'

'More than any of your profession has said for a long time,' replied the little nobleman, bowing himself into a chair, and laying his old hat upon the ground; 'for I

am poor, a bore, and have rich and great men for my enemies.'

'Ah!' said the young lawyer with one of his nervous twitches, 'and they like not to see you?'

'Certainly not,' he continued, shaking his head; 'for though my cause be rich, I am poor.'

'You come to offer it to me?' said the young man dryly.

'It is not worthy of your acceptance, my dear young sir,' said the other with a doleful mixture of hope and dignity.

'You are, Monsieur le Marquis, my first client,' continued the lawyer. 'I know not what your case may be; but you avow, with the frankness of a man, that you are poor, and—here the speaker frowned, and pressed his teeth together—'that you have rich and great men for your enemies. I am your *avocat*.'

'My dear sir'—said the marquis.

'Excuse me,' interrupted the young man, who had been eyeing his client through his spectacles, 'but you have no doubt a long story to tell. You would not wish to deprive me of my breakfast?'

'Not at all,' said the other ruefully.

'But, Monsieur le Marquis, if I might presume to request you to keep me company, we can thus talk more freely. Sister, let us have breakfast.'

The marquis made a frigid excuse, to which no attention was paid, the sister smiled, and felt she could have kissed her brother, and then ran out to prepare the young lawyer's second morning repast.

'You have, I see, a written statement,' said the juvenile man of law, as the old nobleman opened a roll which he held in his hand.

'Yes, a full history. It is long, young man, but so has been my existence, of which this is the history; and speaking thus, he adjusted his spectacles, and began to read. At the first word, the man of law started, for the name revealed a case which had been before the Cour d'Artois eight years, but which, from the powerful position of the defendants, had never come to a final hearing. Lawyer after lawyer had been bought off, until the whole bar of the *état* was bribed against the poor old man. His case, however, was very simple.

Twenty years before, he had married his only daughter and child into a high and noble family. The more richly to endow her, he had given as her marriage portion every acre of property he had in the world, houses, castles, &c. When the contract was drawn up, his *homme de confiance* inserted a clause by which the whole returned to him in case of his daughter's death before his, and by which free use of the whole was given him during life. For twelve years all went well, and then the one link of peace was broken, for his daughter died. Her husband and husband's family at once resisted the return of the property, and went to law with their aged relative, who, after eight years of weary and tedious existence, had resolved on trying the talents and generous enthusiasm of a mere boy, for his *avocat* was scarcely three-and-twenty.

Though he knew the case well, the young man listened—it was ever his wont—without interruption, except to place breakfast before his client; but his mind was not always on the words he heard. His spirit overleaped the present. He was at length a man; for one his senior in years leant upon him for advice and support, and his race of life had begun. But vainly that strange being sought to raise further the thick veil of 'beyond': he saw nothing but void and night, filled, it is true, with scenes, actions, and moving creatures, but shapeless, meaningless, and without form.

'There is a case!' said the marquis in conclusion, looking hopefully at his legal adviser.

'There is!' exclaimed the young lawyer, starting; 'and I will this day and night write a "mémoire," which to-morrow shall be printed, and in a few days all France shall ring with your wrongs.'

The little marquis rose and seized the other's hand, for these few words showed his adviser to be in earnest.

The man who was capable of printing such an attack on a rich and powerful family was not to be suspected of retreating. After a few hurried words of thanks, he took his hat to go, leaving the manuscripts on the table.

'I will not stay, young man,' he said with a voice thick with emotion, 'for I shall hinder you from studying the matter. When may I return?'

'Stay,' said the other, musing. 'By six this afternoon I will have half done: I will then pause to dine. If Monsieur le Marquis will honour me, we can then read it over together.'

The noble client of the young man looked hard in the other's face, as if to read some meaning in this invitation; but his avocat was poring over the huge statement which he had given him, and he could detect nothing but legal acumen in the expression of his face.

'I will dine with you,' he said; and then he thought to himself, 'I will repay him when I gain my cause, if I can repay such services.'

And with a ceremonious and courtly bow the marquis went out.

'A client at last!' exclaimed the young man with a smile which was almost savage; 'and a grand case too. What subjects for invective against injustice, against oppression, against tyranny!'

'But, François,' said his sister with a smile, 'what am I to get for dinner?'

'Nothing more than usual, except in quantity; and now, dear girl, leave me to my labours.'

'With pleasure, François. But though I could kiss you for your noble conduct to this worthy old man, do look out for a little business too that will pay.'

'Pay!' said the young man in a voice which was slightly shriller than usual, because it was raised; 'never, sister. I know not why, but I do believe all my clients will be poor.'

And seizing pen and ink, he began to write with that energy and perseverance which were ever the characteristics of the man; nor did he cease until a ring at the door announced the return of his client, whose delight at the progress made was sincere and energetic. The sister, without delay or ceremony, at once served dinner, and down they sat to refresh exhausted nature. The old nobleman, long inured to disappointment, and to whom a gleam of sunshine was like the opening of a life-dungeon, was little hopeful, and even desponding; but the earnest discourse of his avocat somewhat roused him, and ere dinner was concluded, and when a quiet bottle of wine had warmed the old man, he began to see a path leading out of the desert in which for eight long years he had wandered.

'Monsieur le Marquis,' said the young man at length, 'I will now read my memoir.'

The client bowed his head to listen, with ears more charmed than those of lovers waiting the first fond avowal of returned affection. The lawyer read. His production, though slightly tinged with collegiate pedantry, with that half-learned Greek and Latin lore that made bastard Roman of the French of the last century, was vigorous, and, above all, audacious; and seven years before the Revolution, he made use of many of those arguments which afterwards brought it about. The rich and powerful family which held the property was most unsparingly handled: no epithet which indignation and generous hate of wrong could invent was spared.

'And you will print and sign your name to this?' said the client with a doubtful shake of his head.

'Why not?' replied the other dryly.

'Then my case is won, for it will reach the throne. As for you, young man, I need not promise you my support when reinstated: you will not require it.'

Not quite three months after this interview, the Marquis de Liancourt Chateaupret took possession of the whole of his property, the oppressors were disgraced at court, and the young lawyer found business crowd upon him sufficiently rapid to warrant the prophecy of his first client.

More than eleven years had passed, and a far different scene presented itself. Paris was at the same time the head-quarters of an army and the highest tribunal of justice, legislative and executive. Without, Europe was in arms against the Revolution, which made superhuman exertions to defend itself. Its laws ordained that every French citizen was permanently in requisition for the army, and that an extraordinary quantity of arms should be made. The young men were sent to the army, the married men were employed in transporting and preparing materials of war, women made clothes, and attended to the hospitals, children made lint, the old men roused others to enthusiasm by harangues in the public places. Palaces were turned into barracks, and churches into warehouses. All horses were placed at the disposition of government, and in fact every measure taken by the terrible Committee which governed France to repel the invader. To punish the treacherous, the inimical, the indifferent, the suspected, the fearful guillotine was at work day and night, while a mass of prisons were filled by those denounced to the vengeance of the laws.

It was early morning at the Luxembourg—one of the many prisons of the gloomy Reign of Terror—that era when, for causes not to be inquired into here, the air was thick with blood, when the atmosphere seemed crimson, and when grass grew in all the rich quarters of the city. The mass of prisoners—aristocrats, Federalists, Girondists, Brissotins, Fayetteuses, and others congregated together in this palace-made prison—were dispersed in knots, conversing or reading the public prints. In one corner were a batch about to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, in whose pale faces there could be traced a ray of satisfaction at the prospect of being removed by death from wearisome confinement; others, whose fate was less near, spoke carelessly of the events of the day, criticised the leading men of the hour, or expressed their hope of the triumph of this or that party—cautiously, because no one knew but that his neighbour was a spy placed in the prison by Hebert or Marat to seek the discovery of plots.

Apart from the rest was a group of touching interest.

On a rude bench, in a dark and gloomy corner, sat an old man, very old and very feeble. He was seventy, and his spare gray hairs seemed to remove all idea of his having been capable of conspiring against the Republic. And yet he was a secret agent of the exiled Bourbons, and had been caught in the act of organising a rising against the Convention. In those days, when death was the penalty of falling for those in power, there could be no shadow of hope for this old man. He was guilty of conspiring against the government, and had he succeeded in his end, would have led all who then ruled to the scaffold. He complained not, for as he would feebly say, 'It was they or I: had I gained, they had fallen. Victory is with them: they are right to use it.'

While none hoped, all pitied and sorrowed for that gray-headed old man; but none more seriously and more effectually than the young and lovely widow of a general officer, who had been convicted of secreting a treasonable correspondence. No sooner did she see how weak and exhausted the aged prisoner was, than forgetting herself, she piously devoted her whole thoughts to one who reminded her of happy hours, of soft and gentle memories, of the delightful and sunny period of existence, when she knew no other care than to see to a beloved and invalid parent's wants. She brought to him his food, assisted him in his walks about the common hall, read to him from the terrible chronicles of the day, and more than all besides, talked to him of a dear and only child long lost to him, but whose face was ever fresh before him, as when in baby prattle it called him father.

'But I will be your child,' she would say. 'Once out of this gloomy prison, we will fly to the country; and till war ceases to desolate the land, and infuriate and demoralise the people, we will live in secret retire-

ment: and think you that you have refound your daughter—in me, my good, good father.'

'Amelie,' would the old man reply, 'we shall never leave this place but to ride in the fatal *charrette*. I am a conspirator against the Republic—its enemy. I am in its power: I must die.'

'No, no!' cried Amelie, on the day in question with a shudder, which plainly told how little confidence she had in her own words: 'never will they slay you!'

'Child, child! the men who govern France sit on the summit of a fearful volcano: whoever seeks to hurl them down, and fails, must perish. I am a dead man. You, child,' he added, fondly gazing on her lovely face, 'you may—nay, will escape.'

'I have no trace of hope,' said she mournfully.

'The Citoyen Liancourt!' thundered a hoarse voice.

The pair raised their heads, and saw six men, whose huge cutlasses, vast tricoloured cockades, loose coats, coarse hats and shoes, with shining muskets, showed them to be some of the *sans culotte* national guard. Near them stood the jailer.

'Here,' replied the old man, rising and advancing, leaning on the arm of his fair and trembling aid.

'Prepare for a removal, citoyen,' said the chief of the band roughly, but without brutality.

'Without my child?' exclaimed the old man, clinging to his supporter, and calling her by the name she had adopted.

'Faith of a republican!' said the chief, observing his feeble aspect; 'the *Citoyen-Representant*'—here he glanced at a paper—'said nothing of a daughter; but that can be easily corrected. En route.'

The old man pressed fondly the arm of Amelie, who, too accustomed to the rapid and dramatic course of events in those days, felt no surprise at her sudden departure; and though she left behind her worldly wealth, in a small box of clothes, made no observation. Though carriages were generally abolished as signs of aristocracy, yet a vehicle stood at the door—one of those used by the leading men of the Committee of Public Safety to return home in after late debates at the Convention—and into this the old man and his devoted child of adoption entered. The *sans culotte* guard mounted their horses, and the cortège moved slowly towards the Seine.

'I hope we are not to be taken to the horrid Conciergerie?' said Amelie shuddering.

'Heaven only knows!' said the old man: 'let us be thankful we are not separated.'

With these words all conversation ceased, both gazing out curiously at the streets of Paris, to which they had been many months strangers. Presently they started, for they were crossing the bridge which led to the Place de la Révolution, and a sudden turn of the carriage made both close their eyes. The guillotine *en permanence* had struck them to stone. Next minute they were sobbing on each other's bosom. Escaping thus the knots of idlers, and the degrading spectacle of the ferocious women called the 'furies of the guillotine,' who lurked round in waiting for prey to torture and insult, they roused themselves when, having crossed the Rue de la République (now Rue Royale*), they halted before a house of mean appearance in the Rue St Honoré.

Both gazed curiously at what they expected to be their new prison; but ere they could examine much, two or three fanatical and sombre-looking men had rushed forward and opened the carriage door. The chief of the *sans culottes* made a sign to them to descend, which Amelie did with alacrity to assist the old man. This done, they passed through a carpenter's yard, where lay huge piles of timber, entered a little court, and then ascending a stair, were ushered into a large apartment. It was a bedroom and study both. On the bed lay maps, papers, open books; on the table a

huge mass of ugly scrawled manuscript and of English newspapers, which the occupant of the room was eagerly devouring, while every now and then he muttered to himself impatiently, 'Pitt! always Pitt, and George, and me—my armies, my troops, my resources! Miserable libellers—humph!'

The man raised his head, and the lawyer and his first client were once more in presence.

'Citoyen Robespierre!' cried the old man.

'Citoyen Liancourt!' replied the dictator of France with a smile—'sit down. What sayest thou to breakfasting with me again? My sister will serve us as usual.'

The old man sank into a chair, overwhelmed with emotion.

'Citoyen!' said Robespierre, after causing Amelie to be seated, 'I have not, thou seest, forgotten my first client, and my last; for I was last night thy advocate for two hours before the Committee. St Just said thou wast a traitor; and so thou art: but surely I may for once offend my colleague by saving even one guilty against his country!'

'Against the Republic!' stammered the old man, scarcely recovered from his surprise.

'Which is thy country and mine just now,' said the deputy of Arras dryly. 'But let us not dispute. We differ in opinion; thou servest one master, I another; both hard to serve, and thankless; but in serving thine thou hast forfeited thy life!'

'Which you are about to save?'

'I am, my old, my first client,' said Robespierre sadly. 'That was a happy day, Citoyen Liancourt—a happy day: I had not then the fate of thirty millions of men on my head, and all Europe leagued against me. Ah! my friend, little dost thou know the thankless office so many envy me. I neither rest nor sleep—I am no more myself—I am weary,' and he sipped as usual some camomile tea: 'but in revolution one can but advance—or die.'

'You are far from that, citoyen,' put in the still wondering *ci-devant* marquis.

'I know not. The fearful torrent rolls on apace, and must be stopped.'

'Men say not wrongly then,' cried the royalist, 'when they think you wish to stay this fearful tide?'

'To will and to do is different,' said the tottering dictator. 'Just now it is in my power to save thee: no man knows how soon I may be the weaker of the two. Let us talk of thy safety and of that of thy friend.'

Robespierre then explained that he had provided a passport for the Citoyen Scipio Mentor, *en mission* for the frontier, to which he now added, without asking a single question, the name of his daughter. This, signed as it was by himself, with a few assignats, would enable the old man, he said, to gain the frontier, and there end his days in peace.

'And now, my good old friend, farewell! We are embarked on different roads. Thou art for the old, I for the new. Thorny is my path, and difficult, and severely shall I be judged; but,' and he took the hand of the old man, 'let me have the satisfaction of knowing that amongst those who do not wholly condemn me is my first client.'

'My saviour, and that of my child!' replied the aged royalist fervently, 'fear not my blame. I will do you justice at least. It is not for me to judge your acts and motives.'

'And now, my friends, once more farewell! There wait without ambassadors, deputations, proconsuls, supplicants, the whole crowd that wait on power, and I must meet them. We shall never meet again! Think of me, for the few hours I have to live, not too ill.'

And Robespierre, after pressing the hands of both, led them to a side-door, where his faithful sister awaited them with breakfast. This meal, gratefully accepted and despatched, the old man and his child went out into the gloomy streets. Though several times stopped and questioned, the signature of the great Jacobin was

* The very day I write, the street has retaken the name of 'Rue de la République.'

like a talisman, and both reached in a few weeks a small and obscure town in Belgium, where, for the sake of the ultimate destination of his property, the ex-marquis induced his companion to become his wife. Nursed by her tender and affectionate care, he lived many years, and died in peace and quiet, in the enjoyment of a small income which he had saved from the wreck.

A few months after leaving Paris, the old man and his young wife received intelligence of the fall and death of Maximilian Robespierre. Both wept; for neither could forget that to one, justly or unjustly the object of execration, they owed the prolongation of their lives. Amelie, when again a widow, returned to France, and came into possession, ultimately, both of her own and her husband's property. To her exertions it was due that, at the Restoration, the poor sister of Robespierre received a pension from government; and thus had she ever reason to bless the memory of the poor old man who was her brother's first client.

AËRATED WATERS.

Among the important branches of our manufacturing industry at first called into existence by the luxury, and perpetuated by the necessity of men, we may assign a high rank to the manufacture of aerated waters. Although a large amount of labour and capital is thus employed, but little is known to the generality of readers of the processes employed in supplying the tables of the wealthy or the sick with these pleasant and often valuable beverages. We believe, therefore, that a sketch of the history and method of preparing such waters will be read with some degree of interest.

As an article of luxury, and still more as a branch of commerce, the manufacture of aerated waters is of very recent origin. Waters aerated by some natural processes in the crust of the earth have been celebrated and valued from time immemorial, and have proved an unintermitting source of wealth and health to the possessors and visitors of the localities in which they were discovered. Springs of water saturated with carbonic acid, and having an agreeably acidulous taste, very refreshing in the heat of summer, abound in many parts of Germany. In the electorate of Hesse-Darmstadt and the Eissel, these pleasant springs are found in great numbers, and supply the inhabitants with a valuable and inexpensive carbonated water. In many such cases, the continual process of decay going on in beds of wood-coal beneath the soil, appears to be the source of the carbonic acid: as the water bubbles up, it meets with the gas, and dissolves it, then makes its appearance at the surface as a sparkling fountain, impregnated to a very considerable amount with this gas. Carbonic acid springs also exist in volcanic districts, where the earth no longer glows with its wonted fires, yet preserving a dull heat, sends up incessant streams of the gas through the superincumbent soil. Towards the end of the last century, chemists began to inquire whether they could not imitate this agreeable natural production. Dr Priestley, the celebrated philosopher, appears to have been the earliest experimenter upon the subject, and particularly notices the brisk and agreeable flavour of artificially-prepared water holding carbonic acid in solution. Subsequently, the well-known Mr Nooth turned his attention to the subject, and after a little time, produced a highly-charged effervescent carbonated water, which came into great esteem. His apparatus consisted of three or more glass vessels, placed one above another, and each communicating with the one below and the one above. The uppermost was provided with a strong glass stopper, accurately fitted. The lowest was also provided with a second neck, well stopped, through which the materials for generating the gas were

passed. Into the two upper vessels water was put, so as to half fill them; into the lower, fragments of pure marble and some dilute hydrochloric acid. The acid, acting upon the marble, decomposed it, and caused the evolution of its carbonic acid gas; which, unable to escape in any other direction, rose through a valve in the neck of this vessel, and bubbled through the water in the one above, and again in the one above that. After this process had continued for a certain time, the water was drawn off, and was found to possess all the agreeable qualities of the natural waters, and in a superior degree. This was an elegant imitation of the process which we have mentioned as actually taking place in nature. But it occupied much time; and though the product was a palatable beverage, it was not sufficiently so for the improving taste of aerated water-drinkers. Mr Pepys and another gentleman thought to improve upon this apparatus by another on a somewhat similar principle, in which the water was made to pass again and again through a vessel containing a high charge of carbonic acid. But this method was also abandoned in its turn.

A London manufacturer, who was now rising into eminence, appears to have been the first to have caught the idea of effecting the impregnation of water by mechanical agency; and the aerated water thus produced surpassed all others in pungency and in its charge of gas. The process, however, was kept a rigid secret. Mr Pepys says—'The first apparatus in which condensing pumps were used openly I saw at an apothecary's in the city, who did not claim the original invention, as it had been suggested to him by several of his chemical friends.' The most complete instrument in the year 1800 was one devised by Mr Pepys, which, with but one important omission, contains all the parts of the modern engines. This machine consisted of a force-pump, gasometer, reservoir, bottling-tap, &c., and was long used by several houses now engaged in the trade. The liquid at first prepared was simply water highly charged with carbonic acid gas, or carbonated water. But it was soon found that a small addition of alkali improved the beverage, and also made it a valuable remedial agent. Carbonate of soda therefore was added, with a successful result; and the important aerated water so well known as soda-water thus originated. As it is the most agreeable of the alkaline beverages, it has retained its position; but not without competitors, for potash-water was soon afterwards introduced, subsequently magnesia-water, and more recently lime-water, under the poetical title of Carrara-Water. None of these, however, can be compared with good, genuine soda-water, as all possess in too strong a degree either a soapy or an earthy flavour. They have therefore come to be considered rather as members of the dispensatory, and as medicinal remedies, than as luxuries of the table. One great deficiency in the apparatus up to the period last mentioned was, the absence of any means of agitating the water so as to expose it thoroughly to the gas. If any one had entered a soda-water manufactory fifteen or twenty years ago, he would have seen the first rude attempts at accomplishing this object. Copper cylinders of great strength, bound with iron, were used as reservoirs for the charge of gas and water, and made to revolve generally by steam power on an axle fitted to the centre, in order that there might be a thorough intermixture of the materials. After whirling about for some time, the cylinder was carried to the bottling place, and its contents drawn off. This method was both imperfect and terribly wasteful, as a strong charge of gas was always left when the water had been drawn off, and this was allowed to blow off into the air! Without, however, dwelling at greater length upon the gradually-improving method of manufacturing aerated waters, we may proceed at once to describe the manufacture as it is now carried on on the large scale, and with all the modern improvements.

The manufactory to which we have had access is probably one of the most extensive in the provinces; and with several advantages accruing from its site, com-

vinces all the most perfect methods now in use for the preparation of these largely-consumed fluids. It is situated on the banks of the river Clwyd, in the little town of Ruthin, deeply embosomed in the vale so well known to Welsh tourists as the Vale of Clwyd. Its supply of water, which is so essential a portion of the manufacture, is probably unrivalled. This appears due to the fact of the geological basis of the district being the red sandstone. The water of the river percolates directly through a thick bed of this rock, becoming thus perfectly filtered before it is drawn for the use of the manufactory. Probably no water contains so minute a portion of mineral impurities, and upon this seems to depend the success of the manufactory. Passing by the engine-room and bottle-washing machinery, in which is an ingenious contrivance whereby the bottles to be washed fill themselves in the proper manner with water, the soda-water mechanism is arranged in a separate portion of the manufactory. A compact machine, something like the large model of a beam steam-engine, is at work at a rapid rate before us. On one side are the driving pulleys and fly-wheel, in the centre a polished reservoir of bell-metal, and at the further end a solid metallic plunger, rapidly moving to and fro in the perpendicular direction. This is the force-pump of the apparatus; and it is so arranged, that no extraneous matters of any kind can become mixed with the fluid. At the opposite end of the machine is a copper vessel, plated in the interior, which holds a graduated supply of the alkaline water, from thence drawn by the pump, and sent into the reservoir. This vessel is itself supplied by a pipe proceeding from an immense tank of slate in another part of the manufactory. Near the pump two pipes converge; one comes from the vessel just mentioned, the other proceeds directly from a very large gas-holder of copper, also out of sight; at this point two regulating indices are placed, on which is engraved 'Open,' 'Shut,' with a number of intermediate degrees. By this means the supply of water and of gas is conveniently adjusted, according to the degree to which it is required to charge the fluid. An arrangement of cog-wheels drives with great rapidity a spindle, which revolves inside the spherical reservoir, and thus agitates and mingles inseparably the gas and water.

From this part of the machine the now perfectly aerated fluid descends by a strong pipe to the bottling engine. At the top of this reservoir is a safety-valve, heavily loaded; and to insure the perfect saturation of the water with the gas, this valve is kept by the pressure within just on the lift, and not unfrequently blows off with considerable noise. The bottling of a fluid thus highly charged with elastic gas is, as may well be imagined, an operation of no common difficulty. In the greater number of manufactories it is still done by hand: the cork, hastily thrust in, is struck down into the bottle with a wooden mallet, greatly to the risk of the bottler and the bottle; while it has also this disadvantage, that the hand is unable to resist a pressure of more than three or four atmospheres, and hence the cork resists all efforts to drive it down until a large part of the charge has escaped. All these objections are obviated by the ingenious machine called the bottling engine. This is fixed in an upright position, at a little distance from the machine in which the fluid is prepared; and its supply is derived, as has been said, from a strong pipe connected with the reservoir. There is a sort of treadle, worked by the foot, having a wooden cup which receives the bottom of the bottle; the neck of the bottle is then placed inside a hollow collar of bell-metal, at the upper end of which the cork is put down from above, and in the side are holes connected with the pipe conveying the fluid. Above, there is a plunger, intended to force the cork down, worked by a powerful lever in the bottler's hand. The tap is turned, the fluid rushes in and fills the bottle, and the lever is forcibly dragged down, bringing the metallic plunger with it, and burying the cork in the neck of the bottle. It is then quickly removed, taken by the hand of an assistant just behind, who straps it down with tinned iron wire, when it is again delivered to another, who wires it in the opposite direction, and thus the captive cork is held firmly down.

The rapidity with which all this is effected can scarcely be believed. An expert bottler can often bottle off *two thousand five hundred bottles* as his day's work! The loss by breakage is frequently great—that is to say, where the maker is really honest, and charges his bottles with their full complement of gas; where this is not the case, it is very trifling. At the manufactory in question, many dozens of bottles are thus lost every day, although the glass of such bottles is from one quarter to occasionally half an inch in thickness. In order, therefore, to keep up the supply of bottles alone, a large amount of capital is sunk every year; and the floating capital represented by the thousands of bottles dispersed about in different parts of the country is very large indeed. After the bottles have been secured in the manner thus described, they are despatched to the labeller, who affixes the name of the article and that of the maker: they are then sent to the packing-room, where they are carefully put up in hampers, and sent off by the manufacturer's wagons to all parts of the country.

The apparatus for producing the carbonic acid gas, in this manufactory, is placed in an out-building. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the fact, that the addition of diluted sulphuric acid to chalk produces an effervescence, which is owing to the escape of carbonic acid gas, while the chalk becomes a sulphate instead of a carbonate of lime. These are the agents employed in this manufactory. The chalk is first mixed in a large reservoir with water to the consistence of cream, and then poured into a great leaden retort. To this is attached a leaden bottle, containing sulphuric acid; and a gas pipe, with a stopcock, conveys the gas resulting from the mixture of these substances through water into a large gas-holder, from whence the pump of the engine draws it for the use of the machine. By its side is the capacious tank for the alkaline liquor, capable of holding many hundred gallons; and a small pipe from it feeds the machine, as we have before seen. The engine which washes the bottles, and makes the soda-water and other aerated waters, has also to pump from the deep well the large daily quantity of water consumed, and supply-pipes are conveniently arranged to the several tanks and cisterns in this part of the building. We have not by us at this moment the statistics of the annual consumption of chalk, or 'whiting,' as it is called, and sulphuric acid, but we remember it was something very large—many tons of the one, and carboys of the other. Indeed, the consumption of these articles in the manufactory is so large as to have an effect upon the sulphur and 'whiting' trades. The principal sources of the chalk are the white walls of England—the extensive chalk cliffs on our south-eastern shores.

Although we have only described the manufacture of soda-water in this brief sketch, it may be taken as a tolerably accurate account of the mode of preparing every other aerated water, the principal differences lying in the differing nature of the fluids employed. Dr Ure, who has paid much attention to this, as to every other department of our arts and manufactures, engaged in an elaborate analysis of a number of samples of soda-water; and publishing his results in the 'Pharmaceutical Journal,' makes the very startling announcement, that by far the greater portion contained either no carbonate of soda at all, or at most about *one grain* in each bottle! And it is a well-known fact to medical men, that most of the so-called soda-water is merely water impregnated with carbonic acid. The reason appears to be, that the addition of the alkali to the water is costly in two respects—in the price of a sufficiently pure article, and in the larger quantity of gas the alkaline water absorbs. The best makers, however, are faithful to their reputation, and in their soda-water ten or fifteen grains of the alkali will always be found in a form the most agreeable of all for its administration. Dr Ure gives also some curious facts upon the average quantity of gas: in inferior soda-water it was very variable, but in the best, each bottle contained on the average 12,000 grain measures of gas, mixed in 4000 of water. Some experiments made by another gentleman, exhibit the amount of gas in the best London soda-

water at twenty-eight to thirty ounces; and in that of the manufactory in question, probably in consequence of the purity of the water, the charge was found to be thirty-two ounces of gas in each bottle. At the ordinary atmospheric pressure, water takes up its own volume of the gas; and these results show, that under the influence of a pressure equal to many atmospheres, it absorbs in addition two volumes more. Too much reliance, however, must not be placed on these results, in consideration of the frequent loss of gas by leakage.

The only other aerated water of any repute is the oxygenated water. An ingenious gentleman, noticing the volubility of laughing-gas in water, and believing that a remedial agent of great value might be thus prepared, took out a patent for the article. For some time it was in great repute; but, although we have made diligent inquiries after it, in consequence of its value as a medicinal fluid, the manufacture appears now either to have been discontinued, or to be of a very limited extent. The gas was procured by heating the salt known as the nitrate of ammonia; and was then made by a process similar to that described above. The liquid had an agreeable sweetish taste, and sparkled like ordinary waters. If the Liebigian theory of the causes of several very common disorders is correct, the constant drinking of this water, thus supplying a large amount of oxygen to the system, is much to be recommended. In the account published of its effects some years ago, it was stated that several persons had derived the most marked benefit from its use. The expense of the preparation is probably the chief obstacle to its large adoption; the cost of the nitrate of ammonia being many times greater than the gas-producing materials employed in the other manufacture. It is perhaps hardly necessary to state that this gas is not oxygen itself, but an oxide of nitrogen, or nitrous oxide.

There are some mechanical ingenuities connected with our subject, which may be appropriately mentioned in bringing it to a conclusion. The early ligatures to tie down the corks were string; but this was quickly abandoned, in consequence of the pressure against the cork bursting the string. Wire was then used, and has been since most generally employed, of various kinds—copper, iron, tinned, and galvanised. Tinned wire is now beginning to be employed; and in a large manufactory, the consumption of wire alone will probably amount to some tons in the course of a year. We were lately shown an ingenious contrivance for this end. A hole was made in the neck of the bottle, and a metal pin thrust through the cork, so as to make its escape impossible. Another plan consists of a little plate with a couple of wire straps; this is slipped into the cork, and the straps embrace firmly the neck of the bottle. An elegant instrument, principally for metropolitan use, has been lately introduced in London, consisting of an earthen vase of artistic design, charged with carbonated waters, which are drawn in the required quantity by a clever mechanical tap at the top. The name of this instrument is the Syphon Vase. It forms an ornamental addition to the dinner-table; but from difficulties connected with the re-charging, it is principally adapted for local use. A number of machines have been from time to time proposed for domestic use, of greater or lesser ingenuity; but that general proposition, applicable to so large a variety of subjects, obtains here also, that where the article is of large consumption, it is always best and cheapest to procure it of those who devote themselves to its exclusive manufacture. We suspect if there were invented a domestic tallow-candle-making machine, putting aside the excise difficulties, the most economical plan would be found to be to purchase the article ready-made.

It has long been a whim of ours, and we mention it because it may probably attract the notice of some one who has opportunities for practically making the attempt, that the elastic force of the carbonic acid generated in this manufacture might be economically applied, on the expansive principle of the steam-engine, to drive the machinery used in the manufacture. The gas might be generated in a powerful receiver, then be conducted into a kind of receptacle or boiler, from which it might

proceed, drive a small engine, and finally escape into the ordinary gas-holder to be used for the machine. If any one should think it worth his while to make the trial, we beg to present him with the idea gratis, although we are not over-sanguine as to a successful result.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WORKING MAN.

Most readers of newspapers must be acquainted with certain articles contributed to them during the progress of the free-trade movement, with the signature of *One who has whistled at the plough*. This person proves to be the same Alexander Somerville who created a sensation during the latter days of the reform movement (summer of 1832) as a private in the Scots Greys, who had been flogged indirectly for writing a letter to a newspaper, in which he expressed his belief that his fellow-soldiers would not support the Duke of Wellington in an effort to resist the national will as declared by the House of Commons. The child of a mason's labourer in Haddingtonshire, Somerville obtained some tincture of learning at a parish school. While, in boyhood and early manhood, working at laborious employments for small gains, he educated himself by reading and haunting the company of such intelligent persons as fell in his way. The final result is, his being a favourite and well-paid writer in the newspapers, and his publishing, at seven-and-thirty, a narrative of his life, possessing no small value as a report to one department of society of the feelings and workings which go on in another, that other being at present the subject of a problem charged with the gravest interest to present and prospective humanity.

The volume opens with sketches of the cottage economy of Scotland, under the care of a decent industrious couple, influenced by the religious feelings of our country, and inspired with the anxious wish to bring up their children in a creditable manner. With all the drawbacks of a somewhat stern discipline, the system has a certain moral beauty, for which, it is to be feared, there is no counterpart in much of the modern life of better-paid working people, whether in town or country. Somerville partook of the usual hardships of his class—was half-starved in dear years, tyrannised over by the farmers' children at school, and thrashed by the master for resisting; sent to tend cattle while yet a child, and persecuted by superstitious fears, against which no one could instruct him to defend himself. He was not yet a man when, like Burns, he had to do a man's work, breaking stones on the road, cutting drains, and acting as a sawyer—all of them most laborious employments. While thus engaged, intellectual pleasures came to him; and he details the delightful novelty of his sensations on first reading the Ayrshire poet, on seeing a play, and perusing a newspaper. By and by he had to move about the country in search of work, generally with companions. One of the difficulties attending this kind of life was to avoid joining his friends in their potations of whisky, to which he had no sort of liking, while, moreover, he desired to be able to return home with a good suit of clothes purchased by his savings. It is distressing to hear of the sacrifices made by Somerville's associates to the demon of liquor. On pay-days, he says, it was hardly possible for the most abstemious and resolute to escape spending money on liquor; meaning, we presume, that those who were most inclined, tempted and compelled those least so, to join them in their orgies. It was in the crisis of the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, when the outcry for political reforms arose, that the following circumstances took place, strongly illustrating a point which we lately brought before the reader:—

'A number of masons were hewing the blocks of stone, and each hewer had a labourer allotted to him to do the rougher work upon the stone with a short pick, technically to "scutch" it. The masons were intolerable tyrants to their labourers. I was in the quarry cutting the blocks from the rock when the tide was out: and when the tide was in, I went and scutched with some of the hewers, chiefly with my friend Alick. One day, when we had been reading in the newspapers a great deal about the

tyranny of the Tories, and the tyranny of the aristocracy in general, and some of the hewers had been, as usual, wordy and loud in denouncing all tyrants, and exclaiming "Down with them for ever!" one of them took up a long wooden straight-edge and struck a labourer with the sharp edge of it over the shoulders. Throwing down my pick, I turned round and told him that, so long as I was about the works, I would not see a labourer struck in that manner without questioning the mason's pretended right to domineer over labourers. "You exclaim against tyranny," I continued, "and you yourselves are tyrants, if anybody is." The hewer answered that I had no business to interfere; that he had not struck me. "No," said I, "or you would have been in the sea by this time. But I have seen labourers, who dared not speak for themselves, knocked about by you, and by many others; and by every mason about those works, I have seen labourers ordered to do things, and compelled to do them, which no working man should order another to do; far less have the power to compel him to do. And I tell you it shall not be done."

"The labourers gathered around me; the masons conferred together. One of them said, speaking for the rest, that he must put a stop to this; the privileges of masons were not to be questioned by labourers, and I must either submit to that reproof, or punishment which they thought fit to inflict, or leave the works; if not, they must all leave the works. The punishment hinted at was, to submit to be held over one of the blocks of stone face downward, the feet held down on one side, the head and arms held down on the other side, while the mason apprentices would whack the offenders with their leathern aprons knotted hard. I said that, so far from submitting to reproof or punishment, I would carry my opposition a great deal farther than I had done. They had all talked about parliamentary reform; we had all joined in the cry for reform, and denounced the exclusive privileges of the anti-reformers, but I would begin reform where we then stood. I would demand, and I then demanded, that if a hewer wanted his stone turned over, and called labourers together to do it, they should not put hands to it unless he assisted; that if a hewer struck a labourer at his work, none of the labourers should do anything thereafter, of any nature whatever, for that hewer. (The masons laughed.) "And farther," said I, "the masons shall not be entitled to the choice of any room they choose, if we go into a public-house to be paid, to the exclusion of the labourers; nor, if there be only one room in the house, shall the labourers be sent outside the door to give the room to the masons, as has been the case. In everything we shall be your equals, except in wages; that we have no right to expect." The masons, on hearing these conditions, set up a shout of derisive laughter. It was against the laws of their body to hear their privileges discussed by a labourer; they could not suffer it, they said, and I must instantly submit to punishment for my contumacy. I told them that I was a quarryman, and not a mason's labourer; that, as such, they had no power over me. They scouted this plea, and said that wherever masons were at work, they were superior, and their privileges were not to be questioned. I asked if the act of a mason striking a labourer with a rule was not to be questioned. They said, by their own body it might, upon a complaint from the labourer; but in this case the labourer was insolent to the mason, and the latter had a right to strike him. They demanded that I should at once cease to argue the question, and submit, before it was too late, to whatever punishment they chose to inflict. Upon hearing this, I put myself in a defensive attitude, and said, "Let me see who shall first lay hands on me!" No one approaching, I continued, "We have been reading in the newspaper discussions about reform, and have been told how much is to be gained by even one person sometimes making a resolute stand against oppressive power. We have only this day seen in the papers a warning to the aristocracy and the anti-reformers that another John Hampden may arise. Come on, he who dares! I shall be Hampden to the tyrannies of the masons!"

"None of them offered to lay hands on me; one said they had better let the affair rest where it was, as there would only be a fight about it, and several others assented; and so we resumed our work."

"Had it been in summer, when building was going on, they would have either dismissed me from the works, or have struck, and refused to work themselves. It was only about the end of January, and they could not afford to do more than threaten me."

Against such a specimen of 'man's inhumanity to man,' it is delightful to place the following anecdote of humble benevolence. Somerville, with some companions, arrived in Kelso in search of work on the eve of a hiring fair day:—"We could get no lodgings there, every place being filled with cattle-dealers and other strangers already arrived for to-morrow's fair. Thoroughly worn out, we lay down on the causeway of a narrow street where there seemed to be the least traffic, and the least danger of being run, ridden, or driven over in our sleep. Some of us were already asleep, when a weaver and his wife, opposite to whose humble cottage door we lay, came out and said they could not go to bed, nor rest if they were in bed, with the thought of fellow-creatures lying in the street. They had a large family of children, a small house, and were only poor persons, they said; still, if we would go inside, they would at least give us the shelter of a roof and a fire to sit by. We went in. The weaver and some of his children made a bed for themselves beneath the loom; his wife and the other children went to a bed in the loft, and four of us lay crossways on the bed which they had vacated in the kitchen. The other three stretched themselves on the clothes-chests and the chairs. In the morning, one of us went out and bought tea, sugar, and bread for breakfast, while the kind woman got us water and a tub to bathe our blistered feet; and the weaver gave his shaving razors to those who needed shaving, and took his other razor, which was past shaving, and pared such of our feet as had bruises; and took a darning needle and worsted and drew it through the blisters, leaving a worsted thread in the blisters—the best possible cure for them. When we had breakfasted, and were all bathed, doctored, and refreshed, the good woman, her heart overflowing with motherly generosity, said, "No, we must not offer to pay her; no, we must not speak of thanks even; we were no doubt some mother's bairns; she had bairns of her own, and the wide world was before them yet; it would be an awfu' thought for her to think it possible that they might ever be without a roof to sleep under. Oh no; we must not speak about paying her; she had done nothing, nor the guidman had done nothing but their duty, their Christian duty, whilk was incumbent on them to perform to their fellow-creatures."

In the Merse (Berwickshire), our author found there were some curious distinctions between the rural labouring class and those of his native district, though they are divided only by a rivulet. The people of the former province work much the hardest, but are perpetually changing masters, and they can never furnish forth their marriageable daughters so well as the Lothian labourers. "As indicating some peculiarities of the maids of the Merse and of Lothian, I may report what their respective admirers may be heard saying of them. He from the Lothian side of the small rivulet before-mentioned is told that he cannot get a lass for his wife in Lothian who can bake a scone." He rejoins that he cannot get one who can "fill muck at the midden, and drive the muck carts, as they do in the Merse: they never," he says, "gar women drive carts in Loudan." And he says the truth. The Merse man next takes up what he calls the Loudan tone: he says, "In Loudan the women are so slow at their work, and have such a long tone to their words, that when they speak, they stop their work until the tone comes to an end, and in that time a Merse woman would work round about them." The apologist of the merits and manners of the lasses of Lothian cannot suffer this to be the last word; he retorts smartly

and without a very long tone, that "if the women o' Loudan dinna cut their words so short as they do i' the Merse, neither do they cut their claes so short: gin [if] the lasses o' the Merse would eik the Loudan tone to their short goons, their short goons would set them the better, and maybe the lads would like them naething the waur."

"Should these disputants be shearing with the Merse women within hearing, as is most probable, the "Loudan louts," as they are ill-naturedly called, may reckon on a *kemp* [contention] which shall stretch their skin before they get to the end of the field. Their best agility and strength, and their worst and fastest work, cannot cope with these women as shearers. The men have not yet been born who are their matches at a *kemp*. They will be first at the land end, if they should slash the corn down, and trample over it without laying it in the bands for the bandsters to tie in sheaves. They must, and will reach the land end first. The Lothian shearers, let them do their best, must only follow. When the latter do reach the land end, they will be taunted by the others, and told that they must "sup another bow o' meal afore they kemp again wi' the lasses o' the Merse, or cast up to them about their short goons!"

After many changes of masters and of employment, Somerville enlisted in the Scots Greys, and the spring of 1832 found him a recruit of one-and-twenty in the Birmingham barracks. The men caught the contagion of the time, and some joined the political union. Somerville, from a sense of propriety, abstained from doing so, though as keen a reformer as any. At the crisis when it was apprehended that the Duke of Wellington was going to undertake an anti-reforming government, our hero wrote his famous letter—a proceeding, we humbly think, much to be condemned, but not so much so as that of his officers in punishing it. There seems no room to doubt that the first consequence of his authorship being suspected, was to force him into an act of disobedience. He was put upon an unruly horse, without stirrups, and obliged to ride it in the school, till, seeing that he must be thrown, he dismounted, and refused to resume his lessons. Placed under arrest for trial, he was brought before the commanding officer, Major Wyndham, who taxed him with a treasonous act in writing the letter, and told him he would repent of it. There was a hurried and irregular court-martial—a condemnation of course, and the infliction of a hundred lashes, which Somerville here describes in most vivid terms. As must be remembered, he became a martyr of the newspapers and clubs, and the case being noticed in the House of Commons, a court of inquiry sat upon it, and condemned the conduct of Major Wyndham as 'injudicious.' Somerville was enabled by the public beneficence to obtain his discharge, but he suffered much in delicacy of spirit, from the efforts of vulgar-minded partisans to parade him and his sufferings before the public. His value as a subject for the newspapers comes out in a strong and somewhat amusing light in these memoirs.

Much credit seems due to him for his refraining from all retaliatory measures against his oppressors. While remaining steadfast in his political prepossessions, he does not seem to have been provoked by his experience of the wantonness of power into any general feeling of bitterness against either classes or persons. The trades'-unionists of 1833-4, expecting to find in him one fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, endeavoured to inveigle him into a conspiracy which it now appears had been formed, with objects not greatly different from the famous Gunpowder Plot; but he not only shrunk from the part assigned to him with horror, but gave the government such warning as enabled them to defeat the plan. He afterwards served in the Spanish legion, where he attained the rank of sergeant-major. On returning penniless, he wrote a narrative of that distressing episode—an extraordinary work, from the circumstances under which its composition was commenced. 'I might,' says the author, 'have found friends, and have got assistance in Glasgow. I would not, in the dirty regimentals I was clothed in, go to any person who had before known me. The person to whom

I offered my certificate of six months' gratuity for a quire of writing paper, and pen and ink, to begin to write my narrative of the legion, would give nothing for the worthless certificate, but made me a present of several quires of writing paper. I walked out of Glasgow, three or four miles up the Clyde, got into a field of beans nearly ripe, crept out of sight into the middle of the field; lay there three days and nights, writing the first chapters of my "Narrative," and living on the beans. I sent the farmer a copy of the work afterwards, as payment for what I had eaten.'

The style of this book is quiet, simple, and perspicuous. The writer tells much against himself; yet the general impression left is in his favour. In the humblest situations, he seems to apply himself to the duties before him with diligence; he resists debasing pleasures, for the sake of something better; he is content to be a loser, rather than fall the least grade in integrity. Many of his remarks on the position and interests of working men might be listened to with advantage by that class, and there are passages in the volume calculated to be of wider utility: for instance, the following:—"An old cavalry soldier in Edinburgh gave me some words of counsel, to be observed in the stable and the barrack-room. I refer to them now, because I have found them, or similar rules, useful elsewhere than in a stable or barrack-room. One was, to observe when the soldier's wife, who might be in the same room with me, was about to go for water to the pump, or was in want of water, I was to take her pail and say, "Nay, mistress, let me go to the pump for you," and go instantly. Another rule of conduct was to anticipate a comrade who might require his clothes brushed, and rise and do it for him before he had time to ask the favour. And so in the stable, if I had charge of a comrade's horse in his absence, he on guard perhaps, to be as kind to his horse as to my own; and at any time, if I had nothing to do myself, to put forward my hand and help some one who had something to do. The same readiness to oblige may be practised in a workshop, in a literary office, or any other office, and is as necessary to be observed there as in a stable. But I fear that if there be not a natural inclination to be obliging, the desire of acquiring the good-will of associates will fail to make one always agreeable. Almost all men, probably all, who have risen above the social level upon which they were born, or who have created new branches of trade, or have been inventors, or have made discoveries, have been men who were ever ready to put forth their hands to help a companion in his work, or to try to do something more than what was allotted for them to do by their employers. The apprentice, or journeyman, or other person who will not do more than is allotted to him, because he is not bound to do it, and who is continually drawing a line to define what he calls his rights, with his fellow-workmen, or with his employer, or, if in the army, with his comrades, and the non-commissioned officers immediately over him, is sure to remain where he is, or sink to a lower level. He is not destined to be a successful master, tradesman; to be a discoverer in science, an inventor in mechanics, a propounder of new philosophy, nor a promoter of the world's advancement, and certainly not of his own.

'It may to some appear like vanity in me to write what I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart with manure at the farm dunghill, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side, at which was another man; I pushed over what I had heaped up to help him, as doubtless he did to help me when I was last and he first. When I have filled my column, or columns of a newspaper, or sheet of a magazine, with the literature for which I was to be paid, I have never stopped if the subject required more elucidation, or the paper or magazine more matter, because there was no contract for more payment, or no likelihood of there being more. When I have lived in a barrack-room, I have stopped my own work, and have taken the baby from a soldier's wife when she had work to do, and nursed it; or have gone for water for her, or have cleaned another man's

accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so. When I have been engaged in political literature, and travelling for a newspaper, I have not hesitated to travel many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject into its minutest particulars, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the subject; and this at times when I had work to do which was much more pleasant and profitable. When I have needed employment, I have accepted it at whatever wages I could obtain—at plough, in farm drain, in stone quarry, at breaking stones for roads, at wood-cutting, in a sawpit, as a civilian, or as a soldier. I have in London cleaned out a stable, and groomed a cabman's horse for a sixpence, and been thankful to the cabman for the sixpence. I have subsequently tried literature, have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—been sought after, and offered—ten guineas for. But had I not been content to begin at the beginning, and accept shillings, I would not have risen to guineas.*

FIVE DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS OF NEW BRUNSWICK.*

On the morning of the 5th of last November we were encamped on the line of survey in the Tobique district, about five miles from the Little Gulquac. At eight o'clock, the party having struck the tents, and got their several loads in readiness, commenced their day's march along the line, when I left them, as I usually did, for the purpose of examining the neighbouring country. I took a course to the westward for about half a mile, behind a small mount, from the top of which I was led to expect an excellent view of the surrounding country, as observations from it of distant mountain heights had already been made by the surveying party during the summer's operations. After making a few notes and sketches, I went to the top of the hill, where I remained for a short time similarly employed. I next descended, with the intention of regaining the line of survey, and joining the party. This, however, I found to be no such easy matter. The country in this neighbourhood has to an immense extent been laid waste by extensive fires, and the trees, and even the soil, in some places are so thoroughly burnt up, that there is not a vestige of vegetation to be seen; in others, the naked trunks of the trees are left standing, like the grim ghosts of a stately forest race, charred by fire, or blanched by the storm; or they are tossed by the whirlwind into the most frightful heaps of confusion. These are termed 'windfalls,' and form some of the most formidable barriers to the progress of the traveller of the wilderness.

The surveyed line through this section of country, owing to the facts above stated, was merely traced out with small stakes, placed at long intervals, which, having become dark and discoloured, could scarcely now be distinguished from the surrounding dead-wood. I was not then in the least disconcerted at failing to find the line, but continued to advance in the direction which I knew it to take, stopping from time to time to make sketches and observations as before. As it was now getting late in the afternoon, and I felt confident I had gone quite as far as the party were likely to have advanced in their day's march, I again made an effort to discover them, by traversing the country both to the right and left for a considerable distance, whooping as loud as I possibly could: but all in vain; I could neither hear nor see anything of them. Very little more than half a mile from where I stood I recognised a rocky height from which I had, the year before, made some observations, and immediately proceeded thither, in the hope of being able to discover from it the smoke of the camp. On reaching the summit, there stood the post which I had placed for my instrument exactly as I had left it a year

ago. I carefully scanned the face of the country round in every direction, but the anxiously-looked-for smoke was nowhere to be seen; and I was at last most reluctantly compelled to relinquish my hope of finding the party for that night at least.

Not knowing whether the surveyed line lay to my right or left, I resolved on taking the direction in which I thought there was least personal risk, and therefore lost no time in getting on a line which had been run by my directions the year before, along which I kept to the northward, as, in case I did not in the meantime cross either the other line or tracks of the party, I should have at least made some progress towards Campbell's, the nearest settlement on the Tobique. I continued to press forward without discovering the objects of my search. I had reached the Beaver Brook, a branch of the Wapaskihegan, when night overtook me, and it commenced to rain. It was now quite certain that for one night I must forego the comforts of food, fire, or shelter—having at the same time no doubt of my easily reaching Campbell's some time next day. My situation at that time, although but the commencement of my disaster, was one of no ordinary suffering. I had already undergone nearly twelve hours of the most harassing fatigue, without food or a moment's rest; and now, cold and wet, stood alone amid wind and rain, in a sterile and shelterless wilderness, and on a night so dark, that the very sky seemed black. What was to be done? To follow a course, and move forward in the dark, I knew was impossible. There were thirteen long hours until daylight, yet I dared not lie down to rest, for fear of perishing. I at length resolved to endeavour to follow the course of the Brook, in doing which, I had difficulties to surmount which would, I have no doubt, appear to many almost like impossibilities, even by daylight. Such a night of falls, wounds, bruises, scratchings, and fatigue, is, I confess, beyond my powers of description. On the morning of the 6th, I found I had got to within a short distance of the mouth of the Brook, which I crossed, intending to follow down the Wapaskihegan river, until I came to a lumber road I had travelled the year before, leading by Shea's Mountain to the Campbell settlement, on the Tobique river. The waters were now much swollen, so that I could only scramble along a very steep bank, thickly wooded with underwood and trees. I had gone some distance down, when, thinking that a little way back from the bank of the river I might probably find the travelling easier, I took that direction, and again found myself in a seemingly open country of burnt lands. The surrounding highlands were distinctly seen on all sides in the distance, and amongst the most conspicuous was Shea's Mountain, which led me to the resolution of taking a direct course for it, not dreaming of the formidable difficulties I should have to encounter on the way. I toiled on with determined perseverance through a dreadful combination of windfalls, marsh, lakes, streams, &c., so that another day was nearly spent before I had reached the mountain. I at length found the lumber road, and now considered myself safe, and my journey nearly at an end, being only four miles from the settlement; but I reckoned without my host. I followed the road for a short distance, until I came to an old lumber camp and road leading off to the left, which I examined, and unfortunately rejected, as it appeared to pass on a different side of the mountain to that which I knew the proper road to take. From that moment I continued to go astray.

On travelling a little way further, I came to a second old lumber camp, where the road again branched into two. A snow-storm had now commenced, and night was once more fast approaching. On going about a mile and a half down one of the roads, I did not like its appearance, and returning, followed the other, which I found equally unsatisfactory, as it did not much resemble the road I had travelled during the summer of last year. I, however, endeavoured to console myself with the pro-

* The hero of these adventures is Mr John Grant, employed in the Halifax and Quebec railway exploration survey.

bability of the difference in its appearance being caused by its covering of snow.

I continued to travel for some miles through a low marshy ground, until I became quite convinced of my being in a strange part of the country; when I returned, with the intention, if possible, of regaining the old lumber camp before dark, and passing the night in it; but the night came upon me so suddenly, that I had only time to go a little way to the right, where the ground was higher, and less swampy, and take up my quarters in the shelter of some low bushes, a few branches of which I threw on the ground before lying down. I need scarcely say I was wet, cold, hungry, and much fatigued, having now continued to walk without interruption for upwards of thirty-five hours. On lying down, I got into rather a distressing sort of slumber, from which I in a short time awoke, with much pain in my limbs and back, and stiff with cold. I got up and walked about, until once more overcome with fatigue, when I again lay down, to endure a repetition of my sufferings; and in this way passed a dreadful night of about thirteen hours. On the morning of the 7th, as soon as it was sufficiently clear, I left my wretched couch, shivering with cold, and by no means refreshed after my fatigue. I was nevertheless in tolerable spirits, not considering myself lost, and feeling assured that within a few hours at least I should once more be in comfortable quarters.

The cravings of hunger were now becoming excessive, and not even a berry was to be seen with which I might allay them. The weather throughout had been, and still continued dark, and the only compass then in my possession I had long considered as useless; I, however, took off the glass, with the hope of repairing it, but my hands had become so benumbed with cold, that the needle slipped from my fingers amongst the long grass, and I was unable, after the most diligent search, to recover it. I now found that both the roads leading from the lumber camp again united, and resolved to continue the one I had been following, under the impression that it must bring me out somewhere on the Tobique. For a considerable distance it traversed a low marshy district, where I found it very difficult to follow, being sometimes up to my knees in water. After a march of several hours, I came to a *timber brow*, on a river which appeared of doubtful size for the Tobique: but as of course my route lay down the stream, I, under a gradual mustering of doubts and fears, continued my journey in that direction.

I had felt, without at that moment comprehending them, very evident symptoms of approaching weakness. I frequently heard the sound of voices quite distinctly, and stopped to listen. I whooped! but not a sound in reply. The stream murmured on its bed, the wind rustled amongst the leaves, or whistled through the long grass; but that was all: everything else was silent as the grave. In a short time after, a most extraordinary illusion occurred. My attention was first attracted by distinctly hearing a tune whistled in the direction of the river; and on looking round, I saw through the trees an Indian with two squaws and a little boy. My joy at the sight may be readily conceived: their canoe, I thought, could not be far off; and I already fancied myself seated in it, and quietly gliding down the river. I hallooed! but to my utter amazement, not the slightest notice was taken, or reply made. The Indian, with folded arms, leant against a tree, and still continued to whistle his tune with philosophic indifference. I approached, but they receded, and appeared to shun me; I became annoyed, and persisted, but in vain, in trying to attract their notice. The dreadful truth at length flashed upon my mind: it was really no more than an illusion, and one of the most perfect description. Melancholy forebodings arose. I turned away, retraced my steps, and endeavoured to think no more of it. I had turned my back upon the vision, but as I retreated, its accompaniment of ghostly music for some time continued to fall upon my unwilling ear like

a death knell. A sort of mirage next appeared to me to spread over the low grounds, so completely real in its effect, that frequently, when expecting to step over my boots in water, I found that I was treading upon long *dry grass*; to be convinced of the truth of which, I frequently felt with my hand. My first vision was undoubtedly the result of *delirium tremens*, brought on by exhaustion; but whether the latter arose from the same cause, or from real external phenomena, I cannot well determine.

I continued my toilsome journey along the alternately flat and tangled, or precipitous banks of the river, which, from being now swollen, left me no beach to travel on. I crossed a large brook, which, mistaking it for the Odell, led me to suppose myself but a very little way from the settlement (in reality, upwards of twelve miles off). I had not advanced a great way further, until I suddenly dropped down. Supposing I had merely tripped and fallen, I got up, and endeavoured to continue my march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and leaning against a tree, in the hope of recovering from what I at first imagined to be temporary indisposition, again made several fruitless attempts to walk, until at last the appalling fact forced itself upon me, that I had really lost my strength; and as any further exertions of my own were now impossible, my case was indeed hopeless, unless discovered by some of the party, who I had no doubt were by this time in search of me; or, what certainly did appear improbable, by some persons going up the stream to lumber. Under the circumstances, I thought it best to endeavour to regain the banks of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could scarcely do more than drag myself along on my hands and knees, and was consequently overtaken by the night and a sharp frost. I took shelter behind the roots of a fallen tree, and pulled off my boots, for the purpose of pouring out the water, and repeding my feet as dry as I could make them, to prevent their being frozen; after which, from my feet being much swollen, I found it quite impossible to get them on again. I lay down, excessively fatigued and weak; yet other sensations of suffering, both mental and physical, kept me, through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours, in a state which some may possibly conceive, but which I must confess my inability to describe. There was a sharp frost during the night, against which my light jacket and trousers were but a poor protection. On the morning of the 8th, when it was sufficiently clear, I discovered that I was not more than a hundred yards from the bank of the river. On endeavouring to get up, I was at first unable, and found both my feet and hands frozen; the former, as far as my ankles, felt as perfectly hard and dead as if composed of stone. I succeeded, however, with a good deal of painful exertion, in gaining the bank of the river, where I sat as long as I was able with my feet in the water, for the purpose, if possible, of extracting the frost. The oiled canvas haversack in which I carried my sketching-case I filled with water, of which I drank freely. The dreadful gnawings of hunger had by this time rather subsided, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river, I laid hold of the tallest alder near, and drawing it down towards me, fastened my handkerchief to the top, and let it go. I also scrawled a few words on two slips of paper, describing my situation; and putting each into a piece of split stick, threw them into the stream. I next moved back a little way amongst the long grass and alders; and striving to be as calm and collected as my sufferings and weakness would allow, I addressed myself to an all-seeing and merciful Providence, and endeavoured to make my peace with Him, and place myself entirely at His disposal—feeling assured that whatever the issue might be, whether for time or eternity, it would undoubtedly be for the best. I trust I was not presumptuous, but I felt perfectly calm and resigned to my fate.

I lay down amongst the long wet grass, having placed

my papers under my head, and my haversack, with some water, near my side. My weakness seemed to favour the most extraordinary creations of the brain. I became surrounded, especially towards evening, with a distinct assemblage of grotesque and busy figures, with which, could I have seen them under different circumstances, I should have been highly amused. Yet do I believe them to have been a great relief from the utter loneliness that must otherwise have surrounded me, as it really required an effort to establish the truth of my being alone. I passed another long and dreary night; and from its being rather milder, had some little sleep, although of a distressing and disturbed nature, and not in the least refreshing. The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could then with difficulty support myself even on my knees. Still, after extraordinary exertions, I procured a fresh supply of water, and lay down—I thought most likely never to rise again. A violent burning sensation in the stomach had now come on. A few mouthfuls of water allayed it, but brought on violent spasms for five or ten minutes, after which I had, for a little while, comparative relief. In this state, gradually growing weaker, I continued until the morning of the 10th. During the night it rained in torrents, which, although in some respects inconvenient and disagreeable, had in a great measure drawn the frost from my feet and hands, which, as well as my face, had become very much swollen.

In the course of the morning I thought I heard the sound of voices. I raised my head a little from the ground—all I could now accomplish—and looking through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distant from where I lay. My surprise and joy were of course excessive; yet I had of late seen so many phantoms, that I was quite at a loss whether to consider it a reality or not. When at length convinced, I discovered, alas! that both my strength and voice were so completely gone that I could neither make myself seen nor heard. All my exertions were unavailing; and my horror and disappointment may be readily conceived at seeing them depart again in the direction from which they had come. I had now given up all hope, and once more resigned myself to my apparently inevitable fate. Three hours had passed, when I again thought I heard the sound of horses' feet on the bed of the river. On looking up, I saw they had returned to the same spot. My efforts to make myself heard were once more renewed, and I at last succeeded in producing a howl so inhuman, as to be mistaken by them for that of a wolf; but on looking up the stream, they saw my handkerchief, which I had fastened to the alder, and knowing me to have been missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and came at once to my assistance. I was taken into a cabin built at the stern of the tow-boat, in which there was a small stove. They there made a bed for me, and covered me with blankets and rugs. They made me a sort of pap with bread and sugar, which they offered, and also some potatoes. I declined their kind offering, but begged to have a little tea, which they gave me, and I went to sleep. The tow-boat had to continue her voyage some distance up the river with her freight, after which we returned, and got to Campbell's late in the afternoon, where I met with every kindness and attention. The house of Mr Campbell, to which I was brought, was but a very ordinary log-house, yet with all its simple homeliness I felt quite comfortable, seeing I was surrounded with the most perfect cleanliness; and the good dame was, from long experience, well skilled as to the case she had to deal with, at the same time saying mine was much the worst she had ever had under her care.

I have thus endeavoured to give an imperfect sketch of my wanderings during a period of more than five days and nights, without either food, fire, or shelter from the inclemency of the weather. My recovery has been rapid; although I at first suffered a great deal,

both from the returning circulation in my hands and feet, and after partaking of food. I was in a few days sufficiently well to be removed down to the mouth of the river Tobique, where I found my poor wife anxiously awaiting my arrival. I must, in conclusion, say that my wonderful escape ought at least to convince me that God is ever merciful to those who sincerely put their trust in Him.

THE INVALID SEA VOYAGE.

WHEN all other remedies fail, physicians recommend travelling, a sea voyage, or some other mode of change of air, locality, and habits; and such changes often produce wonderful effects on the system. Nor can this be well explained in theory. Physicians know not how it happens; they prescribe it empirically, and, as in many other cases, are guided by experience, not by reasoning. To invalids, there is something at first view in a sea voyage repulsive and uninviting; but if the arrangements and accommodation are at all tolerable, this feeling is soon got the better of. To pass from a comfortable home into a ship, appears at first unpleasant; but to pass from the crowded smoky atmosphere of the city to the pure, expansive, and quiet atmosphere of the ocean, will be found a relief and a pleasure. Let us see what is the difference of this atmosphere from the other, and then we will be better able to judge, especially in the case of a debilitated nervous person, one whose digestive organs are out of order, or worn, and whose chest, and breathing, and circulation are constant sources of anxiety and annoyance.

The sea air is pure and uncontaminated. It is of a soft equable temperature—lower than that of land often is, it is true, but not liable to such sudden changes—never dry and parched; and rarely, except under a tropic sun, hot and suffocating. It contains, in general, about an equable portion of moisture—not too much—never in excess, as is often the case on land, and never too little. The stratum of air next the sea is, on the whole, drier than that on a corresponding portion of land. This arises from certain laws of temperature and evaporation. Then its electric condition is much more uniform—a matter of more importance than is generally imagined. There are no epidemics, influenza, plagues, or anything of the kind experienced at sea. On the contrary, as soon as the fugitive and sufferer from such maladies finds himself fairly out into the ocean, all of them disappear. How seldom do we find the sailor, while at sea, affected with any of those maladies so common on land, and especially in cities! No one but an invalid can know or appreciate the comfort of a sea atmosphere, the increased ease of breathing, the renewed vigour and elasticity, the absence of palpitations, and the sound sleep which the monotonous dashing and the salutary motion of the wavy billows induce. To a landman, to be sure, the rolling motion at first is not so pleasant; but custom soon reconciles him to this; and in certain cases this very motion becomes highly beneficial.

The sea air, we have said, is pure and bracing. Instead of the noxious particles and effluvia constantly floating about in the city atmosphere, and the miasma not unfrequent in the rural plains and valleys, the sea air is impregnated with a slight proportion of saline matters—common salt, iodine, bromine, and some others. Now, may not these act chemically on the system? And hence, probably, the renewed and increased appetite, the improved condition of the secretions, all essential in a state of perfect health. But a sea voyage is monotonous? Not at all—especially not to the invalid. It may be monotonous to a fox-hunter, to the owner of bullocks, to the cavalry officer, to the view-hunter, ever on the wing, sitting about for novelty; but to the invalid, indisposed to much bodily exertion,

inclined, or obliged to live by rule, and to walk, talk, and move by square and measure, where can there be such a place as a snug vessel, where the meals, the watches, the deck scrubbing, and every sort of work and occupation is regulated by the strictest regard to time? To the invalid, who, after one meal, spends half the interval in thinking about and anticipating the next, what so delightful as dinner served up to a very minute, and cookery, too, though simple, yet of the very best description of its kind? A roasted potato never tasted anywhere so well as on board a ship, perhaps the master-work of some jet black and shining-faced negro, born with an instinct for cooking yams! And what can be more palatable than pea-soup—the boast of all cabin-boys? Then there is a novelty about all naval operations, which months of keen observation cannot fully satiate. The evolutions on deck afford a never-failing source of investigation; the sails, and ropes, and yards, and pulleys, and gay ensigns and pendants; the human population—from the captain down to the black cook and the urchin cabin-boy, with all their peculiar actions, sayings, and looks—afford exhaustless studies to the inquisitive novice. Then the economy of the cabin—its furnishings, lockers, berths, have all to be scrutinised—its storm-windows, lights, fireplaces, mirrors—all so different from anything on shore; and when this is exhausted, an exploration of the fore-castle, the hold, and every corner and cranny of your temporary prison-house, will all tend to supplement your enjoyments.

A ship has been called a prison; but where is thought so free and expansive as when looking around you from the deck in some calm and glowing evening, or in the still hour of mid-day? It is true your actual sphere of vision is circumscribed; for looking on the level sea from a ship's deck, your circle does not embrace above two or three miles in extent; yet how vast and boundless a flight into infinite space does not fancy suggest to your mind, and what calm and elevating trains of thought may you not pursue, as hours on hours glide on unheeded? But the view is monotonous, it is again affirmed, and unvarying in its elements; for there is nothing but the same sea and sky, the one touching, or appearing to terminate, in the other. But so it is in your country-house, in the middle of that flat plain, or even in your ornamental cottage, placed in the most picturesque situation. All these become monotonous to the dull eye or the unidea'd mind. But at sea, have you not all the varieties, as well as on shore, of cloud and sunshine—of glorious sunrise and splendid sunset? Have you not the calm—the breeze grateful as a cooling breath, and as an essential sweller of your sails—the stiff breeze curling the green swelling waves into white foam, and the storm raising sky and ocean into awful sublimity? People say you cannot read at sea or write much; but this is a mistake. Where are there greater letter-scribblers, journal-writers, or even book-makers, than sailors? But for an invalid much reading or writing is not necessary, rather injurious. Let him divert his mind with pleasing variety, calm musings, and easy observation. The great deep, far from any shore, does not indeed present many animated objects. It is singularly destitute of vegetation, and of the larger kinds of animated life; but the ocean waters, even at such remote distances from land, still swarm with minute beings—the shining cilia, the sailing phœlias, and innumerable animalcules, that will display themselves before the microscopic lens. Then, too, may the sailor invalid become an astronomer—watch the stars, the moon, and the satellites, and learn how these all serve to guide the mariner's track so surely through the vast ocean. The daily reckoning and ship's progress, the taking of the sun's altitude, the approach to land, indicated by the floating sea-weeds and the white-winged sea-birds, that joyfully take their flights around—all these are sources of gentle and salutary excitement. The very stepping on shore, feeling again the tread of earth, seeing the trees and green

fields, the houses and crowds of bustling citizens, with the consciousness of renewed health and vigour, are all circumstances so pleasing to the invalid, that he will look back on his ship with love and thankfulness.

GENEROSITY OF AUTHORS.

THE sight of a learned man in want made even the satirist Boileau so uneasy, that he could not forbear lending him money. The prudently economical Addison for some time freely opened his purse to remove the difficulties of his friend Steele, produced by foolish extravagance. There does not seem to exist the slightest confirmation of the story of Addison having put an execution into Steele's house to recover a sum of money which he owed him. In a letter to his wife, written in August 1708, Steele mentions that he has 'paid Mr Addison the whole one thousand pounds;' and at a later period he says, 'Mr Addison's money you will have to-morrow noon.' It is related of Goldsmith, whose heart adored humanity, that he enlarged his list of pensioners as his finances increased, and that his charity extended even to his last guinea. Once having visited a poor woman, whose sickness he plainly perceived was caused by an empty cupboard, he sent her a pill-box containing ten guineas, bearing the inscription, 'To be taken as occasion may require.' He was frequently deceived by impostors, who worked upon his generous sympathies with fabricated tales of most lamentable misfortunes; but no feeling mind will harshly censure him for his unsuspecting credulity and overflowing humanity. In his unbounded philanthropy he exclaims—

'Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned;
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.'

Gray, in one of his letters, written in 1761, says that Mr Benjamin Stillingfleet, the writer on natural history and agriculture, 'lives in a garret in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him. He is always employed, always cheerful, and is an honest worthy man.' Voltaire was ever happy to assist persons in distress, especially young persons of talent struggling with difficulty. The granddaughter of the great dramatic poet Peter Corneille, being destitute of money and friends, attracted the sympathy of Voltaire, who supported her for three years; and having by that time finished her education, he married her to a gentleman. Voltaire not only gave her a marriage-portion, but he wrote, and published by subscription, for her benefit, a commentary on the works of her celebrated grandfather, whereby she obtained in a short time fifty thousand livres. The king of France subscribed eight thousand livres, and some foreign princes followed his example: the Duke de Choiseul, the Duchess de Grammont, and Madame de Pompadour, subscribed considerable sums. M. De la Barde, the king's banker, took several copies, and greatly increased the sale of the work by his zeal in promoting the benevolent intentions of Voltaire. To an unfortunate bookseller at Colmar, whose affairs were much deranged, Voltaire made a present of his 'Annals of the Empire,' and also lent five thousand livres. Two brothers, respectable citizens of Geneva, having invited him to print his productions there, he complied, and made a present of his works to them in the same handsome manner as he had done to the bookseller at Colmar.

Shenstone was one day walking through his romantic retreat, in company with his Delia (Miss Wilmot), when a rather unpleasant intruder rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Delia fainted, while Shenstone quietly surrendered his purse, anxious to see the back of the man as quickly as possible. The robber seized the money, threw his pistol into the water, and immediately decamped. Shenstone ordered his footboy to pursue him at a distance, and observe whither he went. In a short time the lad returned, and informed his master that, having traced

the man to his home, he peeped through the keyhole of the door, and saw him throw the purse to his wife, and then taking up two of his poor children, one on each knee, he said to them he had ruined his soul to keep them from starving, and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Having learned that he was a labourer, reputed honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a large family, Shenstone went to his house, when the man, kneeling down at his feet, implored mercy. The poet not only forgave him, but provided him with employment as long as he lived.

When Lord Byron resided in the Albany, Piccadilly, a young lady, an unsuccessful poetess, who was friendless, and involved in difficulties through the misfortunes of her family, whose distressed state deeply preyed upon her mind, resolved, on the plea of authorship, to introduce herself to Byron, and solicit his subscription to her poems. From a perusal of his works, she concluded that he was of an amiable disposition, and much misunderstood by the world. His kind reception of her fully confirmed her opinion; for having simply stated her motive for coming to him, he in the most delicate manner prevented her from dwelling on any painful troubles, by immediately beginning some general conversation; in the course of which he wrote a draft, which he folded up and presented to her as his subscription. She did not of course look at the paper while in his presence, as his conversation was too delightful to be relinquished for a moment; but on her leaving him, she inspected it, when to her joy she found it was a draft on his banker for fifty pounds.

Roscoe humanely devoted the profits of his amusing 'Memoir of Richard Roberts' to the use of that singular, helpless, and half-witted person, well known in Liverpool from the extraordinary number of languages which he could read, self-taught. After the publication of Roscoe's work, the poor, and, till then, dirtily-clad linguist, might be seen properly clothed, with his portable library stuffed, as in former times, between his shirt and his skin, for he still disdained a fixed abode.

MINES OF NATURAL MANURE.

The 'Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette' announces the important fact, that beds of fossil phosphates—the most fertilising of manures—have been discovered in Surrey, along the lower edge of the chalk formation. Liebig has already predicted their existence in the following words: 'In the remains of an extinct animal world, England is to find the means of increasing her wealth in agricultural produce, as she has already found the great support of her manufacturing industry in fossil fuel.' The fulfilment of this prophecy is due to the exertions and researches of Mr J. M. Paine of Farnham. That gentleman having noticed that a certain portion of his estate, remarkable for the green tint of the soil, was exceedingly prolific, sent some of the earth to a chemist for analysis without any conclusive result, but afterwards forwarded to Professor Way a box of marl dug out of a pit sunk in the same sort of soil. This proved, on analysis, to possess great fertilising power, which was very materially increased when washed and selected. Out of the richest vein of one of the pits (says Mr Paine) we dug a mass weighing 32 lbs. This was thoroughly washed, and from it we obtained 14 lbs., or about 44 per cent., of clean hard fossil-like lumps of every size. The fossils contain sensible quantities of fluorine, but its proportion was not ascertained. Mr Paine has no doubt that similar strata of rich manure exist in equal, if not greater abundance in other parts of England. The vast importance of his discovery to agriculture need not be pointed out.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE FIRST OF MAY.

In Scotland, the observance of May morning seldom extends further than the bathing of faces in the tempting dew; but we learn that the young girls of a boarding-school in Dingwall, for the first time in the north, or at least in that ancient burgh, crowned their May-queen, danced round their Maypole, and observed the occasion with all due respect; the girls singing 'Flora, save the queen of May,' and kneeling by turns to present an offering of flowers, each emblematic of some tender wish.

THE FAR FAR EAST.

It was a dream of early years, the longest and the last,
And still it lingers bright and lone amid the dreary past;
When I was sick and sad at heart, and faint with grief and care,
It threw its radiant smile athwart the shadows of despair:
And still when falls the hour of gloom upon this wayward breast,
Unto the FAR FAR EAST I turn for solace and for rest.

I feel as if some former birth (as Indian sages tell)
Had given my migrant soul within these realms of light to dwell;
And now that, ever and anon, when vexed with strife and pain,
It struggles through the mists of time, and wanders home again:
For still in pious reverence to her I bow the knee,
As if indeed the FAR FAR EAST a mother were to me.

Sure 'tis the form I worshipped then which haunts my memory
now,

To mock with fairy light my dreams, and flush my pallid brow;
Sure 'tis the hand I then did grasp in friendship's holy strain,
For which this cold and selfish clime I search, and search in vain:
Alas! nor heart nor hand like these I meet where'er I rove,
And in the FAR FAR EAST lie hid man's faith and woman's love.

Oh for the morning's swiftest wings to bear me as I flee!
Oh for the mists of the waste, wild winds and moaning sea!
Oh to behold you western sun sink in his bloody grave,
And a new day-spring rise for me upon the desert wave!
Oh to throw off this coil of thought, and care, and grief, and pain,
And in the FAR FAR EAST to be a joyous child again!

L. R.

OUR WONDROUS ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome, arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like that grand object which the apostle John saw in his vision—'a sea of glass like unto crystal.' So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests, like snowflakes, to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile, that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realise the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous, that iron shivers before it like glass; yet a soap-bell sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wing. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back colour to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigour the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting-sun. But for it the rainbow would want its 'triumphal arch,' and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow-feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall, nor hail-storm nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads; and each creature space to find a place of rest, and to nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of night, and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends at first but one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goeth forth again to her labour till the evening.—*Quarterly Review.*

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THE SKERRYVORE LIGHTHOUSE.

In the Atlantic Ocean, between the Western Islands of Scotland and the north of Ireland, there is a cluster of rocks, the tops of which only appear above high water, and which were formerly the cause of much perdition of shipping, as they lay in the track of vessels making for the Irish Channel and the Firth of Clyde, and there was no means of warning the mariner against their treacherous neighbourhood. The centre of the cluster, from which the whole took their name, was the Skerryvore [that is, Great Rock], which at high water presented a few masses of small superficies, rising about five feet above the waves, so that in stormy weather it was swept over by every surge. On this rock, twelve miles from the island of Tirree, which is the nearest land, it was resolved in 1834 to erect a lighthouse, and the duty of conducting the operations was confided to Mr Alan Stevenson, son and successor of the respectable engineer by whom the Bell-Rock Lighthouse had been erected about twenty-five years before. We have now Mr Stevenson's account of the work in an elegant and elaborate quarto, which can scarcely be more interesting to the members of his profession for its technical and scientific details, than to the general public for its narrative of an unusual class of dangers and difficulties cheerfully encountered in the cause of humanity, and overcome through the aid of carefulness and skill.

Most persons in common life must be quite unprepared to hear of the peculiar steps necessary to be taken in order to rear a pharos upon a rock in such a situation. First, it is difficult in any state of the tide to land upon the rock. It affords no shelter, no room for working; it is twelve miles from land, and even that land is only an inhospitable wilderness, remote by two or three days' sail from any place where the conveniences of civilised life can be commanded, or any mechanical operations are conducted. These circumstances rendered necessary such a series of preliminary arrangements as only could be accomplished by a liberal outlay of money, and an exertion of foresight and patience equally extraordinary. On reviewing the work after it was perfected, one is at a loss whether most to admire the resources which a wealthy state can bring to bear on such objects, or the heroism and fortitude of the men who devoted themselves to the business.

The first step was a survey of the rock, in itself a most difficult task, which Mr Stevenson did not complete till the summer of 1835. He had then to take soundings all round, for the sake of the vessels which were to be employed in carrying on the works. He had also to examine the rock geologically, in order to ascertain its soundness, and its capability of being worked for a foundation. It proved to be a gneiss of excessive hardness, and yet perforated in sea-caves which narrowed consider-

ably the workable ground. One of these terminated in a narrow spherical chamber, worked smooth by the tumbling of a few boulders, and having an aperture at top, through which came occasionally a jet of water twenty feet high, white as snow, and during sunshine, clothed in the hues of the rainbow. So smoothened was the whole exterior of the rock by the dash of the sea, that at one of their early landings the foreman of the masons described it as like 'climbing up the outside of a bottle.'

The second step was to plant a colony of works at Hynish, in the south angle of the island of Tirree. Here a piece of ground, fifteen acres in extent, was *fenced* from the Duke of Argyll for the permanent establishment connected with the intended lighthouse, while thirty acres more were leased for the purposes of a temporary workyard. 'For our works,' says Mr Stevenson, 'craftsmen of every sort were to be transported, houses were to be built for their reception, provisions and fuel were to be imported, and tools and implements of every kind were to be made.' A steam tender was also to be built for communications between the works and the rock. These operations were the work of 1836 and 1837, during which time the quarrying of materials was also going on at Hynish, where, however, they ultimately found the stone to be unsuitable for the proposed tower. It was not till the beginning of the summer of 1838 that they were ready to effect any operations on the rock itself. The first duty there was to rear a wooden barrack for the accommodation of the men; a work of the most critical nature, on account of the violence of the sea-drift, to which it must necessarily be exposed. 'In providing,' says Mr Stevenson, 'the means of efficiently carrying on so many complicated operations in a situation so difficult and remote, it is impossible, even with the greatest foresight, to avoid omissions; while delay of a most injurious kind may result from very trivial wants. Even the omission of a handful of sand, or a piece of clay, might effectually stop for a season the progress of plans in the maturing of which hundreds of pounds had been expended. Accordingly, although I had bestowed all the forethought which I could give to the various details of the preparation for the season (of which I found it absolutely indispensable to be personally aware, even to the extent of the cooking dishes), new wants were continually springing up, and new delays occasioned, so that it was not until the evening of the 23d of June that I could embark at Tobermory in the *Pharos* Lighthouse Tender, commanded by Mr Thomas Macurich, with all the requisites on board for commencing the season's operations.' It was not till five days after that Mr Stevenson could effect a landing on the rock, where he spent an afternoon in marking off sites for the proposed barrack, the smith's forge, and other articles required for the

work. He had then to return to Greenock for the remainder of the necessary implements, and he did not land again on Skerryvore till the 7th of August. The disembarkation of various heavy articles, and the carrying of them over the slippery rocks, were operations of extreme difficulty, attended by considerable discomfort; yet, adds Mr Stevenson, 'it invariably happened that, in spite of all the fatigue and privation attending a day's work on this unsheltered rock, the landmen were for the most part sorry to exchange it for the ship, which rolled so heavily, as to leave few free from sea-sickness, and to deprive most of the workmen of sleep at night, even after their unusually great exertions during the day.'

While proceeding with the landing of materials, the party suffered a gale on the night of the 8th of August, and with great difficulty got through the environing shoals to their retreat at Hynish. 'A more anxious night I never spent; there being upwards of thirty people on board, with the prospect, during several hours, of striking every minute.' Returning four days after, they had six days of good weather, which enabled them to fasten up the strong pyramid of beams 44 feet high, on a base about 34 feet in diameter, on which the barrack was to be perched. While thus engaged, 'the economy of our life was somewhat singular. We landed at four o'clock every morning to commence work, and generally breakfasted on the rock at eight, at which time the boat arrived with large pitchers of tea, bags of biscuit, and *canteens* of beef. Breakfast was despatched in half an hour, and work resumed, till about two o'clock, which hour brought the dinner, differing in its materials from breakfast only in the addition of a thick potage of vegetables, and the substitution of beer for tea. Dinner occupied no longer time than breakfast, and, like it, was succeeded by another season of toil, which lasted until eight, and sometimes till nine o'clock, when it was so dark, that we could scarcely scramble to the boats, and were often glad to avail ourselves of all the assistance we could obtain from an occasional flash of a lantern, and from following the voices. Once on the deck of the little tender, and the boats hoisted in, the materials of breakfast were again produced under the name of supper; but the heaving of the vessel damped the animation which attended the meals on the rock, and destroyed the appetite of the men, who, with few exceptions, were so little *sea-worthy*, as to prefer messing on the rock even during rain, to facing the closeness of the forecabin. As I generally retired to the cabin to write up my notes, when that was practicable, and to wait the arrival of my own refection, I was sometimes considerably amused by the regularity with which the men chose their mess-masters, and the desire which some displayed for the important duties of carving and distributing the rations. Even the short time that could be snatched from the half-hour's interval at dinner was generally devoted to a nap; and the amount of hard labour and long exposure to the sun, which could hardly be reckoned at less than sixteen hours a-day, prevented much conversation over supper; yet in many the love of controversy is so deeply rooted, that I have often, from my small cabin, overheard the political topics of the day, with regard to church and state, very gravely discussed on deck over a pipe of tobacco.' Bad weather recurring, they were obliged to run for shelter once more, and they did not re-land on the rock till the 31st of August, and only then for a few hours. They had only occasional landings for nearly a fortnight afterwards, and at last they were obliged to quit work for the season on the 11th of September, leaving things in a less finished state than was desirable. 'Before leaving the rock,' says Mr Stevenson, 'I climbed to the top of the pyramid, from which I now, for the first time, got a bird's-eye view of the various shoals which the stormy state of the sea so well dis-

closed; and my elevation above the rock itself decreased the apparent elevation of the rugged ledge so much, that it seemed to me as if each successive wave must sweep right over its surface, and carry us all before it into the wide Atlantic. So loud was the roaring of the wind among the timbers of the barrack, and so hoarse the clamour of the waves, that I could not hear the voices of the men below; and I with difficulty occasionally caught the sharp tinkle of the hammers on the rock. When I looked back upon the works of the season, upon our difficulties, and, I must add, dangers, and the small result of our exertions—for we had only been 165-hours at work on the rock between the 7th August and the 11th September—I could see that in good truth there were many difficulties before us; but there was also much cause for thankfulness in the many escapes we had made.'

Mr Stevenson left the works with a pleasing anxiety from what had already been effected; but to his great distress, a storm which occurred early in November carried away all but a fragment of the strong work which they had erected. The smith's forge at the same time disappeared, and the anvil was carried eight yards from its proper situation. So unexpected was the fate of the pyramid, that it was concluded that some portion of a wreck had dashed against it, and thus assisted in its destruction.

Another evil of this time was the failure of the quarries at Hynish, and the necessity of bringing stones from a superior quarry at Ross, in the Isle of Mull. The stone thus obtained was a granite of great durability, nearly as hard and dense as the gneiss of Tirree. It gives a striking idea of the difficulties of the whole undertaking, that the blocks could not be directly transported from Mull to Skerryvore; they had to be landed at Hynish, and re-shipped for the rock at certain happy junctures, when the weather was such as to permit a landing of them at Skerryvore. While remaining at Hynish, they were fully dressed with all requisite exactness, and laid down course after course on a flat surface, so as to ascertain their suitability for taking their designed places in the building. Among the preliminaries at Hynish hitherto not spoken of, was the construction of a low-water pier for the embarkation of the materials.

In the course of the working season of 1839 (a working season at the rock lasted only from May till September), a second pyramid was formed on somewhat securer principles, and the barrack fitted upon it. The latter was a wooden box divided into three storeys, of which the two lowest were penetrated by the beams of the pyramid. The first served as a kitchen, the second was divided into two cabins, one of which was for Stevenson's use, the other for the foreman of the works; the third storey was for the thirty men who were to be engaged in the rearing of the lighthouse. While this work was proceeding, the space for the foundation of the tower was in the course of being excavated—a work of immense difficulty, owing to the hardness of the rock, and which was not completed till next summer. During the season of 1839, they also prepared a sort of wharf for the debarkation of the stores for the building. It was done by blasting; and the mines were sprung during high tide by a galvanic battery, 'to the great amazement and even terror of the native boatmen, who were obviously much puzzled to trace the mysterious link which connected the drawing of a string, at the distance of about one hundred yards, with a low murmur like distant thunder, and a sudden commotion of water in the landing-place, which boiled up, and then belched forth a dense cloud of smoke; nor was their surprise lessened when they saw that it had been followed by a large rent in the rock.' During August they had a severe storm, which destroyed their moorings, and carried off the smith's forge; but on the whole, this was a more successful season than the last; and when they returned in April 1840, everything was found in good order, even to the biscuit which they had left in the

barrack for any shipwrecked crew which might have chanced to be thrown on the rock.

In May, the party took up their residence in the barrack, and the time formerly consumed in embarking and disembarking being thus spared, they were able to advance somewhat faster with their labours. It was, however, an uncomfortable habitation, and in bad weather, life on Skerryvore was far from agreeable. According to Mr Stevenson—'During the first month we suffered much from the flooding of our apartments with water, at times when heavy sprays lashed the walls of the barrack with great violence, and also during rainy weather; and in northerly gales we had much difficulty in keeping ourselves warm. On one occasion, also, we were fourteen days without communication with the shore or the steamer; and during the greater part of that time we saw nothing but white fields of foam as far as the eye could reach, and heard nothing but the whistling of the wind and the thunder of the waves, which were at times so loud, as to make it almost impossible to hear any one speak. For several days the seas rose so high, as to prevent our attempting to go down to the rock; and the cold and comfortless nature of our abode reduced all hands to the necessity of seeking warmth in bed, where (rising only to our meals) we generally spent the greater part of the day, listening to the howling of the winds and the beating of the waves, which occasionally made the house tremble in a startling manner. Such a scene, with the ruins of the former barrack not twenty yards from us, was calculated only to inspire the most desponding anticipations; and I well remember the undefined sense of dread that flashed across my mind on being awakened one night by a heavy sea, which struck the barrack, and made my cot or hammock swing inwards from the wall, and was immediately followed by a cry of terror from the men in the apartment above me, most of whom, startled by the sound and tremor, immediately sprang from their berths to the floor, impressed with the idea that the whole fabric had been washed into the sea. The alarm, however, was very short, and the solemn pause which succeeded the cry was soon followed by words of reassurance and congratulation. Towards the end of the fourteen days I began to grow very uneasy, as our provisions were drawing to a close; and when we were at length justified, by the state of the sea on the rock, in making the signal to those on shore (at the hour fixed for pointing the telescope at Hynish on the barrack) that a landing could be effected, we had not more than twenty-four hours' provision on the rock, so that when the steamer came in sight she was hailed by all hands with the greatest joy.'

He says elsewhere—'The economy of our life on the rock was strange enough. At half-past three in the morning we were called, and at four the work commenced, continuing till eight, when half an hour was given for breakfast; after which it was carried on till two, when another half-hour was given for dinner; and the work was again resumed, and continued till seven, eight, and even nine o'clock, when anything urgent was in hand. Supper was then produced, and eaten with more leisure and comfort in the cool of the evening. Such protracted exertion produced a continual drowsiness, and almost every one who sat down fell fast asleep. I have myself repeatedly fallen asleep in the middle of breakfast or dinner; and have not unfrequently awakened, pen in hand, with a half-written word on the paper! Yet life on the Skerryvore rock was by no means destitute of its peculiar pleasures. The grandeur of the ocean's rage, the deep murmur of the waves, the hoarse cry of the sea-birds, which wheeled continually over us, especially at our meals, the low moaning of the wind, or the gorgeous brightness of a glassy sea and a cloudless sky, and the solemn stillness of a deep blue vault, studded with stars, or cheered by the splendours of the full moon, were the phases of external things that often arrested our thoughts in a situation where, with all the bustle that sometimes prevailed, there was

necessarily so much time for reflection. Those changes, together with the continual succession of hopes and fears connected with the important work in which we were engaged, and the oft-recurring calls for advice or direction, as well as occasional hours devoted to reading and correspondence, and the pleasures of news from home, were more than sufficient to reconcile me to, nay, to make me really enjoy, an uninterrupted residence, on one occasion, of not less than five weeks on that desert rock.'

The masonry of the tower was commenced on the 4th of July 1840, and conducted with great spirit for the remainder of the season, at the close of which it had been carried to the height of 8 feet 2 inches. Recommened in the ensuing May, the solid part, forming the basis, was completed on the 8th July. During the early part of this season 'the weather was intensely cold, with showers of sleet, and heavier showers of spray, which dashed round us in all directions, to the great discomfort of the poor masons, whose apartments did not admit of a large wardrobe, while they had not the benefit of much room for drying their clothes at the small *cobose* or cooking-stove in the barrack. For days together, also, the men were left without building materials, owing to the impossibility of landing them, or, what was worse, without the power of building what we had on hand, in consequence of the violence of the winds. During such times we often felt much anxiety about the safety of the stones which we had piled on the rock ready for being built; and it took no small trouble, by the occasional application of the crane, to save them from being swept into the sea by the surf. Nothing struck me more than the illusive effect produced on the mind by the great waves which rolled past the rock. The rapidity of their movements, and the noise which accompanied their passage through the gullies and rents of the rugged reef, seemed to give them the appearance of being much larger than they really were; and even when viewed from the tower, after it had risen to the height of thirty feet, they seemed, on approaching the rock, to be on the eve of washing right over the top of the building, and sweeping all before them into the sea. It was a long time before, by continually watching the waves, and comparing their apparent height with the results of their impact on the rock, we were enabled to correct our notions of their magnitude, so as to mark the approach of their crested curling heads with composure; and some of the party never became sufficiently familiarised with those visitors to avoid suddenly looking round when the rush of a breaker was heard behind them, or recoiling a few paces when they saw its towering crest apparently about to burst in a torrent over their heads. It was only after a long residence on the rock, and continual experimental observation, that I acquired confidence to approach within a few feet of the point which I expected the breakers to reach.' At the close of the season in August, when the pile was gauged, it was found to preserve the diameter due to the height to the 16th of an inch, and the height exceeded the contemplated dimension by only half an inch!

On the 21st July 1842, the masonry was completed, being a tower of 137 feet 11 inches, curving inwards from a basis of 42 feet, and containing nine apartments over each other, for the accommodation of the establishment by which the light was to be sustained. It contains 58,580 cubic feet, and 4308 tons of material. From the exactness with which the stones were dressed, it had never been necessary to redress any deviation from the outline of the building to an extent materially exceeding an eighth of an inch. Not a joint in the structure was ever found in the slightest degree to give way. The lantern was now put up, and thus the whole structure was completed before the close of the third season: but it was not till February 1844 that, the whole furnishings being complete, and the keepers introduced to reside in the building, the light was for the first time exhibited. It is an apparatus of eight annular lenses

revolving round a lamp of four concentric wicks, and producing a bright blaze every minute, visible to the distance of eighteen miles.*

So ended the construction of the Skerryvore lighthouse—a work which we hope will long remain as a monument of the power of man over the physical elements by which he is surrounded. Notwithstanding all the difficulties and perils attending the work, and though several scores of men were engaged in it for several years, it was accomplished without any serious accident. It is a work which could only have been carried into execution in a time of great material wealth and great scientific skill like the present. There are some shortsighted persons who condemn capital as a thing opposed to the interests of the industrious classes; and there are others who, with less in their circumstances or education to excuse them, speak disparagingly of our age as a mechanical one. Let the one inform us how, without great stores of wealth, any country could have afforded to spend eighty-nine thousand pounds on a lighthouse, in order, among other objects, to save poor sailors from destruction. Let the others tell us if there are many moral spectacles more sublime or ennobling than that of natural science turned to such purposes, and working out its ends amongst such difficulties. The age of chivalry is not past: only, the heroes of our age are men who, instead of pursuing whims or wreaking out sanguinary feelings, endure great toils, in order to bring the laws established by the Almighty to work for the extension of human happiness, and the diminution of human suffering.

SHANEEN OF THE HILL.

DID any of our readers ever go mushroom-gathering? It is pleasant sport; at least so we thought long ago in what is called life's holiday—though the time we are supposed to be learning our lessons—when with basket in hand, or with hat or bonnet as a substitute, we would ramble away, on some summer's eve, over the breezy hills, diligently looking out for the snowy little tufts, that showed their heads here and there through grass so green, and so short, from the cropping of the sheep, that even the tiniest foot could find nothing to sink in. What sharp reconnoitring glances were cast around; what demure unconscious looks lest another should spy our prize before we could reach it; or if, perchance, more than one keen pair of little eyes did light on the same object at the same instant, what headlong racing, what rolling on the close slippery grass, what active bounding—one, two, three, and away—over the prostrate bodies; what gratitude to the lazy good-natured one, always the last, that saved his credit so well by stopping to pick up the fallen; and then what forgiveness to the success of the foremost, returning with contrite face to offer the fruits of victory as an *amende*!

In such sport then, and on such an evening, we children once wandered away, regardless of distance or of time, until our well-filled baskets allowed no excuse for farther lingering, and the brilliant clouds in the west, now growing paler and paler, warned us it was time we should return home. Yes, we knew it well—that even then we were expected—that we must have strayed too far—that we were surely earning a lecture: but all the same was it to us in that happy heedless hour; and still, and still we loitered: now yielding to each fresh temptation of adding another, and yet one more, to our gatherings; now sitting on the mossy bank beneath some old hawthorn counting over our spoil; now argu-

ing which, in number or size, ought to reckon for most; and now making all contentedly equal by emptying the baskets, and refilling them from one common heap.

Thus engrossed, we had forgotten all but our occupation and ourselves, when suddenly a long shadow was thrown in amidst our little group; and raising our heads with a start, we saw standing between us and the last rays of the sun a figure not at all like the gigantic one prostrate before us. It was only a young lad, not very much older than the oldest of ourselves, bare-headed, barefooted, and with garments more picturesque than entire, evidently the shepherd of the flock, which, now closing up together as they hastily cropped the short herbage at our feet, told audibly, as well as visibly, that they at least felt it time to prepare for the night.

The boy returned our look of inquiry with one still more searching, relaxing at last into a sort of comical glance as he spoke some words in Irish, which we guessed to mean that he had mistaken us for fairies; but changing the expression of his face in an instant, with a perplexed but still shrewd and inquisitive look he thus more intelligibly addressed us:—'If ye didn't rise up out of the earth, or drop down from the sky, at anyrate 'tis far from home ye must be, and the night coming on. Where is the house that would hold ye, or the people that own ye, for I never laid eyes on the likes of ye before?'

True enough now was our time to look really startled. We all stood up, heedless of our overturned baskets and their lately-valued contents; we stood up, and gazed far and wide, as well as the fading light would permit; but not one familiar landmark could we descry, and turning to each other with faces blank with dismay, the one thought needed no words to express it—we have wandered too far: we are lost! How exactly that scene returns—that feeling—the miserable transition from unthinking enjoyment to alarm and care; the sudden importance acquired by the ragged little shepherd, as we all turned our eyes on him for information and advice, and his own quick consciousness of his position, as, assuming the great man in a moment, he looked down on us wretched little people with a grave and troubled air, all the while preserving an ominous silence, more reproachful and alarming than words could have been! At last the smile that all the time had been lurking in his eyes broke out into a laugh of irrepressible gaiety, as, bounding down from the little mound on which we were standing, he led the way to the brow of the hill behind us; and there, on the other side, far away indeed across the valley, but still within view, pointed out a line of plantation, at the same time pronouncing the name of our home with another quick glance of inquiry, succeeded by a nod of satisfaction, as we all joyfully exclaimed, 'Oh, is it there!' And yet the sight was but a passing relief. Every one that remembers an adventure of childhood, can recall how powerfully imagination always magnified the danger or the delight; how far away the landmarks seemed—how very near the clouds; and we, young as we were, being well read in story, all kinds of recollections mingled with our anticipations to heighten our distress: wild beasts, banditti, forests, caves; the wide, wide valley before us, the river in which some one had been drowned; until at last a night on the hill, and a bed on the heather, seemed the better alternative to those imaginary fears that conquered the more rational dread of alarm to our parents, and anger to ourselves. But there were brave little hearts amongst us after all; and their exhortations, with reiterated assurances of safe guidance from our new friend, at last gave some courage even to the most timid; and with spirits somewhat calmed, and hearts at anyrate resolved, we set out 'eastward darkly going' on our pilgrimage home.

So this was our first acquaintance with Shaneen. We have dwelt so long on the introduction, that there is hardly time to tell how well he fulfilled his under-

* The completion of Mr Stevenson's labours has been the preparation of a splendid quarto, giving an 'Account of the Skerryvore Lighthouse, with Notes on the Illumination of Lighthouses.' Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh. To the narrative portions of this volume we are indebted for the materials of the above paper. The scientific details, and numerous illustrative plates, give the work itself an attraction which must be felt considerably beyond the bounds of the profession.

taking; how the look of mischief and fun vanished at the sight of our evident distress; how nothing but good-nature shone out as he would stoop to mount the smallest of us by turns on his back; how exactly he made his way to the ford with the stepping-stones; how he knew all the short cuts, and the gaps in the ditches; and above all, how, when utterly foot and heart-weary, some stumbled and fell, declaring they never again could get up; how he drew out, as if by magic, a little fife from his pocket, and playing up a well-known national air, put fresh vigour into us all, and enabled us to march steadily to the sound of it for the rest of the way.

He was a wonderful Shaneen! What a speech, nothing daunted, he made in our favour when we hadn't a word to say for ourselves! What a first-rate performer we all considered him, when, forgiven and rested, we were allowed after supper to bring him into the parlour, and hear him play two tunes more, a slow and a merry one, before we went off to our nests! What regrets when we inquired for him again in the morning; and yet what approval to find that no persuasions could induce him to desert his post for the night, and that, before our weary heads were well laid on the pillow, he was off and away to his flock on the hills! But from that time forward Shaneen often paid us a visit. Many an old tune he taught us, many a new one he learned: gradually he was made possessor of shoes, and a cap, and more comfortable clothing; and then he was taken to watch our own sheep, and then at last he was sent to school. All was well until then: but Shaneen was a born idler. It was said he was a genius; but if so, it lay between mischief and music—his friends giving him credit for the one, his foes for the other. He would set the whole school distracted with his song or his whistling, his pranks or his jokes; and the master could never leave the house for ten minutes, without finding himself recalled by the sound of the fife. This was particularly unfortunate, as he was of an agricultural turn, and would gladly have made leisure, even during school hours, to bestow on his farm. Under the monitorship of some good stupid lads, this had been always attainable, until the luckless moment of Shaneen's admission: then all was turned upside down. What a scandal to have the puffers-by think he was 'holding a pattern,' when he, the decent man, had set all to their Voster, and little expected to find them figuring in a reel when he came back from the field! Human patience could bear no more; so Shaneen also probably thought after undergoing a mercurious drubbing; and being further threatened with expulsion, he escaped the disgrace by a voluntary flight.

Very sorry were we for poor Shaneen, and uneasy about him too. Days and months passed away without bringing any tidings, and we often blamed the school-master, and even sometimes blamed ourselves, as we remembered the simple pastoral life from which we had withdrawn him, and feared that it had but badly prepared him for the friendless intercourse with the world to which in all probability he had subjected himself.

But long as we had known Shaneen, we did not really know him: he had a plan of his own, to which all his aspirations long had been tending; and he was only waiting an opportunity to place it before us in a favourable light, when his hopes were completely upset by finding us bent on his mental improvement. Silently submitting, he was still heard at the time to say, 'If the could mather must make a scollard of me, why, there's no saying agin' it. I'll do my best; and no blame to me or his honour if natur breaks out.'

This soliloquy was often afterwards remembered in his favour when charges of ingratitude were brought against Shaneen; and he had still better advocates; for never would a burst of the dairymaids' chorus float in from the bawn, or never would an old lonesome Irish air rise up from the valley, whistled by the ploughman as he followed his team, without reviving a memory of our own little minstrel, and winning even the most

obdurate to say, 'I wish we could tell what became of poor Shaneen.'

At length a round-about message gave news of his existence, and of his yearning to see us again. Poor fellow! he had viewed his offences in a much more aggravated light than any one else, as he did not venture even to send a direct messenger with his earnest request for forgiveness, and permission to play for the dancing on 'Miss Lucy's birthday;' and we with curiosity, or rather interest, too much alive to await his arrival, had some difficulty in tracing the intelligence to a source that could supply us with farther news. At last we made it out, and then for the first time learned that Shaneen's enterprising spirit had worked out the fulfilment of its own early day-dream. By a kind of free-masonry, which stood him instead of other recommendation, he had ingratiated himself with a favourite old piper, who used to pay his periodical visits quite in reputable guise with his pony and his boy. To become his pupil and attendant was Shaneen's secret ambition, the plan for which he had hoped our influence would not be refused; and he had only been waiting the next visit more effectually to propose it, when he was thus suddenly thrown upon his own resources, and acting for himself at a venture, succeeded as well as if he had all our interest at his back. The old man took a fancy to him at once, taught him his art, made him the companion of his wanderings—the life of all others most delightful to Shaneen—and even in regard to his feelings, withdrew for a while from the line of route which included the scene of his delinquencies; and finally, quite won by his assiduity, his talent, and his progress, bequeathed the pipes and the pony to 'his worthier hands.'

And now, to use Shaneen's own phrase, he was 'settled for life to travel about.' The first use he made of his independence was, as we have told, to renew his intercourse with his earliest friends; and never surely was arrival hailed with greater pleasure. He came exactly on 'Miss Lucy's birthday.' How we rejoiced in his advancement, wondered at his improvement, praised and introduced him to our assembled guests; while invitations and engagements came so fast upon Shaneen, that one would have thought there was to be nothing but dancing for the rest of the year. Merrily on our side we set the example; well was his part performed; and dear little Lucy, when she stood up at the top of that long country-dance set, promoted for the first time to the honour of a grown-up partner, what would she have done, 'midst her embarrassment and blushes, with every eye fixed on her, waiting until she named the dance—what would she have done with that cruel partner that enjoyed her confusion, calling audibly for 'Miss Lucy's fancy,' by way of giving help, had not sly Shaneen, prompt and good-natured as ever, caused a diversion, and given them all full occupation in a moment, by playing up that irresistible measure, the Fox-hunter's Jig?

Honours and rewards fell thick on Shaneen—Mr O'Flaherty now, except amongst ourselves. In those jovial days he was made welcome wherever he went: short need be the invitation that at the same time announced his arrival; and many an impromptu ball was got up for the sake of the piper, instead of the piper being summoned to attend at the ball. Indeed it began to be whispered that prosperity was spoiling him—that he had his especial favourites, and could be relied on only by them: but we never found out that he unreasonably disappointed any; and if he had favourites, could we blame him while we were at the top of the list?

Once only—for complaints were always brought to us—we found it hard to excuse him, when, being appointed piper to the Esmonde Hunt, and called on to play for the club after dinner, he shut up his pipes and walked out of the room, because whisky punch was ordered for him while the members were enjoying their claret. It surely seemed an absurd impertinence: but he had his favourites there too, and some of them followed to

remonstrate—some advising him to apologise, some requesting him to return, and all promising better treatment for the time to come: but no; Shaneen was inexorable, and to all their intreaties gave this one answer, comprehending all he would say for past, present, and future—'Twas not for myself, but for my music I stood up; 'tis that alone that brings me into such honourable company, and for its sake I expect honourable treatment wherever I go. I would play for the childer on the cabin flure, and thank them kindly for the dhrink of cowl water they brought from the spring; the girls at the farm will never say I slackened my hand when there was nothing in theirs but the cup of fresh butter-milk; and yer honours can remember that many's the time the jug passed backwards and forwards between the cowl masher and myself, till I bothered him fairly to sleep with "The colleen dhas cruthen a mo." But new music for new fashions they will never match me—and if I once was to light up my heart with a dhrup of the cratur, while the cowl wine was quenching their hearts and their brains, believe me for once—and there's no more use in talking—we'd part before the end of the night with more difference than now.'

There was no arguing further; the club dinners lost their chief attraction: but one of the members secured it at once for his own. A jolly old sportsman, he applauded O'Flaherty's spirit, dubbed him his family piper, and carried him home. Here for a while Shaneen seemed quite contented, 'with the best of treatment, company, music, and dancing galore;' but at the first opportunity the errant nature once more broke out: he transferred his allegiance from the father to one of the sons; and sorry, though not much surprised, we received his farewells before he set out with 'Master Darby,' and some others as restless and enterprising as himself, to try their fortune in fighting with the Irish legion for the young queen of Spain.

Their fortune was sorely tried—to believe their own story—the fickle goddess having made them her especial sport. But in one respect they were successful—they returned again; though without one other companion left to contradict or confirm their tale. For this singular good luck Master Darby modestly and quite satisfactorily accounted, by hints of royal regard, which of course no one expected to have more fully detailed; but Shaneen, who did not feel under such deep obligations, whispered, in confidence, that they had barely escaped from a prison, where he at least was near being ruined for life by the rats having taken a fancy to nibble his fingers and toes; and he never could remember the outlandish name of that princess to whose favour Master Darby imputed their deliverance, though always ready to swear in Spanish, English, and Irish, that she would gladly have made him her own, only he thought it rather pleasanter to come home with his head on his shoulders than remain to have it chopped off for the amusement of 'the furriners. Upon my life it is no lie, though not one of ye believe me. If Miss Lucy was here, 'tis she would give me credit, for she understood my manners, and knew I always meant the truth when I told a good story of another or a bad one of myself.'

But Miss Lucy was no longer there—that ally was gone. Whether in a spirit of observation or of prophecy, Shaneen struck the right chord when he played the 'Fox-hunter' as Miss Lucy's fancy. Happily her choice possessed other perfections also, and more than supplied the place of home and friends when they had to cross the Atlantic together, and settle for a while in a distant land. There, one evening at a party in her own house, an Irish officer in command of the neighbouring garrison came up to her with a smiling apology for bringing an uninvited guest; 'but,' added he, 'we brought a piper over from Ireland with the regiment—a capital one too—and I thought, for the sake of our common country, you would like to hear some of its old music again.'

'Oh surely—most gladly,' answered Lucy eagerly:

'you do not know what pleasant recollections the sound would recall;' and beckoning to her side two little prattlers, in whom she had an especial property, and who on this occasion had been allowed to sit up somewhat later than usual, she prepared them and the circle round her for the enjoyment they were about to have.

It was a large, long room, and at the farther end the musician entered, and making his bow, took a seat near the door. Lucy's glance just rested for a moment on the uniform of the regiment, and then leaning back in her chair, with eyelids half-closed, in silent pleasurable expectation listened to the first few preluding notes; but hardly had they floated up along through the room, when, starting, her eyes met those of her husband's, turned towards her at the same moment, and instantly the same exclamation burst from each, 'Can it be—can it possibly be Shaneen?'

It really was himself. In a minute they stood beside him; in a minute glad words of recognition, of surprise, and of welcome had mutually passed; then followed the hurried questions, when, how, and why did he come all the way; and of course Shaneen in one word threw the blame on 'the praties;' adding, that between poor-laws and poor-houses, 'ould Ireland was no place for a gintleman now. And the short and the long of it, Miss Lucy, asthore—madam, I mean, begging yer honour's pardon—sorry a wedding or a christening from Advent to Shrove, or to Advent again; and when mirth is gone, music may well say good-by.'

'Well, Shaneen,' said Lucy's husband, 'I hope you will find a different story here; and as they are all in expectation, will you give us once more "Miss Lucy's fancy," for the sake of old times?'

Shaneen's lively glance rested on them both for a moment with its happiest expression; then something made him bend over his pipes as if to tune them; but they wanted no tuning, so again looking up, he said gaily as ever, 'Shall I give it all to them? The "Madhereen Rhue" will astonish the natives.'

'Then do give it all,' answered both of them laughing; 'and yet not to astonish the natives, Shaneen, but for the sake of many an Irish heart now in the room, that will warm to the sound of the Madhereen Rhue.'

We hope that few of our readers are so unlucky as never to have heard this exciting composition. Played on the Irish bagpipe, and by a good performer, it gives, as far as mere sound can convey, a scene of life and motion, a complete idea of a fox-hunt—the 'Madhereen Rhue' being the Irish for 'the little red dog,' *alias* 'Mr Fox,' whose peccadilloes form the opening and burden of the air all along in every interval between the find, the pursuit, the death, until at last the supposed convivialities of the evening are wound up by the never-failing Fox-hunter's Jig. Even on the spot where those scenes are real, how often have we been carried away by this lively representation! What, then, must have been its effect on those who now heard it again for the first time in a foreign land? All outward, all present associations forgotten, once more the hand was on the bridle, the light laugh upon the lip, then the gathering by the covert-side, the throwing off, the breathless pause; while amidst the measured notes would break in the chopping of some favourite hound, then another, and another, and then the wild burst as all mingled in full cry, and were off at a view: hardly could even Lucy refrain from joining in the 'tally—tally!' that broke from every lip; hardly could she bear the laugh it excited the next minute; and proudly would she have directed her husband's glance to the old Irish blood mantling up in the cheek of their own bright boy, as instinctively it warmed to the sound, had she not been restored to recollection by a smile that said plainly, 'I trust he is born to better things.'

Poor Lucy, she answered the smile with another, that might just as well have been a tear, for memory at the moment would not down; and in the young beaming face beside her she saw again her own boy brothers, and many a dear companion of their time; and now,

when the music saddened, and the wild lament at the death was played, when it seemed answered back again by the still wilder echoes of her own native glen—and last of all, when her darling, forgetful of everything but his delight, sprang across the room, and threw his arms round Shaneen's neck, she was fairly overcome, and burying her face in the sofa pillow, wept outright.

Again, poor Lucy, what would she have done but for 'the winding up?' when her own dear husband, taking her hand, led her forward, and each individual, old and young, in the room, following their example, the past and the future were swallowed up for the moment in the present enjoyment of the Fox-hunter's Jig.

And Shaneen, amidst a continually-shifting tide, has at last, strange to say, come to a quiet anchor: he has found out that there are better ways of settling than 'travelling about,' being partly indebted for the discovery to Lucy's light-hearted Canadian maid. But still, even as in earliest days, his notes give fresh life to the disheartened and weary ones: many a poor and careworn emigrant has passed onwards, revived by some well-beloved strain that was heard in the freshness of life's early promise, and now almost renews that promise again; while on happier occasions, when even far away over the waters, 'a rare Irish wedding' may be still brought about, who like Shaneen to complete the illusion, and make them all but believe they are dancing again with 'those they've left behind them?'

A WORD ON A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

In 1846, an Industrial School for the education of poor children gathered from the streets was established in Dundee, from which the best effects, as regards the diminution of petty crime, were confidently anticipated. We are sorry to observe by a police report in a Dundee newspaper, that notwithstanding the operations of this useful seminary, crime cannot be said to have diminished in amount within the town; at least only two persons fewer have appeared before the police court in 1847 as compared with the number in 1846; while there is an increase of 101 persons as compared with 1844. This phenomenon has naturally attracted considerable attention, and the conviction is arrived at, that there must be 'some power at work' counteractive of the exertions made to cut up crime at its roots, by the establishment of the institution to which we have referred. If there be such a power, what is it? This is a question which merits an earnest investigation, and we could have wished that it had engaged the attention of the local authorities, and others interested, in a manner which would have gone far to settle all doubts on the subject.

At a public meeting which ensued on the publication of the Report, all the speakers, the resident sheriff included, were of one mind as to the cause of fully one-half of all the criminal cases which occurred in the town; and that cause, as will readily be supposed, was inordinate indulgence in intoxicating liquors. The power counteractive of peace and orderly behaviour was traceable to drink. On this point there could not exist the slightest doubt, for the fact was proved by statistical analysis. Having arrived at this unavoidable conclusion, the speakers one and all seem to have formed the opinion that the cause of drunkenness was the great number of public-houses and shops in which drink was sold; and that it would be proper to adopt all reasonable means to have that number reduced. One speaker, a clergyman, imputed the evil chiefly to the opening of public-houses on Sunday, and contended for some rigorous measures to enforce their being closed on that day. There the matter appears to have rested.

It is to be regretted that bodies of intelligent men

should almost systematically take so narrow a view of this very serious and complicated subject. That much crime is imputable to drunkenness, is quite true, but drunkenness is surely nothing more than the cause-proximate: there is a cause remote—a cause which causes the drunkenness; and can that, with any justice, be said to be merely the number of public-houses—the convenience presented for purchasing and imbibing liquors? Of course temptation leads to error; and every well-disposed person would wish to see the temptation to drinking lessened as far as is practicable. On that we agree with the speakers on the above occasion. But we hope to be excused for stating it as our belief, that local authorities will find it necessary to go somewhat deeper into social statistics, if they desire to reach the origin of the mischief.

The prevalence of habits of intoxication in Scotland would require to be investigated on a comprehensive scale, and with constant reference to the usages and social condition of other countries. A few observations will show the necessity for this form of inquiry. Drunkenness is caused by the cheapness and accessibility of liquors, says almost everybody. But how does this assumption agree with the fact, that there are countries—Holland, for example—where intoxicating liquors are abundant and cheap, and yet the people in these lands are comparatively sober in their habits? Again, drunkenness is pretty generally ascribed to the opening of public-houses on Sunday. But this assumption is met by the equally startling fact, that there are countries where there is no legally-recognised Sabbath, and where nearly all kinds of traffic are carried on as usual on Sunday; and yet the people in these countries are less given to habits of intoxication than the Scotch, or even the English. We appeal to all travellers if such is not obviously the case. Nothing is more common than to hear otherwise well-informed persons accounting for social evils by an exclusive reference to things only secondary or superficial, or which, in reality, have no actual connection with the subject. How frequently, for instance, do we hear it stated that the whole cause of Ireland's poverty and wretchedness is Roman Catholicism, while, by taking a short trip to Belgium, it would be distinctly seen that a country may be most intensely Roman Catholic, and yet that its people may be sober, orderly, industrious, their houses and farms models of neatness, and their morals unexceptionable. To account for great national idiosyncrasies by a reference to causes not borne out by principles universally applicable, is neither wise nor safe. In all investigations of this sort, we must ever take human nature, with all its aspirations and failings, along with us.

A volume would be required to treat the subject of intemperance thoroughly; and all we can here expect to do, is to point out the fallacy of imputing this monstrous evil to either Sunday trafficking or general dram-selling, and to lead those who possess more leisure into the track of right investigation. For the sake of seeing an effective reform accomplished, we would wish to toss overboard the small and local notions which at present unfortunately misdirect public attention. Let the authorities by all means proceed to regulate the public-house system; but with the assurance that *where there is a demand, there will be a corresponding supply*. They may rest satisfied of a fact warranted by experience, that the shutting up of all public-houses on Sunday, as some have recommended, would probably lead to the sale of liquors in private or unlicensed dwellings. As it is, no little tipping takes place by the clubbing of once to introduce quantities of spirits into private houses; for by this means the profit to the public-house keeper is saved. And how far such clandestine practices will be aggravated by the general closing of licensed houses need not be particularised. Any attempt whatever to lessen

the demand for intoxicating drinks, seems more likely to be beneficial than a mere attack on public-houses. In whom, at present, does that demand reside? The working and humbler classes generally. At a time not far distant, habits of intemperance were prevalent among the higher and middle classes in Britain; in the present day, such habits are languishing and expiring. These classes—all who aim at respectability of character—have attained to that degree of elevation of taste which leads them to shun, or in fact never to think of, dram-drinking as a means of enjoyment. A merchant or shopkeeper of ordinary standing walks every day from his place of business to his home, through long lines of street studded with public-houses; but during that walk, it never once enters his mind that he should turn aside for a dram. He perhaps meets acquaintances by the way; he exchanges a few words with them; still he does not think of going off with them on a carouse. He attends a public meeting in the evening, and mixes and converses with many persons whom he is glad to see; but when the business of the assemblage is over, all are seen to take their way homeward. They do not adjourn to taverns to drink: each goes off to his own fireside. Such is now the conduct, we say, of the middle classes generally. In certain quarters there are exceptions; but they are dying out. Even at the entertainments of the middle classes, how little wine or spirits is now consumed! Some guests take only water, or tea, or coffee. Many taste the wines placed before them only as a matter of form; and this form is gradually relaxing. It is likewise pleasing to notice that at these entertainments no one presses another to drink: that has long since gone out of fashion. And yet temperate as people usually are on these occasions, there seems no diminution of pleasurable sensation. Anecdotes are told, wit sparkles, interesting subjects of conversation are started; the jest passes more quickly than the bottle. Some improvements doubtless still remain to be effected, if only in the forms of entertainments of this kind; but, all things considered, they are wonderfully temperate affairs, and show a prodigious advance on the manners of but half a century ago.

Now, if such be a tolerably correct picture of what prevails among the higher and middle classes, we wish to know what it is that hinders the working-classes, so called, from arriving at the same tastes, habits, and position. The operative is endowed with the same physical constitution as his employer. The Almighty has not set the seal of demoralisation on one more than another. All, of whatever station they be, possess, elementarily, the same faculties and feelings, qualified only by circumstances. There is nothing, then, abnormal in the bodily or mental conformation of a manual labourer to make him a drunkard. We mean to say there is no reason which can be traced to nature why one order of individuals should habitually yield to the temptations of the gin-palace, while another order of individuals should as uniformly resist or overlook them. The weakness which yields to such miserable temptations would almost seem to originate in some external but powerfully-influencing circumstances. Constant monotonous employment, which leaves little time for mental cultivation, will be given as a ready explanation of the phenomenon; but unfortunately for the invariable soundness of this line of argument, the appetite for intoxicants prevails as strongly among the idle or half-employed as it does among the busy. Besides, persons belonging to the middle class are in numerous instances as hard wrought, are engaged in as dull drudgeries, are pressed on by as painful cares, as those in the humbler departments of society; yet we do not find that they seek solacement in taverns. A poor clerk in a public office, whose toil is as unvarying, and scarcely more intellectual than that of a horse in a mill, does not spend his Saturday nights or his Sundays in a course of intemperance. Why? Because his tastes are superior to such practices. His self-respect, his wish to stand

well with the world, everything, acts as a shield against temptation. It might perhaps be well to inquire whether the method of paying wages weekly, or in small sums, had not some influence in creating that remarkable difference of habits between the manual-labouring and other classes? A clerk receiving £50 per annum in half-yearly payments, is found to be sober in habits, and to aim at respectable economic management; whereas an operative receiving his salary in the form of £1.1 per week, is, as a general rule, inspired by totally different feelings. In Glasgow, ten thousand men go to bed drunk every Saturday night, are drunk all Sunday, and remain drunk part of Monday! Such is the testimony of a local magistrate. Who are these men? Are they operatives liberated from workshops and factories, each with from 15s. to 25s. in his pocket, or are they persons whose payments are made by the quarter or half year? We say it would probably be of no small importance to ascertain how far the working-classes might be raised in the social scale by being placed on the same level as to forms of payment with clerks and other salaried assistants. The question is eminently worthy of consideration by those authorities who are groping about for means of diminishing crime and intemperance. We are inclined to think that no small good would be done by extending the term of payment from a week to a quarter—to give a workman no longer a wage, but a salary—provided the operative classes were sufficiently economic to permit of their accepting such a change, and provided it would be always quite safe for them to leave their earnings in the hands of employers for a space of three or six months.

Without at present going further into this interesting question, it may be admitted, by a reference to the habits of operatives in other countries, that even during a continuance of the weekly wage system, there exists a possibility of raising the standard of individual tastes, and meliorating the more objectionable habits of the manual-labouring classes. The manner in which persons in respectable circumstances—and among these we gladly include many individuals occupying the position of workmen—have redeemed themselves from the vice of intemperance, seems to point out how this may be done. The acquisition of a taste for reading, a love of music, a love of home: literature and the fine arts, in short, are among the engines of refinement that may be principally employed. Nor should we omit to record the efficacy of those simple beverages, tea and coffee, in carrying out this great moral revolution; for to nothing has the cause of temperance been more largely indebted. Soirees, lectures, reading-rooms, public meetings for objects of an intellectual kind, should all be pressed into the same service; for where men and women meet together in orderly assembled, where decent attire is expected, and polite attentions are interchanged, drunkenness with its madness, rage, and disorder, can never hope to enter. We are all prone to imitate; we learn, in fact, more from example than by precept; and where different grades meet, and the orderly and self-respecting prevail, the inferior elements will soon be absorbed and assimilated. The duty to reclaim is equally imperative with that of being reclaimed; and while we associate with the prudent and respectable, we dare not, as Christians, abandon the dissolute and disorderly. 'They that are whole need no physician;' and to the weak and erring the middle and higher classes must direct more of their attention, if they would have them reclaimed. Despised, abandoned, and shunned, the victims of vice and intemperance have nothing human to lose; regarded with due interest, self-respect begins to rally, and no man willingly, or all at once, would forego the good opinion of his fellows. It is too much the fashion to lecture and counsel in the abstract, and to neglect the more potent appliance of a practical friendly attention. Thus let society, with all the aids it can derive from education and religion, address itself to the duty of superseding vicious by correct tastes—of calling up

emotions which are at present not dead, but only benumbed by habits and circumstances. In the success of the effort we would have greater hopes than a vengeful onslaught on public-houses.

LONGCHAMPS.

It is well known that politics are altogether excluded from the pages of this Journal, its object being rather to harmonise and elevate the character of the people, than to excite those disturbing emotions which are so often awakened by the perplexing problems of political science. Therefore have we, in these stirring times, allowed the tide of revolution to sweep across our European continent, without tracing out its course, or speculating on its probable results. We must, however, crave permission to depart so far from our prescribed path, as to notice the silent crumbling away of one mighty power, which, within the brief space of the last few weeks, has faded into obscurity, and whose fallen fortunes may materially affect the people of this kingdom. Whig and Tory, Radical and Conservative—all have equally bowed to its sway; all are equally concerned in the departed glory of Longchamps.

This subject may be supposed exclusively to affect the female portion of our community; but while it is true that the *artistes des modes* and their multitudinous employers are chiefly concerned in the matter, let it not be supposed that the lords of creation are altogether unaffected by it. How many a worthy squire has exchanged the produce of his broad acres for those graceful and delicate fabrics on which the stamp of fashion had been affixed at Longchamps! How many a domestic plan has hinged upon its expected decrees! Even to our most remote and dullest country towns has its influence extended; and oftentimes has the lighting up of Hymen's torch been delayed until Longchamps had issued its despotic mandates touching the form and materials of a bridal *trousseau*. Nor is it in Great Britain alone that Longchamps has hitherto exercised its magic sway. The professed simplicity of republican life has not exempted our Transatlantic neighbours from its influence; and in our Asiatic empire, the costly tunics of the East are fashioned by Indian tailors according to the spirit of its dictates.

May we not, then, be allowed to express our regret that Longchamps has shared in the vicissitudes of the present eventful times; and that its glories have been suffered silently to pass away, without even the redeeming *éclat* which might have rendered its extinction a matter of history? Such has been its recent fate; and at the present moment of desertion and neglect, we think it due to so renowned a spot to trace out briefly the origin of its fame, and of that despotic sway which it has been wont to exercise over a large portion of our globe.

It is pretty generally known that through one of those strange fatalities by which events the most dissimilar are sometimes linked together, the modish sway of Longchamps had its origin in devotional attachment to its celebrated abbey. Before speaking, therefore, of its more recent history, we must carry back our readers from this present busy bustling century to the Gothic ages, and tell them that, owing to the favour of King Robert the Pious, some peculiar privileges were granted to the Abbaye de St Maur (situated near Vincennes); and amongst others, he conferred on it that of being the only monastic church in the diocese of Paris wherein the laity were allowed to attend the services of the church—a permission which was so acceptable to the lay part of the population, that on the occasion of certain solemn festivals, a vast crowd of people were in the habit of pressing within its sacred precincts. At such times it was expected of all the officers of justice belonging to the several domains which were attached to the abbey, that they should appear there in attendance on the lordly bailiff. And the male inhabitants of the village of St Maur, fully armed, responded also to the

appeal of their magistrates and officers, in whose train they walked in procession, with drums beating and colours flying, to the collegiate church. This sight attracted a crowd of artisans from Paris, whose presence did not deter the ladies of the court from continuing their devotions there during the Holy Week, inasmuch as it had for ages been the established usage for every woman to appear there who was privileged to ride in a coronetted equipage. This was a religious custom, which had originated with Queen Bertha, the daughter-in-law of Hugh Capet; and it would have been deemed a sort of profanity to have neglected a tradition which had descended throughout so many generations.

Towards the year 1730, however, the parochial bands began to discharge their firearms occasionally within the walls of the church, which failed not to attract a great concourse of the Parisian populace, and naturally resulted in much irreverence.

The simple monks of St Maur thought to find a remedy for this growing evil by exposing in the midst of the choir all the sacred relics of their sacristy, which, they doubted not, would excite the respect of the people. This innocent device only augmented the tumult; for thereby were attracted from the quarter of St Antoine, and from the neighbourhood of Charpenton, a multitude of sick people, who not only attended the service of the *Ténèbres** on Good-Friday, but insisted on passing the night within the walls of the church, in order that they might be present at the early mass on the following morning. A terrible uproar was the consequence. The cries and supplications of these sick people were frightful. They were carried round the church in the arms of several strong men, and shouted with all their might, 'St Maur! St Maur! obtain my cure, I beseech you!' The bearers made a still greater noise by crying out lustily, 'Room for the sick! More air! more air! Away with red!' and then every woman who had a shred of scarlet about her made haste to conceal it, and some charitable men busied themselves in fanning the infirm beings with their hats. There were, moreover, image-vendors, and sellers of wax-lights, and lame beggars asking for alms. In short, there was such a hubbub, that it was impossible to hear any of the services, and sometimes the chants were sung in four or five different keys in the different angles of the church.

The end of all this was, that the Archbishop of Paris issued an episcopal mandate, signifying to the good people of the metropolis, as well noble as plebeian, that they must go and chant their office of the *Ténèbres* elsewhere than at St Maur-des-Fossés, inasmuch as it would henceforth be closed, and guarded during Passion week by a picket of the French Guards.

This was a great relief to the monks of St Maur, who had been thoroughly disquieted, and even alarmed, by the tumults and disorders which had recently taken place within their church. The measure was cordially approved of by all truly religious persons; but there were certain *dévotés* who abused the archbishop as roundly as if he had placed all the churches in his diocese under an interdict; some of them even threatened to appeal against so enormous an abuse to the king, which, reaching his majesty's ears, amused him exceedingly.

'There are,' says a contemporary French writer, in alluding to this subject—'there are to be found in every place some worthy people who don't like to meditate at home, and who never wear out the velvet of their own *prie-dieu*. They complain that their parish church is damp, or the incense burnt there of so inferior a sort that it gives them a headache; or else that the doors of the church close so imperfectly, that they always catch cold there. To such people the journey to St Maur was

* In Roman Catholic countries, the churches are darkened on Good-Friday, by means of sable hangings, which exclude almost every ray of light, so that the services are performed amid deep obscurity; hence the term *Ténèbres* is applied to the religious services of that holy day.

an innocent party of pleasure, which they could not renounce, without bearing some ill-will to the archbishop who had deprived them of the recreation.'

Fortunately an opportune resource presented itself; for just at this time the Abbaye de Longchamps, which is near Boulogne-sur-Seine, was celebrated for its educational talent, and assiduous pains were bestowed on the musical instruction of the young ladies who were domesticated there. Mademoiselle Lemore, a favourite opera singer, had, on her conversion, retired into this place of religious seclusion, and her rich voice was heard to swell amid the youthful choir of the abbey church. The Orleans family were in the habit of passing the Easter at St Cloud, and it seems that the enchanting music at Longchamps had won their attendance at the abbey during the religious services of the Holy Week. The beauty of its chants was soon spoken of at Versailles in such glowing terms, that the court ladies resolved to hear them, and from thence the fashion of frequenting Longchamps speedily reached Paris; so that from this period (1733) all the most elegant and distinguished persons of the metropolis attended the office of the Ténébres; and the entrance to the abbey church of Longchamps was so thronged on these occasions, that half the persons who sought to gain admission within its walls were obliged to retire without accomplishing their purpose. The financiers' wives came laden with all the diamonds of their caskets; the ladies in waiting from Versailles in their court costumes; the officers of the guard in full uniform. In short, it became the scene of fashionable hubbub and display; and the worthy archbishop, considering that the follies and frivolities of the great were as desecrating to these solemn services as had been the grosser tumults at St Maur, found himself obliged once more to exercise his episcopal authority, by ordering that the doors of the Abbaye de Longchamps should be closed during the Ténébres on Good-Friday.

Thus were the Parisian *beau-monde* excluded from those services which they had attended only from motives of curiosity or fashion; but meanwhile the avenues of Longchamps had become such a favourite resort, that the Parisians continued to flock thither as eagerly as ever on the annual recurrence of the same sacred season; nor were the company less brilliant or less numerous, because they had no longer any other professed object for their attendance beside the important one of seeing and being seen.

These assemblages, occurring as they always did at the close of winter, afforded to the Parisian *artistes des modes* the earliest opportunity of displaying their taste in spring and summer costumes. Hence it became the established law of fashion that no novelty in dress should be attempted until the flat of Longchamps had been issued concerning the forms and colours which should prevail during the ensuing summer. The supremacy in taste thus assumed by Longchamps has been undisputed for more than a century past, except during a brief period of that revolution whose iron sway, extending as it did to the most minute circumstances of life, invented the *coiffure à la guillotine*, and the *robe à la victime*; a miserable play upon words, which were but too full of stern and bitter realities.

No sooner, however, was tranquillity restored to the homes and hearths of France, than Longchamps quickly reassumed its supremacy in the world of fashion and of taste; and so universal has been the homage yielded ever since to its mysterious sway, that at the present moment, when it is virtually defunct, there is a sort of perplexity abroad as to the choice of costumes for the summer of 1848. Whether *mantelets*, or *visites*, or *pale-ôts* shall have the ascendancy in walking attire?—whether republican simplicity or Grecian elegance shall prevail in our drawing-rooms and in our assemblies? who shall decide?

May we not hope that a *provisional government* has already been established among the fair *modistes* of Paris, from whose secret council-chambers such artistic

decrees shall issue forth as to win the same ready and universal obedience which has for so long a period been yielded to the despotic mandates of Longchamps?

WELL ENOUGH.

WITHOUT wishing to be thought wiser, better, or more clear-sighted than my neighbours, I would nevertheless warn them against such phrases as the one selected as a title to this little paper. It is a very significant phrase, significant of a dangerous laxity in the character and conduct of those with whom it is habitual. 'That will do quite well enough'—'I have done it well enough'—are not words ever uttered by those who have a high, that is, a true sense of duty. No man who knows what work ought to be, can talk of anything he has done as being 'well enough.' It is a lazy, slovenly, 'make-shift' sort of spirit that can for a moment tolerate the idea of doing any given business just merely 'well enough.' Nothing is done well enough that we can, by proper exertion, do better. Let us still go on 'bettering what is best.' To do this, we must keep our minds well braced up to the highest point they can be stretched to, without an over-strain. Depend upon it, this tension is better for us morally, intellectually, ay, even physically, than the state of relaxation which is evinced by the use of the words, 'Oh, that will do quite well enough.' There is a whole world of unsatisfactory morality in these common and seemingly harmless words. If the spirit which prompts them were to rule society, society would speedily come to an end. The 'well-enough' principle has in it no ideal of perfection, no thought beyond the immediate and the present, no recognition of the Infinite. It is selfish, earthly, and unenduring. No race of men, no single man, was ever regenerated by doing things 'well enough'; the heroes, the reformers of mankind, took their labour as a Divine mission, and did it accordingly—'as well as in them lay'—if need were, dying in the act of completing or bettering their work. These were not the people to scramble or lounge through an allotted task, and then push it from them with the exclamation, 'There! that will do well enough!'

Let us glance for a moment at the vast quantity of rubbish cast upon the world under the courteous name of *work done 'well enough.'* Everywhere this sort of work meets us. In manufactures, in mechanics; in agriculture and in art; in legislation and in literature. In every department of civilised life there are found things, like Dr Wolcot's razors, 'made to sell'; things which have no reality in them—that is, which have no portion of the maker's *mind* invested in them, giving them their pro-principle of life—utility. Such things are indeed dead matter. They were made by people who put no heart into the work, who 'got through' it, who did not think of it earnestly, as a duty to be honestly, truly, religiously achieved for the use of others. With a false estimate of themselves and their mission (perhaps without a thought of either), they looked with contempt upon the object of their so-called work, and sent it forth as something 'good enough' for the occasion.

If men were but properly impressed with an idea of conscientious work—work done according to conscience—nothing merely *got through*, or made to look as if it were done, but honestly done, actually done, to the best of our ability, what a different world it would be then!

I do not desire to set up one set of people against another, or to insinuate that the world is altogether in a worse state than it was two thousand years ago; but there is no shutting one's eyes to the fact, that work is not so sacred a thing with us as it was among the ancients. As far as we can see, there was no inefficient *well-enough* working then. Look at the Roman roads, and aqueducts, and walls; at Grecian works of art, Egyptian and Indian temples and tombs. Now, these things were all done in earnest. Their makers meant

them to be as good as ever they could be—to last as long as possible. These works have the two ideas of perfection and of duration clearly marked on them. Those who made them, worked with these ideas in their minds, and they remain in the work to bear testimony to the fact. They may be read as distinctly there as if they were written in ineffaceable words. It would be mere folly to say that these ideas of perfection and endurance are peculiar to the looker-on of the present day; it cannot be so, for the remains of ancient work affect all lookers-on in the same way with regard to these ideas. Of course they suggest many others to different minds, but *invariably* they make men admire the greatness of the conception, and the enormous labour expended in the execution. Now let us turn to similar works among ourselves. Erections of public utility—let us look at them. Do they look as if they would last, or as if they were meant to last as long as a Roman road? How is it that railway bridges and viaducts are so frequently giving way?—that newly-built houses fall about men's heads?—that steam-ships are continually blown up? 'Oh,' some one replies, 'it is because we live so fast. We have so much to do, that there is no time for doing things substantially, as the ancients did: they could take their time about all their business.' I believe this to be no true reason. If we were impressed with a just idea of the necessity for being honest in our work, we should never be in so great a hurry to finish it as to leave the most important half undone. No: it is not from the rapidity of material progress around us, that our material works are so unstable, incomplete, and mean. It is from the want of a high standard of right in our morality of every-day life. We think of saving ourselves trouble, not of doing the work set for us in the best manner. We are all of us tainted more or less with this selfishness. We would all of us, like Bettine, 'strangle our duty, if we could once catch hold of its neck.' But this must not be. We must rouse ourselves, and get out of this low and contemptible view of life. Duty is not an ugly thing—a thing to be avoided. It is lovely beyond all earthly things, for it is heavenly. Whatever our work may be—whether pin-making or law-making—writing for others to read, or baking for others to eat—making railways, or preaching sermons—let us not try how little labour and pains we can put into it. Let it be our constant aim to do everything as well as we can; to leave as little as possible incomplete; and this not merely for the vain glory of doing better than our neighbours, but for the satisfaction of our own conscience: in other words, let us labour to make all our actions conform to the ideal standard of right and perfect within our own minds. When we do this, we shall never talk of anything we have done as being 'well enough.' We shall never on this earth do 'well enough.'

THE UGLY DUCKLING.

BY CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[If our information be correct, we know nothing in this country of Danish literature, except through the medium of German translations; and the genius of these two languages unluckily has no correspondence whatever. But the translation we now offer to our readers has not merely a certain value as being taken from the Danish direct—it is a curiosity in itself; being the production of a young Danish lady, Zona Groos, of Kolding, who is self-taught in English, who never was out of her own country, and who never, except on one occasion, even conversed with a native of England. This want of ordinary opportunities, our readers will see, has not prevented her from acquiring a competent knowledge of English; and we know that she is able to read Shakespeare with great enjoyment. We may add, that in this curious piece Andersen is supposed to have allegorised his own career.—Ed.]

It was very lovely in the country, for it was summer; the corn was yellow and ripening, and in the green meadows stood the stork, on his long red legs, and talked Egyptian, for that was the language his mother had taught him. Round the fields and meadows were large woods, and in the woods dark blue lakes. Oh, it was a lovely scene! In the bright sunshine stood an

old manor-house, surrounded by a wall and a deep moat; and from the wall down to the water grew large leaves, so large and high, that a little child might stand upright under some of them; and here a duck lay upon her nest: she was brooding over her eggs. But at this time she was very weary, for she had sat long, and she had very few visitors—the other ducks liking better to swim on the moat than to sit under the leaves and quack with her.

At length one egg cracked after another, all the yolks were alive, and the little ones put forth their heads and cried, 'Peep, peep!' 'Quack, quack!' said the mother duck; and then the little ones looked abroad from under the green leaves, and their mother suffered them to look as long as they liked, for the green colour is very pleasant to the eyes, and not at all hurtful.

'How large the world is!' said all the little ones; for now they had more space to look about them than when they were in the egg.

'Do you think this is the whole world?' said the mother. 'Oh no: it reaches far on the other side of the garden, even to the clergyman's meadow; but there I have never been. I hope you are all here,' said she, as she rose from her nest. 'Ah no! the largest egg is still there. How tedious it is!' and the poor duck lay down again.

'How do you do?' said an old duck who came to pay her a visit.

'One of my eggs will not hatch,' answered she; 'but pray look at my others, are they not the loveliest ducklings you ever saw? They are the very image of their father, the rascal, who does not even pay me a visit.'

'Let me see the egg that will not burst,' said the visitor; 'surely it is the egg of a turkey! I was once imposed upon in the very same manner, and the little ones were very troublesome indeed to me; for I must tell you they are afraid of the water. Leave off trying to hatch that egg, and teach your other ducklings to swim.'

'I will try it yet a little longer,' said the poor duck. 'Do as you like,' replied her visitor, and away she went.

At length the great egg cracked. 'Peep, peep!' said the young one when he came out; but oh how large and how ugly he was! The poor duck stared at him.

'What a wonderful large creature!' said she; 'none of my others look like that. I hope it will not turn out to be a turkey; but that will soon be settled, for he shall go on the water, even if I push him in myself.'

The following day the weather was lovely, the sun shone upon the large green leaves, and the mother duck with her whole family went to the moat; and plash in she plunged into the water. 'Quack, quack!' said she, and all her little ones followed her, smoothly gliding upon the waves; and they were all there, even the great ugly gray creature was also swimming.

'No, it is no turkey,' said she. 'See how nicely he uses his feet, how well he bears himself; he is my own little one after all; and indeed he is not so ugly. Now come all of you with me, and I will introduce you to the world, and present you in the poultry-yard; but you must keep near me, and beware of the cats.'

So they went to the poultry-yard: here they found a terrible uproar, for two families had laid claim to an eel's head, which at length the cat seized.

'Such is the world,' said the mother duck, wiping her beak, for she, too, had taken a fancy to the eel's head. 'Now make haste; come and curtsy to the old duck there, she is the grandee of the whole poultry-yard; she has Spanish blood in her veins: and see, she has a red rag tied round one of her legs; that is a most delightful thing, and the greatest honour a duck can obtain: it signifies that she is not to be lost, but that both animals and men are to know her. Come on; look to your feet; a well-bred duckling spreads his feet wide, like father and mother; now curtsy to her, and say "quack!"'

And they did so as well as they could; but the other

ducks around said aloud, 'What! are we to have *them* also here, as if we were not enough without them?—and look how ugly that one is; we will not suffer *him* to be among us;' and so a duck ran and bit him in his neck.

'Let him alone,' said his mother; 'he does no harm.'

'No; but he is such an immense creature, and looks so odd,' said the duck that bit him.

'Your children are very pretty, my good woman,' said the old duck with the red rag round her leg; 'very charming, save that one which has not prospered so well; I wish he could be remodelled.'

'That is impossible, your ladyship,' replied the duck. 'He certainly is not handsome, but he has a kind heart, and he swims so nicely, quite like the others—nay, perhaps somewhat better; and as he is a drake, the beauty is not of so much consequence. I think he will be very strong, and then he will get well through the world.'

'Your other ducklings are charming,' said the Spanish duck. 'Now regard this as your home; and if you should find a fish's head at any time, you can bring it to me.'

And thenceforward they looked upon the poultry-yard as their home. But the poor duckling that was so large and so ugly was scorned and laughed at by the whole poultry-yard. The hens and ducks said, 'He is such a huge ugly creature;' and the turkey-cock, who was born with spurs, and therefore thought himself an *emperor*, puffed out his feathers, like a ship under sail, and marched straight up to him, and gobbled at him till his head grew red as fire. The poor duckling knew not whether to run or stand still; and felt very sorrowful at being so ugly, and the laughing-stock of the whole poultry-yard.

Thus it was the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duckling was despised by them all; even his brothers and sisters were unkind to him, and said often, 'Would that the cat might catch thee, thou ugly one!' and even his mother said, 'Would that thou wert far from hence!' And the ducks still bit him, and the hens pecked him, and the servant who fed the poultry kicked him away with her foot.

At length he flew over the hedge; the little birds in the bushes were terrified. 'Ah, it is because I am so ugly!' thought the poor duckling; and he stole away. On he wandered till he came to the great fens, where the wild geese dwelt; and there he lay awake the whole night, weary and sorrowful. Next morning the wild geese flew up, and then they discovered their new comrade. 'What sort of a creature art thou?' said they; and the duckling turned to all sides, and made his best reverence. 'Thou art very ugly,' said the wild geese; 'but no matter, if thou dost not marry any of our family.' Poor creature! he did not think of marrying, if he were but suffered to lie in the reeds, and drink the muddy water in peace.

'Bang—bang!' two wild geese fell dead in the fens, and the water grew bloody. 'Bang—bang!' whole troops of wild geese flew up, and then the report again was heard. It was a large shooting party. The sportsmen surrounded the fens; some were seated in branches of the trees. The blue smoke from the guns hung like a cloud over the dark leaves and the water: the dogs searched the fens. What a season of terror to the poor duckling! He turned his head in order to hide it under his wing from such dreadful sights, and saw an immense dog with flashing eyes and red tongue. He opened his mouth, showed his sharp white teeth, and slunk off. 'Thank Heaven,' thought the duckling, 'that I am so ugly that even the dog will not bite me,' and he kept quite still while the shots were rushing through the reeds.

Some time after, all became silent, but yet he dared not move. He waited several hours; then at last he looked around, and left the fens as fast as possible. Away he ran over fields and meadows; and the wind blew so high, he could hardly go on. About nightfall

he reached a poor little cottage. It was so miserable, that it did not know to which side to fall, and therefore it stood.

The wind grew higher and higher; and looking eagerly for a shelter, the poor duckling saw that the door fitted so miserably, that there was room for him to creep in through the crack; and so he did.

There an old woman lived with her cat and her hen—the cat could catch mice, mew, and purr; and the hen laid good eggs; and the old woman loved them both as if they had been her children.

Next morning they discovered the poor duckling, when the hen began to cackle and the cat to mew: this attracted the attention of the old woman. 'What is the matter?' said she; but soon she too observed the duckling, and being short-sighted, thought it was some very large fat duck that had lost its way. 'What a good catch I have got; now I shall have duck's eggs! Ah I hope it is no drake: that we shall soon see.'

And she waited three weeks, but had no eggs. And the duckling found that the cat was master of the house, and the hen was mistress; and whenever they conversed, they always said, '*We* and the world!' and they thought themselves the greatest and best part of the world. Sometimes the duckling attempted to be of another opinion, but the hen would not permit it.

'Can you lay eggs?' asked she.

'No,' replied the poor duckling.

'Then hold your tongue.'

And the cat would say—'Can you catch mice, mew, and purr?'

'No.'

'Then you must be silent when wiser people are speaking.'

And the duckling sat in one corner of the room, and was always very sad. He thought of the open air, of the sunshine, and he longed to glide once more upon the water. At length this desire grew so strong upon him, that he told it to the hen.

'What an idea!' said she. 'You have nothing to do, and therefore you have such fancies. Lay eggs, or catch mice, and you will soon forget them.'

'But it is so delightful to swim upon the water,' said the duckling; 'so delightful to bathe in it, to plunge one's head under it.'

'Delightful indeed!' answered the hen. 'You have lost your wits to a certainty: ask the cat, the cleverest creature I know, if he would like to glide upon the water! Or even ask our mistress, the old woman (wiser than her there is none in the world), if she would like to swim on the water indeed, or dive under it!'

'Alas! you do not understand me,' said the poor duckling.

'But if we cannot understand thee, who can? Do you think yourself wiser than the cat, or the old woman, or even than me? Thank Heaven, my child, for your happiness. Do you not live in a warm room; and have you not made profitable acquaintances in the cat and me? But you are ungrateful, and it is not pleasant to hold intercourse with such: you may rely upon me that I wish you well, for I tell you all these unpleasant things, and that is the sign of a true friend. Now do your best to lay some eggs or catch mice.'

'I will go out into the wide world,' said the duckling.

'Pray do,' answered the hen.

The wretched duckling left the cottage; he soon met with some water; he plunged into it, and swam over it in rapture.

It was now autumn; the leaves in the woods became yellow and brown, the wind whirled them around, and then hurried them away, the air became cold, the clouds were heavy with hail and snow; it was a miserable time for the poor duckling.

One evening, just as the sun was setting, a whole troop of large beautiful birds rushed forth from the bushes; the duckling had never seen anything so fair; they were dazzlingly white, with long slender necks: it

was a troop of swans. They spread their large glorious wings, and flew away from the cold lands to warmer countries—to the sweet blue lakes; they soared higher and higher, and the poor ugly duckling was quite bewildered with their loveliness and their powers. He could not forget them, those beautiful, those happy birds: he knew not their name, nor whither they flew, but he felt such love to them as he had never felt for anything before: he did not envy them; how could he think of being like *them*, poor ugly creature, who would have been glad if even the ducks had suffered him to live among them?

Winter came, and with it the piercing cold of the north: the duckling was soon obliged to keep swimming round and round in the water of a pond, to prevent its freezing; but every night the hole grew smaller, and he was compelled to move his feet incessantly to keep it open; at length he became very faint, and lay quite benumbed in the ice.

The next morning a peasant passed, saw him, broke the ice with his wooden shoe, and bore him home, where he was brought to life again; and the children wanted to play with him; but the duckling was afraid of them, and in his terror he flew up into the milk-dish, so that half the milk was spilt. The peasant's wife began to scream; this frightened him into the butter-tub, then into the meal-box, and out again. Heavens! how odd he looked, all milk and meal! And the woman attempted to reach him with the tongs, and the children ran after him, laughing and screaming. What luck for the poor duckling that the door was open! Away he ran, and plunged into the snow, where he lay in a sort of lethargy.

But it would be too sad to describe the misery of the wretched creature during the long long winter. When the snow melted, he found himself lying in the fens; soon the sun began to shine warmly, and the larks to sing—the sweet spring was come. Then at once he raised his wings; they were far larger than when he last spread them, and bore him rapidly away: soon he saw himself in a large garden, where the apple-trees were blooming, where the lilacs exhaled their fragrance, and dipped their long green branches in the deep-winding river. Everything was full of beauty, and upon the water floated three fair swans, lightly skimming the waves with their dazzling wings. The duckling recognised the beautiful birds, and his heart throbbled. 'I will fly to them, the kingly birds. Perhaps they will kill me, because I who am so ugly have ventured to approach them; but no matter—better to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked by the hens, kicked away by the servants, and suffer all that I have done through the long rough winter;' and he swam towards the beautiful swans: they saw him, and approached. 'Kill me,' said the wretched creature, and bowed his head to the surface of the water, and expected instant death. But what did he see in the clear waves? His own image! and lo! he was no longer a clumsy, swarthy bird, ugly and despised—he was *himself* a swan! (It matters not to have been born in a poultry-yard, if one has but lain in the egg of a swan.) He was almost glad he had suffered so much. Now he knew better how to value all the happiness that surrounded him. And the swans swam round him, and stroked him with their beaks.

Some little children came into the garden and cast bread and cakes into the water, and the youngest exclaimed, 'There is a new swan!' and the other children repeated joyfully, 'Yes, there is a new one!' and they clapped their hands, and danced, and called their father and mother, and bread and cakes were thrown to him, and they all cried, 'The *new* swan is the most beautiful—so young and fair!' and the old swans bowed to him.

Then he felt quite bashful, and hid his head under his wing, he knew not why; but he felt *too* happy, but not *proud*; for a kind heart never becomes proud. He felt how despised he had been, and now he heard him-

self praised as the fairest of those fair birds; and the lilacs bowed to him with their graceful branches; and the sun shone out brightly. Then his eyes sparkled, he lifted his slender, elegant neck, and full of joy, he exclaimed, 'I did not dream of so much happiness when I was the Ugly Duckling.'

INTERCOURSE OF THE RUSSIANS AND CHINESE.

In 1728 the treaty of Kiakhia was signed, under which the intercourse between the Russians and Chinese is still carried on. This intercourse is described at some length by Mr Erman, to whose work we return;* and we now propose to condense his sketches, whether of an amusing or informing nature, and render them, from other sources, more complete than his own opportunities permitted.

Finding that we shall be unable to notice, as we had proposed, his very interesting account of the Samoyeds near the arctic circle, we must be content to rejoin our traveller as he begins to approach the southern frontiers of Siberia. Here, in the very midst of the largest continent in the world, we find him gazing with wonder upon an inland sea 360 nautical miles in length, and from fifty to seventy broad, and vexed by such sudden and terrible storms, as render it dangerous for vessels to carry topsails. The most violent wind that visits Lake Baikal, as it is called, is the north-west, which sweeps down from lofty and rugged mountains; but squalls almost as perilous are frequent from every point of the compass. The waves in these inland waters are often seven feet high. The avenue of the Chinese trade is carried round the lake in zig-zags over the mountains; but the safest line for traffic is over the ice of the Baikal in winter. By this route our author pursued his strangely-diversified journey. 'Thick mists,' says he, 'rose like smoke over the water, and seemed to float onward with the torrent, while beyond it we had the boundless surface of the frozen lake glimmering in the distance. List-venishnaya takes its name from the splendid woods of larch which extend over both sides of the spacious valley. We continued our journey by moonlight, and came to a rugged projection of the hills on our left, which formed a landmark between the Angara and the lake, and then struck into a narrow tract, hemmed in between its waters and the rocks which confine them. The jagged and shattered outline of these gigantic masses was sufficient proof that the sandstone must have already given place to another formation. An open space now extended for some versts along the shores of the Baikal, and after some time, we came upon a wide extent of ice, which we availed ourselves of, keeping close to the shore till we arrived at the post-house of Kadinaya. At this point we turned off from the western coast directly across the sea, till we made Posolskoi, on the opposite side. There was no snow upon the ice, so that its surface shone like a polished mirror in the moonlight. The horses that were put under our sledges in Kadinaya had to be held on each side till the very moment of starting, when they broke at once into full gallop, which they kept up till we landed on the further shore. We completed seven German miles in two hours and a quarter; this is undoubtedly the most extraordinary, as well as the most speedy stage upon any route in Russia. The smoothness of the way, however, was hardly more in our favour than the speed of the Buraet horses, which are supplied at the coast station. The regular and steady tread of our horses' feet rang over the wide and dreary waste, interrupted now and then by the creaking of the sledges, as they yielded to the draught; or by the duller noise emitted from the ice cracking under the increasing severity of the frost.'

Beyond this, the windows of the peasants were of pieces of mica sewed together with black horse-hair; and the verst-post of Tarakanova gave the distance of 5963

* From No. 229.

from St Petersburg, and 5450 from Moscow.* The inhabitants are thus, as our traveller remarks, but a trifling distance farther from the centre of the earth than they are from their own capital. The trains of sledges laden with tea, which had been a frequent sight along the whole road from Tobolsk, became now more numerous, each train comprising from 50 to 100 one-horse carriages, with tea sewed up in hides. Only a few drivers sufficed for the convoy; and the reason is, that they make it the interest of the horses to follow in line, by placing a bundle of hay on the hinder part of each of the sledges. Relays are hired from station to station, and thus the merchandise may be carried at full speed from Kiakhta to Moscow; and in the wild part of the country we are now traversing, it is curious to see the headlong troop bound out of the way like a flock of sheep when they meet a heavy carriage. In Russia, the post-drivers are frequently the heroes of the popular ballads, and for a reason which appears to have escaped Mr Erman, although in the first volume he gives an instance of the fact. Horses are not kept, as elsewhere, by the postmasters: they are obtained from the neighbouring peasants as soon as the vehicle is announced by the scouts that are on the look-out; and the individual to whom they are intrusted by their owners is of course the lightest, liveliest, and boldest young fellow in the family. These are the lads who leave their lassies sighing at their departure, to rejoice at their return; and these are the 'chartered libertines,' whose familiar intercourse with the world beyond their village gives rise to the incidents of romance and the plaints of poetry.

These, however, are Russian peasants; and here, as we approach the frontiers of China, we are more interested in the native Siberian Tartars. The Buraets live in tents constructed with poles meeting at the top, and felt hangings. Notwithstanding the usual projection of the cheek-bones, and the oblique and elongated eye, their jet-black hair, expressive eyes, and teeth of unrivalled whiteness, give them a pleasing look; and the cheeks of the women, notwithstanding the darkness of the skin, are tinged with a ruddy hue. Their dress, extravagantly rich, fits close to the person; and their hair descends from the temples in two thick braids, and is confined round the forehead by a fillet studded with mother-of-pearl, Uralian malachite, and polished coral. Although the fireplace of their tents is nothing more than a hole dug in the earth, with the felt mats and cushions on which they sleep ranged around it, some of their utensils exhibit all the refinement of civilisation. The steel-work of their riding-gear is beautifully engraved, and inlaid with plates of copper and silver. The silver bowls of their pipes (executed by themselves in the steppe) are adorned with reliefs, and inlaid with copper; while the stalk, for the convenience of carriage, is in two parts, closing so neatly, that the bore is air-tight.

At a certain horse station, within two or three miles of the frontier, are four regiments of Buraets and one of Tunguzes, armed with bows and sabres; and shortly after leaving this, our traveller found himself at the entrance of Kiakhta, the Russian emporium of trade with the Celestial empire. The Chinese town called Maimachen is represented by Mr Erman as adjoining the other—in fact separated only by a gate; but Pallas states that there is a distance of 140 yards, with two posts midway, one inscribed with Russian, and the other with Manchoo characters, to mark the frontier of the two empires.

On entering Kiakhta, which resembled a German village, with a single Cossack keeping guard with his drawn sword, Mr Erman 'found the houses of the merchants of the better class with stairs and balconies in front, and in some cases painted and embellished with architectural ornaments. Three camels met us just as we passed the gate, which were much longer haired than the Chinese camels that we saw afterwards. They belonged to the Buraets of Selenginsk, who were now thronging the streets on their way to a religious festival at Maimachen. Chinese traders, too, met us at every step. They wore

long gowns of black silk, fitting close to the body; their hats were of black felt, nearly in the shape of a crown, the part for the head forming a hemisphere, and having the brim turned up all round: a tassel of red silk falls down on each side from the top where there is a copper stud in the centre, on which a ball of some coloured stone or other material is fixed—this being the mode in which the several ranks are distinguished in China. The merchants here had rarely any such badge, and dare not, as I was informed, wear anything but a golden bulla, as they are accounted to belong only to the lowest class both in China and Russia. They all had cases for their ears, to protect them from the cold. These cases were angular and oblong, made of pasteboard, and covered with black silk, their open side fitting to the temples. Their thick silken skull-caps fell below the edge of their hats, and their heads were shaved, except upon the very crown, from which long queues hung down their backs. A long purse is attached to their girdles, just above the right hip, and in it they carry their tobacco and pipe, with its wooden stem curved at the lower end, and its diminutive bowl of brass. They were all hurrying over the boundary line, for every Chinese is obliged to be in Maimachen before sunset.'

When Pallas visited this place, it contained about 1200 inhabitants; and over each of its four gates there was a wooden guardhouse for the Chinese garrison, consisting of Mongols in tattered clothes, and armed merely with clubs. The Russian emporium was defended by a company of soldiers and some resident Cossacks; and these are all the precautions taken by the two governments for that 'protection of trade' which, with certain other nations, gives rise to vast standing armies that devour the profits. When Mr Erman passed through the southern gate of Kiakhta, the change 'seemed like a dream, or the effect of magic; a contrast so startling could hardly be experienced at any other spot upon the earth. The unvaried sober hues of the Russian side were succeeded all at once by an exhibition of gaudy finery, more fantastic and extravagant than was ever seen at any Christmas wake or parish village festival in Germany. The roadway of the streets consists of a bed of well-beaten clay, which is always neatly swept; while the walls of the same material on either side are relieved by windows of Chinese paper. These walls do not at first sight present the appearance of fronts of houses, as the roofs are flat, and not seen from the street. Indeed they are nearly altogether concealed by the gay-coloured paper lanterns and flags with inscriptions on them which are hung out on both sides of the way. Cords, with similar scrolls and lanterns, are likewise stretched from roof to roof across the street. These dazzling decorations stand out in glaring contrast with the dull yellow of the ground and walls. In the open crossings of the streets, which intersect each other at right angles, stood enormous chafing-dishes of cast-iron, like basins, upon a slender pedestal of four feet in height. The benches by which they were surrounded were occupied by tea-drinkers, who sat smoking from the little pipes which they carry at their girdles, while their kettles were boiling at the common fire. It is only the porters and camel-drivers, and the petty dealers—that is, in Mongols of the lowest class—who thus seek refreshment and chit-chat in the streets. Some of the poorer of the Russian Buraets occasionally resort there too; and both nations avail themselves of the niches or little chapels which are seen at the corners of the adjacent houses. These are dedicated to Buddha; and when the doors were open, we could readily distinguish the images of the saints within. Metal dishes, like those observed by us in the tents at Selenginsk, were placed before these divinities, and filled with consecrated water; and between them were pastils of vegetable extracts, and in the shape of slender yellow rods, which emitted no flame, but a bluish aromatic vapour; we saw reddish tapers, also of tallow, which were occasionally lighted by some passer-by. Similar tapers were burning against the door-frames or walls of the chapels, either in the open air, or in lanterns of various tastes.' At sunset, the travellers were quietly

* Two English miles are equal to three versts and a fraction.

and politely turned out of China, it being against the rules for strangers to pass the night in Maimachen.

The festival of the White Moon afforded him an opportunity of seeing the place in its holiday dress. On this occasion the Russians visited the Chinese town, and the procession made by the former was received by a troop of actors, who conducted the train to the house of the chief functionary with an incessant clatter of wooden instruments. Here they were received by a crowd of his Chinese guests, each of whom did his best to shake all the Russians by the hand; but the great man himself merely advanced a few steps towards them in a calm and dignified manner.

The repast was begun by a course of dried fruits and tea; and when the guests had tasted of everything—this being incumbent upon them as well-bred men—the tables were covered with more substantial food, in small saucers, which the initiated recognised as mushrooms, pheasants, pork, mutton, fish, and the gelatinous dainties of China. As course after course followed each other in long succession, the dishes were not removed, but the full piled upon the empty, till a lofty pyramid was constructed of gastronomical remains. When this second act of the feast was ended—by which time at least a hundred dishes had come upon the table—pipes, ready charged for smoking, were handed round to all the guests, with small glasses of spirits. This interlude did not consume much time, the bowls of the Chinese and Buraet pipes being not larger than a thimble; so that if one would enjoy the few whiffs it affords, he is obliged to conform to the Asiatic custom of swallowing the smoke, allowing a portion to find its way out again by his nostrils. The serious business of the feast was then resumed by the introduction of the third course, consisting of soups; and finally, pipes were again brought in, with a hissing, steaming vessel, containing an infusion of cabbage leaves, drawn off by a cock, and drunk out of teacups. In making tea, it may be said here, the cup is rather a teapot than a drinking vessel. A few leaves of tea are put into it, boiling water poured over them, and when the extract is ready, it is emptied into the saucer, from which it is drunk.

After dinner, their entertainer conducted them to one of the temples, where the offerings brought on the occasion of the New Year lay heaped up in hillocks at the feet of the idols. 'Among them were whole sheep without the skin, plucked fowls, pheasants, and guinea fowls, in their natural positions, and glistening with fat. There was a long table like the counter in European shops, running parallel with the threshold of the temple, so that it was necessary to go round the ends of it in order to get from the door to the statues. On this was now built up an absolute wall of offerings. Six sheep occupied the middle, and round them lay dressed meats and cakes of every kind. The whole was surrounded with an extremely elaborate structure of white dough, which was reared from the ground to the height of five or six feet, so as to be above the table. The dough or paste was formed into an open lattice-work, like that with which we sometimes fence our gardens; but the openings in the lattice-work were here filled with dried fruits and confectionery of the finest kind.'

When they returned into the street, it was already dark, and lanterns on long poles were borne before them, the troops of actors, as before, heading the procession, dancing, leaping, and capering, and making an incessant noise with cymbals and wooden drums. In going through the streets, it appeared that the New Year festivities had had a somewhat too enlivening effect upon a Mongol of the lower orders, who carried his audacity to the length of elbowing the great man as they passed each other. The criminal was immediately laid hold of by the police, pushed against the wall till the procession passed, and an iron chain thrown round his neck preparatory to his being carried off to prison. This offence against politeness appeared to be regarded with great indignation by the crowd, who admonished the prisoner in an angry tone, each person ending the oburgation by putting his fist to the man's nose. The procession now visited the houses of the principal merchants, whose servants welcomed them

by throwing lighted rockets and crackers over their heads. In the houses they found a banquet resembling the one they had already partaken of; till, as the night advanced, the solids diminished in quantity, and at length the treat was confined to confections, tea, and pipes. Such was New-Year's Day in China.

The merchants of Maimachen, we are told by Pallas, come chiefly from the northern provinces of China. Each has a partner at home, who, at the end of a year, brings a fresh cargo of Chinese commodities, and relieves the other, who returns with his Russian purchases. The town resembles in one respect a great convent—all the inhabitants being men; for the Chinese policy strictly prohibits their women from having even the slightest intercourse with foreigners. The commerce is necessarily a trade of barter, for the Russians are prohibited from exporting their own coin, and the Chinese have no coin to export. The former find it more advantageous to take goods in exchange, than bullion at the Chinese standard. The Celestial merchant visits the warehouse of the Russian trader in Kiakhta, and after selecting from his stock, goes into the house with him, and adjusts the price over a cup of tea. They return to the magazine, where the goods are not only sealed, but a confidential person left in charge of them; and then adjourn to Maimachen, where the Russian selects in his turn, and carries back with him his purchases.

The want of a circulating medium is supplied, according to Mr Erman, by brick-tea, which is a mixture of the spoiled leaves and stalks of the tea-plant with the leaves of some wild plants and bullocks' blood dried in the oven. It is divided into pieces weighing from three to three and a half pounds. 'The Manchos themselves never make use of this production, but to the Mongolian nomades in China, to the Buraets and Kalmuks collectively, to the Russian peasants south of the Baikal, and to most of the Siberian Tatars, it is become as indispensable as bread in Europe. Every brick, or kirpich, contains sixty or seventy portions, because the infusion made with it is mixed also with rye-meal, mutton fat, and with kujir or búsun—that is, salt from the lakes in the steppes. The Russians purchase an immense quantity of it from the Chinese; but besides, the kirpich or brick of tea is the money unit and standard of value, in which the price of every other kind of exchangeable property is expressed.' When it is necessary to pay fractional parts of this strange money, they are cut off by the Russians and Buraets, measuring by the eye; and the Chinese never object to take such pieces in payment.

From Russia, we are told by Pallas, the Chinese receive furs and peltry of various kinds; and the demand for these articles is so great, that they are in part supplied even by England, which sends the produce of Hudson's Bay to St Petersburg. Cloth is another staple; the coarser sort of Russia manufacture, the finer English, Prussian, and French. Then there comes a miscellaneous list of rich stuffs, velvets, coarse Russia linen, leather, &c. with camels, horses, horned cattle, and dogs for the chase. In return, the Chinese give raw and manufactured silk, although the exportation of the former is prohibited under pain of death; raw and manufactured cotton, tea, porcelain of all sorts, Japan ware, rhubarb, and numerous other articles. Rhubarb is a monopoly of the Russian government, and is brought to Kiakhta by Bucharian merchants.

We have left ourselves no room to follow Mr Erman in his journey eastward to Okhotsk; but we cannot refrain from giving another and concluding picture of native Siberian life. The scene is in a yurt of the Tunguzes, consisting of a single square room, with a flat earthen roof, and a fireplace of beaten earth. This place was occupied, besides the traveller, by ten members of the wandering family of Tatars. 'We remained in the yurt with the women and the Yakutian servant of the family, who served me as interpreter, for Revyákin spoke only the Yakutian fluently. The women of the house and their unmarried daughters now sat down together on the floor to their work. They were occupied to-day with the last cares of winter, for they were sewing the cover for a

birch tent, and were mending the men's reindeer clothing, the *torbasas*, or water-tight boots (here called *adri*), and other articles necessary for travelling. In the afternoon the girls went to the river hard by to cut ice, which was in part melted in the kettle, and used for cooking, and a part of it was thrown into a wooden vessel near the fireplace, and kept for drinking. When the work was finished, they began to employ themselves in the yurt with the business of decoration. In an elaborately-made box of birch bark they had treasured up some studs of brass and lead, beads, and old brass springs. These last were now cut into small pieces, and strung with the studs and beads so ingeniously, that a very pretty ornament for the head was made with very poor materials. The Yakut had lent the girl his assistance in making this band at her earnest request. They then amused themselves by playing cards; and at supper the black bread to which they were treated by the traveller was devoured as the greatest dainty along with the soup and meat. Some singing followed, to pass the time; and then this primitive family sought their berths for the night, each person being provided with a lighted pipe.

It will be seen that we have not meddled with the scientific information interspersed throughout these diversified volumes; but this, although not of popular interest, is unquestionably the most valuable portion of the work.

ARTIFICIAL BARRIERS TO SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

We are of opinion that much agreeable and profitable social intercourse is prevented by a want of moral courage in adopting a simple style of entertaining one's friends and acquaintances. Let us look around, and what do we find to be the general state of intercourse between friends and acquaintances in the middle and upper classes of a commercial community? On the one hand, we see an entire abstinence from all social intercourse (except, perhaps, with immediate connexions), arising from economical motives, founded on the impossibility of complying with the supposed requirements of society in this matter. On the other, we find individuals giving, once or twice a year perhaps, an expensive and formal dinner party, or a stiff evening entertainment, at neither of which does any one feel himself at ease; where one is in the midst of a most heterogeneous company, gathered together without any earthly reference to fitness or amalgability, and from which one at last escapes, thankful to find himself again at his own quiet fireside—inwardly vowing that nothing shall ever again tempt him to exchange its genial precincts for any such vain and profitless visiting. During the winter, Mr and Mrs A— have been invited to dinner by Mr and Mrs B—, or the young people have had 'the pleasure of their company requested,' &c. by the C—s. The A—s consequently feel it incumbent on them to clear off the debt supposed to be owing to the said B—s and C—s, by inviting them in return; and in order to have a general clearing off of scores, they bethink themselves of all and sundry from whom they have received civilities during the past six or twelve months, and without any consideration whatever as to the harmony of the ingredient members of the company, a great crowd of persons, for the most part utterly unknown to each other, are uncomfortably packed together, the house is turned topsy-turvy for a few days, a great deal of money is foolishly squandered, no comfort or satisfaction has resulted to anybody, and when the affair is over, the givers of the entertainment generally congratulate themselves that a year at least must elapse before they have again to undergo similar trouble and expense. For months after this event, the A—s would as soon think of flying as of asking any of the B—s, C—s, or D—s to drop in upon them in a quiet way to spend an evening. With such persons there is no medium between a formal tiresome party and an entire abstinence from all visiting whatever.

The fact is, the true secret of genial and improving social intercourse—of anything at all approaching even to the name—is but little understood, and still less acted upon. The very words 'visiting' or 'meetings of friends' suggest to most minds the idea of expense, domestic inconvenience, anxiety, and trouble. Why should this be so? All kinds

of social intercourse ought to be associated with the most pleasing ideas. They ought to be easily attainable, and readily arranged, and should entail little or no disarrangement of the usual domestic routine. When will a few rich persons encourage their less wealthy brethren by systematically adopting in their entertainments a severe and almost Spartan simplicity? Such a simplicity would do them infinite honour, by tending to emancipate those less favoured by the gifts of fortune from the supposed necessity of needless profusion and uncalled-for expense. If such examples were to become prevalent, the consequence would be, that the apparent inequalities between rich and poor would be much softened down—there would be an absence of that painful, but irrational feeling, which constantly haunts many otherwise amiable persons, lest their mode of entertaining those whose incomes are ten or twenty times larger than their own may not be quite *comme il faut*—we should have less thought taken about mere eating and drinking, and more about matters of higher import.—*From the Companion, a series of pleasant rational Essays in the Manchester Examiner.*

SONNET.

WHAT felt the world's survivor when the bough
Was brought him by the home-returning dove?
Joy throbbed his heart, and Hope swelled up above
The fears that in his soul had lurked till now,
In spite of all his faith. But when the ark
Was rested by the waters' sinking flow
Safe on the mountain, and the patriarch
Gazed on the shoreless ocean lessening slow,
Unruffled in the noontide's golden glow,
Or in the calm of midnight rolling dark,
Though thickly sprinkled with the gems of heaven;
Sure when the ark sat on that dreadful sea
Alone, no feeling in his heart could be
But sorrow for his kindred unforgiven.

F. T.

WALKING.

Of all kinds of exercise, walking is that which is the most universally attainable, and at the same time the best. Calling so many muscles into action, and especially those of the lower extremities, of which the circulation is apt to be more languidly and imperfectly performed, from the degree of resistance presented by the force of gravity to the return of the blood to the heart—calling, moreover, so much of the moving apparatus of the body into reciprocal and balanced action, flexor and extensor muscles being correspondingly exercised—walking is undoubtedly the best of all exercises for the purposes of health, independently of its secondary, and by no means little useful effect, of carrying the respiratory organs into the freer and purer air, and exposing the system to the extraordinary and (at least in the colder and temperate countries of the earth) the healthful influence of the direct rays of the sun. The degree of the exercise must of course vary with the age, condition, and habits of the individual; but the degree of exercise that is in most cases serviceable is generally much underrated. Two miles a day is the minimum distance which a person of moderate health and strength ought to walk. If the powers of the system increase, or are stronger to begin with, the minimum ought to be four miles. The object should be, in most cases, to walk the four miles in an hour; and the invalid, beginning, perhaps, by walking a mile, or a mile and a half, in an hour, might gradually increase his rate of walking until he had accomplished this end. Quick walking calls more muscles into action than slow walking does, and is therefore better. The muscles of the back and trunk, neck and arms, are comparatively very little used in slow walking. A person can hardly walk quickly without using them to a very considerable degree. It is a maxim so sound and important, as to deserve frequent repetition, that the greater the number of the muscles used, the more advantageous will be the exercise.—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

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HAUNTED PEOPLE.

Young folks are still awed, and old folks either puzzled or amused, by the veracious and circumstantial narratives about seen and unseen supernatural agents; and such books as Mrs Crowe's 'Night-side of Nature' strengthen in some, who would be ashamed to admit it, early impressions, which, though often combated, yet seem too strong and well-founded to be got rid of on all occasions. But notwithstanding the extent to which this actual ghost secretly influences those whom some would deem insufficiently reflecting people, still I believe there is an ideal ghost which affects even many of the thoughtful and educated to an extent of which they are not always conscious, and which is, however, one of the greatest scarecrows to happiness that it is possible to conceive. This ghost is sometimes created by young folks for themselves, and often, too, well-meaning but injudicious friends are the first to raise it; but whatever be its origin, its existence is often unnoticed till it has got such a hold of us, that it costs a world of trouble to get rid of it. Now though most people are familiar with it under various names and shapes, still it may not be useless to add another to the many phases under which it has appeared in print. Some call it the 'fear,' and others the 'love,' 'of what the world would say,' many term it 'emulation,' and more 'envy.' In union with the idea which suggested this paper, I might call it 'the ghost of imitation;' but as names are bad mediums for conveying one's thoughts, I shall leave my readers to form their own nomenclature.

To understand, then, what I mean, reflect for a moment, and consider if there be any one whose acts, whose position in life, whose abilities, whose accomplishments, whose tastes, whose manners, or whose anything you often involuntarily draw into comparison when about to form or act on a judgment of your own. If there be any one the remembrance of whom rises to your mind spontaneously when thinking on a particular subject, so that, before coming to any determination, you regularly fancy to yourself how would he or she act in these circumstances, that person, reader, is your ideal ghost; and the effect of its haunting you is more destructive to your happiness than all the other ghosts you have ever heard or read of. Have you the desire or the necessity to become an author, and in choosing your style, do you think of some popular or eminent writer whose works have first roused you to action, and whose ideas, whose incidents, and whose plans of composition have taken such hold of you, that you almost involuntarily choose such subjects as he has written on; and though shame of being a paltry plagiarist may compel you to use a different, and most likely inferior language, yet in a difficulty you feel your memory groping through your model's works for an idea instead of searching for it within your-

self—that author is your ghost: he has haunted you till he has frightened you out of your self-reliance; and the composition you have so laboured at will only confirm your apprehensions of disappointment and annoyance.

To take a more trivial instance: do you feel disinclined to go to church on a Sunday, and still do go, not from conviction of duty, but from reluctance to draw upon yourself the notice of some one you respect?—that some one is a ghost, who has terrified you out of your own good sense; and though you may meet their eyes with self-satisfaction, and without any of that self-condemnation which your absence would have filled you with, still you can't feel that you have acted aright; and no lasting or solid pleasure can result from your mere escape of censure. Do you feel inclined to lie long in bed in the morning, and while so dawdling, think what such a one is doing, and how busy he or she is, and how they would smile (to say the least) if they could look in on you, and see you so lazy?—that such a one is a ghost that will continue to haunt you so long as you have any self-respect left; and unless you lay it by activity and resolution, it will be a constant source of uncomfortableness and unhappiness to you. Is an opportunity of doing what you feel to be a charitable action thrown in your way, and after hesitating about doing it, you feel impelled to it by either the dread of shame from some one seeing you omit it, or the less ignoble motive of bethinking yourself what some one whom you admire would do on such an occasion?—these individuals all haunt you: and I think you can now understand what I mean by a person's being haunted. But, say you, don't all wise people tell us that example is better than precept; and that when we find a person who laudably surpasses others in some particular, the very best thing we can do is to try and do what that person is doing, and so aim at that merit which all commend? True: wise people do say so; but like most of the sayings of wise people, it requires a wise person to understand it. Example is an excellent method for showing *what* can be done, but a dangerous one for pointing out *how* that is to be done, or rather for people to adopt in trying to find out *how* a thing is to be done. Example may show us the great things a man can do; but if we aim at doing similar things, we must find out mainly by ourselves *how* they can be done by ourselves, and not trust to our imagination, by supposing that others may have done them in a particular way, and therefore that we may do them if we follow in that way.

This is a distinction which, if not carefully attended to, will convert what might have been your best friend into your most constant and dangerous foe; and I shall give you my reason for thinking so. It seems to me that though any attentive beholder may clearly understand the external results of a person's conduct, still he must form a very imperfect estimate

of its various motives and causes; and therefore that *he* is not likely to succeed who, when setting about pursuing the same conduct, first *imagines* to himself the motives and causes of it, and then tries to imagine himself influenced by them. Now reflection I think may, and I am sure experience will tell you, that though you have good reason for believing the conduct you aim at was such as you saw and believed it to have been, still, that you have no reason for being sure of the motives and causes of it; and though you did feel sure of them, yet that at least the internal, if not many of the most important external circumstances, qualities, and feelings of your model are so completely beyond your observation, that if you attain the same conduct, and so the same end, it must be by means widely different. Of course I take it for granted that you are desirous of self-improvement, and anxious to stand high in your own estimation, as well as in that of your friends; and that, not content with guiding your actions by the impulse of imperative routine, or the necessity or profitableness of occupation, you seek some principles whereby to satisfy yourself that the life you lead, though sometimes monotonous, and less absorbing in its enjoyment than you once supposed it would be, yet contains the materials of as much contentment, if not happiness, as a reasonable man should desire. Now you are aware that most of the powers which men display in the world are in great measure the result of long habit and exercise, and therefore that if it be necessary or desirable for you to cultivate in an especial degree some of those powers, you must pay less attention to others. Owing generally to the incompetency or necessities of our care-takers in early life, we often find that our energies have been directed, or have directed themselves, in some channel, a confinement to which could not lead to a reasonable share of happiness; and therefore when we find others whose energies have received a different direction apparently enjoying and conferring more happiness than ourselves, it naturally makes us wish, and perhaps strive, for the possession of similar powers; and it is here that the ghost I alluded to generally rises. Instead of calling to mind the length of time we have been acquiring the power we possess ourselves, and so inferring the difficulty of acquiring the new ones, we think (or rather we don't think, but we act as if we did think) that the apparent ease with which the possessor exerts them is naturally inherent in the subject-matter of those powers, and therefore that close attention to their exertion will secure us the secret. The consequence is, that our attention being absorbed in *what* is done, we overlook *how* it is to be done, or we trust to our imagination for informing us of it; whereas, in truth, far more thought and attention are requisite to ascertain the latter than the former.

For instance, you wish to become agreeable in company, and to profit and please your audience. You hear a friend who converses on the topics of the day tell stories and crack jokes in a way which interests and amuses every one. You increase your acquaintance with those or similar topics; you furnish yourself with a lot of stories and some good jokes, and begin to try your powers; but you find that people listen to you with serious politeness, and rarely give you more than a smile of protecting condescension. You feel that you have related the fact, or made out the point of your story, as well as your friend might have done, and you think that people might fairly have laughed at the really good joke you have told; but there is still a something wanting that convinces you of a failure, or nearly so, and you are

inclined to despair of attaining your wishes, and to give up by saying, 'I've no natural talent that way.' Now I think you have a natural talent that way, though it may not be as great as that of your friend, and your failure arises not from the want, but the misemployment, of your natural talent. I suppose you may be delicate in body, or at anyrate far less strong and active than some of your companions. You hear them exulting in the enjoyment of a long walk or some vigorous exercise; and you see by their fresh looks and high spirits that it has done them a deal of good; and you, feeling weak and spiritless, determine to improve yourself the same way. And how do you set about it? I can't suppose you so thoughtless or vain as that at your first trial you would attempt to do exactly the things your friends have done: for example, that you, unaccustomed to walk one hour continuously, should attempt to walk six; or that, being in the habit of rowing across the pond, you should essay ten miles up the most rapid part of the river against time; but I take it for granted that you set to work on the prudent plan of daily increasing your present amount of exertion, until you find yourself gaining that strength and good heart which enables you to hear your friends relate their feats without feeling any inclination to give up your own habits and adopt theirs, or which at most raises an inclination to try and emulate them the first convenient opportunity. Well, then, is it not strange that you, who act so prudently in your own physical education, act so imprudently in your intellectual and social? Circumstances, perhaps, or want of self-reliance, may have conspired to make you less entertaining than you wish to be; and when you find a friend, by the mutual action of practice and inclination, becoming the usual centre of agreeability in a room, how does it happen that you entertain the idea, that by a sudden effort you can produce an effect similar to what he does? You were not so thoughtless with respect to the walking; and be assured there is need of still more thought, still more observation, self-reliance, and perseverance, to attain the power of talking in a manner on which you may reflect with satisfaction.

What, in the name of goodness, made you fancy that your friend's amusing and entertaining powers depended on his knowledge of certain facts, and his remembrance of certain stories and jokes? Can you not call to mind how the conversation happened, as it were, by chance to turn on that subject which introduced his knowledge and his fun so well? Do you not recollect the agreeable humour in which his listeners were before he ever sought a smile from them? Whether it was the extent of his powers or his good fortune which thus enabled him to take advantage of the circumstances, you remember, however, that they did so exist. And can you then wonder that your stories and information, though perhaps in themselves superior to any of his, are nothing compared to them in effect? Can you be surprised that even while telling your story, which perhaps you commenced with some little spirit, that your courage deserts you, and failure begins to stare you in the face, and you feel detected, as it were, in a contraband attempt to be agreeable, and find it almost impossible to pass cheerfully to some other topic, and so cover your defeat? You judged rightly as to *what* was to be done, but wrongly as to *how* it should be done. Your desire to amuse as much as your friend was laudable and judicious; but to attempt to do so in the same apparent way, and by the same apparent means, was most injudicious, and has been the secret of your failure.

He may have felt himself really interested in the subject of conversation, or amused at the thought of his story, long before a word passed his lips, so that his speaking was only a vent for the load that was on his mind; or he may have scanned his listeners so accurately, as to know what best suited their feelings at the time; but in any case, you may be sure he had a clear, definite object marked out for himself, and to that he went direct, without thinking of what any other would do in his place. On the contrary, as soon as you thought of your subject or your story, you also raised your ghost, and fancying to yourself how he would have spoken or acted, you begin accordingly; and the moment any doubt of your efficiency crosses your mind, fancy suggests something else your model might have done; and once the haunting takes effect thus on you, it pervades you so entirely, that you are frightened out of your own common sense, and it is a general relief when some one else engages the attention of the company.

Supposing, however, that you did manage to get listened to with attention, you have gained credit for what is not your due; for if your imitation has depended on memory, you are only a parrot; while if, as is most likely, it has resulted from imagination, all that is correct is matter of chance, and what is incorrect is your own fault. In short, your model, when in action, is a reality, while you are a sham. You are haunted, and your model is not. If, then, you are ever in this condition, these remarks may induce you to think of freeing yourself from it. Whenever you wish to effect any object, consider first well what it is, and then what means you have certainly within your reach to effect it; and having some definite unshakable ideas on the subject, then try, by way of experiment, how you can, unaided, work out those ideas. Take accurate heed of your success or failure, with the conviction that either of them is attributable to yourself alone, and according to the event, one way or other, let your next experiment be made; and as each trial will give you fresh confirming, you will soon find you have enough, and perhaps even more labour than you will be willing to undergo, in recalling to mind the lessons you have taught yourself: but the practice will soon render it easy; and as you will thus find that you have perhaps more knowledge in your possession than you have occasion for, you will not have time to be haunted, and the ghost will be laid most effectually. Of course when I say one ought to be independent in choosing the means for any end, I don't dissuade you from seeking all possible information as to the advisability of those means ere you adopt them. On some subjects you may get useful information in books, on others you will gain it by the oral advice of friends (who possess the advantage of being able to explain difficulties); but in all cases, you, and you alone, should judge for yourself whether the means thus laid before you are best suited to yourself and your capabilities. If you lay aside this responsibility for a moment, when by a little energy you could have exercised it, faith usurps the place of conviction; imagination warps, if it does not subvert, reason; your plans of action, instead of being solid realities, based on knowledge, become but the shadows of independent thought; the giver of the counsel, or the creator of your motives, becomes a ghost haunting you every moment that fancy works; till at last some stern reality wakes you up, perhaps only in time to find the extent of your self-deception, and the total annihilation of the hopes which set your

reason asleep. How many useless anxieties, groundless enmities, and impossible aspirations might we avoid by this self-dependent, ghost-laying determination, to rely mainly on our own thoughtful experience of our own capabilities! How much would it increase our faith in, and decrease our dependence on, our fellows, did we thus accustom ourselves to judge them solely by what we are actually sure of as to them, and not by what fancy suggests! Then might we find how little others can injure or assist us, if we do not make ourselves dependent on them; and once that we have tasted the labour-won pleasure of living from ourselves, self-respect will make us continue the responsibility; and if ever we have derived gratification from being useful or agreeable to others, we shall do so then more constantly and certainly, as vanity, the food of ghosts, will have disappeared, and benevolence, the basis of originality, will be the groundwork of our character.

BYGONES OF THE BACKWOODS.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MIAMI EXPEDITION.

It is now a good many years—so many, indeed, that we are hardly inclined to acknowledge having accompanied the expedition in connection with which the circumstances we are about to relate took place, as we are still upon the list of bachelors—since the United States government found it necessary to despatch a considerable military force, under the command of General Wayne, to repress the incursions of the Indians who occupied the hunting-grounds contiguous to the north-western frontier of the territory of the republic. The troops consisted of a couple of battalions of regulars and a large number of volunteers, who joined them from their respective townships as they passed along towards the point of concentration—each of the states exposed to the ravages of the Red Men contributing its quota. Having arrived near the scene of action towards the close of autumn, the commander encamped on the northern bank of the Ohio river, within a short distance of the line which bounds, on the western side, the state which bears the same name, and resolved to spend the winter in the discipline of his new levies, with the view of taking the field in the highest possible state of organisation early in the ensuing spring, and then deciding the matter at a blow. The result attested the wisdom of this course and the accuracy of his calculations, as the campaign may almost be said to have been confined to the decisive victory obtained on the Miami of the lakes.

On a fine evening, some weeks before the force had arrived at the place where it subsequently took up its winter-quarters, the sounds of angry altercation might have been heard issuing from a group of four individuals, who stood in front of a block-house in a recently-cleared patch of ground, at no great distance from the town of —, in the state of Tennessee. One of the four was an Indian; of the others, two were young white men, of slender, but hardy and active make; whilst the third, likewise a white man, was evidently the senior of his companions by probably a score of years, and the possessor of a frame whose towering height and brawny and muscular proportions contrasted strikingly with the light and agile forms of the other individuals of the group. The contrast presented in this particular, however, was not more striking than that which existed between the gloomy and vindictive scowl which lowered on his naturally sombre countenance, and the open and honest frankness displayed in the features, though now lighted up with indignation, of at least that portion of the remainder of the party who were his kin in point of colour.

'I tell you what, my lads, exclaimed the ominous-looking individual in deep and threatening tones, 'one

word for all: the shooting-iron's mine by lawful barter; and what's mine I mean to keep, until I meet a better man than myself to take it from me—and I reckon that's neither Charley Simmonds nor Chingowska.

'Either of us is as good so far as manhood goes,' replied the young man named as Charley Simmonds; 'and the worst of us is far better, if honesty is to be taken into the account. As for the barter you speak of, I suppose it is about as lawful an affair as that with the Green Mountain carrier whom you persuaded to swap his team of oxen against your horse, that he never saw, on your swearing that he was free from disease, leaving him to find out afterwards that the beast had broken his neck down the Sandstone Cliff a week before.'

'I make some allowance for your feelings, Charley,' rejoined the former speaker, 'in regard of my having got inside you in the good-will of Sally Benton; but I don't usually bear so much stirring up, and take it so quietly; so leave off while the play is good, if you're fond of yourself.'

'Keep less talk about Sally Benton!' exclaimed with great warmth the white man who had not hitherto spoken, and who was brother to the young woman referred to. 'She does not like a bone in your body; and if she did, her friends might like to know whether a man that deserted his wife and three children a couple of years ago in Jefferson county is any acquaintance of yours, or whether you ever heard of a sheriff's officer who was found about the same time with a hole through his head that never came there by nature, and that was as like one that a piece of ragged lead would make as the description I got of one Sam Staples, who made himself rather scarce in that clearing just after the occurrence, is like the man that calls himself Bill Tuckett. My ears were not closed when I was down east last fall; so take yourself along more quietly, and look out for a wife somewhere else than in the family of Sally Benton, Master Bill Tuckett, or Sam Staples, whichever you choose to call yourself.'

Astonishment, consternation, and rage, were successively depicted in the countenance of the man calling himself Bill Tuckett, who had but recently come to settle in that neighbourhood, representing himself as an unmarried man. For several seconds he glared in silent passion on his accuser, and seemed for a time as if about to rush upon him and rend him in pieces on the spot. After a mighty struggle with himself, however, he succeeded in mastering every external appearance of emotion, and even smiled grimly as he replied, 'If you had a beard upon your face, young fellow, you might find me dangerous to be talked to after that style. Meantime, I don't like to have my dander ris by a boy that's only fit to be whipped by his mother; so I wish you good-night.' So saying, he turned on his heel and entered the block-house.

As he passed through the doorway, Charley Simmonds called aloud after him, 'I say, Bill Tuckett, don't suppose you are going to make your own of Chingowska's rifle so easily. When we return from the west, you'll hear more about it.'

No answer was returned. After a brief pause, the young men, with their red companion, left the spot, and proceeded in the direction of the town.

Before they were quite lost to view in the distance, the gigantic frame of Tuckett again appeared in the doorway. The blackness of the thunder-cloud brooded on his countenance as he gazed on their retiring forms in silence for some moments. Then fiercely shaking his clenched fist towards the quarter they had taken, and perhaps unconsciously giving audible expression to his feelings, he exclaimed, 'Ay, when you "return from the west;" but it shall be my care that you *don't* return. No half-measures will answer now. The stories that your friend has taken the trouble of collecting down east will cost you all dear out west. 'Tis your blood or mine!'

Had the feelings of the soliloquist been less excited by his theme, he might have detected at this moment a rustling in the underwood, in which the block-house was partly embosomed, which could not have proceeded from the wind, as not a breath of air was stirring. His facul-

ties, however, were wholly absorbed by the subject of his passion, and after a brief interval, he again disappeared in the house. The next moment a young lad, brother to Charley Simmonds, and his junior by three or four years, emerged from the thicket, and keeping the rear of the building, made his way in the same direction as that already pursued by the other members of the party. He had accidentally been passing at a short distance from the spot, when he was attracted by the sound of voices engaged in angry altercation, as already described, when his youthful curiosity stimulated him to approach and listen, availing himself of the concealment afforded by the bushes. He had been about to withdraw, when Tuckett reappeared, and uttered the ominous language just quoted, every syllable of which, amid the stillness and solitude of the place, was borne distinctly to the ears of the listener. He determined of course to take the earliest opportunity of informing his brother of the circumstance, and placing him and his friends on their guard against any treachery that Tuckett might contemplate. A slight alteration of their arrangements, however, of which he remained in ignorance until too late, rendered any communication between them impossible.

All the individuals whom we have introduced to the reader were included among the volunteers who were to join from that township the expedition under General Wayne. The comparatively tender age of the younger Simmonds was not considered a fact of sufficient importance to prevent the gratification of his wish to be allowed to make one of their number, as—though his strength was not yet sufficiently matured for a hand-to-hand struggle—like most of the frontier lads of his years, he was already familiar with the crack of the rifle, and had more than once drawn a trigger on active service. Local circumstances had induced the arrangement, that the party should start for the place of rendezvous in two separate detachments, the first of which, including the four first-named individuals—for the Red Man belonged to a friendly tribe, and spent nearly as much of his time in the settlement as on the prairie, and consequently accompanied, as a matter of course, his white friends on the expedition against their common enemy—was to set out on the following morning; and the second, to which the younger Simmonds was attached, in the course of the subsequent week. The altercation we have described, however, rendering the young men little disposed to hold companionship with Tuckett during a march that must occupy from seven to ten days, they resolved on starting that very evening, so as to keep constantly in advance of the party in whose company he was to travel. Accompanied, therefore, by their Indian ally, and some two or three of their more intimate associates, to whom the project was communicated, the little band commenced their journey, and had accomplished nearly a score of miles, when they halted to 'camp' for the night. Of this anticipation of their original plan the brother of Charley Simmonds was in ignorance, until, on seeking him, for the purpose of acquainting him with the threat which Tuckett had made use of, he learned that he had already departed.

It is necessary here to explain the original cause of the quarrel of which we have described a part. In the summer of the preceding year, the skill and daring of Chingowska, at extreme peril to his own life, had saved that of an English gentleman who was hunting on a distant prairie, when under the very tomahawks of half-a-dozen warriors of a hostile tribe. The grateful Englishman would have been profuse in his liberality towards his gallant deliverer, but the latter would accept of little in the shape of reward. One article, however, in the possession of the former had excited his admiration, and it was evident he regarded it with a longing eye. This was a London rifle, of superior finish and workmanship, which carried a ball half as large again as the ordinary American rifle; and which, sending the deadly missile to the mark with equal accuracy, was certain to bring the game to the ground with a mortal wound at a range so great, that the very best weapon the Indian had ever seen in use on the frontier before would fail to break the skin at

a similar distance. Of course the gun, with the bullet-mould, and every other necessary implement connected with it, at once became the property of Chingowska, with the addition of a quantity of powder and lead, and a considerable sum of money. Of the latter, the unfortunate Red Man, like most of his race when similarly circumstanced, spent a part in dissipation among the settlements, and suffered himself to be speedily cheated of the remainder. Fully appreciating, however, the value of his rifle, and its vast superiority to anything of the kind to be met with in the backwoods, he resisted every inducement to part with it in the way either of purchase or exchange, though numerous and tempting offers were made to him upon the subject. But poor Chingowska had his weakness. The fatal vice, the parent of all the follies, misfortunes, and crimes which have almost swept the once noble race to which he belonged from the face of the earth, is a fondness for strong drink. To procure this, Chingowska had already parted with everything but his beloved rifle. On the evening previous to that on which the dispute we have described took place, Tuckett invited him to his block-house to partake of some rum. The unsuspecting Indian readily fell into the snare. His treacherous host plied him with drink until he sunk in utter insensibility upon the floor; and on his restoration to consciousness at an advanced hour the following day, he was informed, in reply to his inquiry for his rifle, which had disappeared, together with his bullet-mould, that he had agreed the previous evening to dispose of it in barter for the rum which he consumed, and a worthless old shot-gun, which his deceitful entertainer now tendered him. Of course the indignation of the poor defrauded Red Man was excessive; but as Tuckett was prepared for this, and treated his remonstrances with contempt, he was compelled to leave the place without his prized weapon, and carry his complaint to his friends Simmonds and Benton, with whom he had often traversed the forest and the prairie either in the pursuit of game, or on the trail of the hostile Indian. In company with them, he had the subsequent fruitless interview with Tuckett, the particulars of which have been detailed.

On the following morning, the remainder of the first detachment of volunteers commenced their march, and reached General Wayne's encampment in due course, the half-dozen who preceded them having arrived on the previous evening. At the appointed time, the second party, including young Tom Simmonds, started for the camp, which they reached without the occurrence of any event essentially connected with the thread of our narrative.

Of course the first inquiry of Tom Simmonds on his arrival was for the quarters of his brother. What was his consternation on being told in reply that his brother and Chingowska were condemned to death by a court-martial for the murder of Dick Benton, whose dead body had been found in the wood a couple of miles beyond the lines, and that the sentence was to be carried into execution at daybreak on the following morning!

On recovering from the first stunning shock of the intelligence, he flew at once to the hut in which the condemned men were confined. On attempting to enter, he was repulsed by the sentry, and informed that none could be admitted without an order from the officer who had presided at the court-martial before which they had been tried. To seek him out, and obtain the necessary order, occupied a considerable time, and fearfully abridged the period which intervened before the hour at which the sentence was to be carried into execution; reducing to narrow limits, indeed, the space in which alone any effort could be made to avert the frightful doom. It is unnecessary to say that the idea of the remotest possibility of his brother's guilt never once entered the mind of Tom Simmonds.

We need not dwell on the meeting of the brothers. Though the heart of each was full, there was no time for the indulgence of idle lamentation or useless expressions of sorrow, if any exertion was to be made in behalf of the condemned. Tom was soon made acquainted with all the circumstances of the case. The body of Benton had been found by some of the men who had gone out in

pursuit of game, in the edge of a dense wood, cold and stiff, having evidently been lifeless for several hours. It displayed two wounds, the least of which was mortal. One was a bullet wound right through the body; the other was a tomahawk wound in the head, so deep, that it was evident the axe must have penetrated the skull of the victim to the very eye of the weapon. What caused the names of Charley Simmonds and Chingowska to be first connected with the murder was the fact, that immediately after the discovery of the body, a rumour was found to pervade the camp that, on the very night previous to that day, a violent quarrel had taken place between them and the deceased, which had been overheard to result in mutual threats of violence and revenge. This was considered sufficient to fix suspicion on them, and justify their being placed under arrest. At the examination which ensued, the accused men both solemnly denied not only that an angry word had ever passed between them and the deceased, but that they had been beyond the lines on that side of the camp since their arrival at all. At this stage of the proceedings, however, one of the party who had discovered the body produced a strip of fur a few inches in length, which had been found within a few feet of the spot on which the murder was committed, and which, on being now examined, was found to correspond precisely with a spot from which a similar piece had evidently been recently torn on the hunting shirt of Charley Simmonds, the edges of which were trimmed with fur of a similar description. In fact no doubt could be entertained that it was the identical piece which had been torn from his garment; nor did he attempt to question the fact himself, though quite unable to explain how it came to be found at the scene of the murder. Another of the men now produced a wampum belt, which he stated he had found in the wood not twenty yards from the same spot, but which he had not thought of connecting in anyway with the tragical occurrence, until the circumstance of the strip of fur suggested the idea. A single glance at the Indian served to discover that his wampum belt was gone, and his knife and tomahawk suspended from a canvas girdle, which a score of witnesses were ready to prove had not been the case on the preceding day. Poor Chingowska at once recognised his belt, but could furnish no other account of its disappearance from his person than the statement that, having obtained rum from some of the men on the previous evening, he had fallen asleep in a state of intoxication, and missing his belt on awaking, had substituted the canvas one which he now wore.

The result of the examination was the appointment of a court-martial for the trial of Simmonds and his red friend for the murder. The circumstances above detailed were adduced for the prosecution, and the prisoners were called on for their defence. It was simple, and consisted of a denial of having ever had a quarrel with the deceased, and of having been in the vicinity of the scene of the tragedy at all. The rumour of the quarrel having been traced to its source, it was ascertained that Bill Tuckett had, on the night previous to the day on which the murder was committed, observed to a comrade that he feared some bad work would follow from the bitter language and violent threats which he had overheard proceeding from the occupants of a hut, which he pointed out, as he was passing along to his own quarters. He did not appear at the time to know who the parties were by whom the hut was occupied, but said that the voices seemed somewhat familiar to his ear, though, from the excited tone in which they spoke, he could not recognise them with sufficient distinctness to name the speakers. Being called on for his evidence at the court-martial, he deposed to precisely the same effect, declining to swear that the voices he heard were really those of the three individuals in question, but pointing out the hut which they had occupied as that from which the sounds had issued; the prisoners themselves admitting that they and their late unfortunate comrade had been its sole occupants from nightfall until sunrise. In support of their denial of ever having had a quarrel, as described, with the deceased, they could therefore furnish no evidence

whatever; their own statement to that effect of course going for little against the testimony of a disinterested person. In support of their statement that they had not been in the vicinity of the place in which the murder had been committed, however, Tuckett was recalled, and asked by the prisoner Simmonds whether he had not returned within the lines at an early hour in the afternoon of the day in question, accompanied by Chingowska, passing close by the spot where he, Tuckett, was standing on guard at the northern extremity of the camp, whereas the body of the deceased was discovered nearly two miles distant from the southern extremity! This circumstance, if proved, would have been strong presumptive evidence in their favour when the particulars of time and distance were taken into calculation; but the reply of Tuckett at once decided the case.

'Sorry I can't help my friends at a pinch,' said he; 'but no man passed my post entering the camp whilst I was on guard that day.'

The surprise of Simmonds was unbounded at this answer; and even Chingowska, who had long been schooled into the habitual control of every symptom of emotion on critical occasions, displayed some marks of astonishment. But the effect produced on the court was fatal to the cause of the prisoners. The apparent scrupulousness of Tuckett in declining to swear positively that the voices which he had heard raised in anger, and the utterance of threatening language, were actually those of the prisoners and the deceased, had disposed the judges to attach considerable weight to his testimony; and the directness and distinctness of his reply to the last question naturally bore down, in their estimation, all the protestations of the accused to the contrary. The circumstance of an article of the dress of each having been found within a short distance of the body of the murdered man, with whom it was believed they had just quarrelled, and against whom they had indulged in threats of vengeance, would of itself have weighed heavily against them; but when to this was added the damning fact of their having attempted to establish an *alibi*, which was disproved by the very witness whom they cited in its support, the court had little hesitation in coming to the conclusion that they were guilty of the crime laid to their charge, and sentencing them to undergo the punishment of death. The evidence was submitted to General Wayne in due course, who approved of and confirmed both the finding and the sentence.

Having made his brother acquainted with these details, Charley Simmonds stated that the most unaccountable and mysterious circumstance in the entire transaction he considered to be the answer of Tuckett to his question concerning his having passed him while on guard; as not only must he have seen him, but he had actually replied to a word of salutation which Simmonds addressed to him in passing—Chingowska passing him in silence, in consequence of the affair concerning the rifle. The allusion to the rifle immediately recalled the threat of Tuckett to the memory of Tom, the relation of which seemed to Charley to throw a new light on the whole procedure. The hope of life again sprung up within his bosom: a variety of suggestions were proposed and rejected; and Tom at length departed to carry into execution the only plan which held out a possibility of averting the threatened doom of the condemned, and bringing the real assassin to justice.

Proceeding to the quarters of the general, he sought and obtained an audience, laid before him the suspicions he had formed, and the hopes he entertained of being enabled to clear up the mystery, and concluded by begging a brief respite of the sentence, to admit of his making the exertions he proposed. This was at once and decisively refused. It was clear that the general was fully convinced of the guilt of the prisoners; and the utmost that the petitioner could prevail on him to grant, was permission for himself, and any of the troops he might select as his assistants, to pass into and out of the camp, as they might find it necessary, during the night—the ordinary rule being, that none should pass the lines between sunset and sunrise—with leave to approach his the general's

quarters, and have him aroused at any hour previous to that appointed for the execution, should he succeed in discovering anything tending to demonstrate the innocence of his unfortunate brother.

Tom's next step was to collect about a score of his brother's most intimate associates, acquaint them with the measures he meant to adopt, and request their co-operation. Of course the warm-hearted Borderers embarked with enthusiasm in the cause; and in a short time Tom proceeded to the scene of the murder, accompanied by a body of friends whose zeal, combined with the skill, ingenuity, and perseverance which the peculiar habits of the life of the backwoodsman naturally endow him with, promised to do all that could be effected by human agency towards securing the consummation of his hopes.

Their first care on arriving at the spot was to ascertain the precise position occupied by the body of the deceased when first discovered. For this purpose they induced the soldier who had made the discovery to accompany the party. Connecting the information obtained from him with the fact that the ball had entered the breast, and passed out between the shoulders, which had been previously ascertained by the examination of the body, they were enabled to form a pretty accurate idea of the quarter from which the deadly missile had first proceeded, and, by necessary consequence, of the direction in which it had most probably continued its course after having perforated the person of its victim. They then dispersed, and commenced a rigid scrutiny of the bark of the neighbouring trees in that direction.

The difficulties which obstructed the examination were of no trivial character. It had scarcely commenced, when the sun went down, and night descended. Still, the search must be prosecuted, or the object of their solicitude be abandoned to his fate, as he would assuredly expiate his imputed crime on the gallows at daybreak, if his innocence were not established in the interval. Accordingly, pine-wood torches were prepared, and each individual of the party bearing one, the work went forward. But hour after hour passed away, and still no discovery was made. Midnight approached, and the hopes of the associates became fewer and feeblér, and some amongst them began to calculate the period that Charley Simmonds had to live. Still, they toiled on through the livelong night, resolved that at all events no effort of theirs should be wanting to avert the horrible fate which seemed to await their old companion.

The gloom of the eastern sky was still unvisited by any symptom of the approaching day, though some of the young men had already begun to cast fearful glances at that quarter of the heavens, when a loud and cheerful shout from one of their number speedily brought his companions to the spot. He pointed to an orifice, the recent nature of which was evident from the rawness of the timber, in the soft trunk of a cotton-wood tree, by probing which with the smaller end of a ramrod, the presence of a foreign body at the depth of a few inches was ascertained. The application of the axe speedily extracted the object, on the nature of which was now suspended the realisation of all their hopes, and which proved to be as they expected—a leaden bullet, and that with which doubtless the murder had been committed. Its appearance at once demonstrated two things: the softness of the cotton-wood had so little altered its shape, that the ragged lead proved with the utmost distinctness that it had been discharged from a *grooved barrel*; consequently it could not have been fired by Chingowska, who still carried, in default of a better, the old *smooth bore* which Tuckett had palmed upon him as already recorded; whilst its size was so great, that it was at once declared that no rifle barrel on the frontier *save one* would have admitted it; therefore it could not have been fired by Charley Simmonds, as he was not the possessor of the weapon which formed the exception.

In anticipation of this discovery, and with a view to the possible importance of a moment of time, the party had brought with them from the camp a number of horses. Mounted on the fleetest of these, Tom Simmonds

now swept along with the speed of light towards the general's quarters, for life and death indeed depended on the cast. His tale was soon told, and an order for the suspension of the execution procured, the general not hesitating to grant it on viewing the new features which the case presented; and ten minutes afterwards, he placed the important document in the hands of the commander of the prisoners' guard, as that officer was in the act of delivering over his charge, to be dealt with by the provost-marshal according to their sentence!

At a later hour in the morning General Wayne directed the body of poor Benton to be exhumed for further examination. Every individual experienced in gunshot wounds who viewed it pronounced the wound which traversed the body to have been beyond all doubt inflicted by a rifle ball; and now that attention was directed to that point, declared with equal confidence that it was nearly double the size of the orifice which would have been caused by the largest bullet which a gun of the calibre of the ordinary western rifle, such as that carried by Charley Simmonds, would admit. With reference to the wound in the head, it was well known that Simmonds never carried a tomahawk, and it was shown to be physically impossible that it could have been inflicted by that of Chingowaka. The axes employed in western warfare, it is well known, are of two kinds—one, the blade of which is narrow, and the edge from point to point long; the other having the face of the weapon short, but its depth from the edge to the eye considerable. That worn by Chingowaka was of the former kind. A blow from it must have produced an incision nearly twice the length of that which the head of poor Benton exhibited, and could not possibly have made one much above half its depth. On applying one of the latter description, however, partaking of the form of the wedge rather than the hatchet, it was found to fit the wound with the greatest exactness, so as to leave no doubt that the blow had been inflicted by a similar weapon.

The general inquired whether Tuckett was accustomed to use the tomahawk; and on hearing from a score of persons who were familiar with his habits that he carried one of the latter description, ordered him at once to be placed under arrest.

But that worthy had not been disposed to await the result of the investigation. The camp was searched; but he was nowhere to be found. Some of the heavier and less portable articles of his property were still at his quarters; but it soon became plain that, having heard of the discovery of the rifle ball, which was certain to bring home the murder to his own door, as the possessor of the only piece on the frontier that would carry one of the size, he had at once absconded, taking with him little besides his arms, including the very rifle which was so essentially connected with the discovery of his part in the catastrophe.

Whilst the excitement was at the highest, a man arrived in camp who had been absent on leave since the morning of the day on which the murder was committed, and who heard of the tragedy now for the first time. On being informed of the circumstantial evidence which had so nearly resulted in the death of the late prisoners, he at once stated that, on the evening previous to his departure, he had seen Tuckett tear a morsel of the fur from the trimming of the hunting shirt of Charley Simmonds, the latter having thrown the garment aside whilst engaged in some athletic exercise. He thought it odd of Tuckett, he said, but did not interfere, as he considered it no affair of his. The wampum belt of the Indian had doubtless been purloined whilst the owner lay in a state of helpless intoxication, and both deposited for obvious purposes in the place where they were subsequently discovered.

Shortly after it was ascertained that Tuckett had absconded, Chingowaka was missing also. The day passed away, but no intelligence concerning him could be obtained. The night fell, but he was still absent. At an early hour on the following morning he entered the camp, with the much-prized rifle once more in his possession, and at his waist a human scalp, freshly torn from the

victim's head, depending from which, more than one individual asserted, was the long coal-black hair of Bill Tuckett, *alias* Sam Staples.

ANCIENT SEA-MARGINS.

CHANGES of the relative level of sea and land, in times which may be described as recent in comparison with the earlier geological eras, are amongst the admitted truths of science. They are evidenced by terraces and shell deposits at various heights throughout not only this, but many other countries. For some years past, the predominant doctrine on this subject has been, that the changes of level were produced not by a depression of the sea, but by an upward movement of the land, this movement being understood to be usually confined to limited portions of the earth's surface. Such movements, as is well known, have been observed to take place on the coast of Chili, and on the north side of the Baltic; in the latter case, the rise of the land is believed to be going on at the rate of about forty inches in a century. This is one strong reason for believing that the land has in all cases been the moving element. Another, which was pointed out by Mr Playfair, is, that for the decline of the sea from the land, even to the extent of only a few feet, we should need to suppose the removal of a corresponding depth of water all over the globe, whereas the rise of a piece of land, even supposing it to be one of many hundred square miles, is a phenomenon which traffics with comparatively a small quantity of matter. So has stood the subject for some years, no one, however, making any strenuous efforts to arrive at a general view of the memorials of change of level which exist around these and other coasts, to ascertain how far any of them extend with strict horizontality, or to compare their heights at various places. It has been tacitly taken for granted that such objects are local, and consequently that, beyond the general fact of their existence, they say nothing as to the past history of the earth.

In the work quoted below*—to which, for obvious reasons, we cannot advert critically—an account is given of a laborious series of personal investigations prosecuted in many parts of this island, and also in France and Ireland, from which the unexpected result has arisen that, besides the few specimens of ancient beaches hitherto observed within sixty feet above the present level of the sea, there are at least fifty more at different heights up to about 1300 feet, and furthermore, these are always horizontal, and the various fragments found in different districts observe particular levels; so that it would appear the relative level of sea and land in this island and the neighbouring lands has been shifted scores of times, *without the land having been moved off its original plane to any perceptible extent*. It will readily be observed that it is difficult to imagine such a result to have arisen throughout so wide a space, if the land had been moved every time that the sea was placed in a new relative level. The doctrine of the mobility of the land is therefore so far discounted by what is now brought before the public, and no small disturbance is consequently threatened to many of the conclusions arrived at by geologists. We have not, however, stated the whole case; for it also appears from this volume that there are ancient sea-margins in Norway and North America observing levels precisely correspondent with those of Britain and France; thus extending the uniformity of shift over a very considerable portion of the globe. The probability for a movement of the sea as against a movement of the

* Ancient Sea-Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the Relative Level of Sea and Land. By Robert Chambers, Esq., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, London: W. S. Orr, 1848.

land, becomes, in regard to this portion of the earth, proportionally great, though it certainly would not be graceful to dogmatise on this point, while all the great masters of the science rest, however unsatisfactorily, on a different conclusion.

The lowest ancient beach of any note is one at about twenty feet above the present level of the sea. It generally appears in extensive plains of clay or sand—as, for example, the carse of Gowrie and Falkirk in Scotland, and the low plain between Portsmouth and Brighton, and that extending along the south shore of the Bristol Channel in Somersetshire. Another noted one is a little above forty feet; another about seventy feet; another at a medium of about 107, above which the land in many districts makes a more sudden and abrupt rise than at any other point. There is a great terrace at about 192 feet, which appears along the right side of the Avon valley at Bath, and other places in England, as well as all round the outskirts of Paris, and at other places on the Seine. At about 280 feet, there is a grand terrace seen at many places. Not less remarkable is one at about 393 feet; this appears at Abbotsford on Tweedside, at Colinton (near Edinburgh), in Dumfriesshire, and—at Versailles. One of the level ridges beside Lake Ontario, which are believed to have been produced by a body of water resting there, is of the same height. It is also the height of a shoulder of Arthur's Seat (a hill near Edinburgh), where the rock, hollowed out into a kind of trough, is found to be all smoothed, as by some mechanical agent applied laterally, while the surface bears numerous scratches in the same direction—the work, it is believed, of ice. A sea, at this height, bearing along icebergs, would be adequate to produce the effects; and it therefore becomes important to learn that the ocean did once stand at this level. Another great terrace, in France and America, as in Britain, is at 545 feet. The table-land round Rouen is smoothed down to this level; so is one of the plateaux of the Paris basin (at Buc). Such is the height of the ancient beach above the falls of Niagara, and of one of the lake-ridges of Ontario. At the same level, a terrace runs along both sides of the Tweed, and along its tributaries, portions of it affording sites to the towns of Selkirk and Peebles, and the ancient fastness of Newark. So also does the remarkable sandy plateau at Carstairs in Lanarkshire—about 684 feet above the sea—come into relation to a grand terrace connected with the Mawmee river on Lake Erie. Amongst the examples of ancient beaches of greater elevation, the celebrated *parallel roads* of Glenroy are by far the most remarkable. These have at length been ascertained by levelling as respectively 847, 1059½, and 1139½ feet above the sea, the latter being about the height of a terrace seen in several places in the centre of the island. The probability of these markings having been produced by the sea, and not, as has been supposed, by a lake, now becomes, for this and other reasons, very great.

All of these markings are such as to prove a shift of the level of the sea from a high point to that where it now rests, as the last great event in the history of the globe. They are connected with the most superficial formations—namely, those beds of sand, gravel, and clay usually grouped under the name of 'alluvium.' They denote a period of repose, like the present, but closely following on the disturbed period, of which the diluvium or drift* is the memorial. Some years ago, when the glacier theory was at its height, Dr Buckland, M. Agassiz, and Mr Lyell pointed out accumulations at the openings of many little glens in Scotland as indubitable examples of *moraines*, similar to those which are brought down by glaciers in the Alps at this day. These are here shown to be merely *deltas*—the detrital sheets brought down by the burns, and delivered into the estuaries once filling the glens. In the speculations on the lake origin of the Glenroy

terraces, much stress was laid on the fact, that there was a head of a valley coinciding in height with each terrace, as if the water had there found its ancient outlet. It is now shown that, in a cluster of islands closely placed together, such as the mountain tops of Glenroy would once be, there is a tendency in the narrow intermediate sounds to be silted up, so as to be passable in a low state of the tide. Were the sea to withdraw from such an archipelago, it would leave terraces round the islands, and the silted-up sounds would become heads of valleys of corresponding level. Thus the great argument for the lake origin of the Glenroy terraces is taken away. Another novelty brought forward in this work is a view of the way in which lakes have in many instances been formed. In the Great Glen of Scotland, for instance, which is a deep trough amongst the hills, there is a range of lochs, of great depth, separated by gravelly isthmuses. Whence the isthmuses by which the lakes are confined? No great currents could have brought these accumulations, passing over profundities, amounting in the case of Loch Ness to seven hundred feet. They are shown to be the remains of detrital matter brought down by side rivulets when the sea filled the glen. A careful examination shows that '*all the side glens containing mountain rills of rapid descent, and consequent great power of bringing down debris, occur at the isthmuses.*' Thus the Tarf and Chaldar come in at the place between Loch Oich and Loch Ness. Loch Ness, again, is separated from the sea by a detrital mass, the remains of what was brought down by certain powerful rills which descend from the hills behind Dochfour. The rivulets Urquhart and Garry enter Loch Ness, it is true, at the broad side; but there are special circumstances in their cases, which have rendered them incapable of projecting a detrital mass across such a profound glen, and so forming an isthmus.

It is startling to find in this work so many of the sites of mansions and other remarkable edifices, and even of large towns, set down as ancient beaches, though it is only a natural consequence of the attraction which flat ground presents for building. Thus the bulk of Glasgow is on a beach, which rises to about twenty-six feet above the sea; the western portion of Liverpool is on an ancient beach, between sixty and seventy feet above the present sea-level; the terrace on which a large portion of northern London is situated is an ancient beach; and so forth. There is something, however, much more startling in the details given respecting the hill on which the Old Town of Edinburgh is situated. And here we shall indulge in the only extract which it seems proper to make from the section of local investigations.

'The Old Town, as is well known, is [mainly composed of a street] built on a sloping ridge or *tail* of a mile long, stretching eastward from the Castle rock, and extending in vertical height from 108 feet above the sea at Holyrood Palace, to 325 at the Castle Hill. It may beforehand seem very unlikely that ground which has been the site of a city for the most part of a thousand years, and undergone all the changes incidental to frequent renewals of the buildings, should continue to exhibit with any distinctness traces of such peculiar natural markings as are the subject of this work. Nevertheless, having remarked a series of flats, or, as it were, landing-places, in the general ascent of the principal street which runs along the top of the sloping ridge, I deemed it not impossible that they might be primitive features of the same character with indications which I had observed on similar hill-faces as yet in a state of nature. It appeared in the very first place as favourable to the idea of their being natural features at all, that out of the four flats, two were the sites of ancient public buildings of an important character, such as the best or most convenient ground would be selected for, while a third formed a demarcation between the city and its ancient suburb the Canongate. The crucial test, however, evidently lay in the levels. If these cor-

* The stiff blue clay mixed with boulders, usually called in Scotland the *til*, resting immediately under the alluvial formations.

responded with those of ancient beaches well-marked elsewhere, and especially in the neighbourhood of the city, then was it tolerably certain that the flats in question were indentations made by the sea, in the course of its subsidence to the present level. If it should prove otherwise, they might be presumed as accidental, or the result of causes not concerned in the present inquiry.

Now the reader has already seen many examples of beaches of this range of elevation described. Let us, before taking any further notice of the Old Town indentations, advert to several markings in the immediate neighbourhood of the city.

Just beyond the suburb of Newington, an obscure rill called the Powburn pursues its way through a little valley, observing an easterly direction. On the upper brink of this valley, to the north, there is a terrace crowning a steep slope or bank, and presenting all the usual appearances of an ancient sea-margin. Part of it having lately been laid out as a public cemetery, we have had opportunities of ascertaining that the ground to a considerable depth is composed of a clayey sand. This terrace appears to be 170 or 171 feet above the sea.

Passing westwards less than a mile, we find, behind Grange House, a terrace, more faint, yet sufficiently distinct, which can be traced along till it crosses the Canaan road into the grounds connected with the villas of that district, and so onward to Falcon Hall; on the other side of the valley of the Jordan Burn, opposite to these villas, the corresponding terrace is prominently marked; the two sides of an ancient creek of the sea, when that element stood rather more than 280 feet above its present level. The same flat is rudely marked on the skirt of the Blackford Hill, at Libberton West Mains. These markings, however, are all of them tame compared with a grand terrace of the same height on the north side of the little valley beyond the Libberton ridge. The fine old mansion of Moredun is situated upon it: it extends, with great distinctness, a good way eastward, affording site to Mr Lothian's villa at Ferney-side, but fades away on the slope under Edmondstone House.

When the sea beat on this terrace, the hill on the summit of which Craigmillar Castle is situated presented only a little rocky isle above the waves. This isle consisted of a mass of sandstone, which forms a vertical precipice to the south, just under the walls of the castle. A good way out from the bottom of this cliff, in all three directions, is a flat on which the castle garden, with its ancient quaint devices, may still be traced. That flat is 280 feet above the level of the sea. Answering in elevation, it has been too much disturbed by the hand of man to present the required linearity. I am assured, however, by Mr Smith of Jordanhill, that the overhanging cliff bears much of that appearance of sea-wearing which he has observed in similar precipices that either are now, or have been at a comparatively recent period, exposed to the dash of the billows. Whether it does so or not, there can be no doubt that it once was exposed to this action, as the sea could not have laid down the Moredun terrace opposite without at the same time rolling its waves along the Craigmillar garden, in which case it must have impinged on the cliff at every high tide. How little could Mary, when she walked in this garden, pondering on her conjugal infelicity, imagine that we should in time learn of natural transactions which took place upon the same spot ages before her period!

If, in the winter season, when the ground is comparatively clear for observation, we take a station at Dalkeith, and direct our eyes to the southward slope which there rises above the Esk valley, and along which the Kelso road proceeds, we shall very readily perceive that it is, as it were, laid out in flats, the straight horizontal outlines of which give a strong character to the ground. Some extend westwards, and fade on the hill-side; others stretch far in the other direction, till they terminate in the sky line. To the east of Dalkeith, this terraced hill-face is distinctly seen rising out of a

broad plain, which seems to form no inconsiderable part of the park around Dalkeith Palace, and of which there is also a large section to the south of the park wall, the duke's kennel being situated upon it. This is from about 144 to a few feet more above the level of the sea. It is an unmistakable ancient sea-margin in its form; as to its constitution, the cutting for a coal mine near the kennel gives forty feet of sand slightly mixed with clay. The street of Dalkeith itself, and the flat ground to the south near Woodburn, form another level, about 168-73 feet; the South Esk intersecting the space. On the hill-face above-mentioned, at Cowden and Whitehill, the terraces are respectively 280 and about 390 feet in elevation.

Let us now return to the street-covered ridge of ancient Edinburgh. We start at the plain of Holyrood, 108 feet above the sea. From hence the street ascends, with no well-defined interruption, till we reach Milton House, where there is a flat of at least 100 yards in extent. This is 144 feet above the sea-level, agreeing with the plain at the duke's kennel, and with several markings in the north of Scotland. As being flat ground, it has been selected for the sites of some of the best mansions in the old city, particularly the elegant house and grounds of Lord Justice-Clerk Milton, and the hotel of the Lords Panmure, in which a greater than earls, the illustrious Adam Smith, dwelt for several years and died. After another ascent, there occurs another flat, even more extensive. From probably the same principle of preference, this gives site to the church and old court-house of the Canongate; likewise to the supposed ancient mansion of the Gordon family, and to the palace of the Earls of Murray—the residence of Cromwell when in Edinburgh. It is 165-7 feet above the sea, corresponding with numberless terraces already and to be described. In the preceding instances, the flat has been superficially as extensive as the ascent. The street has been fairly divided between the rise and the level. We now, however, pass along a somewhat longer ascent, and then come to a short, though very decided flat at the head of the Canongate, from 202 to 205 feet above the sea-level. [Terraces at this elevation occur in many parts of the country.] Another comparatively long ascent, and at St Giles's Church, we come to a fourth flat—one unusually broad and well-marked. Here the principal public buildings of the ancient city were congregated: the parish church (afterwards cathedral), the Tolbooth or town-house (both of them structures of great antiquity), and the Parliament House and courts of law. Here the ground has been slightly lowered in modern times, to the effect of softening the abruptness of the original transition from the ascent to the flat. The original height at the flat was about 280 feet above the sea-level—a perfect coincidence with the terraces at Canaan, Moredun, and Cowden; as also with examples in other districts. It may be added parenthetically, that the tract of table-ground on which Heriot's Hospital and the Charity Workhouse stand is precisely of the same height. Thus is completed the series of indentations in the Edinburgh ridge, all of them, it will be observed, coincident in elevation with distinct memorials of sea-margins in the surrounding country, near, as well as far. It seems reasonable, accordingly, to infer that these marks were made by the tooth of the sea, at the pauses which it made in descending from between 300 and 100 feet over its present level. When we reflect on the many historical associations connected with the last group of buildings, it becomes a curious consideration that the locality of them all, from the commencement of the Civil War with the Liturgy riots, down to the seizing of Porteous in his prison, as well as the localisation of the supreme law-courts of the country, should have been, to all appearance, determined by a circumstance so different in its relations as the wearing of the sea on the face of a drift-formed hill, in an age so remote in comparison with the eldest of historical events!

We shall return to this work for some details tending to show that the last shifts of the level of the sea took place after the country had received its human inhabitants.

GATHERING BLUE-BELLS.

It sometimes happens that, without any particular cause for anxiety or depression, the mind is unaccountably perplexed and weighed down; and at such seasons even a dream of the night may produce a painful effect, while our sad memories or futile regrets cannot altogether be dispelled even by the strongest exertion of our reasoning powers. I had arisen one morning to fulfil the daily round of appointed duties, but in a spiritless, discontented, and repining mood. Feelings of the kind usually hold their sway in the silent and secret recesses of the heart; for we know that it is weak and wrong to indulge in them, and we are ashamed to seek for sympathy, which indeed can be but sparingly accorded in such cases. Towards the afternoon I sallied forth to try the effect of a solitary ramble, knowing this to prove frequently the best restorative for a nervous or morbid temperament. In a secluded spot, from whence a gentle pastoral valley was visible, between the spreading branches of old linden-trees, overshadowing the pathway, which led onward amid a collection of mossy hillocks, on whose broken surface scanty heather tufts and delicate blue-bells were scattered, an object attracted my attention. It moved slowly, and with apparent difficulty, now disappearing behind the hillocks, then emerging and stooping down, and altogether presenting a very peculiar appearance. I saw presently that it was a human figure, which I supposed at first to be some poor misshapen child seeking for blue-bells. But although correct as to the employment, I found, on nearer approach, that the gatherer was no child, but an unsightly and deformed cripple of mature years.

She supported herself on crutches, and besides the hideousness of the most unnatural distortion it is possible to imagine, added to dwarf-like stature, her wan but placid face was rendered yet more ghastly by heavy linen bandages bound around it, and across her forehead. Her well-patched coarse garments were scrupulously clean, while her long thin white fingers were eagerly stretched forth to pluck the blue-bells, which she added to her store with childish delight.

I volunteered my assistance, and soon not one more blue-bell was to be found. She thanked me in a sweet low voice, and quietly set herself down on a bank of moss, and began to arrange her humble nosegay: at first I had fancied that she was imbecile, but that thought was quickly dispelled on hearing her speak, and meeting the earnest intelligent gaze of her deeply-sunken but bright black eyes.

On sitting down to rest beside her, and inquiring if she was fond of flowers, as she took such pains to collect them, 'Oh yes, ma'am!' she answered, 'I love them dearly; they do me so much good with their happy looks and sweet scents. I take them home with me, for they ease my pain when I have them near me to speak to. I am but a silly one; though I often remember Him who made both me and the flowers.'

I asked where she suffered the most pain. 'In my head, ma'am. It has been so ever since I can remember—sometimes better, sometimes worse; but I will sing you a song if you please, for helping me to gather this pretty nosegay.'

It was useless my requesting her to desist from the exertion; she began without heeding my remonstrance, and as if it were the return she habitually made for kindness, warbling the words of a bygone and very beautiful ballad. An attempt at sentimental description, when speaking of this poor creature, would be

ludicrous and unfeeling; yet her voice was so low and touching, and so full of gentle pathos, that as I listened to the plaintive strain and the old sad words, many painful but treasured memories were called up, and I could not restrain my tears.

Unfortunately I had no money about me, nor could I succeed in prevailing on the songstress to call at my home, which I found she must pass on returning to her temporary lodging. 'She disliked entering any house, unless obliged;' but she promised to be there again to-morrow, where the blue-bells grew, and when the lengthening shadows of the pale autumnal afternoon would mark the time for her.

Her story, as she told it to me, was a short and simple one, and yet not commonplace; nor could I doubt its truth for a moment, for 'the eye never deceives.'

She had been an orphan since the age of sixteen. Her father, who was a woodman, had been killed by an accident before her birth, when engaged in felling trees in the New Forest. The widow supported herself and her child by singing about the country, and working in the fields when she could get work to do; for as the daughter of a wandering Welsh harpist, the gift of song and the love of roving were in her hereditary. The unhappy circumstances, however, attending the birth of her infant had fallen heavily on the little innocent, occasioning, it was supposed, some organic derangement of the complex vessels of the head, and owing to the ignorant treatment of quacks, to whom her mother resorted, and a fall received in early infancy, making her, in her own sad words, 'What you see, ma'am.'

When her mother died, a benevolent physician, to whom her case became known, had given her a recommendation to a London hospital, defraying her expenses thither; naturally concluding that clever and multiplied advice, together with care and judicious management, might do much towards effecting a cure, or at any rate ameliorating her condition. 'But after a long time,' she added, 'all the doctors agreed that my case was an incurable one, and that fresh air and perfect freedom were the only things they could recommend as likely to ease my pain.'

She told me the name of the worthy practitioner who had originally befriended her, and who had continued to allow her a small sum weekly, sufficient for her maintenance, until two years previous to this period, when death had deprived the orphan cripple of her benefactor.

Since then, walking all over England and Wales, she had supported herself by singing, when able to do so, and by the gifts of the charitable. The open air was as necessary and nutritious to her as daily food, while her childish delight in gathering wild flowers formed the sole recreation and solace of her lonely existence—lonely as that of the lepers of old.

The outcast added in a gentle deprecatory tone, but far removed from the whine of the common mendicant, and putting her hand involuntarily on her bandaged brow, 'God is very good to me, for I have never wanted; and though He sees fit to send me pain, yet with the pain there is healing, for I often forget it all when I look on the beautiful things of His making. Indeed I am very happy; for if such fair flowers are to be found on earth, where the birds sing, and the waters are so clear, and the trees are so grand, how much more beautiful our home in heaven will be!'

'But are we so sure of seeing heaven?' I hesitatingly said, wishing to hear the answer. Her answer was a silent smile, but a serious and solemn one, only faintly lighting up her pallid suffering countenance; and when I parted with her, it was in the earnest and full conviction that this destitute cripple was indeed, as she affirmed, very happy; and passing rich also in the possession of the priceless graces of patient cheerfulness, resignation, and faith.

This little adventure had given me a lesson, and administered a reproof, which all discontented and repining individuals may not have the good fortune to

encounter so opportunely. For my own part, the light of that poor cripple's smile is to this day upon my heart; and in the midst of the sorrows and anxieties of life, whether real or imaginary, my harassed thoughts often flit away to employ themselves happily and beneficially in—gathering blue-bells.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

SUMMER TOURS.

It seems to be generally concluded that comparatively few persons will visit the continent this summer. The pleasure and health-seeking host will be mainly restricted to the more interesting districts of our own island, which were their sole resort during the war. For those who may be inclined to go northward, we may mention that there are now two lines of railway passing into Scotland—one by the east side of the island, only broken at the crossings of the Tyne and Tweed; another, which is quite uninterrupted, proceeding from Carlisle to both Edinburgh and Glasgow. There is a farther line to Stirling, which, by the time the present sheet sees the light, will be advanced to Perth; so that a tourist will be able to pass, without interruption, and in less than a day, from London to the border of the Highlands. In another year, we believe, this line will be extended to Aberdeen. Meanwhile, the scenery which, by its physical beauty and its romantic associations, presents the most solacing contrast to ordinary industrial life, can be reached from the cities of the busy south without the loss of a night's rest. Tourists from that region would do well to come to the north by one line, and leave it by the other, taking Glasgow and Edinburgh in their way. Edinburgh is in its highest beauty in summer, being almost as much a garden as a city, not to speak of its ancient towers in the air, and its streets of palaces. Hence a tour can be extended into the Highlands, to a near or far point, ending at Glasgow. The shortest curve is by Stirling, the Tro-sachs, and Loch Lomond, which requires only two days. A wider curve is by Perth, Dunkeld, Loch Tay, Loch Earn, and then the Trosachs and Loch Lomond, as before: this takes about four days. A still wider sweep passes on from Dunkeld to Inverness, and returns by the Caledonian Canal and the Western Islands to the Clyde. In returning from Glasgow by the Caledonian Railway, the celebrated Falls of Clyde can be seen by a stoppage of half a day at the Lanark station. Throughout all these routes there are excellent hotels. The chances of weather are tolerably equal through the summer and autumn, excepting perhaps in the latter part of July and early part of August, which are unusually apt to be rainy.

We eagerly embrace this opportunity of recommending English and Scotch alike to give due consideration to Ireland as a field for their summer ramblings. This may seem a strange advice to those who are shrinking from the tumults of the continent. But, whatever be the real state of the latter case, we are very sure that no true cause exists for dreading a visit to even the most ill-reputed districts of the sister island. There is no real danger of any kind to a well-meaning stranger in Ireland, and never has been. The discontents of the country regard wholly different objects. Persons who have not hitherto visited Ireland would, on experience, be surprised at ever having entertained fears on the subject; and they would equally be surprised to think that they had been so long in visiting a country possessing so many interesting features. The first and strongest point of interest is, we think, of a historical character. We peruse, in much of the social life which we see around us, a sort of living portraiture of past centuries in England and Scotland. It forcibly recalled to ourselves the Scotland of the days of the Covenanters.

It thus becomes a most instructive study, perhaps to none so much as to young persons. Then there is a foreign air mixed with much that we see in Ireland; there is also the strong cast of a different nationality, something distinctly more primitive than the Saxonism of our land, and leading to habits, and even modes of thinking, wholly peculiar. Add to all this the beauty of much of the country, the touching remains of antiquity everywhere thickly scattered, the rough oddity of the conveyances, and the quaint whimsicality of their conductors—and supposing you only will not be too keenly sensitive to the assaults of beggars, or too nice and fastidious in general respects, you cannot fail to derive fully as much pleasure from a visit to Ireland as you have ever done from any pleasure trip accomplished within the bounds of (to say the very least) the United Kingdom.

COLONY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE agitation in favour of this colony increases every day. Besides books written for the express purpose of attracting emigrants, extracts from the local papers are industriously circulated, and it is sought on all hands to impress upon the public mind of England that South Australia is a perfect paradise both of capitalists and labourers. For our part, we mean neither to join nor resist the clamour. All we desire is, that the people should not, on the one hand, allow themselves to be carried away by representations that, however true at the moment, may turn out to have no permanent truth, or, on the other hand, remain obstinately blind to their own interest, through misgivings that are inapplicable to the altered circumstances of the time. In short, we do not want to dissuade our countrymen from leaping, but we would have them look beforehand; we would have them measure the space with their eye, and inquire calmly into the causes of the failure or success of preceding adventurers.

When the colony in question was first planted, the prosperity of New South Wales and Tasmania was at its height. The sheep of Spain and Saxony were naturalised on the shores of the Pacific, and a great commerce established in wool. In New South Wales, the settlers had spread themselves over the country in quest of pasture; and in Tasmania, where the surface was more limited, they had recourse to re-emigration to the mainland, and the rich plains of Port Philip were soon dotted with their flocks and herds. At the opposite angle of the new continent, the north-west, Swan River colony had been planted: but this did not turn out so well. The great object had been to get out capital, and men to work it, in what was supposed to be a boundless field; and with this view, free grants of land were lavishly given, at the rate of forty acres for every three pounds expended in goods and implements, or in conveying labourers. When the emigrants arrived, however, which they did in great numbers—most of them tempted by the idea of getting *estates* for nothing—they found that the only land as yet explored was on the banks of the river, where there was not room for half of them; and the timid or the impatient, therefore, set forth to seek a new home in the other Australian settlements.

But the calamity of Swan River was at once a gain and a warning to New South Wales, Tasmania, and Port Philip: a gain, because they thus obtained an increase both of hands and capital, and a warning, because it demonstrated that the system of colonising by means of indiscriminate grants of land was radically bad. And this question now became a very important one to the prosperous sheep-farmers of these settlements, for business was increasing, and *wages high*. 'It does not appear,' remarks a shrewd observer, 'that the labourers themselves had any objection to this state of affairs;*' but the farmers had of course the command of the press,

* Earl's Enterprises in Tropical Australia. 1846.

and the complaints that their large profits were diminished by high wages, soon rang throughout the parent country. If we could only have servants, thought they, as cheap as at home, we should get on famously; and some of them, in order to neutralise the 'injustice' complained of, actually hired labour for a term of years before the men left England. But when the men reached Australia, their views changed. Why should we, said they, be the sole step-children of fortune? Have we come to the antipodes merely to escape from hunger at home? Have we not the same right as our employers to a profitable return upon our capital, the only capital we possess—industry? And the end of it was, that the masters found they could not, even under a bargain, hold serfs in Australia more than in England, and that if they would obtain anything better than mock service from their men, they must remunerate them at something approaching to the common standard of wages in the colony.

The masters continued to make money, and to grumble—to grumble because they did not make more money; and the thoughts of the ingenious were given to the task of inventing a system of colonisation which should prevent capital from hurting itself as formerly, and bring out any quantity of willing labour at a low figure. In the midst of this excitement, the South Australian scheme was brought forward, and received with acclamations which our government could not withstand. The great territory lying between Port Philip and Swan River was put up for sale in lots, at a fixed minimum rate, the whole proceeds to be expended in conveying labourers from Great Britain; and for three years from 1837, a continued flow of emigration took place, the allotments rising in value, and the new colonists doing a thriving business in the purchase and sale of the lands they had come out to cultivate. But this of course could not go on. The neighbouring colonies continued to supply them with food as long as their money lasted, but no longer; the speculation was seen in England not to answer; the price of land fell; immigration stopped; and the reckoning came. The labourers who had been brought out with the sanction of government were only kept from actual starvation by being employed by the local authorities in public works, not otherwise pressing, in the capital of the settlement, Adelaide; the land-jobbers were compelled to turn themselves into farmers; and the lucky few who had invested their capital in sheep and cattle were the only thriving men in the community.

After this terrible reaction, South Australia appeared to get gradually into the precise position into which Swan River had subsided. In addition to exporting wool, and even a little wheat, they expended their surplus grain in fattening their surplus sheep, so as to be able to trade in their tallow; and although neither great consumers nor great producers, they contrived to live sufficiently well, and owing to the very insignificance of their business, to escape in a great measure the commercial crisis which soon after desolated the more flourishing settlements of Australia. But just when matters were resolving into this condition, a discovery was accidentally made, which gave a new impulse to the fortunes of the settlement. The soil was found to be rich in *metallic ores*.

This is the report of a gentleman who came from Swan River on purpose to inquire into the truth of the good news which soon spread throughout Australia. 'The whole colony is a mass of mineral wealth—copper, lead, zinc, and silver are known, and there is little doubt that quicksilver, gold, and precious stones abound. Quicksilver has been found in small quantities; the opal and garnet are found; and there is every reason to infer the presence of gold. Copper and lead are the only mines worked at present. I have examined the two chief mines worked. The Kapunda, belonging to Messrs Bagot and Dutton, has shipped this season 1200 tons of ore, producing in England £25 per ton, and landed in England at a cost not exceeding £19 per

ton. The Burra Burra mine is the wonder of the world; it exceeds the celebrated Pargo mines in the ratio of a million to one. The ore is seventy-five per cent of metal, a pure oxide, requiring no flux to smelt it; a common blacksmith's forge producing sufficient heat to run the metal. The lode is seventeen feet wide, of vast extent, and is quarried out like stone, in immense masses. Ten weeks' working have sufficed to produce £1700 value of ore. It is impossible to exaggerate when speaking of the minerals of this country. Iron was afterwards found to be as plenty as copper. In one district it was collected on the surface, and so pure, that the fracture of the ore resembled that of cast-iron. Copper was likewise frequently found cropping out of the ground in large rock-like masses; silver was obtained in considerable quantities; and the existence of tin was something more than suspected. And now came another very different-looking substance, stumbled upon accidentally by some men who were working a copper vein. The following is the account of it given in the Adelaide papers:—'Surrounded and imbedded in dark chocolate-coloured earth or gosses, were thickish layers of a bright-yellow metal, pliable to the touch, and evidently unconnected with the neighbouring copper. The vein was about two inches wide, giving metal in the proportion of perhaps a quarter of an ounce to an inch, and showing a tendency to enlarge in size. We had the gratification to examine these specimens, and we have since seen a much larger number from the same spot. They have been examined by Captain Frome, Captain Sturt, Mr Burr, deputy surveyor-general, Dr Davy, and others, whose scientific and practical knowledge of mineralogy leave the fact without a shadow of a doubt, that a most valuable mine of gold has been discovered.'

These discoveries have had, as might be expected, a great effect upon the value of the land. In 1843, only 600 acres were sold by government, at about £1.1 per acre; while since then there have been lots of 20,000 acres taken up at a time, the land realising in some places from £40 to £50 per acre, and in one instance £88, 15s. per acre. Nothing, in short, is wanted, according to the reports received from the colony, but *hands to gather in its riches*; and for want of this agency, crops of wheat are rotting on the ground, the carcasses of innumerable sheep going to waste, and gems and metals lying useless in the mine. What is wanted is simply hands, for heads may be dispensed with. Education is of no moment. Handicraft knowledge is comparatively a little thing; and even good character and habitual industry are little more than dust in the balance. 'Send us your *paupers*,' cry the eager settlers, mad with the sacred thirst of gold: 'grant to our longings the refuse of your workhouses—we will ourselves pay the expense of their passage, and when once here, no fear but we shall get work out of the laziest of them all!' Then there comes a tempting list of wages, from 6s. to 12s. per day, according to occupation; and from £25 to £70 per annum for farm and house servants. 'I advise all,' says a new agitator,* 'who are willing to work, and wish to improve their condition, to endeavour to obtain a passage out, either with their own cash, or through the emigration fund.'

Now, as the demand of the colony for labourers has been supplied to the extent of some thousands during the last two years, and as at this moment one-third of the large produce of the land sales is devoted to the transport of emigrants, we think it can scarcely be considered unreasonable if we inquire a little closely into the meaning of these outcries. We cannot forget that the very same outcries, from other quarters, gave birth, as we have related, to the colony itself; and we should like to be clearly satisfied that the object is not the same in both. A labourer carries his industry to a new settlement, just as a capitalist does his money, with

* South Australia; its Advantages and its Resources. By George Blackiston Wilkinson. London: Murray. 1848.

the view of obtaining a greater return for it than he could at home; and if the South Australian speculations are as beneficial as they are reported to be, they can well afford to continue the *present* rate of wages. Is this their intention? Or do they complain, not of the scarcity, but of the dearth of labour? And by offering to take our paupers off our hands, do they propose glutting the labour market, so as to bring down prices?

The book we have quoted last is a rambling and confused account of the settlement, from which may be collected, together with some information, a few facts that justify these questions. The Colonial Secretary in South Australia, for instance, remarks in 1846, that the high rate of wages now paid sufficiently indicates the insufficient supply in the labour market; and as a corollary, it is said by another authority that mining operations are kept in check by the extreme demands of miners and others employed. In such a state of things, how are we to account for the prejudice Mr Wilkinson mentions as prevailing against the colony, not in England, but on the spot itself? 'The South Australian newspapers,' says he, 'complain, and with great justice, of the many frauds committed by persons proceeding free to the colony in the emigrant vessels. They state that certain emigrants, who obtain a free passage at the expense of the emigration fund, rendezvous at the port without any intention of settling in the colony, making use of the bounty simply as a means of transport to their friends in the neighbouring settlements. The impropriety and injustice of the fund being used for such a purpose are obvious; for the money thus alienated and wasted has been paid by the South Australians on purpose to bring labour to their shores, where it is so much needed. It is indeed difficult to put a stop to the practice alluded to, unless an agreement be entered into with the intending emigrants, making it obligatory upon them to pay back to the fund the price of their passage, in case they leave the colony before a certain time has elapsed. Such a bond would, I believe, at once arrest this scandalous mode of peculation.' It is surely a little strange that labourers actually arriving at this new Dorado, after a six months' voyage, instead of being tempted by abundance and liberal wages, should ship themselves off immediately for places where there are neither gems nor metals to be had for the gathering!

We must not be understood, however, as being desirous of repressing emigration to this quarter. On the contrary, we would have it go on in a steady stream till wages and profits adjust themselves by degrees; although we can see no legitimate reason for flooding the new country all at once. The passion for mining speculations has already acted injuriously upon agriculture, and raised the prices of necessaries; and this would hardly be amended, at least in the first instance, by the enormous increase demanded in the number of mouths. South Australia is at this moment, in one respect, in the condition of an old country: it has not merely a means of feeding itself from its own productive resources, but a means of purchasing from other countries the comforts and luxuries of civilisation. Without this latter advantage no colony is worth a straw. Men do not cross the ocean to sink into savagism, but to enjoy in more abundance and security all that makes life desirable in an advanced state of society. But we wish the resemblance to an old country to stop here. We wish the profits of labour to bear a fair proportion to the profits of capital; and we wish the tide of emigration, therefore, to continue setting steadily towards the colony, but not deluging it with a dependent population, such as we have at home.

In this little colony L.1000 was raised in two days for the distressed Irish, a fact which speaks eloquently both of the pecuniary ease and generosity of the population. It is desired, however, by those who fancy they are not making money rapidly enough, to dilute and vitiate this population by an inundation from the Eng-

lish workhouses; and the 'Morning Chronicle,' catching up the cry from the mining speculators, proposes to draft at once into Australia 200,000 paupers! If South Australia, in compliment to her mining prospects, were to get even one-fourth of this number, it would *treble* her population, and bring down the rate of wages instantaneously and permanently to the starving point. And this outcry, it may be useful to observe, is raised in the very face of the experiment made in Canada, which is almost utterly ruined by pauper immigration.

In old countries, the mining business is the most fluctuating and uncertain in the whole range of commerce; but there seems every reason to hope that in South Australia it will be a source of considerable wealth, probably for many years to come. It must be remembered, however, that the colony is at the distance of half the world from Europe; that as yet it is destitute of coal; and that until the population be reduced to pauperism and servage, it cannot possibly obtain cheap labour. Even if the principles of political economy, however, were there reversed—as is the case, in these singular regions, with some natural phenomena—we should still refuse to sacrifice the real wellbeing of the new community for the mere acquisition of money.

There is a good deal of practical information throughout Mr Wilkinson's volume; and it can hardly fail to be useful to the intending emigrant who will read it with the caution we recommend. We have of late had a good deal in these columns about 'life in the bush,' or we should be happy to extract an account of the way in which the solitary cattle-owner passes his time. From this account, however—even if from this alone—it appears obvious enough that the grand thing needful for an emigrant in any station is a wife. 'The married man,' says our author, 'has many and great advantages over the single, and his home (however homely it may be) will contrast favourably with the bachelor's: not only is his happiness enhanced, and his labour cheered, but besides this, an active woman does many things for her husband which he can find neither time nor inclination to do for himself. I should say, therefore, to all settlers or intending emigrants, "*Get married before going out*, as the cheaper and better course; but before you marry, tell your intended the mode of life she may expect, that there be no surprise manifested when it is too late to change." Viewed only in a mercenary and politic light, the wife is a great saving to her husband: if he is poor, she cooks for him, makes and mends his clothes, keeps his house in order, looks after the poultry, and does a host of little things that he must unwillingly resign if deprived of her assistance. Thus she is a profit and a great help. But when he returns fatigued with his daily labour (and people do not *play* out there)—when, weary and languid, he comes in sight of his hut—his heart warms at the comforts he knows he will meet; and the light shining out through the crevices in the door, walls, and roof, cheers his very soul, and he feels happy that she—the preparer and crown of all this additional happiness—is anxiously waiting to receive him. When he opens his door (no bolts or bars are wanted where there are no thieves or bushrangers), his clean hut and smoking supper (not mere potatoes and salt) make him think that, if he should be so unfortunate as to lose his present helpmate, he must either break his heart at once, or get married again directly.

'Equal inducements exist for the rich man to marry as for the poor. Though wealthy as Croesus, what would he be in the bush without a wife to cheer him in his misfortunes and troubles, and double his joys by sharing them? In either case, a bachelor in those wilds is an object of pity. No place under the sun is better than Australia for observing the genuine bachelor; there he sits in his lonely hut, with his little "notions," as the Yankees call them, ranged about; and if you pop upon him unexpectedly, you find him, unless he keeps a servant, washing, mending, and ironing his own linen, making and baking his bread, from

which he hospitably turns to broil a chop for you with all the gravity of an old cook; everything about him looking as if it wanted a few children and a wife to rummage him about, and rub and round him into a sociable and "happy man."

Column for Young People.

ENEMIES AT HOME; OR BLOODLESS VICTORIES.

'The New Zealanders,' said I one day in conversation with my little son, 'imagine that by killing their enemy they transfuse into themselves the qualities of the individual; that in devouring the body they also devour the spirit, and become possessed of his prudence, his cunning, his energetic hatred. This mortal enemy, become their internal captive, is constrained to fight for them within them, to conquer in their behalf; and each time that they return triumphantly from the war, they sing an ironical hymn of praise to this invisible slave, to thank him for the victory in which he has so valiantly fought for them. One would suppose it almost impossible to find anywhere so complete and terrible a personification of victory—the vanquished absorbed in the victor! And yet, my child, I can tell you of a yet greater triumph. I know of a conqueror yet more victorious than this savage. In other countries there are other races which have also their enemies—enemies who pursue man everywhere, and for ever, in winter and in summer, by night as well as by day. What course must he pursue? shall he fly from them? No; he waits their approach: he does more, he attacks them. He is but a dwarf, however, and his adversaries are giants. It matters not: the conflict will be fearful; his blood must flow. Yet he shrinks not from the conflict: he is determined to bring them under subjection to himself; and they are brought under subjection. The savage kills his adversary, to bury him in a living tomb; but this man brings his adversaries alive within his home; he leaves them in their full vigour, because he would have them not only *subject* to him, but *serving* him. Yes, my child, they are there beneath his roof, struggling, but yet enchained, but ever ready to break their bonds, and sometimes bursting forth into rebellion with destructive fury; yet he lives on amongst them, calm and serene, apparently unconscious of his danger from these powerful slaves, commanding one to nourish, another to warm him, and a third'—

'Papa,' interrupted my child, who could no longer contain his curiosity, 'in what country is this wonderful dwelling to be found, and who is this powerful being? Do tell me something about them?'

'The dwelling, my child, is this very room; and the supernatural being is yourself.'

'I, father!' exclaimed the child with mingled surprise and terror.

'Yes, you; for you, too, belong to the race of man.'

'And does death threaten me on all sides? Do I live in the midst of enemies?'

'Yes, assuredly you do.'

'And who and where are they?'

'Would you like to see one of them appear forthwith?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then, you shall yourself summon it to your presence: but first listen to me. Do you remember our excursion on foot last year into the country, and the frightful storm which we encountered?'

'Yes, papa.'

'What a hurricane it was! and such torrents of rain! It seemed almost like a waterspout. In one moment cloaks, coats, shoes, and stockings, all were penetrated, drenched by the water. Our whole bodies streamed with water, water froze the blood within our veins, water saturated the ground beneath our feet, and carried away the soil from our path, until it destroyed the very traces of our road, and we knew not which way to turn. Now, then, come with me, my child, follow me to this end of the room here, where the bath stands. Now turn this cock.'

He turned it—the water spouted out. 'See here,' I exclaimed, 'this formidable enemy, or rather behold it conquered. Sheltered beneath his walls, man braved the inundation; but he desired to do more. Water no longer fell on his defenceless head; but this is not enough—he would have it fall for his benefit. By placing at the edge of the roof which shelters him little channels to receive the rain, he spreads as it were a trap for his enemy, he takes him captive, and conducts him through pipes and conduits

into reservoirs which he has constructed to receive him. Soon a further progress is effected. We became weary of waiting for water to come down to us from heaven, or of going to seek it from the flowing river or the distant spring: we must have it at hand, even in our chambers, above as well as below: it must ascend to us: we will no longer descend to it. Suddenly the mouth of one man pronounces that word so fruitful of results, "Water always finds its level." This word was the signal for fresh conquests. Armed with the discovery, man raised rivers from their beds; he brought within his reach, from the most distant hills, springs which had heretofore been suffered to run to waste on the surface of the earth; and subjugating them by means of their own laws, carried them into great reservoirs, above the level of large towns, over which they hung like suspended lakes, and from thence scattered them at will, and guided them forth to lend beauty and healthfulness to his abode; for in towns, water brings with it health and purity; it removes diseases from the infected air, it lays the suffocating dust, cools the heated atmosphere, cleanses our soiled raiment, extinguishes the devouring flame, nourishes the trees, the flowers, gives freshness and beauty to the spring.'

'But where is the level, papa, of the water in this room?'

'In a reservoir.'

'And how is the reservoir itself filled?'

'Some reservoirs receive streams still loftier than themselves; and into some the water is pumped by powerful steam-engines from the river below. In the Champ de Mars at Paris, there is one more wonderful still. Here there is no colossal machine, no gigantic piston or creaking pump, no glowing fires or noisy apparatus of wheels and levers—nothing of all this: only a little hole in the earth, a narrow orifice, whence a slight column of tepid water issues tranquilly, in the proportion of one thousand litres in a minute, and rises to a height of one hundred and ten feet.'

'One hundred and ten feet! entirely of itself, papa?'

'Yes; because "water seeks to regain its level." And whence comes this stream? From the hills of Champagne. Science seized it at its source, followed it through all its windings, even in the depths of the earth, and striking the ground at a distance of forty leagues from the spot whence it takes its rise, it said, "The stream is here!" and the stream gushed forth. Thus rivers and streams, interior lakes, impetuous torrents, devastating cataracts, all, conquered by this single law, rise upward, and brood like beneficent deities above the city—which one of them alone would suffice to destroy—then penetrate peacefully into the humblest dwellings, obedient, as you have now seen, even to the hand of a child, who says to the torrent, "Gush forth," "Cease to flow," and the torrent flows or ceases at his bidding.'

'It is indeed strange, papa. But what is the second enemy which man has brought into his service?'

'I have named it to you already.'

'Just now?'

'Yes, a few minutes ago: I even described it to you in the most terrible development of its power.'

'Is it, then, very terrible?'

'Yes: so terrible, that— Take care! it is springing upon you!' A log of wood had rolled from the hearth.

'Ah, you mean fire,' laughingly exclaimed the child, as he replaced the log upon the hearth.

'Yes, fire: to name it is to describe it. What an enemy! Water dissolves—but slowly. Fire destroys in a moment: its touch wounds, and its wound is torture. Water can kill, but yet we can dwell on its surface: we constrain it to bear us; and in order to destroy life, it must enter our mouth and stop our breath. But fire! whatever place it touches, it destroys; whatever member it attacks, it devours. There are a thousand modes of defence against the perils of water—a dike of stones, a wooden roof, iron, straw even can shield us from its injuries. But what mighty power can check the progress of fire? If you oppose it with wood, the feeble barrier will only serve as fuel to the flame; with iron, the hard metal will melt beneath the blaze; with stone, the stubborn rock itself will pulverise when exposed to the action of this resistless agent. And to accomplish all this, it need not fall like the rain in torrents from the heavens: one spark lodged in a stately edifice is enough. Leave it but a few hours of silent incubation, and it will burst forth a resistless conqueror; yes, and march onwards, too, to the destruction of the city itself, whilst houses, palaces, and temples feed its destructive fury. And yet

this is the guest whom man has dared to introduce into his home. Fire is mingled with every act of our life—it supplies all our wants, it has aided in the construction of this very room in which we are sitting: fire has made glass for our windows and our mirrors, fire has prepared the lime which cements our walls, fire has hardened the tiles which cover our roof, fire has been used in the fabrication of our locks and bolts, and even of our fire-irons; without fire, we should have no brilliantly-dyed wool for our carpets and curtains, without it, no mode of cooking our food. What more vivid picture of misery can we give than by that expression, "they are without fire?" What more cheering picture of domestic happiness than by that simple word, "the fireside?" Would it not be supposed that we spoke of a friend?—but yet a friend before whom we stood in awe. How many precautions against this friendly foe! A place apart, built expressly for his use; a hearth formed of materials which have all been hardened against his power; and yet even in the midst of all these precautions, how often the unchained enemy bursts forth, and casts around him firebrands and death! Or if his fury is kept in subjection, does he not often exhale a corrosive poison, which, diffusing itself all around, attacks his conqueror in every one of his senses—sight, smell, breath—soils his garments, and destroys the freshness and beauty of all around? You will have already guessed that this is smoke. And what must be done to snatch this remaining power from our rebellious enemy? How best constrain him only to be useful? It would be a difficult, almost an impossible task, if we had not discovered and enlisted in our behalf a powerful ally, a mysterious combatant, who will come to our aid, and complete our conquest.

'And who is this ally, papa?'

'Who is it, my child—who? A third enemy!'

'A third enemy!'

'Yes, have I not promised you several? And the appearance of this new adversary on the scene will now add to your pleasure, by making the combat more complicated, and by placing before you in a new light the adroitness of man. You were reading the other day the history of the elephant?'

'Yes, papa.'

'Do you remember the method employed by the Indians to capture the wild elephants?'

'Oh yes, indeed I do; it was so curious. They make use of tame elephants, which they lead out into the forest: the wild elephants come during the night to join their former comrades; and when the latter, driven home by their keepers, return to the town, the others follow them.'

'Well, this is just what man has done also with regard to the formidable guests whom he has admitted into his dwelling. He subdues the one by means of the other, and each becomes his servant. Let us take water, for instance. Water, such as Heaven has bestowed it upon us, is certainly a great blessing; but under the action of fire, its utility is increased tenfold. Fire warms it, and it serves for our baths—fire heats it yet more, and it prepares our food—fire makes it 'boil, and changing into steam, it becomes one of the great agents in modern civilisation. And thus does fire subdue water to our use. But how is fire to be brought into subjection to us? How shall we get rid of this troublesome smoke which it produces seemingly on purpose to annoy us? Let us call our third enemy to our aid; and thanks to him, we shall become masters of this indomitable flame: we shall be able to excite, to guide, to check it.'

'And this new combatant is the air: is it not?'

'Exactly; it is the air.'

'But the air is not our enemy, is it?'

'Don't you think so? Only open the window when it is very cold; go out into the streets when a violent storm blows down the chimney tops, and carries off the tiles from our roofs; plant young trees upon those heights where the tempest uproots even the full-grown pine; or embark upon the ocean during the stormy gales of the equinox. Do you not allow that, under such circumstances, it is one of our most unrelenting foes? Well, now, let us view it in its conflict with fire. Man has discovered one most important law of air—namely, that it becomes lighter in proportion to its warmth, and that it rises in proportion to its lightness. This single fact is sufficient, practically applied, to rid us of the annoyance of smoke. What is smoke?—a heated air. What is the external atmosphere?—a heavier and colder air. What, in this case, is the resource of man? He introduces the latter into his house, and it enters into

conflict with the smoke, and forces it up the chimney. Thus one enemy rids you of the other. But while air in the hands of man subdues, it at the same time excites this enemy, stops its ravages, and doubles its power.'

'Explain to me, papa, how that can be?'

'I daresay you have remarked that a candle or a piece of wood burns much more quickly in the open air than in a room?'

'Yes.'

'I will tell you how that is. Every body which is consumed unites itself so closely to a gas called oxygen, that the two substances become confounded together. For instance, as soon as yonder charcoal is sufficiently heated, it attracts to itself all the particles of oxygen which surround it; each of these particles flies to it with avidity, seizes one of its atoms, transforms it into gas, and they escape together. Thus is it that the wood is consumed, and thus also it imparts heat; for heat is only the result of the movement caused by these rapid combinations. To burn wood is to marry it to air; and to kindle fire into increased activity, it is only needful to supply it with an increased flow of oxygen. And how has man contrived to effect this? It was needful for him to have within his reach a little magazine of air in some light, portable machine, which in one moment could collect a certain quantity of this gas, and then, by forcing it through a narrow tube, give fresh vigour to the flame. This has been accomplished by the simple device of a pair of bellows; and I never can behold the fire thus kindling into a flame without a certain feeling of interest almost amounting to admiration. This slumbering power which is awakened, this flame bursting into life beneath the quickening influence of air, this black mass kindling into brilliancy, these thousand phenomena of sound, colour, metamorphosis, and destruction, attract the attention even of the most ignorant man towards the magic spectacle with which his own hearth presents him. Nor has the power of man over this formidable enemy ceased even here; there seems to be no pause in his career of triumph: he has ventured to play the part of Prometheus—he has learned to create fire. Daily do we see this wonderful miracle accomplished, until, from its frequency, it has ceased to excite our astonishment. Man retains within his grasp the celestial spark, harmless and concealed, but not the less powerful and ready to burst forth in obedience to his will. He issues his command, and the flame kindles into life. And how is this to be accomplished? With the aid of a tiny implement, of the lowest price, small in compass, unassuming in name, but which is fitted to excite the admiration of every thinking man—a match!'

After some moments of silence, my son began, 'Well, papa, what next?'

'I will mention two more, and they are yet more extraordinary, and still more difficult to subdue. Sometimes when the workman in a coal-mine has reached the last round of the long ladder which leads him to the scene of his subterranean labours, he suddenly encounters a poisonous and stifling odour; his throat becomes dry, his brain dizzy, a sort of vertigo makes his steps falter; his lamp no longer burns with clear brightness, but emits a bluish sickly flame. Soon a strange crackling sound makes itself heard through every crevice of the rock—the flame becomes yet more blue—the miner's weakness and his dizziness increase—he seeks to regain the fresh air, and makes one step towards the opening, but, alas, it is too late! Suddenly a powerful explosion bursts around him: there is first a blaze of light, then utter darkness, the vaults are in fragments, the galleries crushed, the miner sinks upon the ground.'....

'And does it kill him, papa?'

'Yes, my child.'

'And what has been the cause of all this? What was this poisonous air which made the flame turn blue, and everything explode?'

'This fatal breath, my child, is the gas which gives us light in our homes, and which illuminates our streets. What can be grander than this thought! Here is a body with which man first becomes acquainted only by means of its disastrous consequences. This body stifles, suffocates, destroys him. Well, in the midst of all this complicated evil, man sees but one fact—this body gives light! Smitten by its power, he does not shrink back from its terrors in dismay, but rather opens his walls, to afford it a free passage, and brings it into his dwellings, into his cities. And yet death is ever lurking in its track: an

unperceived opening in the tubes, a candle imprudently brought into contact with some fissure whence the gas escapes, may cause all to explode, and spread ruin around. But what matters it to man? He sought to subdue light as well as heat; he desired that 'a' too, like water, should gush forth at his command; and lo! through every quarter of the city this bluish flame, so long his mortal enemy, and which nature seemed to have concealed within her depths as a guardian genius to watch over her subterranean treasures—this spirit of the dark caverns of the earth bursts forth in columns and fountains of light, and casts new brilliancy on all around. Can you not see in your mind's eye those endless subterranean tubes which intersect the city, winding in all directions like the veins and arteries of the human frame? Do you know what flows through these tubes? It is the life-blood of the city—fire, water, and electricity. Yes, electricity! for here is a fifth enemy—a fifth conquered enemy, whom, until now, we have left in oblivion. And this enemy we have not sought in the bowels of the earth; we have brought it down to earth from the very heavens themselves. This electricity, when it became inflamed in the stormy plains of air, fell upon the head of man with destructive power; man with his loaded needle drew it from the clouds, and forcing it to descend, like a thread of water, along an iron rod, has conducted it harmlessly to the ground beneath his feet. But it did not suffice him to have shorn it of its destructive power; he would also it should serve him; and grasping it in its rapid course, he confides to these wings of flame the transport of his news, and takes the lightning for his messenger! Are not these fruitful subjects for meditation? and does not man, in the midst of his cities and his houses, surrounded by these five formidable enemies, appear in our eyes such as he was represented by the poets of olden time—surrounded by subjugated lions, tigers crouching beneath his feet, and serpents robbed of their poisonous fangs—king, in fact, of creation, but of a creation transformed beneath his touch, and created anew for his benefit?

The boy remained silent; but the earnest glance of his eye bespoke his deep attention, and from that day forward, I perceived that the phenomena of nature awakened an interest in his mind which they had never before seemed to have possessed.

TRUTH AND GOOD-FEELING FROM ROYAL LIPS.

[Speech of Prince Albert at the annual meeting of the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes, May 18.]

LADIES and gentlemen, when, four years since, this Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes was first established on its present footing, I accepted with pleasure the offer made me of becoming its president. I saw in this offer a proof of the appreciation the Society entertained of my feelings, my sympathy, and my interest for that class of our community which has most of the toil and least of the enjoyments of the world. I conceived that great advantage would accrue to it from the endeavours of influential people, who were wholly disinterested, to act the part of friends to those who required advice and assistance, which only a friend could tender with advantage. The Society has always held this object before its eyes, and has ever been labouring in that direction. You are all aware that it was established to erect model lodging-houses, loan funds, and the allotment of land in different parts of the country; but it has been careful only to establish examples and models, mindful that any real improvement which was to take place must be the result of the exertions of the working-people themselves. I have just come from the model lodging-house, the opening of which we celebrate this day; and I feel convinced that its existence will by degrees lead to the erection of others, and that it will lead to a complete change in the domestic comforts of the working-classes, as it will exhibit to them that with real economy can be combined advantages and comforts to which they have hitherto been strangers, whilst it will at the same time show those who possess capital, which they are desirous to invest, that they may do so in connection with this institution with great advantage and profit to themselves, dispensing at the same time those comforts which I have enumerated to their poorer brethren. Depend upon it, it is for the advantage of those classes who are so often contrasted, but whose interests are identical, to unite; and it is only ignorance which prevents them uniting for each

other's benefit. To dispel that ignorance, and to show the means how man can help man, notwithstanding the complicated state of civilised society, ought to be the aim of every philanthropic person. But it is most peculiarly the duty of those who, under the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy station, wealth, and education. Let them be careful how to avoid any dictatorial interference with labour and employment, which frightens away capital, destroys that freedom of thought and independence of action which must remain to every one if he is to work out his own happiness, and to repose that confidence in each other on which alone the enjoyment and mutual benefit of mankind rest. God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each individual to exertion, and to make them all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that those imperfections can be supplied, and these wants satisfied—self-reliance and confidence in each other. It is to show the way how these individual exertions can be directed to the greatest benefit, and to foster that confidence upon which the readiness to assist each other depends, that this Society considers as its most sacred aim. There has been no ostentatious display of charity, or of its manifestations—not a protestation to become the arbiter of the fate of thousands, but to aid the working out of practical schemes of public improvement, for which this Society, as I said before, has been established; but it has only as yet established examples for the country at large to follow. The report of the Society, descriptive of its proceedings during the past year, will be laid before you. I must say, I hope I may say, that this Society has proceeded satisfactorily towards the accomplishment of its objects, owing to the particularly kind feeling and great endeavours, and the indefatigable zeal, of Lord Ashley. The next stage that we contemplate is the erection of a model lodging-house for females. I hope this meeting will enable us to carry out that step, and all engage to do the utmost in their power to call the particular attention of the public to the object which we have in view.

AUTUMNAL FLOWERS.

In vain, oh bright autumnal flowers,
Ye lavish on the dying year
Illuse caught from summer's glowing hours—
Ye can but wither here.

Ye give no pleasure to the heart,
Like the pale buds of early spring,
That from the lap of winter start,
And joyful promises bring

Ye have no perfumes, such as dwell
In the ripe rose or jasmine pale;
Or as the lily's snowy bell
Flings to the evening gale.

But every gorgeous tint that lends
A glory to the western heaven,
When there the radiant sun descends,
To you is freely given.

And as each velvet leaf unfolds,
'Tis fraught with lessons brief and sage,
Like those some antique volume holds
On its illumined page.

Teaching that all earth's loveliest things
Are prone to wither and decay;
Or else, like angel guests, have wings—
Spread but to flee away!

H. C. C.

CANNON BALLS.

A cannon ball, in its flight invisible to those whom it passes, may be distinctly seen by a person standing behind the piece, and commanding a perspective view of its course. I have often beheld this terrible sight. It conveys to the mind a new and frightful idea of this destructive engine, tearing through the air with the superhuman fury of a demon.

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WOMEN'S HUSBANDS.

THE exigencies of life sometimes put the lords of creation into curious predicaments. It so happens that, with all the virtues of our present industrial arrangements, some men can do no good in the world. They try many things, and fail in all, although it is not always easy to see the cause of the failure. The wife has then, if possible, to come forward and undertake the duty of providing for the family, while the worthy man sinks of course into the subordinate position. A terrible time it is when these domestic revolutions take place; seldom short in duration, usually marked by many vicissitudes of rule, and ups and downs of fortune. A vexing problem, too, the superfluous husband usually is to the poor wife. The difficulty is, to get him made perfectly negative and neutral. He would fain be doing, were it only for a show—how to keep him idle! If kept idle, then how to occupy his energies innocuously to the concern in which the wife is engaged! Oh, a sad business it is to have a woman's husband in charge.

Women are naturally shrinking beings, prone to keep back amid the obcurities of kitchens and parlours, while men rough it for them through the outer world. It requires, in general, the impulse of the affections to bring the gentler sex into public life or professional exertion. Of course there is nothing they will not do for their babes—nature has taken good care of that point. The upper classes, who never see women working but at gewgaws for ecclesiastical purposes, can little imagine what is in the heart of a poor wife in the middle ranks of society, when, after years of suffering, the consequence of failure on her husband's part to produce a livelihood, she comes out from her humble retirement, to struggle for dear life to her household. Duty, one would say, can never be a degradation; yet duties are a second nature, and to break through the fine veil of matronly privacy which she has been accustomed to draw between her and the world, cannot be attended with pain. The reward afforded by the consciousness of performing a duty is confessedly sweet; yet who does not know that the world pays more homage to the dignity which has no duty to perform, than to the humility which knows nothing but duty on earth? Dear conventionalities, which we daily condemn, and momentarily worship, and evermore cling to, you it is which make it bitter for even a mother to battle for her sucklings. We verily believe the lioness herself, when she fronts danger for her cubs, has some sacrifice of feeling to make. Even she must feel the like position.

But what use to talk? It is but a part of the tragic character ever mingling with this social life of ours, that beings born for all gentleness should occasionally be forced, weeping, trembling, oft looking back, into the

mêlée, there to clutch at what they may get, in part for those who ought to be the means of sparing their cheeks from the too rough visits of the wind. No help for it. Our world says that a lady shall not even set in a chair for herself if a man be by, yet leaves the same person to drudge unassisted for the mouthful required for herself and offspring, whether she be a widow, or, what is sometimes worse, a wife whose husband cannot gain her bread. There are her young ones—there the husband, willing perhaps, but inefficient—there the ill-replenished house, fast dimming in the cold shade of adversity. Friends worn out—how soon they wear! Debts pressing. Shades of 'last resources' standing three deep, and not another substantial one in view. There is no longer any choice. If educated, she must take to schooling; if not, to some grosser business—keeping lodgers or boarders, or a shop, or an inn; things much to be determined by circumstances, as well as tastes. The first steps are usually the most difficult, not merely as regards means, but with respect to inclinations. After a commencement has been made, and some success attained, the pain deadens. Former connections cease to be remembered unpleasantly—the excitement of activity becomes its own reward—the mind gets accommodated more or less to its new conditions. Still there is much encountered and undergone which the world does not see; and of this the husband generally bears no small part.

It is bad enough when this personage is tolerably rational, and limits his ambition to keeping the books of the concern, and attending to such other little duties as he is fit for and his wife finds he may be intrusted with. Even in these favourable circumstances, it is not easy to keep him right, for he can scarcely fail to be the worse of the half idleness to which he must needs be assigned. If, indeed, he be an old man, he may walk genteelly about, haunt the reading-room, and talk learnedly of stocks and markets in which he has not one penny of interest. Sometimes he may be allowed to cater or act on little commissions, or even, completing the reversal of the sexes, take a general charge of the house, thus sparing time to his wife, which she may bestow upon her business. But never in any circumstances does he prove otherwise than a source of anxiety and trouble. The fact is, he is no one thing rightly, and it is impossible to put him in his proper place. Servants, children, customers, all mistake him. He scarcely knows what he is himself, but only has a vague sense of being treated less reverently than is his due. The wife has therefore, in addition to all other duties, to manage her husband's self-respect. She must contrive to maintain a useless man, in the impression that he is useful. She must shape her own course, so as to prevent possibilities of his interfering with or thwarting it.

Matters are much determined by the degree of self-complacency possessed by the gentleman. It is to the last degree unfortunate if he be ill endowed in this respect, for then is he continually getting rubs, for which an incessant application of the soothing salve is necessary. If, on the contrary, on good terms with himself, there is comparatively little difficulty. He then feels as much master as ever. Sitting in his chair over his book or his newspaper, and emitting a word of sage advice or remark now and then, he believes that in reality he directs everything, while the lady is a mere instrument. Speaking of home affairs to any one else, he seems only to allow his wife to enter into certain engagements, in which he does not choose to interfere: it never appears as if she were in any respect the centre of the family system. As the children rise up, and take successively to industrious courses, they must all likewise become planetary to him. This kind of man maintains a dignified and gentlemanlike appearance before the world; no great freshness of attire perhaps, but a good presence and a clean neck-cloth; always very well-bred, often a favourite, on account of his agreeable company. You might meet him frequently without ever supposing him to be anything but a gentleman possessed of a quiet little competency, who took to newspapers and constitutional walks from choice. On falling into conversation with him, you find him more given to talk of public than of private matters. He speaks of 'supporting' Sir Robert Peel, the reason being, that Sir Robert 'is such a financier.' Modern men of business he holds in something like contempt; they do not conduct matters in a gentlemanly way, all seeking to undersell each other. He worships some ideal, which the shabby practices of the world have not allowed him to reach. If you ever find out what he really is, you are left to infer that it is not he who is to blame for his not being a rich fellow enough.

In a large class of cases the woman's husband is a less estimable, or at least harmless member of society. His constantly drinking his pocket-money may be the gentlest of his weaknesses. A tendency to make foolish intrusions upon his wife when she is engaged with those by whose patronage she gains the family bread—thus humiliating her in their eyes, and perhaps offending them—is not the worst kind of action he is noted for. What struggles poor women often have to keep up decent appearances, and sustain their exertions, while secretly tormented with an indiscreet associate of this kind!—the story of the actor playing his part while the stolen fox was gnawing his bosom under his cloak, is but a type of the case. The little fabric of success reared with labour and difficulty inexpressible, is continually liable to ruin at the hands of the domestic ogre, who himself perhaps enjoys the largest share of its results. He eats his bread and butter, and threatens the life of her who lays it before him. 'Swamp the whole concern!' was the tipsy cry of such a man with reference to a little business which his wife carried on, and which somehow aggrieved him. We see here all the evils of lunacy, while yet the patient is not in a state which entitles others to reduce him to harmlessness. He must be flattered out of his maudlin furies, and allowed to have his will by way of bribery, when he ought rather to be manacled and strait-waistcoated. In his partner, all the time, there is one struggle going on in addition to all others, between the relics of old affection, or the sense of decency towards her children and the world, and the heaving throes of disgust at conduct from which her womanly worth and delicacy revolt. Hard, hard indeed is the fate of some women! To look at a gay assemblage of young ones, and think that some of these happy creatures are yet to groan out a weary life as the slaves of debased fatuous tyrants, with that terrible perplexity which arises in such circumstances from children—no help to be expected from any bystander, no more than to Sinbad when he was about to be lowered into the sepulchre with his dead wife—no relief to be

looked for, till the weariness of wo shall sink her into the grave, a broken-down unrecognisable thing; who, in doing so, can say that all our social arrangements are quite right? Who does not see the wrongs which the selfishness of society inflicts on individuals, or at least tolerates and sanctions for its own ends? Yet we talk of the martyr-burnings of former ages, as if all such sacrifices to mistaken views were past!

Perhaps existing circumstances in our island are not just to 'women's husbands.' Should we ever come to have a National Guard, they would probably shine out in a very different light, being highly qualified to act the part of officers in such a band. In the event of a new organisation of labour after the plans of Louis Blanc, they would be found not less qualified for the more conspicuous situations, being remarkably well adapted to work out the ideas of that Lilliputian philosopher. We would have the ladies to think of it, both on account of the pay, tending to lighten their own labours, and because nothing keeps the true 'woman's husband' so well in temper, as to think he is doing something, while in reality he is doing nothing.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ART.

INVENTIVE genius seldom fails in exciting our admiration; and the history of a new discovery, after it has been a few years before the public, is highly interesting, affording as it does the means of tracing the gradual development and growth of thought from a crude and often accidental germ into shape and form, until at last science seizes upon it, and gives it a practical direction. This is peculiarly the case with regard to photography, an art involving some of the profoundest philosophical speculations and experiences, intimately connected with problems whose solution promises extraordinary triumphs for science. Considering the persevering industry with which experiments on light are now conducted in various parts of Europe, we may look for results which shall let us farther and farther into the secret of many as yet inexplicable phenomena.

In the spirit of some laborious investigators, we might go back to remotest antiquity for the origin of photography, and find it in the knowledge of the action of light possessed by the Egyptians, or detect it again in the magic mirrors and similar juggleries of the middle ages. We may, however, fairly assume the days of Giambattista della Porta, a Neapolitan,* and the discovery of the *camera obscura* (darkened chamber), as our starting-point. Porta had noticed that external objects were reflected on the wall of a darkened room when the light was admitted through a small aperture. Following up the inquiry thus opened to him, he contrived the fitting of a lens to a movable box, and in this way produced the instrument which has suggested greater things, which to the draughtsman and photographer is invaluable. As was usual in that day, Porta incurred the displeasure of the priestly authorities, by whom he was censured as a meddler in supernatural affairs.

Fabricius, in his work 'De Rebus Metallicis,' published in 1566, mentions a kind of silver ore which, on exposure to light, lost its natural colour, yellowish-gray, and became of a violet colour, which afterwards deepened into black. The same substance is referred to in the writings of some of the alchemists: they appear to have been acquainted with the effects of light on paper prepared with the metal. About 1770, the celebrated Scheele tried some experiments in connection with the subject; and a year or two later, Petit, a Frenchman, observed that 'nitrate of potash and muriate of ammonia crystallised more actively in the light than in darkness.' Other discoveries followed; and about the beginning of the present century, attempts were made by Wedgwood and Davy to copy profiles, and transfer from paper to glass by the action of light. They could not, however, succeed in

* Photography: a Popular Treatise, designed to convey Correct General Information concerning the Discoverers Niepce, Daguerre, Talbot, and others. By an Amateur. Brighton. 1847.

rendering their pictures permanent: no sooner were they produced, than they vanished.

Niepce's is the next name that occurs: he was living at Chalon-sur-Saône when, in 1814, he detected the action of light upon resinous substances. He coated a silvered plate of pewter with vapour of asphalt; the plate being then placed in the camera, received an *invisible* impression of the objects placed before it, and the latent picture was brought out by an application of oil of lavender and oil of petroleum. Niepce came to England, hoping to gain attention and patronage; but failing in this, he returned to France, where he made various improvements in the process, which he described 'as the method of fixing the image of objects by the action of light,' and to which he gave the general name of heliography, or sun-painting. The 'fixing' was a most important step gained, as the previous experiments had failed in this essential point. Subsequently, a year or two before his death, Niepce became acquainted with Daguerre; and further investigations were conducted with such success, that in 1839 the latter had, so to speak, perfected the process, for which the French government awarded to him a pension of 6000 francs, and another of 4000 francs to Niepce's son: the secret thus became public property. In the same year, our countryman Mr H. Fox Talbot communicated a paper to the Royal Society 'on the Art of Photogenic Drawing'—a remarkable instance of coincident invention and discovery. No communication had taken place between the parties, and Mr Talbot is said to have commenced his researches into photography in 1834.

Niepce's process occupied from two to six hours; but such have been the progressive improvements, that the operation is now instantaneous: formerly, the picture was as the bloom on the grape, liable to obliteration on the slightest touch; now, the impressions are permanent. The process of sun-painting at the present day is thus described:—The silver tablet is first carefully cleaned and highly polished; it is then coated by the vapour of iodine, and afterwards exposed to that of chlorine or bromine: the proper focus of the object having been obtained, the plate is in darkness inserted in the place of the ground-glass screen of the camera obscura; the aperture of the camera is opened to admit the image, for a time decided by preceding experiments and the judgment of the artist, and then closed; the plate is removed (still excluded from light), and placed in a box with mercury slightly heated, to expedite volatilisation, until the picture, which before would not have been perceptible, is fully and clearly developed; finally, the type-invested surface is subjected to the solution of hyposulphate of soda, for the removal of iodine, so that there shall remain upon the plate only the mercury which represents the image. The picture being now approved, there is left but to protect it with the solution of gold. Some of the most important improvements in this method of manipulation have been effected by Fizeau and Claudet.

Mr H. F. Talbot's discoveries are not less beautiful than those of Daguerre; in some respects they are preferable, as the pictures are produced on paper from what is termed a negative image, and admit of being copied in endless numbers. The value of this mode of multiplying old drawings, letterpress, correct copies of objects of any kind, will be well appreciated by the artist, naturalist, and antiquary. The sensibility of the paper is caused by repeated soaking in a solution of chloride of silver and common salt. Mr Talbot has also discovered that paper prepared with nitrate of silver, iodide of potassium, acetic and gallic acid, will render a perfect picture in twenty or thirty seconds. Taking the Greek word *kalos* (*beautiful*), he named his process Calotype; with a view, however, of preserving the name of the inventor, it has since been called Talbotype. 'When the photographic recipient is taken from the camera, the picture is not visible, but has to be developed by washing with gallo-nitrate of silver, and by heat. The fixing of a Talbotype is accomplished by washing with a solution of bromide of potassium, or by a bath of hyposulphate of soda, or with a strong brine of common salt. So highly sensitive to light is the Calotype paper, that enlarged

copies of Daguerreotype and Talbotype portraits can be obtained by throwing magnified images of them by means of lenses upon it.' As in the case of Daguerreotype, the quicker the process the better; to expedite it, a heated iron is sometimes applied to the back of the camera: for the production of a perfect image, it is essential that the paper be of uniform texture. The sensitive properties of the paper here described render it highly valuable to travellers, or any one desirous of taking correct impressions of objects. Etchings, too, may be copied by it, and wood blocks prepared for engraving with the utmost accuracy. In fact the field of research thus opened, both useful and curious, is boundless. In some instances the Daguerreotype has been engraved, and an electrotype plate taken from it, by means of the electro-galvanic battery.

The introduction of paper into the photographic art promises to be of considerable service in overcoming the objection which exists in many quarters to a picture on a metallic plate, as in Daguerreotypes. A metallic surface presents many inconveniences, to which cause may probably be attributed the rapid diminution of the excitement and interest created by Arago's announcement of the discovery in 1839. The latest additions to this branch of art, whether practical or philosophical, may be gathered from a paper published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of the Royal Society for 1847. According to the author, Mr Claudet, it had been observed, from the origin of the invention, that red, orange, and yellow rays exert but a slight influence upon the metal plate. Experiments made by Sir John Herschel, Becquerel, and Dr Draper of New York, have led to the discovery of other interesting properties. The latter gentleman considers that the rays comprehended from the blue to the red, under the powerful sun of Virginia, when separated from the remainder, operated as a check to their action. On this part of the subject the general result of the investigations, which have been extensively carried on, is, that while red rays impede, yellow rays will produce, a photogenic effect. By photogenic effect is meant the bringing of the plate into a state in which it will receive vapour of mercury: the picture or Daguerreotype image is produced solely by the 'affinity for mercury of the parts previously affected by the photogenic rays.'

Most of the experiments here adverted to were made with the pure rays of the prism. Mr Claudet has repeated them, but with coloured glasses, and arrived at various novel and important conclusions. He finds that the red glass absorbs two-thirds, and yellow glass one-half, of the transmitted light. During one of the dense London fogs, when the sun looks like a dark-red disk, a plate was exposed to the dim light: it left a round black image. On another plate, exposed for twenty minutes, a long black stripe was produced, marking the sun's passage; but there had been no photogenic action in either case. These experiments, while proving that red, orange, and yellow rays destroy the effect of photogenic light, have led to some highly valuable practical and economical results.

It has hitherto been necessary to prepare the plates in the dark, as their sensitiveness would be weakened or destroyed by exposure to light. This precaution may now be dispensed with. The sensitiveness of a plate can be completely restored by exposing it under a red glass for some time before placing it in the camera. 'This possibility,' observes Mr Claudet, 'of preparing plates in open day, offers a great advantage to those who wish to take views or pictures abroad, and who cannot conveniently obtain a dark room. Again, in the case of a plate which has been left too long in the camera obscura, or accidentally exposed to the light, instead of rejecting it, we can restore its sensitiveness by placing it under a red glass. There is still another useful application of this property: if, after one or two minutes' exposure to the mercury, we perceive the image is too rapidly developing, or presenting signs of solarisation, which a practised eye discovers before it is too much advanced, we have only to stop the accumulation of mercury by exposing the plate for a few seconds to the red light, and again place it in the mercury box, to complete the modi-

fications, which give the image all its tones, and the most favourable tint. In truth we may complete all the operations of the Daguerreotype in the open air. . . . The exposure under red glass, necessary to destroy the effect produced by white light, must be a hundred times longer than has been the exposure to white light, that of the orange glass fifty times, and that of the yellow glass only ten times. Thus a plate exposed to white light for a second, will be restored to its former sensitiveness in ten seconds by the yellow glass, in fifty by the orange, and in a hundred by the red.

Thus we find that every ray has its own peculiar action. 'The effect commenced by the blue rays is destroyed by the red and yellow; that which was produced by the red is destroyed by the yellow; the effect of the yellow rays is destroyed by the red; and the effect of the two latter is destroyed by the blue: each radiation destroys the effect of the others.' Mr Claudet is of opinion that the red rays exert an electrical action. From this point of view a wide field is open for investigation, connected, as before observed, with some of the highest questions respecting natural phenomena on which scientific men are now engaged. At all events an ample reward awaits the patient inquirer.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

A BRIEF paragraph, announcing the untimely end of the subject of this sketch, went the round of the papers about ten years ago. For the few additional facts woven into the following article I am indebted to a friend, who was well acquainted with the original.

A person must either be out very late or very early before he arrives at a knowledge of half the ways and means of obtaining a livelihood in London—let him search through a long summer-day, and he will never meet with a coffee-stall in the streets, while at midnight scores may be found scattered at the corners of the chief thoroughfares. Under low archways—at the entrance of narrow courts—the foot of the bridges—and even at what in the daytime are the most public and crowded places—may these open-air stalls of refreshment be found, from the midnight hour to the grey dawning in winter, and in summer until about six in the morning. They form a kind of mustering ground, where many wait, from the closing to the opening of the 'gin palaces' (a period seldom exceeding in some neighbourhoods more than two or three hours), and here they regale themselves with coffee, cakes, and bread and butter, until the doors of the halls of drunkenness are again thrown open. So long as there is no very outrageous disturbance, the police pass on, and allow the sons and daughters of night to congregate around these places by scores. But little capital is required to open one of these establishments—a chair, with an awning large enough to shelter the vender and his table from the wet—a few cups and saucers—milk-jug and sugar-basin, with charcoal-pan, kettle, bellows, lantern, and a little coffee, and bread and butter, are all the requisites for a street coffee-stall, many of which have proved most profitable investments.

Near a great central London thoroughfare had old John Nighton stood for above a quarter of a century with his coffee-stall. He began business by selling saloop, a decoction of some kind of sassafras, which, with milk and sugar, formed a welcome beverage for those who could not afford the then costly luxury of coffee. It was not until he had thoroughly established himself, that he ventured to introduce coffee to his superior customers, as he called them, while at the same time he dealt out saloop to the poorer classes; and there is no doubt that he was one of the first who introduced this article amongst his out-of-door customers. Throughout the pleasant nights of summer, and when the winter winds come howling over the bleak bridges, old John was ever to be found at the same spot; and many a belated wanderer smiled, as he came along with

the blinding sleet blowing full in his face, when he saw those little round red fiery eyes in the ruddy grate, which told that they were both watching and keeping the 'pot a-boiling.' Although old John was not a man of many words, he was civil and obliging to all his customers; and a strange lot they were at times, consisting often of the most indifferent characters of both sexes. Sometimes, however, he had a sprinkling of what he called 'bettermost-sort-of-people,' such as returned very late from the theatres, and preferred walking home to hiring a cab, or of young 'swells,' who stopped to light their cigars, or men whose business on the press detained them late, and others who were compelled to be up and out early—but these were exceptions: his principal patrons belonged to a class who neither 'toiled nor spun.' True, there were the poor cabmen, doomed to be out for the night, and the police, who are forbidden to enter any house to refresh themselves whilst on duty: to these, on a bitter winter-night, old John's beverage was indeed acceptable.

A man of great conversational powers would never have got on like old John Nighton: his principal observations were confined to 'A cold morning—Thank you—Fourpence, please—Much obliged—Change, sir'—and all such little matters as solely appertained to business; for those who assembled around his coffee-stall came only for what they wanted, or to inquire after some one they had appointed to meet there, or to converse with one another. Rumour did say that old John was in possession of many secrets, and that rich officers had often been made to him to reveal them; but neither inspector nor sergeant could ever get more out of him than that he 'had enough to do to mind his own business, and to see that his customers paid for what they took.' No one ever remembered seeing the old man out in the daytime: the light seemed to make him drowsy; and he was always thankful when the days began to shorten. He used to wish that the sun rose and set at six all the year round; for that, he argued, would seem natural. If ever he took a bad shilling, he laid the blame to the daylight, which he said 'dazzled his eyes.' He was never known to be a minute behind his time: as the church clock tolled the hour of midnight, the cart, which he himself drew, was sure to be seen in the old accustomed place. At six in the mornings of summer, and seven in winter, he had packed up, and was gone.

For years he had been his own housekeeper; but as age crept upon him, he employed a charwoman, a sharp-looking, talkative little body, who by degrees began to assist at the coffee-stall, and often brought the old man a little something hot and comfortable about four in the morning. Old John never drank his own coffee; he said 'it did not agree with him.' In the course of time the little sharp-eyed woman became Mrs Nighton; and it was observed by many that from that period old John never again looked the man that he once did. One winter John caught a severe cold, and for a whole week, for the first time in his life, he was unable to attend to his business. His wife, however, managed to get through it, though not without a great deal of grumbling, besides telling the customers that it was his own fault—that he had quite enough to go into some other line of business, without exposing himself to the cold and the night air any longer. She also got the customers to reason with her husband about the matter; and they did. Her proposition was, to sell the fixtures and good-will of the coffee-stall, to take a good-sized house, and furnish it, and let it off into lodgings. There were no end of lodgers, who had known the old man for years, ready to come any day and occupy the apartments. Mrs Nighton was delighted—'She had known people make a mint of money in the lodging-house line, and why shouldn't they?' After many a growl and deep-meaning shake of the head, the old man at last allowed himself to be over-persuaded, although he said he knew it would come to no good. He asked £20 for his business, and

declared that it was worth L.100. One day, whilst he was asleep, his wife sold the fixtures and all for L.10; when he awoke, and began to prepare for the night as usual, cart, kettle, charcoal, and all were gone. There was a noise like subsiding thunder heard for above an hour in the house, and it is said that the old man sat growling in his arm-chair, and smoking his pipe at intervals until daylight; nor could all her persuasions induce him to go to bed until his usual bedtime. 'I should be dead in a week,' said he, 'if I broke up my old habits.'

The next day Mrs Nighton took a large twelve-roomed house, and having in the course of the week persuaded her husband to allow her to draw a considerable sum out of the savings' bank, it was soon furnished from cellar to attic. Her next step was to procure a 'thorough' servant; as for lodgers, she had more applications than rooms. The old man never interfered with her arrangements; all he at first did was to steal out in the night, and bemoan the loss of his coffee-stall at the bars of the late night-houses. Sleep he could not, excepting in the daytime; and when he could find no one else to speak to, he accompanied the policemen on their beat, sometimes never once speaking for the hour together. In vain did they tell him that his wife was a sharp, clever woman, and sure to do well—he only shook his head.

Now Mrs Nighton, with all her apparent cunning and calculation, had her weak points, and prided herself on 'taking people by their looks.' Old John would have preferred a good reference with his lodgers, but his better-half 'pooh-poohed;' anybody could get a reference, she said, but an honest-looking face was a gift of nature. She had her own way, and lost by it. Her honest-looking lodgers came and went without paying, and she consoled herself by saying that she knew they would if they could, and that it would be all right enough at last. Wiser people said that it was just what might be expected, and that the riff-raff who wasted their nights in the streets and at coffee-stalls, couldn't be expected to pay for apartments, and that really they could not see of what use lodgings were at all to such-like people. In fact they paid Mrs Nighton back again in her own coin, and said that she knew they were honest.

Meantime the old man had formed an acquaintance with his successor, and now went out night after night, and hovered like a ghost around his old coffee-stall. To and fro he traversed, almost a shadow of his former self, and sometimes when an order was given, he so far forgot himself as to move forward as if to serve; then he passed his hand across his forehead, shook his head, muttered something to himself, and continued his measured march as usual. One morning, as his successor was packing up, and after John had nodded his 'good-by,' the old man turned back and said, 'Twenty-five down; come in to-night.' The new occupier replied, 'No, no; not for double that amount.' John Nighton heaved a deep sigh, and that day could not be persuaded to get up for an hour, as was his general custom at dinner time.

A visible alteration for the worse had already taken place in old John's appearance. His face, which before, through exposure to the wind and weather, looked blue, and purple, and crimson, as if made up of a minglement of all kinds of healthy and lasting colours, now faded into a series of dingy yellows. His clothes, too, which before suited his 'thick rotundity,' now hung about him in loose disorder, 'a world too wide for his shrunk' form; and although he went to bed as usual in the morning, the old familiar sleep visited him not. Punctual as the midnight itself, he was ever found at his former post; and for five weeks in succession did he make an advance of five pounds each week on his original offer; but fifty pounds was not sufficient to buy out the new-come.

Matters grew worse at the lodging-house. Lodger after lodger decamped; and not satisfied with escaping

rent-free, they carried off all they could lay their hands upon. Bed-ticks were found without feathers; pillows, sheets, and blankets were taken away; the very mantel-pieces were plundered of their ornaments: fenders, fire-irons, and hearthrugs vanished as if by magic; and after being pledged, the duplicates were sometimes forwarded to Mrs Nighton, assuring her of their honesty, and promising that they would redeem them as soon as they could. After much 'gnagging and werretting,' she succeeded in driving the old man out in the daytime, giving him strict orders that, if he came in contact with the defaulters, he was at once to call the police and give them in charge. Poor John Nighton! he went out more for the sake of peace and quietness, and to get rid of his wife's incessant clamour, than in the hope of ever retrieving anything from the plunderers.

Behold him at last in the crowded streets of London in the open noon of day! He seemed to wander along like a man in a dream; he was ever running against somebody, then pausing to rub his eyes, and gaze around in astonishment: sometimes he flapped his nose, or pulled his hair, or struck his elbow against the wall, as if doubtful whether he was asleep or not. A dark narrow court was his delight; and where any other person would have been compelled to have groped his way, there he saw all that was going on, and would watch the people passing by for the hour together. His favourite haunt was beneath those gloomy arches on which the Adelphi Terrace is built. He was also often seen to peep down those dark gratings near Waterloo Bridge, where the cellars are five storeys deep. Had he been single, he would have occupied one of these. 'Cool, quiet, and shady,' he used to say; 'a man might sleep there in the daytime.'

After many offers to purchase back his old business, all of which were refused, a bright beam of hope at last shot across his mind—it was the last flicker of the flame before it shot up and expired in the darkness—he would set up in opposition to his rival. A few nights after, he was seen stationed at the end of a neighbouring street, at a spot which few people passed in the night. For a whole fortnight he stood his ground manfully, although he was scarcely visited by a single customer; the few who approached only cried shame on him for selling his business, and then attempting to injure the purchaser. Even those who had stolen his goods refused to deal with him, and went so far as to justify their conduct by his own.

On reaching home one morning his wife was missing; and two or three days passed away and no tidings came; but at length a letter arrived stating that her former husband had returned from transportation, and as she always had a liking for him, they had set sail together for America. The little that remained in the savings' bank she had drawn out before her departure, leaving also the half-year's rent, besides a considerable amount of taxes, unpaid. This last blow was too much for the old man: what remained of his goods was seized and sold, and from that hour he went wandering about like a restless spirit during the day, and at night occupied his new position with his coffee-stall at the corner of the court. This lasted but for a few nights; no one came near him saving the policeman, and he once or twice found the old man fast asleep in his chair.

One night they missed him at the 'accustomed place;' inquiries were made at the little house up the court where he lodged: he went out at 'dark-hour,' and had not returned. Tidings came next day that an old man answering to his description had been seen late at night wandering on Blackheath; another day passed without bringing any further rumour of his 'where-about.'

At length a notice was stuck up at the police station that the body of an old man had been discovered suspended from a beam in a ruinous outhouse near Lewis-ham. Old John Nighton had hanged himself; he had fulfilled his own prophecy, for from the very night when

he was first deprived of his coffee-stall, he had been heard to say that he was a doomed man, that he knew his own habits better than anybody, and should never be happy again. He was like one of those climbing-plants which only thrive whilst they twine and turn from the sun; and which, when forced against their nature to meet the light, droop, decay, and die. According to the doctrine of Pythagoras, he might have existed in a previous state either as a bat, a badger, or a mole, for he loved darkness better than the light.

SAVAGE VIEWS OF CIVILISATION.

In the remarkable age in which it is our fortune to live, there are other mysteries cleared up besides those of science, and we become daily familiar with marvels as extraordinary as those depending on the laws of inorganic matter. We not only behold acted before our eyes those important passages which we formerly read of in the chronological romances called history—we not only observe the progress of mighty revolutions, and are able to detect their springs, and trace the working of their machinery—but, going back to the very origin of society, we see tents and huts rising into towns and palaces, and tribes of wild men ripening into civilisation, and surrounded with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of regular government. In the North Pacific, the Sandwich Islands, which, when discovered only seventy years ago, were peopled with whooping savages, have already a parliament of lords and commons, and ministers of state and justice; and the granddaughter—if not the daughter—of one of their naked Venuses is described by a missionary as an elegant lady, reclining on a couch of yellow damask, with a richly-covered table before her, strewn with books and papers, including a Hawaiian version of the Gospel of St Luke, and writing (poetry or romance, for aught we know!) in a blank volume.

But although we are thus able to watch from the very commencement—as if it were an experiment in science, instituted for the gratification of our philosophical curiosity—the progress of human beings in the social state, and the general sequence of history, we have not the same facilities for observing ourselves. In addition to the usual effect of self-esteem, we are blinded by the glare and glitter in which we live. We confound moral with political elevation, and fancy that all good qualities are necessarily comprehended in our greatness, and that where greatness is wanting, there cannot possibly be anything good. Would it not be an admirable thing if our advantages of observation were enjoyed, as regards ourselves, by a *savage*!—if he could see us with his ingenuous eyes, judge of us with his untutored mind, and report of us with his truthful lips? Yes, it would be an admirable thing; and therefore—for nothing, however strange or wonderful, is denied to the spoiled children of this generation—therefore it has come to pass!

Our readers may remember that, on the appearance of the book, we noticed at some length Mr Catlin's narrative of travels in his native America, in the course of which he completely domesticated himself with the Red Men, and collected an unparalleled museum illustrative of the minutest peculiarities of Indian life and manners.* This gentleman brought his collection to England, where it attracted a good deal of attention; till it was suddenly and unexpectedly enriched by the addition of some living curiosities, which gave spirit and reality to the whole. These were nine Ojibbeway savages brought to this country for the purpose of exhibition. After the termination of Mr Catlin's arrangement with them, he became the patron of fourteen Ioway Indians, who had found their way hither from the great plains between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains; and finally of another party of eleven Ojibbeways, whom he exhibited in France and Belgium. Among these thirty-

four individuals there were several possessing considerable native talent and power of observation; and in a new work, Mr Catlin has included the impressions made upon them by the Pale faces.* We have thus realised a great desideratum in philosophy. Hitherto, we have regarded savage life with the eyes of civilisation: now we are able to observe civilised life through the eyes of a savage. Perhaps the very inability of our author to philosophise adds value to his work. It is a book of facts, not of theories; it is full of human kindness, not of controversy; and its simple details are related in language as simple.

As for the two tribes of observers, they appear to have been alike distinguished by innate goodness of character, although their manners were very different. When the Ojibbeways first entered the exhibition hall, where the portraits of several hundred chiefs, painted by Mr Catlin from the life, were hanging on the walls, they 'set up the most frightful yells, and made the whole neighbourhood ring with their howlings; running up to offer their hands to their friends, and brandishing their tomahawks at their enemies as they sounded the war-whoop. The Ioways, on the other hand, shrouded in their pictured robes, 'walked silently and slowly to the middle of the room, with their hands over their mouths, denoting silence and surprise.' They looked long around them before speaking; and when they began to exchange their thoughts, it was at first in a whisper. Mr Catlin's opening proceeding with both was to exact a promise that, while under his protection, they would not drink 'fire-water; an engagement which they kept with the strictest honour; the spokesman of the first party remarking that they had been told at home that this beverage was sent to them by the Great Spirit because he loved them; although they had since learned that this was not true, and that the wise English did not drink it. In this latter piece of information they were not more fortunate than in the other; for on going immediately after to visit the mayor of Manchester, 'they saw him and his squaw, and many other beautiful squaws, all drinking; and they saw many people through the windows, and in the doors, as they passed along the streets, who were drinking; and they saw several persons in the streets who were quite drunk, and two or three lying down in the streets like pigs; and they thought the people of Manchester loved much to drink liquor.'

In London, as well as in the provinces, they were amazed by the constantly-recurring exhibitions of drunkenness and poverty, and were much affected by the degradation of two Indians like themselves, as they supposed the Lascars to be, who were sweeping the crossings of the street. Their reception at court, however, which they had anxiously waited for, put all unpleasant ideas out of their heads, although they were afterwards ashamed to find that they had taken the porter of the palace, in his scarlet, and gold lace, and powdered wig, for nothing less than a king; and that their chief, not knowing how so splendid a personage should be accosted, had given him his hand. While waiting anxiously in an anteroom, they paraded before the mirrors to adjust their feathers and ornaments; but when at length it was announced that the Queen was ready to receive them, there was a moment of jingling and rattling of trinkets as the Indians were throwing on their robes and gathering up their weapons; and when they responded to Mr Catlin's question, 'if they were all ready?' by their '*How—how—how!*' he led the way, and they followed into the Waterloo Gallery. They were of course kindly received by her Majesty and the distinguished persons round her. The Queen beckoned a little girl to approach, and 'held her for some time by both hands, evidently much pleased

* Catlin's Notes of Eight Years' Travels and Residence in Europe with his North American Indian Collection. 3 vols. 8vo. With Illustrations. London: Published by the Author, 6 Waterloo Place. 1846.

with her appearance.' After the war-dance, the old chief, a man seventy-five years of age, who was struck with confusion on the idea suddenly presenting itself that it would be absurd to present the pipe of peace to a woman, said a few words, apologising, on the score of bad health, for being unfit to make a speech. 'The War-chief then rose, and in a very energetic manner made the following speech, which was also literally interpreted to her Majesty:—

'Great Mother—The Great Spirit has been kind to us, your children, in protecting us on our long journey here. And we are now happy that we are allowed to see your face. It makes our hearts glad to see the faces of so many Saganoshes (English) in this country, and all wearing such pleasant looks. We think the people here must be very happy.

'Mother—We have been often told that there was a great fire in this country; that its light shone across the great water; and we see now where this great light arises. We believe that it shines from this great wigwam to all the world.

'Mother—We have seen many strange things since we came to this country. We see that your wigwams are large, and the light that is in them is bright. Our wigwams are small, and our light is not strong. We are not rich, but yet we have plenty of food to eat.

'Mother—Myself and my friends here are your friends—your children. We have used our weapons against your enemies. And for many years we have received liberal presents from this country, which have made us quite happy and comfortable in our wigwams.

'Mother—The chief who has just spoken, and myself, have fought and bled by the side of the greatest warrior who ever lived—Tecumseh.

'Mother—Our hearts are glad at what we have this day seen—that we have been allowed to see your face. And when we get home, our words will be listened to in the councils of our nation.

'This is all I have to say.'

After a gracious reply, and another dance, the Indians at the same moment shouldered their robes and retired, sounding their war-whoop, to the amusement of the servants of the household, who had assembled to the amount of some hundreds in the galleries of the hall.

They were now feasted on roast-beef in another apartment, the carving being executed by the Hon. C. A. Murray, who in due time proposed that they should comply with the English custom at public dinners, and drink the Queen's health. 'For this the first bottle of champagne was opened; and when the cork flew, and the wine was pouring into glasses, the Indians pronounced the word "*Chick-a-bob-boo!*" and had a great laugh. A foaming glass of it was set before each Indian; and when it was proposed to drink to her Majesty's health, they all refused. I explained to Mr Murray the promise they were under to drink no spirituous liquor while in the kingdom. Mr Murray applauded their noble resolution, but said at the same time that this was not *spirituous liquor*—it was a light wine, and could not hurt them; and it would be the only time they could drink to her Majesty so properly, and her Majesty's health could not be refused by her Majesty's subjects. When again urged, they still refused, saying, "We no drink—can't drink." They seemed, however, to be referring it to me, as all eyes were alternately upon me and upon their glasses, when I said to them, "Yes, my good fellows, drink; it will not hurt you. The promise you have made to Mr Rankin and myself will not be broken; it did not contemplate a case like this, where it is necessary to drink the Queen's health. And again, this is *champagne*, and not *spirituous liquor*, which you have solemnly promised to avoid." "How—how—how!" they all responded, and with great delight all joined in "health to the Queen!" And as each glass was emptied to the bottom, they smacked their lips, again pronouncing the word "*Chick-a-bob-boo—chick-a-bob-boo!*" with a roar of laughter among themselves.'

On their return to their lodgings, they conversed much on their important interview, and were evidently disappointed in the personal appearance and dress of the Queen, whom they probably thought little of as compared with the splendid porter. 'They were advancing many curious ideas (over the pipe) as to the government of the greatest and richest country in the world being in the hands of a woman, and she no larger than many of the Indian girls at the age of twelve or thirteen years. I explained to them the manner in which she was entitled to the crown, and also how little a king or queen has actually to do in the government of such a country: that it is chiefly done by her ministers, who are always about her, and men of the greatest talents, and able to advise her. And the old chief, who had been listening attentively to me as he was puffing away at his pipe, said he was inclined to think it was the best thing for the country. "I am not sure," said he, "but it is the safest way; for if this country had a king instead of a queen, he might be ambitious as a great warrior, and lead the country into war with other nations; now, under her government there is peace, and the country is happy." Many jokes were passed upon the old chief for having mistaken the porter Sykes for Prince Albert, and for having brought his pipe of peace back, having been afraid to present it. They had many remarks to make also upon the little girl whom her Majesty took by the hand: they told her she turned pale, and they were afraid she would grow up a white woman. They now, for the first time, thought of the Queen's little children, and wondered they had not seen them. They thought they ought at least to have seen the Prince of Wales.'

Although this party, being the first arrival, excited much attention, and one of them, a handsome young half-breed, captivated the heart of an English girl, whom he eventually married, the Ioways, who succeeded them, were upon the whole more interesting. They were more quiet and sedate, and yet more comical fellows than the others; and the doctor more especially, or the medicine man, was an amusing mixture of shrewdness and simplicity, wisdom and vanity. He was always uneasy, till he got as *high* as he could go. Whether in a carriage or in a house, he must be on the top of it; and this curious propensity caused much alarm at the outset, for no one could imagine where the doctor had bestowed himself, till, after a fruitless search, his friends were directed by the eyes of a crowd in the street, and found him on the roof, perched on a corner of the parapet, wrapped in his buffalo robe, and looking down upon the multitude with the air of a Zealand penguin. This worthy, on his debut at the exhibition, flattered himself that he attracted in a special manner the regards of the ladies, who laughed much at the complacent smiles which he lavished upon them. 'My friends,' said the doctor in his speech, which displayed quite as much wit as simplicity, 'I see the ladies are pleased, and this pleases me; because I know that if they are pleased, they will please the men.'

Among the visitors of the Indians, we need hardly say that there were numerous religious persons, who, delighted with the simplicity and goodness of their characters, wished ardently that they might become still better by a knowledge of the truth. These gentlemen, however, being civilised men, could only see and comprehend the vices of savagism, and were not aware of the impression made upon savages by their own. 'My friends,' replied the War-chief to the first deputation, 'the Great Spirit has sent you to us with kind words, and he has opened our ears to hear them, which we have done. We are glad to see you, and to hear you speak, for we know that you are our friends. What you have said relative to our learning to read and to write, we are sure can do us no good—we are now too old; but for our children, we think it would be well for them to learn; and they are now going to schools in our village, and learning to read and to write. As to the white man's religion which you have

explained, we have heard it told to us in the same way, many times, in our own country, and there are white men and women there now trying to teach it to our people. We do not think your religion good, unless it is so for white people, and this we don't doubt. The Great Spirit has made our skins red, and the forests for us to live in. He has also given us our religion, which has taken our fathers to "the beautiful hunting-grounds," where we wish to meet them. We don't believe that the Great Spirit made us to live with Pale faces in this world, and we think He has intended we should live separate in the world to come.

'My friends, we know that when white men come into our country we are unhappy—the Indians all die, or are driven away before the white men. Our hope is to enjoy our hunting-grounds in the world to come, which white men cannot take from us: we know that our fathers and our mothers have gone there, and we don't know why we should not go there too.' * * *

He here asked for the pipe, and having drawn a few whiffs, proceeded—

'My friends, you speak of the "good book" that you have in your hand; we have many of these in our village; we are told that "all your words about the Son of the Great Spirit are printed in that book, and if we learn to read it, it will make good people of us." I would now ask why it don't make good people of the Pale faces living all around us? They can all read the good book, and they can understand all that the "black-coats"* say, and still we find they are not so honest and so good a people as ours: this we are sure of; such is the case in the country about us; but *here* we have no doubt but the white people, who have so many to preach, and so many books to read, are all honest and good. In *our* country the white people have two faces, and their tongues branch in different ways; we know that this displeases the Great Spirit, and we do not wish to teach it to our children.' In reply to a question, he said, 'We believe the Great Spirit requires us to pray to him, which we do, and to thank him for everything we have that is good. We know that he requires us to speak the truth, to feed the poor, and to love our friends. We don't know of anything more that he demands: he may demand more of white people, but we don't know that.' And in reply to another—'If the Great Spirit sent the small-pox into our country to destroy us, we believe it was to punish us for listening to the false promises of white men. It is white man's disease, and no doubt it was sent amongst white people to punish them for their sins. It never came amongst the Indians until we began to listen to the promises of white men, and to follow their ways: it then came amongst us; and we are not sure but the Great Spirit then sent it to punish us for our foolishness.'

This is no doubt very melancholy, but the fault is not with the Indians. In passing through our streets, they saw multitudes of famishing creatures, 'women with little children all in dirty rags; and some with babies in their arms lying about the doors of public-houses helplessly drunk: they had never seen any Indians in the wilderness half so poor, and looking so sick.' And what was the corollary they drew from this? That it was wrong to send missionaries to the Indians from a country where so many miserable creatures were perishing for want of food and knowledge! This remark was made by a comical savage called Jim; but poor Jim could not even guess at the scenes of unspeakable wretchedness presented by this wealthy country—at the famine, filth, and horrors of all kinds that teem in our streets and lanes: he could not know that the circumstance of people dying among us of absolute starvation, or destroying themselves or others in fits of frantic drunkenness, is too common to excite special notice; and he could not imagine that our missions to his country hardly absorb a twentieth part of the vast sums lavished in Christian charity upon other *distant*

quarters of the world. We remember remonstrating once with a wealthy Quaker on his Society's neglect of the widow of an admirable man who had devoted himself zealously and usefully to co-operation with them in the anti-slavery cause. 'I admit it all,' replied the millionaire; 'he was indeed an admirable man, and his widow is a most deserving woman; but for me, my sympathies are all absorbed—by the hundred millions of India!'

On another occasion, the savages appeared to be a little irritated by their well-meaning religious visitors; for their War-chief roundly told them that all they could say he had heard before from 'more intelligent-looking men.'

'Now, my friends,' said he, 'I will tell you that when we first came over to this country, we thought that where you had so many preachers, so many to read and explain the good book, we should find the white people all good and sober people; but as we travel about, we find this was all a mistake. When we first came over, we thought that white man's religion would make all people good, and we then would have been glad to talk with you, but now we cannot say that we like to do it any more. My friends, I am willing to talk with you, if it can do any good to the hundreds and thousands of poor and hungry people that we see in your streets every day when we ride out. We see hundreds of little children with their naked feet in the snow, and we pity them, for we know they are hungry, and we give them money every time we pass by them. In four days, we have given twenty dollars to hungry children—we give our money only to children. We are told that the fathers of these children are in the houses where they sell fire-water, and are drunk, and in their words they every moment abuse and insult the Great Spirit. You talk about sending black-coats among the Indians; now we have no such poor children among us; we have no such drunkards, or people who abuse the Great Spirit. Indians dare not do so. They pray to the Great Spirit, and he is kind to them. Now we think it would be better for your teachers all to stay at home, and go to work right here in your own streets, where all your good work is wanted. This is my advice. I would rather not say any more.' (To this all responded, 'How—how—how!')

The Indians appear to have liked feasting better than theological discussion. On one occasion they were entertained at Ealing Park by Mrs Lawrence, with a large circle of royal and noble guests, including the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, with the Princess Mary, the Grand-duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duchess of Gloucester, and many of the nobility. After dancing and archery, they sat down to dinner, Mr Catlin carving the roast beef, and his Royal Highness, the Princess Mary, and the two Misses Lawrence, waiting at table. 'This unusual scene was taking place in the near vicinity of the poor parquets and cockatoos, who seemed thus far awed into a discreet silence, but were dancing to the right and the left, and busily swinging their heads to and fro, with their eyes and their ears open to all that was said and done. When the cork flew from the first bottle of champagne, the parrots squalled out, "*There—there—there!*" and the Indians as suddenly, "*Chick-a-bob-booo—chick-a-bob-booo!*" Both laughed, and all the party *had* to laugh, at the simultaneous excitement of the parrots and the Indians; and most of them were as ignorant of the language (and of course of the wit of) the one as of the other. "*Chick-a-bob-booo,*" however, was understood at least by the Indians; and their glasses being filled with champagne, the moment they were raising it to their lips, and some had commenced drinking, the cockatoos suddenly squalled out again, "*There—there—there!*" The old doctor, and his superstitious friend Jim, who had not got their glasses quite to their mouths, slowly lowered them upon the table, and turned with the most beseeching looks upon Mr Melody and myself, to know whether they were breaking their vow to us.'

* Clergymen.

This was a delightful day—and a profitable one, for the last course of the entertainment was a tray of trinkets presented to them by their munificent hostess; but they were struck with more enduring astonishment by a visit to one of the prodigious brewhouses of London. They were 'led by one of the proprietors, and an escort of ladies, through the vast labyrinths and mazes, through the immense halls and courts, and under and over the dry-land bridges and arches of this smoking, steeping, and steaming wonder of the world, as they were sure to call it when they got home. When the poor untutored Indians, from the soft and simple prairies of the Missouri, seated themselves upon a beam, and were looking into and contemplating the immensity of a smoking steeping-vat, containing more than 3000 barrels, and were told that there were 130 others, of various dimensions, in the establishment—that the whole edifice covered twelve acres of ground, and that there were necessarily constantly on hand in their cellars 232,000 barrels of ale, and also that this was only one of a great number of breweries in London, and that similar manufactories were in every town in the kingdom, though on a less scale, they began, almost for the first time since their arrival, to evince profound astonishment; and the fermentation in their minds, as to the consistency of white man's teaching of temperance, and manufacturing and selling ale, seemed not less than that which was going on in the vast abyss below them. The pipe was lit and passed around while they were in this contemplative mood; and as their ears were open, they got in the meantime further information of the wonderful modes and operations of this vast machine; and also, in round numbers, read from a report by one of the proprietors, the quantity of ale consumed in the kingdom annually. Upon hearing this, which seemed to cap the climax of all their astonishment, they threw down the pipe, and leaping into an empty vat, suddenly dissipated the pain of their mental calculations by joining in the Medicine (or *Mystery*) Dance. Their yells and screaming, echoing through the vast and vapouring halls, soon brought some hundreds of maltmen, grinders, firers, mashers, ostlers, painters, coopers, &c. peeping through and amongst the blackened timbers and casks, and curling and hissing fumes, completing the scene as the richest model for the infernal regions.'

As a contrast to these scenes of unimaginable wealth and princely generosity, they saw one day a poor old beggar woman and her little child in such miserable rags, as to excite both their sympathy and curiosity. They persuaded her with some difficulty to go up to their room, and seating themselves upon the floor, and lighting the pipe, they went into counsel on her case, in order to discover, if possible, how a white woman and child should be starving to death, with thousands of her own countrymen around her in their fine houses and with all their wealth. The War-chief put five shillings into the shrinking woman's hand, told her not to be afraid, but to observe that it could only be their wish to befriend her. 'We are here poor,' said he, 'and a great way from home, where we also have our little children to feed; but the Great Spirit has been kind to us, and we have enough to eat.' To this the Indians, who were passing the pipe around, all responded, 'How—how—how!' In reply to the questions of the savages, she told a very common story, but one that was full of horror to them. 'The poor Indians, women and all, looked upon this miserable shivering object of pity, in the midst of the wealth and luxuries of civilisation, as a mystery they could not expound; and giving way to impulses that they could feel and appreciate, the women opened their trunks to search for presents for the little child, and by White Cloud's order filled her lap with cold meat and bread sufficient to last them for a day or two. The good old doctor's politeness and sympathy led him to the bottom of the stairs with her, where he made her understand by signs that every morning, when the sun was up to a place

that he pointed to with his hand, if she would come, she would get food enough for herself and her little child as long as they stayed in Birmingham; and he recollected his promise, and made it his especial duty every morning to attend to his pensioners at the hour appointed.'

Another story of this kind we have done. 'It seems that on board of the steamer, as a passenger, was a little girl of twelve years of age, and a stranger to all on board. When on their way, the captain was collecting his passage-money on deck; he came to the little girl for her fare, who told him she had no money, but that she expected to meet her father in Dundee, whom she was going to see, and that he would certainly pay her fare if she could find him. The captain was in a great rage, and abused the child for coming on without the money to pay her fare, and said that he should not let her go ashore, but should hold her a prisoner on board, and take her back to Edinburgh with him. The poor girl was frightened, and cried herself almost into fits. The passengers, of whom there were a great many, all seemed affected by her situation, and began to raise the money amongst them to pay her passage, giving a penny or two a-piece, which, when done, amounted to about a quarter of the sum required. The poor little girl's grief and fear still continued, and the old doctor, standing on deck, wrapped in his robe, and watching all these results, also much touched with pity for her situation, went down in the fore-cabin, where the rest of the party were, and relating the circumstances, soon raised eight shillings, one shilling of which the Little Wolf, after giving a shilling himself, put into the hand of his little infant, then supposed to be dying, that its dying hand might do one act of charity, and caused it to drop it into the doctor's hand with the rest. With the money the doctor came on deck, and advancing, offered it to the little girl, who was frightened, and ran away. Daniel went to the girl, and called her up to the doctor, assuring her there was no need of alarm, when the old doctor put the money into her hand, and said to her, through the interpreter, and in presence of all the passengers, who were gathering around, "Now go to the cruel captain and pay him the money, and never again be afraid of a man because his skin is red; but be always sure that the heart of a Red Man is as good and kind as that of a white man. And when you are in Dundee, where we are all going, if you do not find your father as you wish, and are amongst strangers, come to us, wherever we shall be, and you shall not suffer: you shall have enough to eat, and if money is necessary, you shall have more."

We intended to have laid down the pen here; but we shall venture on one more paragraph, as a better conclusion to these specimens of a very remarkable book. 'Their Bibles had increased in their various boxes since the last census to more than a hundred and fifty; their religious tracts, which they could not read, to some thousands; their dolls, in all, to fifty; and other useless toys to a great number. Then came their medals, their grossies of buttons, their beads, ribbons, brooches, fans, knives, daggers, combs, pistols, shawls, blankets, handkerchiefs, canes, umbrellas, beaver hats, caps, coats, bracelets, pins, eye-glasses, &c. &c.; and then their prints—views of countries they had seen, of churches, cathedrals, maps of London and Paris, views of bridges, of factories, of coal-pits, of catacombs, of Morgues, &c. &c. to an almost countless number, all to be opened and commented upon, and then scattered, as the first indications of civilisation, in the wilderness. These are but mere toys, however, gewgaws that will be met as matters of course, and soon used up and lost sight of. But Jim's book of the statistics of London, of Paris, and New York, will stand the Magna Charta of his nation, and around it will assemble the wisacres of the tribe, decanting on, and seeking for a solution of, the blessings of civilisation, as the passing pipe sends off its curling fumes, to future ages, over its astounding and marvellous estimates of civilised nations,

of cities, of churches, of courts of justice, and jails—of the tens of thousands of civilised people who are in it recorded (to their amazement) as blind, as deaf and dumb, and insane; of gallows and guillotines, of massacres and robberies, the number of grog-shops and breweries, of coal-pits, of tread-mills and foundling hospitals, of poorhouses and paupers, of beggars and starvation, of brothels, of prisons for debtors, of rapes, of bigamy, of taxation, of game-laws, of Christianity, of drunkenness, of national debt and repudiation.

'The estimates of all these subjects have gone to the wilderness, with what the eyes of the Indians saw of the poverty and distress of the civilised world, to be taught to the untaught, and hereafter to be arrayed, if they choose, against the teachings of civilisation and Christianity in the Indian communities: a table of the enormous numbers in the civilised world, who by their own folly or wickedness drag through lives of pain and misery, leaving their Indian critics, in the richness of their imaginations, to judge of the immense proportion of the enlightened world, who, in just retribution, must perish for their crimes and their follies: and in their ignorance, and the violence of their prejudices, to imagine what proportion of them are actually indulged in the comforts of this life, or destined to enjoy the happiness of the world to come.'

BRITAIN PROBABLY INHABITED BEFORE THE LAST CHANGES OF THE RELATIVE LEVEL OF SEA AND LAND.

In our last number, a general statement was given of the subject embraced by the work quoted below*—namely, that the last series of geological events had been, in one large district of the earth, inclusive of our island, a falling away of the sea from the land from a point many hundred feet above its present level, and this by stages which are chronicled in terraces and other markings still to be seen on the face of the land. The last shifts down to the present level were from points about 65 or 70, 56, 43, 32, 26, and 11 feet above it, some of these last being commemorated by the great low plains seen along several coasts; for example, the carse of Gowrie, Falkirk, and Stirling; the Glasgow Green, and site of the lower district of that city; the great plain on the shore of the Bristol Channel in Somersetshire, &c. We now propose to advert to a curious portion of the investigation, from which it results as a likelihood that some of the very last changes of the relative level have taken place since the island of Britain became a seat of human population.

In the first place, it may be remarked there is tolerably good proof that the last movement was a rise of the sea, seeing that on many parts of the British coast the remains of ancient forests are found extending under the waves. It appears from the work before us that there have been several such oscillations since the sea came near to its present level. For example, in the Carse of Gowrie—a low sea-side plain, chiefly composed of clayey alluvial matter—there is a bed of peat twenty or thirty feet below the surface; showing that this place had once been dry land, and the site of a forest, and that its subsidence, or a new rise of the sea, had then put it once more under water, so as to allow of the superincumbent clays being deposited. At three several points in the depth of these clays (near Polgavie)—namely, at 16½, 11½, and 7½ feet from the surface, there are vegetable roots cut off by a layer of marine shells, forming proofs of other three recurrences of the sea over the land in this place before it was finally thrown down to its present level, or rather, perhaps, to the lower point from which it has since reascended.

In the Gowrie Carse, throughout a plain generally

little more than twenty feet above the sea, there are here and there little swells, appearing as the remnants of a higher plain. They undoubtedly result from a cutting out of the intervals between them by the sea, when it stood about the level of the lower plain. Now it is somewhat remarkable that all of these swells should bear in their names the appellation of *inch* (Celtic for an island)—thus Inchyra, Megginch, Inchmichael, Inchmartin, &c.—as if a primitive people had originally recognised them as pieces of land surrounded by water. There are stories, perhaps little to be depended upon, of ancient anchors being found deep in the soil of the lower parts of the Carse, and of rings for the mooring of vessels in cliffs rising far inland. Such matters, it is admitted in the work before us, would perhaps not be deserving even of the most passing notice, if they stood entirely unsupported by facts of a more decided nature. But such is not the case.

'In 1819, in digging the Carse land at Airthrey near Stirling, where the surface is nearly twenty-five feet above high water of spring-tides in the river, which flows at a mile's distance, there were found the bones of a large whale.* No doubt can be entertained that this animal had perished here at a time when the sea stood at some unknown point upwards of twenty-five feet above its present level. About five years afterwards, the bones of another large whale were found on the estate of Blair-Drummond, seven miles further up the Carse, and probably at a greater elevation above the sea.† In this case a deep moss had covered the ground, indicating one long section of the interval of time since the death and deposition of the animal. The clay was here only four feet deep, and beneath it was another moss, the memorial, of course, of an interspace, during which dry land had existed at this spot. The bones rested on the lower moss, but did not penetrate into it. We may suppose, therefore, that it was immediately after the sea recurred here that the whale was brought to the spot. But the most valuable fact in connection with these relics is, that in each case there was found among the bones a fragment of stag's-horn, containing a perforation of an inch in diameter, evidently artificial, and in the Blair-Drummond instance, containing the remains of rotten wood. It was the opinion of Mr Home Drummond, on whose property the latter whale was found, that this horn had been the handle of a rude instrument, perhaps a harpoon, and that it had been used in some way in connection with the animal when it was stranded.' Such circumstances speak strongly of a human population in the country when the sea was fully twenty-five feet higher than at present.

There are likewise stories of remains of boats and anchors being found in the Carse lands between Falkirk and Grangemouth. At the latter place, in 1843, when excavations were making for a dock on a spot where a cottage and garden had recently been, there was found, at the depth of twenty feet from the surface, in a bed of shells and gravel, a human skull, with some other bones. This curious relic is now in the possession of Mr Hamilton, surgeon at Falkirk. Its position, it may be remarked, was below the present level of the sea, so that the only circumstances favouring the idea of its being deposited before the last shifts of the sea-level are—the change from gravel to clay above its position, and the rise of the surface to several feet above tide.

By far the most remarkable evidences towards this conclusion are found in the western side of the island. It is not yet many months since the newspapers announced the discovery of an ancient canoe deeply imbedded in the neighbourhood of the Clyde at Springfield, near Glasgow. The situation—about the level of low water in the river, between a bed of gravel and a superincumbent series of

* Ancient Sea-Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the Relative Level of Sea and Land. By Robert Chambers, Esq., F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers. London: W. S. Orr. 1848.

* Edinburgh Magazine, August 1819. The bones 'were found at a depth of from eighteen inches to three feet from the surface, in what is termed recent alluvial earth, formed by the river Forth, and composed of a blue-coloured sludge or slock, with a covering of peat earth a few inches thick.'

† H. Home Drummond in 'Wernerian Transactions,' v. 440.

laminated clays, evidently of fluviatile origin—is considered as taking this relic out of the range of geological history, though still assigning it a very remote probable antiquity.* But other ancient boats have been found at Glasgow, which it is more difficult to regard as merely antiquarian curiosities. One of these was found in 1825, in digging a sewer at the head of the Saltmarket, a spot included within the town for centuries, fully twenty feet above high water in the river, and a quarter of a mile from it. This canoe, formed of fine oak, and exhibiting calkings of wool dipped in tar, lay in a vertical position nine feet below the surface, in a bed of blue clay, covered and surrounded by fine sand, presenting traces of lamination—that is, of being laid down in thin layers in a quiet sea. In the same deposit, at the distance of a pistol-shot, a similar boat was found in 1781, when digging for the foundations of the Tontine Hotel. Another is stated to have been discovered in Stockwell Street—a situation externally similar, but a little nearer to the river. Our author speaks of the number of these relics as remarkable, 'when we connect the remote era to which they seem to point with the modern distinction of the district as a seat of commerce; seeming to indicate that even in the earliest ages of the inhabitation of our island by man, there had been some unusual amount of intercourse by means of navigation in this region.'

We have to state, in addition to the facts presented in 'Ancient Sea-Margins,' that in 1780, when the workmen were digging a foundation for St Enoch's Church, near the place last mentioned, they found an ancient canoe at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface. It lay horizontally, filled with sand and gravel, and within, near the prow, there was found an example of the objects called *celts*, which are believed to have been the war-hammers of the primitive people of this country. This last object survives in the possession of Mr Charles Wilson Brown of Glasgow, and is described as of a greenish stone, about five and a half inches long by two and a half broad, and perfectly polished. Across the centre it bears the mark of the fastening for the handle.

The various situations of these four boats are within half a mile of each other, on the extensive plain which skirts the right bank of the Clyde, rising to the height of about twenty-six feet above tide-mark, and forming the site of the Trongate and Argyle Street, together with the numerous cross streets connected with that line. This plain is composed of sand, as appears whenever the foundation of an old house is dug up, and the sand is deposited on laminated clays which abound in several places in marine shells. According to the work before us—'If the sand-bed at the Trongate be the same with that at Springfield, the boats lying in it and the subjacent clay obviously belong to an earlier period than that discovered in the latter situation. The question arises, Are the deposits such as the river, while pursuing in general its present level, could have laid down? The situation, be it remembered, is a quarter of a mile from the river; its superficiality is twenty-one feet above tide-mark, while Mr Robert Stevenson has determined the greatest recorded river floods as only fifteen. The laminated sands do not, moreover, appear such a deposit as a river flood would bring to the spot, even if it could reach it. It therefore appears that we scarcely have an alternative to the supposition, that when these

vessels foundered, and were deposited where in modern times they have been found, the Firth of Clyde was a sea several miles wide at Glasgow, covering the site of the lower districts of the city, and receiving the waters of the river not lower than Bothwell Bridge. We must suppose this to have been a time when already a people, instructed to some degree in the arts of life, occupied that part of the island. Taken in connection with the whales' bones and perforated deers' horns of the Carse of Stirling, the boat and other relics said to have been found near Falkirk, the human skull at Grangemouth, and the various particulars already cited with respect to the Carse of Gowrie,* these Glasgow canoes are objects of much greater interest than any one seems yet to have thought of attaching to them. Mr Smith of Jordanhill has pointed out that the Roman wall, at its terminations on the firths of Forth and Clyde, appears to have been formed with respect to the present relative level of sea and land. He also quotes the description of St Michael's Mount in Cornwall, which Diodorus Siculus gives in the time of Augustus, showing it to have been then, as now, connected with the mainland at ebb tide. Thus it appears that any change of level must have taken place before the earlier days of our historic era. If so, these relics must be assigned to an age still more remote. Perhaps it may yet appear that even the era of the Roman invasion makes but a small approach in retrogression to the period when these vessels floated with their human freight on the waters of the Clyde.'

THE FARRIER OF FRANCE.

WHY should we disdain this sombre son of industrial toil, shoemaker in ordinary to the most noble conquest that man has ever made? He belongs to the interesting family of workers in iron; and all of them—miners, founders, blacksmiths, locksmiths, *et id genus omne*, rude operatives, with black hands and copper-coloured complexions—have a claim to public esteem and gratitude, as a just indemnity for the difficulty, the discomfort, and the importance of their occupations. Furthermore, a high degree of consideration has been always bestowed upon those who minister to the comfort and wellbeing of the equine race. Whence arose the most eminent officers of the ancient kings? From the stable. Thus the Constable of France was originally the count to whom the government of the royal stables was confided—'*regalium propositus equorum, quem connestabilem vocant*,' as says the old chronicler Gregory of Tours, in his semibarbarous Latin. The *maréchal* had charge of the war-horses of the king. 'Mark-scal' signified in old Teutonic, *master of the horse*; and the learned etymologists, who settled the derivation of this word from *mark* (a boundary or frontier), and *child* (a defender), were ignorant that the monosyllable *scal* is found in other words, and has invariably the sense of master or governor, as in '*senescal*,' master of the kitchen, &c. According to an ancient memorial of the Chamber of Counts, the *maréchaux ferrants* or farriers of Bourges gave annually to the marshals of France four horse-shoes on the 1st of April, and four others on the day of the Passover. Does not this fact tend to establish a community of origin, a sort of fraternal connection, between the first dignity of the French army and the functionary we are now considering?

Hold up thy head, then, swart artisan, and let the honour attached to thy profession console thee for the labours that consume thy life. Thou art among the number of those who work incessantly for small gains. The high price of iron and of fuel, the rapid wear and tear of tools, sadly curtail thy profits. Thy toils, never-

* Mr Robert Stuart, in an elegant work entitled 'Views and Notices of Glasgow in Former Times,' gives a drawing of this canoe. He describes it as formed from a single piece of timber (oak), measuring rather more than eleven feet in length, twenty-seven inches in breadth, and, where the sides are in best preservation, about fifteen feet in depth. The forepart is almost entire; but at the opposite extremity the sides are somewhat broken down. Here there is a groove across the bottom, which leads to a supposition that this end of the tree had been cut away, and that a separate piece of wood had been fitted into the groove mentioned, so as to form a stern. The canoe is at present deposited in the storehouse of the Clyde Navigation Trustees, in Robertson Street, Glasgow.

* In Symeon's History of Galloway, written in 1684, there is an account of the finding of a ship deeply imbedded in the earth, below a water-course at the town of Stranraer. 'The boards were not joined together after the present fashion, and it had nails of copper.'—*Transactions Scot. Ant. Society*, iii. 52.
† Ed. New Philosophical Journal. Oct. 1838.

theless, are overwhelming, and ever renewed, and could not be sustained, had kind nature not endowed thee with a constitution of iron. There are professions which anybody may embrace without culture or vocation, however notoriously deficient in body or mind. A man may set up a joint-stock company or a toyshop, no matter which, without brains or sinews—but not a farrier's forge. To weld the iron upon the anvil, he must have solid muscle, lofty stature, and nervous arms. The man whose imperfect form would have disgusted a Spartan mother, cannot pretend to wield the hammer of the *maréchal ferrant*.

The aspirant to this trade commences his career as assistant journeyman, without any definite term of engagement. So soon as he has acquired some knowledge of the business, he quits his first master, and travels from town to town, working where he can find employment, at wages varying from eighteen to thirty francs a-month, besides his maintenance and free lodging, if he choose to take it, by the forge chimney. Thanks to the beneficent regulations of the trade companionship, he is sure of an asylum while waiting for employment. A journeyman farrier enters Paris; one would imagine him to be swallowed up and lost amid the immense population. No such thing. He asks the first passer-by that he meets the way to the Rue Vielle-du-Temple; arrived in front of No. 97, he beholds in the centre of the façade of the house a long huge board painted black, stuck about with gilt horse-shoes, and ornamented with the status of his patron saint. Above is written, in letters something the worse for weather—

MÈRE DES MARÉCHAUX FERRANTS.
Hôtel du Grand Saint-Eloi.

Or in humble English, 'House-of-call for Farriers; St Eloi Hotel.'

The journeyman enters; he finds his future fellow-workmen seated at table in a kind of taproom on the ground-floor; he makes himself known, and produces his credentials and attestations of service; they grant him food, lodging, and unlimited credit. The very next day, if there is any demand for his labour, he is despatched to the workshop, and assumes his occupation, without the employer to whom he is adjudicated having the right to refuse him. The workman thus learns how effectually combination gives force to the feeble, wealth to the poor, greatness to the little, and consolation to the unfortunate.*

When the journeyman has succeeded in accumulating the necessary funds, he immediately seeks to establish himself in business. His workshop is seldom more than a black and smoky shed. The forge rises in one corner, and at its side hangs the enormous bellows that excite the flame; the anvil is the table in the centre of the smoky apartment; the hammers and files lie scattered here and there upon the floor. A few years ago, near the entrance of every farrier's shed, might be seen a large wooden enclosure, or cage, called a *travail*—a prison destined for kicking horses; but it would seem that the animals have lately become more docile, or that the farriers are better able to master them, for the repressive machine is now become almost totally extinct. A decree of the Court of Cassation, of the 30th Frimaire, anno xiii. (21st December 1804), has also put an end to the encroachments which the farriers were in the habit of making upon the public way. By it they are confined to their hired tenements, and to certain courts; and the establishment of new workshops in the streets is forbidden, much to the convenience of the public, who grew tired, and complained of gratuitous kickings from restive horses.

If the farrier's shop stands by the wayside, it shines like a lighthouse at night in the eyes of the wanderer weary and footsore. The artist in search of the picturesque, the workman on circuit, the belated soldier seek-

ing to rejoin his regiment, perceive from afar the glimmering forge, and hasten with joyous step to the rendezvous. All stop at the farrier's, to hear the news and light their pipes: he knows the character of every house-of-call in the neighbourhood, and can recommend them to good fare at a moderate price, while he presents a live coal from his furnace to the bowl of the traveller's pipe.

The activity of the farrier is the bane of his immediate neighbours: at the earliest dawn they are roughly roused from sleep by his sounding strokes on the anvil; he rises thus early to rough-shape a sufficient number of shoes for the demands of the day. His labours are only interrupted at nine o'clock for breakfast, and at two in the afternoon for dinner. By an ordinance of the police, dated 26th June 1778, and implicitly confirmed by the 484th article of the penal code, all noisy hammer-wielding professions are forbidden to be exercised at any other hours than those included between five in the morning and eight in the evening; consequently, the farrier can work no later. He is not restricted, however, from shoeing a horse that casts a shoe in the prohibited hours; but he must fit, not forge the shoe, even then, under a penalty of fifty francs, imposed by the above-mentioned ordinance.

The person of the *maréchal* is broad, full-set, and somewhat imposing; the severity of his labours, and the atmosphere that he continually inhales, seem to have amplified his muscular proportions, and increased his natural vigour; and he generally enjoys a well-merited celebrity in his immediate neighbourhood for strength and manliness. The annals of the profession record that one of them came off triumphantly in a trial of strength with the celebrated Maurice, Count of Saxony. This illustrious general, while travelling incognito in Flanders during the year 1744, stopped, says the chronicle, at the door of a *maréchal ferrant*, and requested the master to show him an assortment of horse-shoes, that he might make a selection for the use of his steed. The farrier presented a number of various descriptions and qualities.

'What do you call these?' said the marshal of France: 'these were made to sell, and not to use, I reckon!' And taking them by the extremities between the forefinger and thumb, he broke several of them successively.

The farrier suffered him to proceed, in silent admiration at his astonishing vigour. When the Count of Saxony was tired of his amusement, he ordered four of a more solid construction; the artisan set himself to work, and having accomplished the operation, received a six-franc piece.

'What do you call this?' said he. 'Do you offer me base metal?' And doubling the piece between his fingers, as in a vice, broke it in two parts.

'Pest!' cried the count, 'it seems I have caught a Tartar. Let us see how long you will play that game!'

Five or six pieces met the same fate between the farrier's fingers as the first.

'I should soon ruin myself at this sport,' said Maurice, remounting his horse. 'I acknowledge myself beaten, vanquished like the Hungarians at Prague. Stop, here are a couple of louis-d'ors; drink the health of the Count of Saxony.'

These athletic performances remind us of that of a major of cavalry named Barsabas, mentioned in the miscellanea of the eighteenth century. It was his comical custom, whenever he took his horse to be shod, to watch when the farrier's back was turned, and walk off with the anvil concealed beneath his cloak.

The farriers of the present day are not a whit behind their predecessors. The sleeves of their ample gray shirts turned up as far as the elbows, display their enormous arms, of which the right, constantly exercised, is always far more muscular than the left.

When the farrier proceeds to work, he is provided with pockets of leather in double compartments, fastened round his middle by a girdle. These pockets

* To the gifts of combination may be added occasionally that of a bungling workman to an employer in need of a good one.

contain the implements of his profession:—A pair of cutting nippers, to clip off the points of any nails that project through the hoof; a punch, to drive out the old nails; a hammer; a paring instrument, generally manufactured from the blade of an old sword.

The more pretentious professors, in great towns, have substituted a mahogany box in lieu of the pockets—a palpable sacrifice of convenience to ostentation.

In the country districts of France, the *maréchal* does not confine himself to the shoeing of horses; he forges all kinds of agricultural implements—ploughshares, chains, staples, iron rings, axle-trees, &c. &c. It is the custom among the farmers to contract annually for the shoeing, at the rate of twenty francs per horse, paying his additional services of course by the piece. What would they do without their never-failing coadjutors?—how lay bare the bosom of the stubborn earth, if he were not at hand to subdue the rebellious metal to their will; to shape, to sharpen, to weld, to ply, and to toil with unceasing devotion as the faithful unwearied ally of the farmer?

The farrier, as might be supposed, pretty generally pretends to a thorough knowledge of horses, and is not slow to criticise those which are the subjects of his professional skill; and as it would hardly be good policy to balk his inquiries, he has grown habitually inquisitive, subjecting all who bring him work to a rather close questioning. 'What did you give for this colt? Is he a Normandy breed, or from Ardennes? Has he any vice? Will he go in harness? Is he well on his feet? Is he an overreacher,' &c. &c.

He has, moreover, a good opinion of his talent as veterinary surgeon, and performs operations upon cattle of all kinds with various success. The villagers believe that he cures the gripes in cows by means of prayers and invocations; but his experience has taught him a more effectual remedy. He knows when a horse wants purging with sirup of buckthorn, with calomel, with aloes, with jalap, or with sweet almonds; he detects the presence of worms in the flank by a horse's rolling, yawning, foaming, restlessness, and biting his sides. Your steed is wounded in the foot; wide fissures are visible in the hoof; the horny substance is diseased: go and consult the *maréchal ferrant*; he will prepare you an amalgam of old cart grease, deer's fat, laurel oil, populeum ointment, turpentine, and juice of onions. He can apply a seton, or use the lancet, according to circumstances, in the case of a foundered horse. He cauterises those attacked by paraplegy with two trains of gunpowder laid along the course of the vertebral spine. The most dangerous maladies—the farcy, the catarrh, the strangles, the vertigo, even the glanders, cannot resist his prescriptions; at least so he says.

The better class of farriers in France are styled *maréchaux experts*. These have been students at the college of Alfort, or at the school of Saumur, and possess for the most part a profound knowledge of their profession, together with that of the anatomical structure and maladies of the horse.

The trade of a farrier is sometimes, especially in country places, united with that of a joiner or a cartwright. These double practitioners are styled *maréchaux grossiers*, a term sufficiently indicative of their doubtful ability. They will shoe your horse well, if it please Providence; and, as might be supposed, are rarely to be found in the neighbourhood of a regular hand. As they work both in wood and iron, the law, with a careful regard to the probable contact of sparks with shavings, compels them to maintain two different workshops, separated by a wall of solid stonework of sufficient height, against which the forge must not be placed; and the position of the doors must be such that the sparks from the anvil cannot enter the adjoining room. Before one of this class can commence business, the theatre of his future operations is subjected to the scrutiny of a commissioner of police, who is empowered by law, if the required precautions have not been adopted, to order the demolition of the forge, and the

destruction of the building; to which he may add the condemnation to a penalty of four hundred francs, a sum often exceeding the entire fortune of the delinquent.

A gathering cloud already casts its shadow upon the fortunes of the farrier, and prophecies not altogether unfounded have proclaimed his coming declension and decay. 'By iron he lived, and by iron he shall die,' says the oracular voice. Who shall say that the denunciation is vain? Yet twenty years, and we may see the *maréchal ferrant*, once favoured by royal favourites, exiled to the by-places of the land, and doomed to a lingering, listless, and profitless existence among the tillers of the soil. And what will be the cause of his ruin? What but the rejection of the horse, and all existing modes of communication, and the substitution of roads made of the very material by which he now gains his bread.

The military *maréchal ferrant* is a very different personage from those above described, and has nothing to apprehend from any of the coming mutations. He is attached in the cavalry, the artillery, or the baggage-train, or other department of army service, invariably to the squadron of non-combatants—a squadron exempt from service in the field, composed entirely of workmen of various callings. Being drawn in the conscription, and having arrived at his regiment, his first care is to obtain permission to exercise his trade: if he can produce certificates of his ability, or has been a student at the colleges of Saumur or Alfort, this is readily granted. Having joined his corps, and been approved by the veterinary-in-chief, he is installed at the forge, while his wife, authorised by the colonel of the regiment, establishes a modest canteen. Behold him now in the uniform of a brigadier, bearing, as the insignia of his office, a horse-shoe on the sleeve: he is proud of his rank, and associates familiarly with the *maréchaux des logis* (quarter-masters). 'Ha! ha!' says he, 'we marshals understand one another well!'

The *maréchal ferrant* is paid by the treasurer, upon an estimate delivered by the captain-commandant, founded upon reports of certain officers and subalterns, who are commissioned to inspect his operations from time to time. The forge is under the surveillance of the captain-instructor, who looks to the proper quality and temper of the horse-shoes, and their careful and scientific attachment to the hoof of the animal; it is his duty also to see that the workshops are well provided with all the necessary materials.

When the regiment is on the march, the colonel is bound to provide for the accommodation of the farrier's stock and materials; and he commands the captains, at the head of their companies, to cause each mounted man to carry a brace of horse-shoes, with the necessary nails. On arriving at the end of their journey, each soldier is responsible for the delivery of his charge at the dépôt.

The military farrier is a soldier-workman, brave at need, but habitually gentle and peaceable. Devoid of ambition, he has not entered the army with the idea that the *baton of a marshal of France was shut up in his cartridge-box*. He is no martinet, nor devotee of military discipline, and seldom practises the use of arms. Isolated from the army, to which, however, he is so indispensable, his sole ambition is to acquire the reputation of a skilful and scientific *maréchal ferrant*.

THE FISHER'S WIDOW.

In the early part of November 184-, during one of those short but violent gales of such frequent occurrence on the north-east coast of Scotland, an event took place which is unhappily so common on our stormy shores as to create but a passing sensation, unless circumstances arise to bring it more immediately under our view. The facts were these:—

Early in the morning, a boat manned by five of the

'fisher folk' of —, a father and four sons, went two or three miles out to sea, in pursuance of their constant occupation after the close of the herring season—fishing for haddock, whiting, &c. There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north-west—but such as these hardy men have so frequently to encounter, as to be rendered often too careless of its danger—and nothing appeared to threaten a storm. However, with the sun, as is frequently the case, rose the wind; and with the wind, in a space of time incredibly short to those who have not witnessed it, rose the wild waves, rolling in with a deafening sound upon the iron-bound coast, which speedily became encircled by a belt of white surf, reaching many yards out from the shore, and amid which it was impossible for a boat to live. The fishers perceived the change in the weather, and differed in opinion as to the course they should adopt. Some were for remaining on the open sea, where, unless the storm became very severe, they were in comparative safety; but the old father and his youngest and favourite son urged their immediate return, as the season was too far advanced to permit of any certain reliance on the various prognostics, so well known to the fishers of the coast, which seemed to announce that the gale would have but a short duration. Their counsel carried the day, for all loved and respected their father; and the young George, the only one of the brothers who had a wife and children, represented that it was due to the helpless ones dependent on him to run no avoidable risk. So the boat's head was turned to land, and the furious gale urged her on wards with fearful speed. Yet to this the hardy men were well accustomed; and they guided her safely, so as to avoid the breaking waters, till they reached the entrance of the bay in which the town of — is situated, and which by this time presented an appalling spectacle indeed to those who knew their only chance of life lay through those furious and foaming waters.

Still they held on their course, and the little vessel rode gallantly; five minutes more of their swift and perilous career, and the harbour would have been gained. But it was not so to be. Rapidly they neared a dark and dangerous reef of rocks in the middle of the bay. Vainly were strength, and skill, and energy exerted to turn the little vessel from the fearful barrier ahead; the whole force of the Northern Ocean, in its wildest mood, was opposed to their efforts; a mighty wave carried them almost on to the reef; and as the bark heeled over on the returning surge, another and another swept into her: one smothered shriek—and she is gone!

Those on shore—oh with what beating hearts!—had watched the gallant but unequal struggle; and now a wild scream arose from many voices, and above all was heard the despairing cry of the young wife—so soon to be a widow—as she sank insensible on the shore. But the boat rises!—she has righted! No: she rises indeed, but keel uppermost; and where are they, so lately straining every manly sinew, and flushed with the struggle for dear life? Twice the waves carry under the devoted bark; but she rises again; and oh! this time there are living forms clinging to her keel!—and three strong men are seen supporting their helpless and insensible old father. By this time a small boat, manned by two noble-hearted fellows, who have ventured in the face of almost certain death, in the hope of rescuing their comrades, has neared them; the waves, too, seem pausing to contemplate their work of destruction. There is a momentary lull, during which the four men so wonderfully rescued are placed in the little boat by their deliverers, the old man to all appearance a corpse. But where is the fifth—the youngest born—the pride of his father's heart? Alas! in vain do the gallant fellows linger among the foaming breakers till every hope has fled, and their own imminent danger forces them from the spot. He is gone; and when the speedily-subsiding waters (for the storm did not last above four hours) permitted a search to be made for the

boat, a corpse was found, wrapped in the sail as in a winding-sheet. He had evidently made a gallant struggle for life; for a clasp-knife was found clenched in his dying grasp, and the sail was partly ripped open; but its deadly folds had encircled him too firmly, and the choking waters did the rest.

I heard a lamentable account of the despair of the poor young widow, thus deprived of the companion of her life, and the sole means of support for herself and her three infants, and I was anxious to visit her; but my trusty Jean, whom I had despatched with offers of service to the bereaved family, dissuaded me from it.

'Eh, mem,' she said, 'dinna gang, dinna gang. She kens maistly naeboddy, puir thing, and it's awfu to see her greet; and she's whiles no sensible forby, and canna thole onybody near her.'

So I waited to hear that the first violence of her despair had worn itself out, for I very much doubted my own powers of consolation; and who but One, indeed, could console in such grief as hers? However, after a time, I heard she had been partly brought to her senses by the illness of her baby, who, deprived of its natural sustenance by the blow that had shaken the very heart-strings of its poor mother, had been at the point of death. However, it was now better; and the young widow, recalled to the consciousness that there existed yet a greater depth of anguish than that in which her reason had almost forsaken her, became calmer and more composed, at least in outward appearance; and hearing this, I set out one day, about three weeks after the fatal accident, to visit her.

It was in the beginning of December; yet the weather in this fitful climate takes no heed of the ancient division of the seasons, and the day was bright and balmy as in early spring. It seems to me as if nature had assigned to these northern regions as many fine days, or nearly so, during the year, as fall to the portion of happier climates; but they are in some mysterious manner so strangely jumbled, that many a wintry day chills us in the midst of summer, while those belonging to a more genial season sometimes make their appearance unexpectedly among the blasts and frosts of autumn or winter. One of these stray children of summer was gilding and beautifying the wild country through which I had to pass, on my way to the little fishing-town of —. The level beams of a December sun threw a rich golden light over a large extent of bare but highly-cultivated country: the plough was merrily a-field among the stubble, the lark was singing high in the clear air, and the smoke ascended from many a humble hearth, and scarcely wavered in its upward course, while the scene was bounded by the blue and waveless ocean, dotted here and there with a white sail; and in the far distance, the outline of the hills of Caithness stood out sharp and defined against the cloudless sky. As I neared the sea, and caught a fuller view of the coast, the whole of the Moray Firth opened before me in a panorama scarcely to be surpassed on British shores. But I thought little of these familiar scenes as I drove on; my thoughts were bent on the errand I had undertaken; and as I slowly descended the precipitous road leading to the picturesque seaport of —, I tried to arrange in my mind a few consolatory sentences, feeling all the while how ineffectual my own happy experience would render aught I could say to soothe such sorrow as I was about to witness—for heart must speak to heart in grief; and if the corresponding chord have not been awakened in our own bosom, it is in vain we strive to calm the throb of anguish which vibrates to agony in the breast of another. So I resolved to speak only the words that should suggest themselves at the moment, and to attempt nothing more.

The little town of — is very remarkably situated; nestling, as it were, under high and beetling crags, which scarcely leave room for the cottages of the fishermen to stand, dotted here and there in picturesque con-

fusion, under the precipitous cliff. The one to which I bent my steps stood on a high bank leading up from a terrace bulwark, which had been built to resist the encroachments of the mighty waters, now slumbering, with scarce a ripple on their surface, in the broad bay before me. As I turned to ascend some steps leading to the door, I saw a gathering of many persons, and ropes, nets, fishing-boats, and gear of that description lying on the green, round which the crowd had assembled, talking earnestly, but in subdued tones. Not thinking that this had any connection with the object of my visit, I knocked at the low door, and an elderly woman, the mother of the dead man, appeared.

'Eh, mem, but it's real gude o' you to come and see us in our sorrow—come ben to the fire;' and she busied herself in placing a chair for me in the kitchen, where a peat fire, burning in an open *lum*, which allowed more than half the smoke to find its way into the room, rendered it so dark, that I had seated myself before I perceived, close to me in the 'ingle neuk,' the figure apparently of a young girl, who, loosely wrapped in a dark-blue bed-gown, with her long dark hair half concealing her face, was sitting on a low stool, and holding a little infant in her arms, over which she was murmuring a faint sound that might have been a fragment of song.

I started at finding myself unexpectedly so close to another person, and the girl fixed a pair of large dark eyes steadfastly upon me for a moment, and then dropping her head again on her bosom, resumed her low chant. I turned to the woman who was standing near me, and said, 'I called to see poor Jessie—how is she?'

'Deed an' it's a sair day wi' her the day. No but a' days are sair and heavy noo; but ye see they're roupin' puir Geordie's bits o' nets an' siclike, an' it aye brings back the sorrow upon her.'

'Can I see her?' I said.

'Surely, mem, surely. *She's there out-by!*'

An indescribable feeling came over me as I turned to the poor creature, and again met her steadfast gaze. I tried to speak, but a choking sensation in my throat told me the attempt would be vain; and for a moment nothing was heard in the cottage but that low *crooning* sound—the wail of a broken heart.

'She's quite quiet noo, mem, an' sensible,' said the mother, who I fancied attributed my emotion to fear of the poor creature. 'She hasna grat any sin' the bairnie took ill: but she's a hantle better noo;' and then I saw that the poor baby was attempting to find the nourishment of which its mother's agony had deprived it.

'She is a healthy-looking little baby,' I said, feeling I must say *something*; and taking the tiny hand in mine, 'How old is she?'

'Ten weeks mem. She was seven weeks the day her father went.'

Another glance from those dark eyes; but no sound except the low moaning song.

'It is a heavy trial indeed,' I said, speaking more to my own thoughts than to those near me. 'A heavy and bitter trial; but she will have her children to look to, and she will not want for friends;' and I felt at the moment as if I could almost have gone down to the deep myself to have given back to that poor creature the one light of her lowly life.

'No, mem, that winna she: she winna want while puir Geordie's auld father an' mither hae a pickle meal to gie her. But trouble's sair for the likes o' her, but twenty-one years of age—it's sair e'en upon me, the mither o' him: but I hae been a fisher's daughter, an' sister, an' wife, an' mither; an' in fifty-three years I hae lost father, an' brithers, an' friends by the sea—an' noo my bairn, my youngest'—and here two tears rolled down her brown and wrinkled cheeks, but she heeded them not, and continued—'An' I'm used to the trouble; but it maun be sair upon her at the first.'

No look this time—no sign that she took the slightest interest in words which, in their touching simplicity,

called forth irrepressible tears from me—only that ceaseless song.

'Sore, indeed,' I said at last. 'But He who afflicts will comfort in His own good time.'

'Ay will He, mem; an' He does; an' I hae proved it to my comfort, an' I hope to my saul's guid,' said the old woman reverently. 'An' he has blessed us even in this, in giving us our puir Geordie's corp. We hae laid him in the kirkyard, by our ain folk, an' that's muckle to think o'; for it's sair when ye canna think o' them that's gane as at rest; and when the broad sea itsel' seems a' like a grave.'

What could I say to this? Would it not have been vain indeed to offer consolation to one who knew so well where to find it for herself; and in the depths of her own earnest and pious spirit, had found words, so poetical in their unaffected simplicity, with which to express her feelings? So in the hope of at length rousing the poor stricken creature beside me, I asked for the other children.

'The lassie's awa' at her aunt's, mem, but Geordie's near by the house: puir wee Geordie, he's gotten the name o' his father!'

The old woman went to the door, and returned with a tiny, curly-headed child—the eldest of the three—who was crying silently; but evidently from some deep feeling.

'What is't, Geordie, my wee man?' said the grandmother—for the mother never even raised her eyes.

A burst of sobbing was the only reply for some minutes; and at last one by one struggled out the words—'Muckle Willie's awa'—wi' daddie's claes—an' he says—they're no daddie's noo—an' he's gaun to keep 'em!'

I could not stand this; so hurriedly thrusting the trifle I had brought for the relief of the poor creatures into the cold hand that hung passively near me with a murmured 'God bless and comfort you all'—for I could not trust myself to speak—I found myself in the fresh air, and tears came to my relief.

Oh blessed be His name who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless! Were it not for this hope, how could the heart even *know* of such misery, and not break?

THE DEAN OF DURHAM ON GENERAL POLITICS.

[From his Address at the Opening of the New Building for the Gateshead Mechanics' Institute, April 10, 1848.]

I confess it has often occurred to me that the principles of general politics—which term I use as opposed to the term party politics, and by which I mean those acknowledged principles on which are founded our political rights and our political duties—our proper offices as citizens, as members of the same social community—I have often thought, I say, that these principles ought to fill a more conspicuous place than they do fill in the education of all classes of the people. Indeed I do not remember ever to have seen any elementary work so composed as to display a compendious view of those principles; to show, for instance, how a graduated subordination is essential to the existence of every form of society—and how any theory of universal equality in wealth and condition is at variance not only with reason and experience, but also with nature; which has distinctly laid down the opposite law, and made all men in almost all respects unequal—to show that inalienable duties are imposed upon all classes, high as well as low, by the same social organisation which protects their property and their rights—to point out the mutual relations by which the several classes depend upon each other for their mutual welfare—to make it clear how any evil which may befall any one of these will sooner or later be largely shared by the others—and how national greatness, and public and private happiness, depend upon the co-operation and concord of all. Now I think, my friends, that if these principles, which no rational man disputes, and which are in fact at the bottom of all that we call politics, were generally inculcated as a part of education, we should reap the fruits in some increase of that beneficent use and application of property on the one side, and of that orderly

intelligence, that enlightened and well-founded contentment on the other, which form together the surest guarantee for domestic peace. This sort of knowledge, if it shall confer power, will confer at the same time discretion in the use of power—it will show the proper objects of power, the proper limits within which power may be exercised. It will teach men their rights, social and political; but it will teach them their duties also—for every right involves a duty, or rather a number of duties—and men are generally much more ready to claim the one than they are to perform the other. Indeed, my friends, if I were to apply this remark to that description of political right most familiar to you—the right of the franchise—how many are those in this kingdom who exercise the right and neglect the duty; or, I should rather say, never so much as consider or feel that there is a duty—a serious and sacred duty—which, like all other duties, ought to be honestly, faithfully, and fearlessly discharged.

RENOVATION OF OLD APPLE-TREES.

The following information, received from a gardener who for many years largely supplied the London market with fruit, may probably be new to many of our readers:—It is generally found that after an apple-tree has borne for a certain number of years, it becomes comparatively unproductive. It has been usual in such cases to remove the old tree, and replace it by a younger one. This may be obviated by re-grafting the old tree; and according to the testimony of the gardener above-mentioned, the older the stock, the better is the quality of the fruit. He had scarcely a tree of any age, among several hundreds that his orchard contained, when the writer visited it, that had not undergone this process, and in some cases more than once. There were trees whose trunks were so hollow as in some parts to be little more than a shell, which had been subjected to this operation the season before, and, judging from the vigorous appearance of the grafts, with perfect success. The plan he adopted was the following:—The ends of the branches were sawn or cut off where they were about the size of a man's wrist, or rather less, and two or more scions inserted in each, according to circumstances. By this means, in the course of three years he obtained a large full-bearing tree. The principal difficulty was to protect the new grafts from damage in high winds. This was overcome by ingrafting the half of the tree at one time, and leaving the other to form a shelter; and completing the other half when the grafts were sufficiently grown to return the shelter. It is scarcely necessary to add, that this precaution did not supersede the usual appliances for giving the scions support, by means of poles attached to the branches. It may also be remarked, that the productive powers of apple-trees are frequently impaired by the want of sufficient attention in gathering the fruit. The greatest care should be observed in removing the apple, that the bearing spur be not broken or injured thereby.

THE BABY-JUMPER.

The endless restlessness of healthy children inflicts on those attending them a constant watchfulness. Anything which relieves a poor mother or nurse of this anxious attendance, even for a few minutes, is felt as a blessing. A mechanical means of such temporary relief has just been invented in America, and introduced into England. The 'Baby-Jumper,' as the machine is called, consists essentially of a strap seat for the child, suspended to four cords, which are kept asunder by passing over a horizontally-disposed hoop; this again being capable of being hung from a ceiling by a strong India-rubber strap, highly elastic. The baby, placed in the seat, and suspended with his toes just touching the floor, can, by a very slight movement and exercise of muscular force, cause himself to

rise several inches into the air, whence of course he descends immediately to the floor once more; and thus he may dance and caper for a quarter of an hour, to his own great delight, and the improvement of his bodily powers. The contrivance seems to give to a mere baby, say of eighteen months, all the gratification which children of five or six years derive from a swing. We have seen a minute miss enjoy the exercise so much, as to be for the time in no need of attention from the nurse: she literally danced herself into a state of fatigue, and fell into a profound sleep, with her hands on the cords, and her head reclined on her shoulder. If the article could be produced cheaply for the poorer class of people, it would be of infinite advantage to them, as a ready resource for taking the baby off the mother's hands while she had other duties to attend to.

LINES WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF A FAVOURITE BIRD.

I TAUGHT my gay and beauteous bird some words of love to prize,
And fancied meaning beamed within his dark and lustrous eyes;
I taught him fond and winning ways he never knew before—
Ah! how the sweet one fluttering gained his rare and dainty lore.

That bird was strangely dear to me; and when I mused alone,
His thrilling cadence seemed to mourn some loved and absent one;
But at the holy sunset hour he nestled in my breast,
And understood of all sweet birds I loved my own the best!

In solitude and loneliness the human heart must cling
And rest on something—though it be a dumb and soulless thing.
When summer roses fade away, 'tis sad to see them die,
But far more sad it was to hear my gentle bird's last sigh.

And all beneath a white rose-tree I laid his little head—
The tree he loved to nestle on now shades his grassy bed;
And when at eve these buds are gemmed with dew-drops soft and cool,
Amid them falls a tear for thee, my bright, my beautiful!

C. A. M. W.

THE PACKET SHIP.

The packet ship is a curious triumph of modern times. We are domiciliated upon the ocean. I hear the notes of a piano, the lowing of a cow, the cackle of hens, indeed all the noises of a barn-yard! We have fresh meat and milk, warm bread, &c. Sea travelling, however, is capable of being yet more improved upon. Warm baths might be introduced, and stoves to destroy the effluvia of bilgewater. Cabins might be so constructed as to admit the air through a small side window to each. The berths, sofas, and dinner tables, with their seats, might be hammock-swung.—*Fay.*

DANGER OF WEEPING.

However poetical tears may be in themselves, the act of weeping is undoubtedly attended with a certain risk. We have known beautiful women who looked at least plain when they cried; and we never knew plain women who did not look—if we may venture upon a profane expression—downright ugly. The reason must be, that the act of weeping distorts the features, just like the act of laughing, while it is unredeemed by the agreeable associations of the latter.

The present number of the Journal completes the ninth volume (new series), for which a title-page and index have been prepared, and may be had of the publishers and their agents.

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SUMMER-TIME IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MILLER.

LONDON in summer-time is like one of those great kitchens which were fitted up somewhere within the castles that were inhabited by the Ogres of our olden tales, and in which poor humanity, when captured, was cooked. If you stand upon the gratings to look into the shop windows on the sunny side of the way, they are as hot as gridirons, and if you loiter long enough you would be broiled. You get outside an omnibus to enjoy the fresh air; but all the fresh air has rushed down the streets that open upon the river to cool itself—and there you are all but baked. You get down, and try the inside by way of change; but that is like a great arched boiler, whose only safety-valve is the half-open door, and you find the big drops oozing from your forehead, and have just time to hail the conductor, to save yourself from being tenderly steamed. If you get into one of the squares, you might almost as well be fixed on a roasting-jack, for every window looks like a fire; and you go round and round, like Falstaff, 'larding the lean earth.' You hurry off to Pockfiriars Bridge, hoping there to find a little breathing space; but every 'villanous compound of smell' has stolen a march before you, and is out sweetening itself. You try London Bridge, from whence so many of her Majesty's lieges embark, and there you are greeted with the self-same evil scent, as if 'Death could not keep his court' anywhere beside the Thames but at the foot of the bridges. Like a rat that tries to climb up the side of a copper covered with verdigris when a fire is lighted below, so to avoid the heat, you rush recklessly amid the poison, slip down, resign yourself to the Fates, and are either baked, steamed, or boiled, as they will it. The very dogs lie on the hot pavement as if they had given up all hopes of ever again finding a cool place; and as they languidly raise their eyes while you pass, seem to say, 'I would pity you if I could, but there is no help for either of us.' The cab-horses hang their heads, and stand motionless; they have even given up whisking their tails and ears, but allow the flies to bite and the sun to burn, as if appealing mutely to our sympathies; while their very looks seem to ask if any one has the heart to call them off the stand on such a day. The brasses at the front of the windows blaze again; and 'Snip, Tailor,' seems written on a tongue of flame. The only chance you have of cooling yourself is by trusting to the imagination, and looking into the shops where Wenham ice is sold, and fancying that you can see it freezing. Even while the soda-water is effervescing, everything around is so hot, that you are almost doubtful whether or not it boils, so drink it up with a kind of desperate risk. The milkman's cans have a fiery look, and you marvel not that the milk so soon turns sour, while carried about in such-like furnaces.

You shut one eye as you walk along, for it is the only part you can preserve from the heat. You feel almost sorry as you peep in at the fishmonger's, to think that the finny tribe should be taken out of their native element in such weather, and laid there to bake. A footman in scarlet livery looks like a burning sacrifice offered up by pride, as if he suffered for the sins of the whole family he serves. The flowers in windows droop, and seem sorrowful, and we never see a butterfly that has missed its way in the streets hovering around them without thinking that it is endeavouring to entice them away to the pleasant gardens in the suburbs: it seems a lost messenger sent out by the flowers. A green watering-pan at a brazier's door awakens pleasant recollections, and a parcel of children puddling about a pump or a plughole makes one feel cool for an hour after. On a breathless sultry day, the shrubs in the close city squares look as if they were cut out of green tinfoil; while the crevices between the stones over which the watering-carts pass seem to open like the mouths of a parched and thirsty multitude, each eager to catch the coveted drops. You envy the man who can smoke on such a day, and almost fancy that he must have some little portable fountain in his inside with which he cools himself. Covent Garden Market would really be pleasant, if you could but be sheltered by the shadows of covering trees, instead of the heated roofs of the stifling colonnades. Holborn and Snow Hill appear as if made purposely to punish stout sinners and vicious horses. Gold-fishes in a glass globe that stands in the shade are the only living objects you look upon with feelings of envy.

But leaving all discontent behind, let us look at summer through her green and ever-open doors into a little world walled with hedges of hawthorn, which but a month or so ago were white over with May. That fragrance—rich as ever floated around Eve when she knelt to pray in the garden of Eden, while her long hair fell upon clusters of full-blown roses—has been borne along by the breeze from some neighbouring hay-field. How refreshing it feels after inhaling that burnt-brown-paper smell which pervades the city streets! How gracefully that woodbine twines around the hazel! You can already see the young nuts peeping with their green bunches between the coronets of the red-streaked flowers. The very cooing of the ringdove falls drowsily upon the quietude, now near, now afar off, just as the fitful breeze comes and goes, and makes a murmur amid the long leaves. The water-flies seem playing with one another as they are swayed by the gentle wind; and the dragon-fly, that sits upon the edge of the white water-lily, looks as if admiring the fine gauze of his wings, and the beautiful blue of his slender body, which are mirrored in the clear stream. What a home of rest appears that thatched cottage, nestled amid the flicker-

ing shadows of the trees! How the roof, covered with lichens, harmonises with the hue of the stems and the shifting tints of the foliage, which here throws down a moss of the deepest green, and there lets in the sunlight in a flood of floating gold. Even the windows, as they glitter through the openings of the branches, suggest pleasant thoughts; and you think that a sacrifice of many needless luxuries would be cheerfully counter-balanced by the beauty and tranquillity which reign around that rural dwelling-place. Such sweet retirements are assuredly calculated to awaken holier thoughts than the buzzing tumult which breaks the air above crowded cities. Here we seem to stand nearer witnesses of the works of God: there, whichever way we turn, we are reminded of man; his scaffoldings, his piles of bricks, timber sawn, iron beaten—all proclaim the slow progress of labour. Here the flowers spring up, and the leaves shoot forth, and the young branches grow longer every day; but there is no sign of toll, no hand to fashion, no model to work after. The great frame in which the warp and woof of leaves and flowers are woven was touched by an Omnipotent finger in the beginning; and neither day nor night, winter or summer, hath it stood still wholly, or needed human aid. Upon the summits of those hills the sun plants his golden feet amid the trembling dews of the morning, and the moon at night steps down uninterrupted amid the purple twilight: there are no fogged roofs over which to trail the floating silver of her drapery here—nothing but the daisies below and the stars above, and the perfume arising from miles of country flowers around her. How grand and solemn is the avenue that runs along the centre of this old wood, equalled by nothing excepting the vaulted roof of some hoary cathedral! Man needs not a more fitting temple to worship his Maker in than this. Look how those aged stems rise like mighty pillars, and support the airy dome, which looks as if enriched with the most beautiful fret-work: you might fancy that the breeze, which makes a low moan at intervals, was the dying tone of an organ; and the songs of the birds the voices of the veiled nuns, who are chanting somewhere in the hidden aisles of the trees. The rich sunlight that streams through the branches in the distance looks like a deep-dyed window, in which fancy pictures the forms of bearded saints and white-winged angels, and rounded halos of glory, such as encircle the brow of Mary Mother and her God-child. Where yonder white cloud comes in like softened moonlight between the embowered boughs, lighting here and there the pale stems of the birches, imagination sees the silver lamps shimmering before the shrines, and in the blue haze that settles down over the deep sunken dells, traces the faint smoke of the waving incense. The very brawling of the stream sounds like subdued voices in 'dim oratories,' and where it runs here in light and there in shade, looks like far-off processions seen for a moment, then lost again in the gloom of low-pillared arches.

It seems a spot where man might sit and weep
His petty griefs and childish cares away;
Wearied Ambition might lie here and sleep,
And hoary Crime in silence kneel to pray.
The low-voiced brook, the daylight dimly given,
Seem like that starlight land we see in dreams of heaven.

Our early poets painted summer as a beautiful woman in the full bloom of life, whose snowy forehead was wreathed with blown roses, which began to die as soon as they reached perfection. They spared her a lingering death, and cut her down like a flower in the night, as if summer could never be old. To autumn they gave the rumbling wain and wheat-sheaf, and for years bowed her down with the weight of ripened fruit.

All animate nature seems now to be keeping holiday; the very water-rat plays over its food, now nibbling at the leaf that is swayed to and fro by the ever-moving ripples, then swimming lazily round it, or making a momentary effort to breast the current, that it may again be borne along it idly. The black water-hen, followed by her dusky and downy brood, as she paddles along in the shadow of the overhanging willows, seems as if she was taking them out for a day's pleasure, instead of leading them onward in search of insects. The lambs, which have now grown tall and strong, appear to have little more to do than run races with one another, or bleat to their woolly dams to look on while they are displaying their agility. In the air, myriads of insects are congregated in the merry dance, some high up beyond the tallest trees, as if the broad unbounded realm of space alone was roomy enough for so immense an assemblage to 'tread a measure.' But let us try how the picture will look in verse:—

A cottage girl trips by with sidelong look,
Steadying the little basket on her head;
And where a plank bridges the narrow brook,
She stops to see her image shadowed.
The stream reflects her cloak of glaring red;
Below she sees the trees and deep blue sky;
The flowers which downward look in that clear bed,
The very birds which o'er its ripples fly:
She parts her loose-blown hair, and wondering, passes by.

Then other forms move o'er the pathways brown
In twos and threes, for it is market-day;
Beyond those hills stretches a little town,
And thitherward the rustics bend their way,
Crossing the scene in red, and blue, and gray;
Now by green hedgerows, now by oak-trees old,
As they by stile or low-thatched cottage stray;
Peep through the rounded hand, and you behold
Such scenes as Morland drew in frames of sunny gold.

A laden ass, a maid with wicker man,*
A shepherd lad driving his lambs to sell,
A butcher-boy seen through the park-like lawn,
Women whose cloaks become the landscape well,
Farmers whose thoughts on crops and prizes dwell;
An old man with his cow and calf draws near;
Anon you hear the village carrier's bell,
Then does his gray old tilted-cart appear,
Moving so slow, you think he never can get there.

They come from still green nooks, woods old and hoary,
The silent work of many a summer night,
Ere those tall trees attained their giant glory,
Or their dark tops did tower that cloudy height.
They come from spots which the sweet May-buds light,
Where stream-washed willows make a silvery shiver;
For years their steps have worn those footpaths bright
That wind around the fields, and by the river,
With its low murmuring sound, that rolls and sings for ever.

Nor are the sounds which give a voice to the landscape less pleasing than the moving figures which fill it with the stir of life, and are so essential to picturesque beauty. The very rattle of the bird-boy's clapper, and the shrill tones of his child-like voice, as he scares the birds from the ripening corn, are in harmony with the great concert of rural sounds. It prevents you not from hearing the jingle of the harness, and the grinding of the broad wheel of the wagon, that is descending the adjoining hill; even the clap of the distant gate falls upon the ear sharp, clear, and audible, as if struck at the true moment of time. The 'rasp, rasp' of the mower as he sharpens his scythe, drowns not the bleating of the sheep beside the brook, where they are assembled ready for the washing; the song of the milkmaid, whose pail you can just see balanced above the hedge of wild roses, seems answered by the choir of linnets that are singing among the gullies

gorse bushes, whose armed stems are hung with thousands of little golden baskets; the 'click, click' of the stone-breaker's hammer from the roadside rings like a heavy symbol; and the deep lowing of the brindled bull, as it comes across the river from the green marshes, sounds like the loud bass, which folds together every floating sound in the grand anthem.

How different to the rattle and the roll of the lumbering omnibuses, and the groaning drays, which jar the very foundations of our city streets—bursts of unceasing thunder, almost loud enough to break the dull drum of a deaf man's ear! Who would not, at such a season, sit with his crust of bread and cheese, and jug of home-brewed ale, under the porch of a roadside inn, with a landscape stretching before him filled with such sights and sounds as we have pictured, rather than fare sumptuously in a city dining-room, black with the 'steam of twice ten thousand dinners!' Fancy hot chops, and great smoking potatoes—a dim skylight overhead, and a cook within a few yards of you—a huge fire, and a gridiron that 'grins horribly' above the ruddy embers—and if you can recall any other images than those connected with martyrdom, or dim glimpses of the fire office which a wicked old gentleman is said to have the management of below, you are gifted with a power of imagination such as hath not visited your humble servant. Fancy summer spent in London in apartments adjoining a baker's oven, in a street up which only one vehicle can pass at a time; where the pavement is so narrow, that a stout man has either to walk sideways, or stand up under a doorway while a cab passes; where the sunshine gilds nothing lower than the attic window, and that only for a few minutes during the day; then turn the mind's eye to 'green nestling spots for poets made.' In places like those, you have a pleasant prospect of your opposite neighbour washing, drying, and ironing, all in the space of an hour or two, and in the same little room. You see Wiggins put his three potatoes into the little saucepan, and watch the progress of the small portion of steak he places upon the fire; then witness him enjoying the fresh air as he blows his face with the bellows, or revels in a bath holding a quart of Thames water. You fairly pity the poor boy who has to carry half a hundredweight of coals up so many flights of stairs, and think the old lady acts wisely who gets her kettle boiled a dozen doors off up the street, and brings it home steaming in her hand. The tripe shop on the ground-floor seems to be visited by no other customers than Bluebottles, who walk in and out, and help themselves without paying. The butter in the chandler's window dissolves while you look at it, the bladder of lard has a lanky and melting look, while the bacon is manufacturing itself into a state of streakings by throwing out quantities of superabundant fat—for a slow cooking process is carried on everywhere.

No marvel that the Cockneys rush with a kind of desperate determination to Gravesend, Herne Bay, Margate, Ramsgate, or any other of their favourite watering-places, and eat shrimps and lobsters, and take baths, with a perseverance that appears the very opposite of their general natures, as if they endeavoured every way to familiarise themselves to a new element, and were by degrees preparing to become inhabitants of the great deep. Davies the drysalter emerges from his dark-looking house in Upper Thames Street, and mounting his yellow slippers and telescope, sweeps the rounded horizon, and grows eloquent in 'reefing,' 'steering,' and 'boxing the compass,' even permitting the ends of his neckerchief to fly out loosely, and blend with Mrs Davies's green veil, because it gives him a kind of sea-going rakish-built look. He thinks it would have been a great improvement to have built all large towns by the sea-side—the houses would then have looked so pleasant in summer. His spouse reminds him that there is no walking on the sands, or going out in sailing-boats in winter. To this he acquiesces, and agrees that London is not so badly situated after all.

The railways are working wonders, by carrying out their thousands from London in summer to sweet breathing-places a few miles out, which only six or seven years ago

it would have been half a day's journey to have reached; while now we can be set down in a world of leaves and flowers within the space of an hour. Pent in a populous city as we are, we have assuredly less cause to murmur than our forefathers, when, by paying ninepence, we can reach Sydenham, or Croydon, in little more than half an hour; and instead of getting charred in Cheapside or Cornhill, plant our feet where the bluebells blow and the skylark builds; or even stand where

The leaves 'drop, drop,' and dot the crisped stream,
So quick each circle wears the first away;
Where the tall bulrush stands, and seems to dream,
Or to the ripple nods its head alway.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

JUDGING from the experience of the last few years, it may be doubted whether an unreflecting and sentimental humanity is not more harmful than the individual and social miseries which it is professedly designed to alleviate. The best feelings, unregulated by judgment and knowledge, may lead to consequences the most disastrous. Compassion for the poor is a noble and proper feeling; but how mischievous when assuming the form of indiscriminate almsgiving, in which it breaks down the principle of self-reliance, checks industrial enterprise, and produces systematic mendicancy. Commiseration for bodies of workmen temporarily without employment is an equally commendable feeling; but how shortsighted that policy which, on the plea of finding work for these unfortunate operatives, proposes to exclude certain foreign manufactures from the country. Pity for a large class of young females in the metropolis, who undertake to make shirts at three-halfpence each, is not less a Christian sentiment; but how absurd to decry the employers of these females, when the whole cause of the evil is the too great supply of labour—the excessive competition of hands in proportion to the work to be executed; and how much more reasonable it would be in this, as in other instances of hardship, to relieve the labour market by emigration or otherwise, than to raise fresh competition by a public subscription of funds. In this way it could be shown that in very many things affecting general interests, zeal without discretion may be most unjust and dangerous in its dealings.

By far the grandest instance of this well-meaning but questionable policy was the abolition of slavery in our West Indian possessions. The measure itself was only consistent with principles of justice and humanity: it rid the British dominions of a disgraceful stigma; it liberated thousands of beings from compulsory bondage. All that is allowed; but was this great national act not tainted with the vice of imprudence, and have its more special promoters not been chargeable to a great degree with defeating by their zeal the ends which they and all others had professedly in view? It is of no use shirking the matter: the confession must be made. The abolition of West Indian slavery, while communicating freedom to a British population, has vastly increased the horrors of slavery in foreign tropical climes. Such a result never could have been contemplated by Clarkson and Wilberforce. The Anti-slavery Societies could not have anticipated that their doings were to have the effect of increasing the amount of slavery generally, and likewise of rendering the transmission of slaves from Africa more cruel and iniquitous than ever. Yet all this has happened. The public press is full of details respecting the extent and horrors of this post-abolition slavery; and we need not therefore go minutely into the subject. It is sufficient to know that all our expensive and ill-conceived plans for preventing the deportation of slaves to Brazil, Cuba, and other countries have failed; that we are now paying a

million and a-half of money annually to suppress the traffic; that this sum is worse than thrown away, for the slave-trade goes on vigorously notwithstanding, and with greatly increased cruelties; that slave-holding states rejoice in our act of abolition, as it gives them a partial monopoly in growing, by means of slave-labour, the sugar and coffee which we, the people of Great Britain, require.

As a means of redress for their alleged grievances, the West Indians earnestly request that the imperial legislature shall impose such high duties on the produce of Brazil, Cuba, &c. coming into the home-market, as will give them, the West Indians, a command of our trade. Such duties formerly existed, but by an act in 1846 they were much modified; and now, only for a brief period, is there a small discriminating duty. A return to high protective duties is strongly advocated by some parties unfavourable to free trade; but it is almost unnecessary to say that the realisation of any expectations on the subject is altogether hopeless. The people of England have now had an experience in buying cheap, and they will never willingly go back to buying dear sugar in preference. Sophistries may be employed to show that protection is a good thing, and not a few happen to be deceived by them; but the most illiterate housewife cannot be reasoned out of the evidence of her senses. The most adroit advocate of protection could not persuade her to pay sixpence for a pound of sugar which she was offered by somebody else for fourpence. The propriety of buying sugar, like bread, wherever it can be had cheapest, is now the received doctrine. It may be a vulgar mercenary doctrine, which is very much to be lamented, but sentiment cannot be infused into the buying of sugar. Pity is unknown in the negotiations of the counter. To speak plainly, we are too completely tired, worn out, and impoverished, in taxing ourselves, to think of making sacrifices for any class, colony, or nation. The West Indians may have expected something very different a few years ago, when they embarked their fortunes in sugar-growing property. All very likely; but it cannot be helped. We are in a shifting world; and it is the temper of the times to overlook the conditions of national intercourse. In short, if the West Indians ever expected that, till the end of time, the people of Great Britain were to give them two pence or three pence a pound more for sugar than they could buy it for elsewhere, or, in other words, tax themselves to the extent of £3,000,000, for the loss would be to that amount, they were in an unfortunate mistake—that is all.

According to the representations of those who seem interested in maintaining differential duties, the saving now effected in the purchase of slave-grown sugar cannot possibly continue; for as soon as, by our proper preference of a cheap to a dear article, we have altogether driven the West Indians from the field, the Cubans and Brazilians will possess no complete a monopoly, that the price of sugar will be raised; thus we are now pursuing a most shortsighted policy. This argument has been extensively used at public meetings, and also by a portion of the press; though we should hope without gaining many proselytes. Sugar is not an article of which there can be only a limited produce; and the supply, with some contingent and brief interruptions, may always be expected to be equal to the demand; while the competition in furnishing the supply will in all probability keep the price moderate. It is not to be denied, however, that just in proportion as we throw the trade into the hands of planters, remorseless as to their means of enforcing production, negro slavery will go on increasing in intensity. The Cubans and Brazilians appear to be looking forward to a period when fresh hands must be imported, fresh grounds broken up, and fresh capital employed. Never was the commerce in slaves more brisk, never was the lash plied so fiercely, as at the present moment; and yet a trade greater by far is anticipated. The expectation is founded on a knowledge of the fact to which notice has already been drawn—that a philanthropic zeal without discretion still guides the destinies of the West Indian colonies.

We should like to disappoint the hopes of these

ruffians. Let the market by all means remain open to importations of sugar, no matter whence it comes; and for the sake of economy and humanity, let us withdraw our costly preventive service from the African coast. If the Cubans and Brazilians will have slaves, in spite of us, let us be so far responsible as to permit them to carry off the unfortunate captives in a manner not revolting to decency. Having thus far returned to common sense, we should desire to go one or two steps further, supposing the West Indians to stand in need of such supplies of free labourers as would enable them not only to compete with slaveholders, but show to the world, that the work of freemen is cheaper than the work of slaves; that it is better to hire than to buy men—let us place no obstruction in their way. What a glorious thing to demonstrate the truth of the doctrine in social economics, that hired is cheaper than purchased labour! and to venture to say that till this be demonstrated by evidence, practical and undeniable—undeniable, because felt in the pocket—the odious traffic in slaves will not be abandoned, neither can it be put down. Some years ago, sanguine hopes were entertained that merely by employing the emancipated negroes in the British settlements, the greater economy of hired labour would have been realised. The circumstances which have prevented the realisation of these dreams need not be reviewed; whether employed or employed have been to blame, is now of little consequence. What concerns the present question is, the complaints by the planters that they cannot procure sufficiency of labourers at fair wages. We are not without a suspicion that the complaints are for the most part groundless; but unfortunately the mother country is not in a position to disregard them. We avowedly, our laws, prevent the West Indians from seeking for the assistance of fresh hands: they are not allowed to import and hire negro labourers from Africa on a scale suited to their alleged necessities. Inspired by the terror of originating a new slavery in disguise, negro immigration is said to have been checked, and a dearth of labour created. It is not to the credit of English sagacity that what is at the utmost a matter of detail in arrangement should bring a rational principle to a dead halt. We have no right to prevent our West Indian fellow-subjects from hiring Africans if they choose to do so; all we need to look to is, that the practice shall not be abused. Doubt the ignorant and hapless natives of the African continent might too easily be seduced into bondage, the plea of being used only as hired labourers for a limited term; but it is preposterous to say that the legislature could not enjoin such precautionary arrangements, both at the ports of embarkation, and within the colonies respectively, as would effectually shelter the personal liberty of the employed. We are at least satisfied that a well-derived plan of immigration should be tried, of course at the expense of the colonies, and with their approval. The direct benefit to be derived from the experiment might possibly turn out to be illusory, but an important object would be gained in throwing the entire cause of failure on those who are now concerned crying out ruin from a dearth of labour. Were the experiment successful, how greatly should we have advanced in working out the problem of creating a wholesome intercourse with Africa.

We are sorry to say that, from all credible evidence public and private, the present occupants of property in the West Indies are not generally the class of persons who may be deemed capable of grappling with the circumstances into which the islands have been thrown. Alluding to the evidence on the subject of the duties lately laid before parliament, and from which select committee inferred that the colonies were ruined in consequence of the withdrawal of protection, in a provincial print (the 'Manchester Guardian') set up as follows:—'We have carefully examined the evidence, and we find none (if we exclude opinion expressed apart from facts stated) which can be considered as proving that assertion.' We find, it is true, abundant evidences of ruin; but in almost every case appears to have been completed before the sugar act

1846, and from causes long antecedent to that measure. We find the strongest evidence, given by the West Indians themselves, of the prejudicial effects of mismanagement; of the consequences of encumbered estates; of the enormous charges imposed upon them by being mortgaged to British merchants, who, on their own terms, conduct their sales and purchases; who provide shipping at their own established rates of freight, irrespective of the common market rate; and of high rates of interest and commissions paid for loans. We find, too, evidence enough of the mischievous consequences of absenteeism; of the mismanagement of agents, to whom estates are intrusted; and of the enormous savings effected by those who have had the courage and the energy to pay even occasional visits to their estates. We find much evidence of the evil consequences of a want of capital; of the entire absence of suitable implements of husbandry; and of the great saving which has been effected where they have been introduced. All these, and many other facts, we find spoken to in the evidence; evils sufficient to have ruined the West Indies over and over again, whether they had been protected up to strict monopoly, or exposed to perfectly free trade. But although these facts abound in every page, less or more, strange as it may seem, not the slightest trace of them is to be found in the resolutions of the committee. There, all the blame is inferred 'to rest upon free-trade, and protection is pointed to as the only cure. The sugar act of 1846 is the bane, and a high differential duty is the antidote.'

The following extract from a private letter written by a resident planter in British Guiana appeared a few days ago in the 'Morning Chronicle,' and is corroborative of the above. 'If the planters would live on their own estates, feed on their own stock, and place their managers in their proper rank, they might keep their estates. It is more absenteeism than the equalisation of the sugar duties which impoverishes the landowners. While the proprietor lives in Europe, the manager occupies the mansion; his wife gets an establishment of servants; he has a stock of cattle, a garden, provision grounds, a good stable, with two or three good horses. To this he adds a handsome top gig, or more generally now a Yankee phaeton; his several jobbers are mixed up with the pay-lie of the plantation labourers. Madam, if she is industriously disposed, employs some of the intelligent labourers to huckster round the country salmon, fish, port, calicoes, &c. their job work being lumped in with plantation work. All this I see and know. A manager has should compare in position to a bailiff in England; and an attorney here to a steward in England. If either of them overstep these characters (which all do), the proprietor has only himself to blame.'

It would thus appear that the grand experiment of competition with free against slave labour cannot be effectually made under the existing social condition of the West Indies. Encumbered estates would require to be sold or abandoned; proprietors living as absentees in England would require to relinquish, or go at once and reside upon and cultivate, their estates; the whole race of attorneys, stewards, and mortgagees, would require to be thrown away. Persons of intelligence, capital, and enterprise, who will not disdain to direct and superintend personally the working of their properties, are now, to all appearance, the men for the West Indies. We have already heard of such acquiring estates at an insignificant price, with every prospect of doing well upon them. Never was there a better opportunity for young men of this class making a fortune. Large estates are to be had for a trifle, and no kind of property would be so certain of yielding a good return. Whether there is to be a great and gradual regeneration of the West Indies by these means, will in some measure depend on the withholding of protective duties. Should these, in spite of all objections, be aggravated, with a view of bolstering up a vicious system of management, enterprise and self-reliance will be discouraged, for it is the very tendency of protection to induce indolence and dependence. The West Indies, in a word, must be left to their own resources; and all that we are called on to do is, to accord them the

greatest freedom of navigation, manufacture, and trade, and to place only a reasonably-qualified restriction on their engagements with negro immigrant labourers. Consistently carried out, there are the strongest grounds for believing that measures of this kind would in a few years raise the British West Indies into a state of prosperity superior to what they ever enjoyed under the deadening trammels of commercial protection.

'OLD WISDOM.'

THE environs of Molsheim are amongst the fairest in the rich and fertile province of Alsace. The verdant pasturages which surround this little town are watered by the river Bruche, and scattered hamlets and highly-cultivated fields diversify the scene, whilst the bold mountain-range of the Vosges lend a certain grandeur to its aspect. The landscape, alternately rural and wild, arrests our attention each moment by some fresh contrast. Beyond these meadows spangled with flowers, these golden corn-fields, and blooming orchards, the mountains appear in the distance, covered with their dark pine woods, which cast a gloomy shadow over the valley beneath; and yet this sombre background serves only as a setting to the landscape—a cheerful character predominates throughout. The hamlets are white and glistening, the little gardens carefully kept, and the roads shady and pleasant. Here and there may be seen little wayside inns, used, not so much as resting-places for the wayfarer, as points of rendezvous for the neighbouring peasantry, where the young men meet to form plans for amusement, the middle-aged to escape from some domestic care, and the more advanced in years to renew the remembrances of their youth.

Several guests were seated on a bench at the door of one of these rustic taverns, and their boisterous merriment proved that the glass had not circulated in vain. The entertainer, who might easily be recognised by the care he took duly to replenish the glasses of his companions, was a young man in the heyday of life, but whose furrowed countenance indicated the indulgence of violent passions. His dress marked him out as being less of a peasant than of a workman. He had just called for a bottle of cherry brandy with which to regale his companions, when one of the party, looking up the road, exclaimed, 'Bring another glass here, my friends; here is Father Solomon!'

'The Old Anabaptist!' was re-echoed on every side. 'Oh let us make room for him by all means,' said the giver of the treat; 'I must have a glass with Old Wisdom.'

The new-comer, whose approach had been thus hailed, was a man far advanced in life, wearing the grave and antique garb which is peculiar in those parts to the sect of Anabaptists. He walked with a firm step, which denoted neither haste nor slothfulness, leaning the while on a staff formed from a knotted vine. His countenance was venerable, and yet full of cheerfulness. As soon as he came within hearing, all the guests began to call to him to join them, and the master of the entertainment rose and advanced to meet him.

'Good-day to you, Andrew,' said the old man in a friendly tone; 'and good-day to you, Stephen, and all of you. Is it here, then, my friends, that you pray to God on the Sabbath day?'

'And you, Father Solomon,' inquired Stephen, 'from what church are you coming here through the meadows?'

'I am coming from the greatest of all earthly temples, my children; even from that whose incense is the perfume of the meadows, and whose music is the harmonious voice of all creation.'

'That is to say, you are coming from your fields,' replied Andrew. 'Well, sit down there now, good father, and tell us whether your wheat looks well?'

'Tell me first of all how you happen to be in the country now?' replied the old man as he seated himself at the place which had been left vacant for him. 'How

long has Mr Ritter's mill been able to get on without you?

'What are Ritter and his mill to me?' exclaimed Andrew, whose countenance darkened at this question. 'I care as much about them as I do about what is passing in the moon.'

'Have you quarrelled with your master, my son?' inquired the Anabaptist.

'I have no longer any master, Father Solomon,' hastily replied the young workman. 'I left the mill yesterday, and may it henceforth have nothing to grind, unless it be old Ritter himself! never will it have crushed worse grain.'

He then began to recount to the old man the long list of grievances which had finally led to his leaving the mill, of which he had been for ten years the director, mingling his narrative with imprecations against the owner, whom he accused of the basest ingratitude.

The Old Anabaptist listened tranquilly to the whole recital, and then calmly replied, 'You have drunk the wine of anger, Andrew, and you see all your master's faults double. All you have now said only acquaints me with one fact—that you are out of place.'

'And do you think that I am the one most embarrassed by that?' inquired Andrew. 'Ask old Ritter what he thinks about it; see half his mills stopped, and every day that they stand still robs him of fifty crowns—that is, of fifty pieces of his flesh. The old miser will fall sick of vexation even before he is ruined. And this is what makes me so jovial to-day, Father Solomon; because what causes grief to old skin-flints, rejoices the heart of all good fellows. Here, more glasses, my friends, and let us drink to the discomfiture of the Jew of Molsheim.'

The Anabaptist took no notice of this challenge, and asked Andrew what he thought of doing.

'I,' exclaimed the young miller; 'why, I mean to live like a *bourgeois*. Ritter was obliged to clear off all scores, and to line my pouch well before we parted. So long as any broad pieces remain to me, I mean to have a merry time of it.'

'And you have begun to-day to put this plan in execution?' inquired the old man.

'As you may perceive,' replied Andrew, whose utterance was becoming somewhat indistinct, 'we are trying the taste of all the casks in the inn. Hullo! mine host, hast thou nothing new to bring us? Let us have some little *liqueur* here quickly that may soften the heart of Old Wisdom.'

But the old man, as soon as he had tasted the few drops of cherry brandy which he had allowed to be poured out for him, prepared to go on his way. Andrew, however, seemed resolved to detain him.

'Stay, good father,' he exclaimed; 'there is always both pleasure and profit in hearing you talk.'

'Yes,' said another, 'you must sing us some of the old German hymns.'

'Or you will tell us stories out of the Bible,' added a third.

The Old Anabaptist made some attempts at resistance, but they would not listen to any excuse: first his hat was carried off, then his staff, and finally he was forced to resume his seat by the side of Andrew.

The old man showed no symptoms of ill-humour at this species of friendly violence which was offered him. 'Everything must give way to youth,' said he cheerfully; 'but since you will keep me in spite of myself, you must take the consequence, and put up with one of my sermons.'

'Preach away—preach away then, Father Solomon,' exclaimed the merry group with one voice; 'we are all ready to listen.'

This willing acquiescence was easily to be accounted for by the knowledge possessed by Andrew and his companions of the nature of the old man's general mode of instruction. What he called his sermons were for the most part histories or parables taken from the Sacred Writings, whence he always drew some useful

lesson; and even those who made but small count of this latter part of his discourses, liked to listen to the old man's narratives, even as they would have done to some fireside legend. Father Solomon was in their eyes a sort of romancer, whose inventions amused their imagination, even if they did not enlighten their reason. Andrew filled the glasses once more, and the whole party, each resting his folded arms upon the table, bent forward to listen with the deepest attention.

The old man proceeded. 'I will not relate to you,' said he, 'this day either any legend of our country or any stories drawn from the Sacred Volume; either one or the other would be too grave for your present mood. I will rather treat you as children, by telling you a nursery tale as it is related on the other side of the Rhine.'

'In olden times, then, when everything was different from what it is now-a-days, there lived at Mannheim a young man named Otto, who was intelligent and daring, but who never knew how to accomplish one important feat—that of bridding his own passions. When he desired a thing, nothing could prevent him from attaining it; and his passions resembled those stormy blasts which sweep across rivers, valleys, and mountains, destroying all that opposes their progress. Being wearied of the tranquil life he led at Mannheim, he took it into his head one fine day to set out on a long journey, with the hope that he might discover fortune and happiness in its course. He accordingly swung upon his shoulder a packet containing his best clothes, placed in a belt around his waist all the money he possessed, and started on his way without knowing whither he was bound.'

'After journeying on for some days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which seemed to stretch on all sides as far as the eye could reach. He here encountered three other travellers, who seemed to have paused, like himself, to repose themselves before plunging into its depths. One was a tall, proud-looking woman, with a threatening aspect, who held in her hand a javelin; the other a young girl, who lay half asleep in a chariot drawn by four bullocks; and the third was an old woman clad in rags, and with a rugged men. Otto saluted them, and inquired whether they were acquainted with the road through the forest; and on their replying in the affirmative, he requested permission to follow them, lest he should lose his way.'

'They all three consented, and proceeded on their way in company with the young man. The latter soon perceived that his companions were endowed with powers which God has not bestowed on all his creatures, but this discovery awakened no uneasiness in his mind, and he pursued his journey, chatting the while with his three fellow-travellers.'

'They had already gone on thus for some hours together, when they heard a horse's tread approaching. Otto turned round to see who it was, and recognised a bourgeois from Mannheim, whom he had hated for many a long year, and whom he looked upon as his greatest enemy. The bourgeois soon gained on the pedestrians, glanced at Otto with a scornful smile, and passed on. All the young man's ire was roused to the utmost. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "I would give all I possess now, and the best part of my future inheritance to boot, if I could only revenge myself on that man for his pride and his malice." "Do not distress yourself about that, for I can easily satisfy your wish," said the tall woman with the javelin. "Shall I transform him into a blind and infirm beggar for you? You have only to pay me the price of the transformation." "And what would the price be?" eagerly inquired Otto. "The right eye." "Gladly would I give it to be really avenged."

'The young man had hardly uttered the words, when the promised change was effected in the rich bourgeois, and Otto found himself at the same moment blind of an eye. He felt at first somewhat dismayed; but he soon consoled himself for his loss by remembering that his remaining eye sufficed to give him the enjoyment of witnessing the sight of his enemy's misery.'

'In the meanwhile they continued to walk on for several hours without seeing any end to the gloomy forest; the road was each moment becoming more hilly and rugged. Otto, who was beginning to feel somewhat fatigued, looked with an anxious eye upon the chariot in which the youngest female of the party lay half reclining at her ease. It was so ingeniously constructed, that the deepest ruts hardly gave it more than a gentle swing. "All roads must appear short and good in this chariot," he said, approaching it with a wistful look: "I would give a great deal to have one like it." "Is that all you want?" rejoined the second of his companions. "I can satisfy your desire in a moment." She struck with her foot the chariot which bore her. It seemed to unfold itself, and a second chariot, of exactly the same graceful and easy proportions, and drawn by two fine black bullocks, presented itself to his astonished view. When he had somewhat recovered from his amazement, he thanked the young girl, and was about to step into his newly-acquired vehicle, when she motioned to him to stop. "I have," said she, "fulfilled your desire, but I do not intend to make a worse bargain than my sister; you gave her one of your eyes, I require one of your arms."

'Otto was at first somewhat disconcerted by this request; but he was beginning to feel very weary; the chariot seemed waiting most invitingly to receive him; and, as I before told you, he had never been accustomed to resist the impulse of the moment. So, after some slight hesitation, he agreed to the bargain, and found himself seated in his new equipage, but at the same time deprived of his right arm. They now proceeded for some time on their journey without interruption. The forest seemed to stretch itself out to an interminable length. Otto soon began to feel the cravings of hunger and thirst. The old woman clad in rags quickly perceived it. "You are becoming gloomy, my lad," said she. "When the stomach is empty, discouragement is not far distant; but I possess a sure remedy against want and despair." "What is it then?" inquired the young man. "You see this flagon which I carry often to my lips?" she replied. "It contains forgetfulness of pain, joy, and the brightest visions of hope: whoever drinks of it becomes happy; and I will not drive with you a harder bargain than my sisters, for I only require in exchange one-half of your brain."

'This time the young man rejected the offer. He began to feel a sort of terror at these successive bargains. But the old hag induced him to taste the liquor contained in the flagon, and when he had once done so, it appeared to him so delicious, that his resolution gave way, and he acceded to the bargain. The promised effect was not long in making itself felt. Scarcely had he quaffed the tempting beverage, when he felt his strength revive, his heart became joyous, and full of confidence; and when he had sung all the songs he could remember, he fell quietly asleep in his chariot, perfectly indifferent as to what might become of him. When he awoke, his three companions had disappeared, and he found himself alone at the entrance of a village. He attempted to rise, but one side of his body seemed paralysed; he tried to look about him, but the one eye which now alone remained to him was dim and uncertain; he tried to speak, but his tongue faltered, and his ideas were confused. Now at length he began to comprehend how great were the sacrifices to which he had so lightly consented. His three fellow-travellers had degraded him from the level of humanity—a crippled idiot, no other resource remained for him than to beg his daily bread from door to door during the remainder of his days.

Here the Old Anabaptist ceased. Andrew struck his fist upon the table, and burst into a noisy laugh. 'Miserable!' said he, 'I think your friend Otto was a fool, Father Solomon, and that he only got what he deserved. As to his three companions, they were thorough sharpers, whose names I should be glad to know, that I may take care to avoid them.'

'It is easy to tell you that,' said the old man, 'for their names are well known to all. The name of the tall woman with the javelin is Hatred; that of the young girl reclining in the chariot is Sloth; and that of the old hag with the flagon is Intemperance.'

'Well, I can quite understand that when one has to deal with such customers, one gets the worst of the bargain,' replied the young miller; 'but still I abide by my old opinion, Otto deserved no better.'

'Alas!' replied the old man gravely, 'I know some other people in the world who are no wiser than he was. What should you say, for instance, to a lad who, for the sake of ruining a master with whom he had quarrelled, exposes himself to the misfortune of being left without employment? Do you think he is blessed with his full sight?—or has he not rather sold one of his eyes to Hatred? Add to this, that he wishes to give himself what he calls a "merry time of it"—that is to say, to taste the pleasures of idleness, without reflecting that, once unaccustomed to labour, and enervated by idleness, he will no longer find it so easy to regain the use of the two stout arms which in former days constituted his wealth. Finally, to console himself under his vexations, he has already lost in the tavern one-half of his senses, and he will, before long, be deprived of the use of them altogether. If Otto was a fool, what opinion can Andrew have of one who is imitating his example?'

The group began to laugh; Andrew alone remained grave and silent. He did not seek any longer to detain the Old Anabaptist, but suffered him to depart without even saying farewell. Evidently the lesson had wounded him, as lessons which come home to our consciences generally do. But such counsels are often like those bitter draughts which at first are not only distasteful to our palate, but seem even to increase our malady; yet afterwards they prove a means of restoring us to health. Andrew reflected all night on Otto's history, and next morning he returned to Monsieur Ritter's mill, where he resumed the duties which he ought never to have abandoned.

EASTERN LIFE PRESENT AND PAST.*

MISS MARTINEAU has committed an inadvertence in the preface to this book, which operates disadvantageously on its reception by those critics who compete with each other in priority of reviewing. She has mentioned the work merely in its character of a *journal of travels*; and as an author should know best what he has intended to write, few hasty examiners are likely to consider it in any other point of view. As a mere journal of travels, it is unquestionably open to the accusation constantly brought against it, of bookmaking, and more especially of the old-fashioned sin of seizing every opportunity of ekeing out the chapter by the aid of bygone historical matter. But if we let the preface alone, and look at the work in itself, we find it something very different from a journal of travels. The very titles of the four books into which it is divided ought to be sufficient to correct our first impression: Egypt and its Faith—Sinai and its Faith—Palestine and its Faith—Syria and its Faith. It is, in fact, a historical essay, written in the localities of the history, and illustrating the lucubrations of the learned by actual observation both of monuments and manners.

There is no living writer better fitted for a work of this kind than Miss Martineau. She is eminently an illustrator. Without the power to originate speculation, she is highly gifted in simplifying and popularising it. Unable to lead, she yet does more than follow; and the light which her talent for minutiae throws upon the objects of research, must sometimes both surprise and

benefit their discoverer. But while cheerfully awarding her the praise of illustration, we must not conceal that she is subject to the usual faults of a mere illustrator. It is her business to explain, and therefore she must explain—or seem to do so. There are to her no difficulties she cannot surmount, no depths she cannot fathom, no mysteries she cannot solve. When the old geographers came to a part of the map of which they were ignorant, they wrote in it the words *terra incognita*: these are words which have no place in Miss Martineau's ample vocabulary. We may have an opportunity of exhibiting an instance or two of this defect in passing along; but our main business, of course, is to show the general spirit and character of the book.

It will be understood, no doubt, that in so far as the localities are concerned, this is a mere fashionable tour; and that the chief merit of the book, in its lighter parts, most consists in its presenting well-known objects in a new point of view, or at least with such adjuncts as confer an air of novelty upon the picture. This is precisely our author's forte. She sees more than most people, and very often sees differently, and has the faculty, besides, of investing even the most commonplace circumstances with an extrinsic interest belonging partly to imagination and partly to style and manner. The first thing in the book that strikes us as characteristic of Miss Martineau, as well as amusing in itself, is the antipathy she takes to the camel the moment she sets eyes upon that modern antique. 'Presently a string of camels passed through the Square, pacing noiselessly along. I thought them then, as I think them now, after a long acquaintance with them, the least agreeable brutes I know. Nothing can be uglier, unless it be the ostrich, which is ludicrously like the camel in form, gait, and expression of face. The patience of the camel, so celebrated in books, is what I never had the pleasure of seeing. So impatient a beast I do not know—growing, groaning, and fretting whenever asked to do or bear anything—looking on such occasions as if it longed to bite, if only it dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures; but it may be seen whenever one looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear, and hopelessness in the face of the camel, always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself, a damned animal. I wonder some of the old painters of hell did not put a camel into their foreground, and make a traditional emblem of it. It is true the Arab loves his own camel, kisses its lips, hugs its neck, calls it his darling and his jewel, and declares he loves it exactly as he loves his eldest son; but it does not appear that any man's affection extends beyond his own particular camel, which is truly, for its services, an inestimable treasure to him. He is moved to kick and curse at any but the domestic member of the species, as he would be by the perverseness and spite of any other ill-tempered creature. The one virtue of the camel is its ability to work without water; but out of the desert, I hardly think that any rider would exchange the willing, intelligent, and proud service of the horse for that of the camel, which objects to everything, and will do no service but under the compulsion of its own fears.'

The next originality is what she calls the 'after-glow'—a natural phenomenon we do not recollect to have ever seen alluded to before. 'I do not remember to have read of one great atmospheric beauty of Egypt—the after-glow, as we used to call it. I watched this nightly for ten weeks on the Nile, and often afterwards in the desert, and was continually more impressed with the peculiarity, as well as the beauty, of this appearance. That the sunset in Egypt is gorgeous, everybody knows; but I for one was not aware that there is a renewal of beauty some time after the sun has departed and left all gray. This discharge of colour is here much what it is among the Alps, where the flame-coloured peaks become gray and ghastly as the last sunbeam leaves them. But here everything begins to

brighten again in twenty minutes: the hills are again purple or golden—the sands orange—the palms vibrant—the moonlight on the water a pale green, like sea-lilac surface; and this after-glow continues for ten minutes, when it slowly fades away.' But it is vain to attempt giving any idea here of the scenic descriptions that sparkle in almost every page. These occur with special effect in the voyage up the Nile, during which our author seems to have been in a perfect fever of delight. The pranks of the crew, and their impressions of the Europeans, even when the latter nodded and fell asleep—the veiled women coming down to the river to fill their water-pots—the religious ablutions and prostrations of the men—the harrow drawn by a camel—the almost naked Arabs employed in irrigation with the primitive pole and bucket—the buffaloes swimming from bank to bank—the ferry-boats with all rugged sail and heterogeneous freight—the sugar-canes, wheat, and lupins, fringing the banks and clothing the slopes—the towns and villages dotted with acacia groves—all thus reported the observer into a world of poetry and romance. And then the change of scenery in the night: the object was perceptible on the high black eastern bank, above and behind which hung the moon; but in the golden track on the dimpled waters were the shadows of palms, single and in clusters, passing over swiftly—"authentic tidings of invisible things." And then the rising of Orion—which "shone forth, night by night, till the punctual and radiant apparition became almost oppressive to the watching senses." I came whetted to know his first star as it rose clear out of the bank. He never issued whole from a haze on the horizon, as at home. As each star rose, it dropped a supple upon the surface of the still waters; and 'od a cam' nigh it was hard to say which Orion was the brightest. But the stars and the water yield to the glare like red that extend till they are lost in the distance, and these are all the better for the villages, overshadowed by dark palms, that dot the expanse, and the Arab bandmen and their camels wandering by the river side. In our walk this evening we saw a pretty detachment of Albanian soldiers among the palms. One had to rub one's eyes to be sure that one was not in a dream. The open tent, with the blue smoke rising from the group of soldiers, in their Greek dress, on the ground, and seen between the palm stems—the arms piled against the tent, and glittering in the last rays of the sun—all this was like a sublimated opera scene. And there was another, the next morning, when they took their departure southwards, their file of loaded camels winding away from under the shade into the hot light. At a variety, a man would be seen crossing the Nile where it was very wide on a bundle of millet stalks, carrying his clothes on his head like a huge turban. The same person, I recollect to have read, prevails upon the natives, but there the water-chariot is usually drawn by a camel, the voyager having hold of the animal by his tail.

In another picture our author figures the person, and in a way which will surprise those who are not aware that literary ladies are frequently women, and sometimes philosophers. The morning after visiting the phantime, the 'Island of Flowers' she got on her to damp and fold linen, and then employed herself in sewing till dinner-time. 'By sparing a few hours per week, Mrs Y—and I made neat and comfortable the things washed by the crew; and when we saw the sight of other travellers—gentlemen in rough-ried coats, and ladies in gowns which looked as if they had been merely wrung out of the wash-tub—we thought the more trouble our ironing cost us well bestowed.' This was a great mystery to the Arabs, and one which they never succeeded in comprehending. Another boat's crew, after a long consultation on the use of the garment, had decided that it was the English way of wearing it. The dragon of another party, being annoyed at ironing his employer's white trousers, positively declined the attempt; saying that he had once tried, and at the first touch had burnt off the right leg! But Miss Mar-

Allegory, indeed, not merely from comfort, but on principle. 'It is a thought,' says she, 'and I always shall think, that the finest specimens of human development I have seen are in the United States, where every man, however learned and meditative, can ride, drive, keep his own horse, and, if he will, own a dwelling; and every woman, however intellectual, can do, if necessary, all the work of her own house. At home, I had seen one extreme of power, in the meagre helpless beings whose potentia lies wholly in the world of ideas; here I saw the other, where the dominion was wholly over the power of outward nature.' This reflection was recalled to her memory when ascending the cataraet of the Nile, where, as she would come riding down a slope of roaring water as confidently as I would ride down a sand-bank, my own, in their arms, in their fighting method of swimming, as round like the spokes of a wheel. Graining down, bonoled in the currents, and little seven-year-old savages must haul at the ropes, or ply their little poles; when the kamdis approached a spike, of rock, or dare to thrust their shoulders between its keel and any unseen obstacle, and after every such feat, they would bow up their dripping heads, and cry 'bak-shah!' I felt the great peculiarity of this day to be my seeing, for the first, and probably the only time of my life, the perfection of savage faculty; and truly it is an interesting sight, only of a kind to excite enthusiasm.

On reaching Philo, the Holy Island, the enthusiasm of this change to the enthusiasm of religion, and it is no longer Miss Martineau who speaks to us, but an ancient priestess. Her first view of this congeries of temples, and something of fatality in it; for when their temple was being towed against the headlong current by the crew, walking on the rocks, the rope suddenly snapped, and she swirled down and away, none of us knew whether, unless it was to the bottom of the river. The stern, however, caught on a sandbank, and being obliged to bring to for the night, the party set forth in another boat for Philo. And what a moment it was when we took the soil, as sacred to wise old races of men, as sacred, now, to the Mohammedan, or Jerusalem to the Christian; the huge pyroly, the sculptured walls, the colonnades, the hypethral temple, all standing in full majesty under a flood of moonlight! The most sacred of ancient paths was in my mind all the while as it breathed into me from without; the awful solemnity of him who sleeps in Philo. Here, surrounded by the impenetrable Nile, sleeping to the everlasting music of its distant cataraet, and watched over by his temple, whose temple seems made to stand for ever, was the beneficent Osiris believed to lie. There are many Holy Islands, scattered about the seas of the world; the very name is sweet to all ears—but no one has been so long, and so deeply sacred as this. The waters all round were this night very still; and the moon suggestive was they of the olden age, when they afforded a path for the processions of grateful worshippers who came from various points of the mainland, with their jugs, and their harps, and their gifts, to render thanks for the harvests which had sprung and ripened at the bidding of the god. One could see them going in their boats, there, where the last western light gleamed on the river; one could see them land at the steps at the end of the colonnade; and one could imagine this great group of temples, lighted up till the prominent sculpture of the walls looked almost as bright and real as the moving forms of the actual worshippers.

It is a thought, which governs our author in beholding, with the eyes, both of the soul and body, the life past and present of the East. It is the old thought that all knowledge is sacred, all truth divine. The ideas that now influence the dominions of mankind are as much as the civilization of Egypt; and for aught we know, the old ideas of the old Egyptians, what they were, and what they are, and what they are not, are still the same. But Miss Martineau

has been to the Christians. In this, without giving any opinion as to the fact, we venture to think there is more of the appearance than the reality of heterodoxy. All Scripture is full of foreshadowings and prototypes; and even when the family unity of mankind was completely lost, that Jehovah was by no means the peculiar God of a single tribe; is affirmed in the person of that mysterious Melchisedek, king of Salem, and 'priest of the most high God,' to whom Abram gave tithes of the spoils of battle, and after whose order was Christ declared, both by the prophets and the apostles, to be a king and a priest for ever. Osiris, whose sacred name Herodotus (the follower of a different faith) did not dare to pronounce, 'left his place in the presence of the Supreme, took a human form (though not becoming a human being), went about the world doing good to men, sank into death in a conflict with the Power of Evil; rose up to spread blessings over the land of Egypt and the world, and was appointed Judge of the Dead, and Lord of the heavenly region, while present with his true worshippers on earth, to do them good.' Among his allusive names were 'Opener of Good,' 'Manifester of Grace,' and 'Revealer of Truth,' and he was described as 'full of grace and truth.' In his name the virtuous entered into blessedness. Miss Martineau mentions the different theories by which learned men have attempted to account for this resemblance to a holier personage; but it is easy to perceive that she holds with those who, seeing that ideas are the highest subject of human cognisance, the history of ideas the only true history, and a common holding of ideas the only real relation of human beings to each other, believe that this great constellation of ideas is one and the same to all these different peoples; was sacred to them all in turn; and became more noble and more glorious to men's minds as their minds became strengthened by the nourishment and exercise of ages.' This is all we can afford upon so abstruse a subject; but it was impossible to avoid some allusion to it in a notice of such a book.

Our author's descriptions of the monuments of Egypt are always happy, but her picture of the ancient capital of the Pharaohs is curious for its brevity. In the days of Abdallatif, the ruins occupied the space of half a day's journey every way, and the learned physician of Bagdad was in ecstasies of admiration at the splendour of the sculptures. 'At the end of seven centuries,' says Miss Martineau, 'the aspect of the place is this. From the village of Mitrahenny (which now occupies the site) can be seen only palm woods; a blue pond, rushes, and a stretch of verdant ground, broken into hollows, where lie a single colossus, a single capital of a column, a half-buried statue of red granite, twelve feet high, and some fragments of granite strewn among the palms. This is all of the mighty Memphis!'

In her visit to the mummy-pits, idealising and explaining all things as usual, she endeavours to account for the funereal pomp and religious worship lavished upon cats and birds, by the reverence of the Egyptians for instinct; but she fails to show what claim these animals had, upon this principle, above the camel, the horse, or the ass. This is one of those spots on her varied map on which it would have been better to have written words analogous to the *terra incognita* of geographers. But such prudence would not have suited her intellectual habits—perhaps not her organisation. A curious proof of the peculiarity of the latter is given in her description of the ascent of the Pyramid. She forgot to take with her that instrument usually so indispensable to an absolutely deaf person—her ear-trumpet; but although eagerly conversing for nearly an hour with those around her, as might be expected in such new and exciting circumstances, she found no difficulty in hearing till she got down again to common life on the ordinary level of the desert! The view from the Pyramid, after all the fatigue of the ascent and descent—for there appears to be no real danger—is described in a sentence or two, and is probably not worth the trouble it costs.

In taking leave of ancient Egypt, our author gives a picture of its life, which, although interesting, has not novelty enough to tempt us to extract at length. This Egypt is buried in sand; but the desert has answered to the interrogatories of learning and science, and we all know now that the ladies before the Flood lounged on chaises longues, and knitted, and netted, and darned as ours do; and that the little girls had dolls, and instead of yelping bow-wows, little wooden crocodiles with snapping jaws. We know, too, that some two thousand years before Abraham's visit to Memphis, the people worshipped one supreme God, whose favour in this life, and acceptance by him hereafter, were held forth as the great desiderata of human beings. Their passage through death to immortality was pioneered by a Divine benefactor, who had become the judge of the quick and the dead. Their notions of creation were drawn from the phenomena of the Nile; and they were 'taught that every mind, whether of man or brute, was an emanation from the Supreme; and that the body was only its abode and instrument; the soul being, from its nature and derivation, immortal.'

Cairo is a threadbare subject; but Miss Martineau even there contrives to amuse us. 'The little rogues of donkey-boys were always ready and eager close by the hotel, hustling each other to get the preference—one displaying his English with, "God save the Queen ros bi!" another smiling amiably in one's face; and others kicking and cuffing, as people who had a prior right, and must relieve us of enorochers. Then off we went briskly through the Ezebekeyeh, under the acacias, past the water-carriers, with their full skins on their left shoulder, and the left hand holding the orifice of the neck, from which they could squirt water into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure; past the silent smoking party, with their long chibouques or serpentine nargeelehs; past the barber, shaving the head of a man kneeling and resting his crown on the barber's lap; past the veiled woman with her tray of bread—thin, round cakes; past the red and white striped mosque, where we looked up to the gallery of the minaret, in hope of the muezzin coming out to call the men to prayer; past a handsome house or two, with its rich lattices, its elaborate gateway, and its shade of trees in front, or of shrubs within the court, of which we might obtain a tempting glimpse; past Shepherd's Hotel, where English gentlemen might be seen going in and out, or chatting before the door; past a row of artisan dwellings, where the joiner, the weaver, and the maker of slippers were at work, with their Oriental tools, and in their graceful Oriental postures; and then into the bazaars.' In these bazaars the tradespeople looked like kings and princes in fairy tales, and cheated like Europeans. The gentlemen of her party were purchasing clothes to wear on their journey in the desert; and 'after a world of effort, and of tying and hooking, and inquiring of prices, it came out that the clothes were second-hand; and they were pulled off much more quickly than they were put on.'

In Cairo, Miss Martineau gets into a passion about polygamy; and notwithstanding the schooling she had previously given her mind as to all sorts of liberality, she fairly declares that 'if we are to look for a hell upon earth, it is where polygamy exists; and that as polygamy runs riot in Egypt, Egypt is the lowest depth of this hell. I always before believed that every arrangement and prevalent practice had some one fair side, some one redeeming quality; and diligently did I look for this fair side in regard to polygamy, but there is none. The longer one studies the subject, and the deeper one penetrates into it, the more is one's mind confounded with the intricacy of its iniquity, and the more does one's heart feel as if it would break.' The following scene from her visit to a harem gives an idea of the intellectuality of the native ladies. 'But the great amusement was my trumpet. The eldest widow, who sat next me, asked for it, and put it to her ear, when I said "Bo!" When she had done laughing, she

put it into her next neighbour's ear, and said "Bo!" and in this way it came round to me again. "Bo!" two minutes it was asked for again, and went round a second time, everybody laughing as loud as ever at each "Bo!" and then a third time! Could one have conceived it? The next joke was on behalf of the Jewesses, four or five of whom sat in a row on the dewan. Almost everybody else was puffing away at a chibouque or a nargeeleh, and the place was one cloud of smoke. The poor Jewesses were obliged to decline joining us, for it happened to be Saturday: they must not smoke on the Sabbath. They were naturally much pilled; and some of the young wives did what was possible for them. Drawing in a long breath of smoke, they puffed it forth in the faces of the Jewesses, who opened mouth and nostrils eagerly to receive it. Thus was the Sabbath observed to shouts of laughter.'

So much for Egypt and its Faith, and its Life, Present and Past. The book relating to Sinai is quite as suggestive of reflection, but not very rich in extractable matter. Moses is of course its hero—that mortal but little less than divine, who brought forth into the desert a crowd of abject slaves, and converted them into a powerful nation; and who threw open to his meekest countrymen the loftiest mysteries of the Egyptian temple, converting the Israelites, in the midst of the gross darkness of the time, into a really 'peculiar' people. Our travellers followed, as well as they could, the track of the wandering Hebrews through the wilderness; and in their journey to Petra, Miss Martineau's recollections of biblical story are mingled with later events. 'We felt ourselves really now among the haunts of Esau and his tribe, and of the children of Ishmael, whose hand was against every one, as every one's hand was against them; and when, a little farther on, we stopped in a hollow of the hills to rest, it was strange to remember who came here in later days, and what an extraordinary depot this was for the merchandise of the East for a course of centuries. Up this pass came long trains of camels, laden with the silks, muslins, spices, and ivory of India, and the pearls of Arabia, and amber, gold, and apes from Abyssinia, and all the fine things that the luxury of Europe derived from the far East. These all came through Petra, and were lodged there for rest, and for no little traffic, as in a place wholly inaccessible by any foe. The eagle might pounce upon the kid among the acres of Petra, and the lightnings might dart down from the summit; but no human enemy could enter to steal, or arrow from human hand to destroy. Up this pass, then, had wound many a caravan laden with Oriental wealth; and in this hollow had rested perhaps many a company in ambush, and no doubt many a baffled foe. Those single trees, perched on fantastic heights, were some of them old enough to have been living in those days—landmarks to the traveller, and signal stations to the desert warrior.'

The descriptions of Petra and Mount Hor exhibit great graphic power; but our space warns us that we must hasten on to Palestine and its Faith—to Bethlehem and its fulfilment of the Promise, and realisation of all the human mind had panted after throughout so many thousand years. Miss Martineau deprecates the literal understanding of the Scriptures, which Coleridge called 'bibliolatry,' and turns to the great religious ideas which have 'been the guiding lights of man from the remotest past, and which Christ presented anew, purified and expanded! What an exquisite picture it is to stand where Jesus stood, and look around upon the old faiths and sectarian tenets of the world, and bring forth from them all a faith and hope which should, notwithstanding dreadful corruptions, elevate mankind through many future ages!—to have insight into the sacred mysteries of Egypt, and the ancient theology and Law of Sinai, and the ritual morality of the Pharisees, and the philosophical scepticism of the Sadducees, and the pure and peaceable and unworshipful aspirations of the Essenes, and to see how from all these

together come the ideas, and from the unseen world the spirit, of the religion which Jesus taught!" But these ideas, and this 'spirit' she avows do not belong to the existing phase of Christianity; and her announcement will be heard either with pity or indignation by the religious world, that the actual Kingdom has already come 'in the new heavens and new earth of the regenerated human mind.'

'Syria and its Faith' has but little to do with the epicurean plan of the book. It comes in near the close of the work, and Miss Martineau appears to have had no room to elaborate the fertile subject of Mohammedanism. From this department, however, we take a picture of the markets at Damascus. 'The goldsmiths' bazaar was one of the most interesting; not from the quality of the jewellery, but from the picturesque figures of the workers, bending their turbaned heads over the blowpipes in their little dim shops. The alleys where galloon-weaving and silk-chain making, and the manufacture of slippers, were carried on, were very attractive, from the number of children employed. The little boys, weaving and shoemaking, were extremely industrious. They appeared to put their "Arab intonality" into their work, young as they were. Sometimes, in curious contrast, a dealer of graver years would be seen fast asleep in the next shop, his head laid back on a comfortable pillow of goods, and his whole stock open to the attacks of any one who chose to steal. The prettiest sight in connection with the bazaar was when a net was drawn over the front of the shop, to indicate that the owner was at prayers.

'I was altogether disappointed in the silk goods of Damascus. I saw very few articles that I thought pretty, more or less, though the fabric was substantial enough. There was a vulgarity about the patterns—especially about those which were the most costly—which perplexed me till I learned the secret. The famous old Damascus patterns, the inheritance of centuries, and of which every Damascene is proud, have been imitated by our Manchester manufacturers, so as to become quite familiar to English eyes. The effect of this in Damascus is curious. The inhabitants import our cotton goods largely; and when they see their own patterns again, the gentlemen think they look as well as their own heavy silks; and they make their wives wear them instead, greatly to the discontent of the ladies. The evening to the Damascene husbands is very great; as indeed it must be, if we consider the cost of dressing a dozen women in one house—wives and hand-maids—in such costly articles as the heavy silks of Damascus. For my own part, I would rather wear Manchester cottons.'

REMARKABLE CASE OF SUSPENSION OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

PAINFUL, as the idea may appear, it seems certain that disease is one of the avenues by which we are to approach a knowledge of the character and functions of the human mind. A curious light is thrown on the subject by cases of suspension of the mental faculties through the influence of shocks sustained by the nervous system. Mr Dunn, surgeon, London, reported one such case of extraordinary interest a few years ago; it appeared originally in the 'Lancet,' but we have now before us a reprint in the shape of a pamphlet.

The patient was a healthy young woman, and a dress-maker. While living with her grandfather, July 14, 1842, she accidentally fell into a river which traverses the park of Lullingston in Kent. Rescued after a quarter of an hour's immersion, she was with difficulty restored to life; for several days she continued sensible, but indisposed; meanwhile she was removed to her home in London. On the eleventh day she was seized with a fit, which kept her in a state of complete stupor for four hours, on the cessation of which it was found

that she was deprived of the powers of speech and hearing, and the senses of taste and smell, and that her mental faculties were quite benumbed or paralysed, giving no indication that she recognised any of her friends about her. The only remaining media of communication with the external world were the senses of touch and vision. Her sensibility to objects coming in contact with her was excessive, inasmuch that the slightest touch would startle her. When left quite still, she appeared to be lost to everything that was passing around her. She did not even know her own mother, who attended upon her with the greatest assiduity and kindness. Mr Dunn goes on to state—'Her memory, and the power of associating ideas, were quite gone. Wherever she was placed, there she remained throughout the day. She was very weak, but her bodily health was not much deranged; the tongue was clean; the skin moist; and the pulse quiet and regular; but the bowels sluggish. Her appetite was good; but having neither taste nor smell, she ate alike indifferently whatever she was fed with, and took nauseous medicines as readily as delicious viands. She required to be fed. When I first saw her, she had no notion of taking the food that was placed before her; but a few days afterwards, if a spoon was put into her hands, and filled by her mother, and conveyed for a few times to her mouth, she would afterwards go on by herself until the whole was eaten.'

After some medical particulars, and an account of certain fits to which she was liable, Mr Dunn adds—'One of her first acts on recovering from the fit had been to busy herself in picking the bedclothes, and as soon as she was able to sit up and to be dressed, she continued the habit, by incessantly picking some portion of her dress: she seemed to want an occupation for her fingers, and accordingly part of an old straw-bonnet was given to her, which she pulled to pieces of great minuteness; she was afterwards bountifully supplied with roses; she picked off the leaves, and then tore them into the smallest particles imaginable. A few days subsequently, she began forming upon the table, out of these minute particles, rude figures of roses and other common garden flowers: she had never received any instructions in drawing.

'Roses not being so plentiful in London, waste paper and a pair of scissors were put into her hands, and for some days she found an occupation in cutting the paper into shreds; after a time, these cuttings assumed rude figures and shapes, and more particularly the shapes made use of in patchwork. At length she was supplied with the proper materials for patchwork; and after some initiatory instruction, she took to her needle, and in good earnest to this employment. She now laboured incessantly at patchwork from morning till night, and on Sundays and week-days, for she knew no difference of days; nor could she be made to comprehend the difference. She had no remembrance from day to day of what she had been doing on the previous day, and so every morning commenced *de novo*. Whatever she began, that she continued to work at while daylight lasted, manifesting no uneasiness for anything to eat or to drink, taking not the slightest heed of anything which was going on around her, but intent only on her patchwork. Occasionally, indeed, and not unfrequently two or three times in the course of the day, she would have what her mother called her "fits." Whilst intent upon her work, and without any external exciting cause, her head would fall backwards, her eyelids close, her arms and legs become rigid, and her hands clenched. After a short time, varying in extent from a few minutes to half an hour or more, the muscles would become relaxed, the eyes open, and she would resume her work, apparently unconscious that anything had happened. About this time she began to show indications of feeling interested in the figures of the flowers and buds, &c. upon the silk, and other materials which are made use of in patchwork. The perception of colours, and the exercise of the imitative

faculty, were the first evidences she exhibited of psychical advancement in her present state. Although she had received a good plain education, and had been very fond of books, now she could neither read nor write, nor even be made to comprehend the letters of the alphabet. All her former knowledge and past experience appeared to be obliterated, or at least for the time to be buried in oblivion; with one exception—a feeling of dread or fright in connection with water; and she now began, *de novo*, like a child, to acquire ideas, and to register experience. Admitting that the senses are the only inlets of all the materials of knowledge, it was not to be expected when in this abnormal condition, with only the senses of sight and touch in communion with the external world; that her progress could be otherwise than slow in the extreme. However, she evinced an interest in looking at pictures and prints—more especially of flowers, trees, and animals—but when shown a landscape in which there was a river, or the view of a troubled sea, she became instantly excited, and violently agitated, and one of her fits of spasmodic rigidity and insensibility immediately followed. If the picture were removed before the paroxysm had subsided, she manifested no recollection of what had taken place; but so great was the feeling of dread or of fright associated with water, that the sight of it in motion, its mere running from one vessel to another, made her shudder and tremble, and in the act of washing her hands they were merely placed in the water.

In January 1844, six months after the accident, she regained the sense of smell, and her mind began gradually to awake from its lethargy. Being taken back from London to her grandfather's in the country, she showed no recognition of the place, but bounded with delight at seeing the spring flowers, and even began to express her feelings in articulate language. A young man to whom she had been formerly attached was now brought to pay her daily visits; they pleased her, and she was uneasy when any accident prevented them. Thus matters went on till July, when her lover paying some attentions to another woman, she manifested the passion of jealousy, and at length, on witnessing a particular scene between the young man and his new mistress, fell down in a fit, which her friends feared would prove fatal to her. On the contrary, she awoke from it restored to 'the possession of her natural faculties and former knowledge, but without the slightest remembrance of anything which had taken place in the interval from the invasion of the first fit up to the present time.' She of course knew nothing of the apostasy of her lover; and her mother judged it well to remove her back to London, without any further disturbance to her mind from that cause. In the course of a few weeks she attained to her usual health in all respects. She had only lost a year of the memory of existence.

DR GAVIN ON BETHNAL GREEN.

A PROCLAMATION of the Scottish Privy-Council in 1619 speaks of Edinburgh as 'now become so filthy and unclean, and the streets thereof so overlaid with middings, as [that] the noblemen, councillors, servitors, and others his Majesty's subjects who are lodged within the said burgh can not have ane clean and free passage and entry to their lodgings; wherethrough they are resolved rather to make choice of lodgings in the Canongate and Leith, nor [than] to abide the sight of this shameful uncleanness, whilk is so universal, and in sic abundance through all the parts of this burgh, as in the heat of summer it corrupts the air, and gives great occasion of sickness.'" The city long continued to have a bad character in this respect, and one sometimes hears a conversation amongst ignorant people in the south, proceeding upon the supposition that Edinburgh is a strik-

ingly odorous city, when those who have seen it with their eyes know it to be as remarkable among towns of its size for cleanliness, as it is for the picturesque of its situation and its architectural elegance. The large towns of Scotland are generally under good and efficient police regulation—though no doubt there are some defiles about them; the houses of the extremely poor, which are by no means what they ought to be, and which it would perhaps be difficult for the most diligent besom to keep in decent order. While happy to think that our country has long got above this, as well as many other barbarisms, we Scotsmen never visit London without greatly commiserating the state of the nation who dwell therein; for not only is London ten times more the dirtiest place we ever set foot in, but its stench, which, apparently from the bewitching effect of its habit, has lost the wish to be clean. In London, every privilege and a possession. It is patriotism to praise and defend dirt. What hope of country life, then, to that London will ever live cleanly, whether with or without an abjuration of sack? Truly we regard the abject state of the metropolis with the sincerest pity.

We are led into these observations by perusing a treatise entitled 'Sanitary Ramblings, Being Sketches and Illustrations of Bethnal Green, a type of the condition of the Metropolis and other large towns.' The work is the production of Dr Gavin, lecturer on Forensic Medicine in Charing-Cross Hospital. One point in the title we demur to—the phrase 'and other large towns.' Some large towns have dirty corners, or even districts; but to rank any of them with omnifid London is the grossest injustice. Dr Gavin, being in practice in the eastern district of the metropolis, has, in a description of Bethnal Green parish, not a mere glance over the leading streets, but a searching scrutiny of every cluster of houses, every court and alley, and the interiors of a vast number of the dwellings themselves. The results he has given in detail, as well as in tables and summaries, implying the condition of each place as to paving, draining, and scavenging, and the consequent condition as to sickness and mortality, it is rarely that we have any such matter reduced to a form in which we can grasp it so well as in a definite fact. The houses are, in the first place, for the most part planted immediately on the ground, and below the general level of the surrounding soil; they are flimsily built, and in a ruinous condition; the inhabitants have damp to contend with both above and below. The rooms are at the same time small and overcrowded, so that, being unprovided with any means of ventilation, the most noxious air prevails in them all. These are particulars for which private parties, it may be said, are not responsible. Well, we only introduce them as the ground of the picture. Look now to those features of the case which properly come within the province of a police or municipality.

'House-drainage is nearly wanting in Bethnal Green, except in a very small number of cases, the houses, when they are provided with drains, drain only into cesspools; the number that drain into sewers is very small indeed. An immense number of the houses of the poorer class, and nearly all those in gardens, are unprovided with drains of any kind. The inhabitants, therefore, are compelled to get rid of their fluid refuse by throwing it on the gardens, yards, or streets. Sometimes holes are dug in the gardens or yards to receive the refuse water.

* Edinburgh Magazine, March 1818.

* London: Churchill, 1848.

These holes are frequently closely adjacent to the wells whence the occupants derive their supply of water.

A great number of the courts and alleys are altogether unprovided with house-drains, or where they do exist, they are mere surface-drains, and are nearly always choked up, and thus become great nuisances. A great portion of the disease in the parish is to be found occurring in these filthy undrained courts and alleys.

Then as to the removal of refuse.—The exterior appearance of the streets may, perchance, through the operation of paving and scavenging, be tolerably cleanly; but in scarcely any instance, when the houses themselves are visited, and the yards inspected, are not collections of all kinds of refuse, garbage, ashes, dirt, decomposing cabbage-leaves, and other offensive vegetable remains, oftentimes dung, and sometimes putrescent animal remains, to be found, either abundantly distributed over the surface of the dirty yard, or piled into a heap in a corner. In either case the heap is exposed to the action of the rain, which soaks into it, hastens decomposition, dissolves the putrescent, fetid matter, washes it over the surface of the yard, and causes it to form an intimate union with the soil. Truly does such a soil sow the seeds of disease and death; every rain which falls augments the quantity and power of the poison, every sun that shines raises a vapour charged with deadly poison. The times at which the contractor's cart goes round is not certain; no provision, therefore, can be made to have the refuse in readiness for him. In name, he is bound, on complaint, to remove collections of ashes, but in practice it is not so. Practically, therefore, the dust and garbage heaps of the poor must either remain on their premises, or they must themselves remove them. But they can only remove them from the yards to the streets; there, the refuse is deposited to rot and to putrefy, and mingle with the dust and mud, and to be scattered on the pavement, and to defile the passengers [exactly Edinburgh in 1619]. The filthy streets remain uncleansed till their filthiness startles the eye of the scavenging department. During all this period, whether the refuse be on the premises, where it is continually accumulating, or on the streets, it is giving off vapours loaded with unhealthy emanations. Wherever I went, I found the most loud and bitter complaints against the dust contractor for the filthy state in which the inhabitants were compelled to remain, in consequence of his never, or very rarely, removing their dust heaps. These complaints in many places assumed the tone of the deepest indignation, and evidently arose from an earnest conviction of a great outrage being committed upon them, and of a cruel negligence or indifference to their wants and necessities actuating the authorities. "The people never die here; they are murdered by the fever!" was the exclamation of one inhabitant in Half-Nichol Street. It is impossible but that discontent and disputes should arise, and that working men, finding their homes made wretched and uncomfortable, and surrounded with nuisances, should leave them, for the public-houses, there to learn, and soon to indulge in, habits of intemperance, which indulgence soon leads to vicious propensities, which in their turn give rise to a large class of crimes.

The details regarding a necessary class of conveniences are of so horrible a nature, that we must leave them to be studied in Dr Gavin's volume. So also must we pass over certain nuisances, where, for a profit and a livelihood, the most abominable and noxious works are carried on in the midst of a wretched population. Of the streets, many of the principal ones are paved, some, however, only within the last few years, and generally with a neglect of inclinations for the removal of surface water. Many others remain unpaved. The cleansing of the thirty-three miles of street, and the hundred miles of byways in the parish, is executed by 'thirteen decrepit old men,' being a sufficient power to go over the whole surface once in ninety days, though practically four streets are cleaned twice a-week, and

others once a fortnight. The courts are as they have been described. Dr Gavin adds:—For a few additional hundreds of pounds annually, the parish could be effectually cleansed, and kept clean, in all its streets, alleys, and courts every day. He also adds elsewhere:—The annual deaths of 852 persons is the price in life paid by Bethnal Green to support its present filthy state—a costly, and extravagant, and fearful sacrifice! The price, in the morals and happiness of the people, who shall attempt to reckon it!

Such is a sample of suburban London—very piteous to behold, as Mr Carlyle would say. It adds to the pain with which we reformers barbarians of the north regard such a deplorable state of things, that it might be remedied to some extent, were it not for that calculating spirit for which our southern neighbours are, however unconsciously, remarkable. 'It is presumed,' says Dr Gavin, 'that the most solid reason for the wretched condition of the great majority of the houses of the poor, and for the total absence of any attempts at improvement, consists in the fact, that the commissioners and guardians are themselves the chief proprietors of the dwellings of the poor; and that as they in general pay the rates themselves, and have already exacted for their tenements the highest attainable rents, any, even the slightest, increase of rates would only be an increase of their own expenditure.' Under such circumstances, he truly adds, to expect effectual improvements appears fallacious.

LIFE OF AN ARTISAN.

THERE is a volume before us which is not exactly to our taste. It is the life of a working-man by himself; or, to speak by the card, the 'Autobiography of an Artisan.' If it were nothing more than what it professes to be, we should like it much, for we can hardly conceive anything more interesting than a genuine account of the fortunes of a working-man, written in the plain matter-of-fact style of his class. And on the other hand, if it were what it aims at being—a sentimental and philosophical history of the same unit of society, the production of a thinking and cultivated mind, we should perhaps like it still better. But this is neither one nor other. Of the flippant style of the book, we may take an example from the author's account of his first effort at industrial occupation. 'In the beginning of my eleventh year I was put out as an errand-boy to a draper, a situation I always disliked; indeed there was so much artificial civility interwoven into our polished draper, that I regarded it as better adapted to men compounded of "clock-work and steam," than to those sturdy flesh-and-blood Saxon bred, as if it required a bad French bow to sell a good French shawl. I was considered too uncouth to succeed in a business requiring so much conventional polish; and want of address was thought to be rather a disadvantage than a service to my master. My playing and loitering, when sent on errands, became so frequent, that in a few months I was discharged as incorrigible.' No man ought to make such confessions without an expression of regret for his folly.

The account the artisan gives of his marriage, an engagement which he undertook when destitute of employment, without a home, and not even possessed of so much as the petty fee necessary to be paid on the occasion, is equally objectionable. Why not acknowledge that it is by such errors that too many of his class fasten themselves down to irretrievable poverty? Notwithstanding defects of this nature, the book contains many pages worth reading, and more especially some passages in the life of a party of strolling players, which are full of a nervous simplicity not often met with in the writings of the present century. The author and his wife had turned players at a pinch; and in many places, to use his own language, 'Hunger had marked us for his own—he mocked us daily with breadless breakfasts and meatless

dinner.' They were travelling on, loaded with the 'properties,' for they were too poor to employ a carrier; but the magistrates of the villages they passed through refused them permission to act, and the publicans, in reply to their request for a bed, seeing what they were at a glance, replied, 'No, no, no.' At length the desolate crew, with sore feet and sinking spirits, reached the village of Arnold, and after trying in vain every public-house they passed, arrived at the last. Here they became desperate, and ordering a whole pint of ale, and paying the threepence in ready cash, put the fateful question to the landlady—'Can we sleep here to-night?' and the answer was, "I will consult with the master. Let me consider: you are players, are you not?"

"Yes, madam," I answered. She saw it; our shabby-genteel appearance told the tale.

"Well," said she, "I will inquire, and let you know; but I do not know how it will be, for we have had some players here lately."

The answer was favourable—'They might stop if they liked.'

'Too frequently one difficulty courses another on the heels.' We had promise of beds, but how were we to pay for them? Threepence was already gone. We might fairly expect that the price would be demanded before we were allowed to couch our harassed limbs in Mrs Reid's bed-linen. We took the stock of our ready cash: we could raise sixpence in copper amongst us. I had twopence-halfpenny and two farthings; Messrs Younge and Manuel three-halfpence each. It was expected that such a sum would not suffice to find sleeping accommodation for six of us; so it was charitably settled that I should take the whole amount—sixpence; that would provide a bed for my family, and the other two gentlemen were to reconsider what could be done for themselves. After a short deliberation, they resolved to travel back again to Blidworth, where they had reason to believe a bed would be cheerfully offered to them. After a day's fatigue—one of hard walking and hunger—they imposed upon themselves a turmoil of eight miles, over dreary heath roads, to secure a bed for my family.'

Still a difficulty occurred—a delicacy—a punctilio—which it was not easy to get over. 'I had two farthings,' says our sensitive author, 'in my sixpenny-worth of copper coin: but what would "appearance" say if the manager of the strolling company just come in was obliged to offer fivepence-halfpenny and two farthings for his bed? Sixpence current it might be, but would it look like a real respectable silver sixpence? No; such a meagre tender would operate against my future prospects, and would at once stamp me

"Bare, and full of wretchedness."

The thought stung me. A night's rest would be but momentary relief, if my poverty was to drive me away the next morning. Some means must be devised to avert such misery, and, if possible, to prove my respectability. I hastened out, and paced the dark street until a twinkling ray brought me to the window of a large shop. I looked in; its multifarious piles bespoke it the storehouse of some village money-maker. An old gray-headed man, with spectacles resting upon a rather large nose, was poring over his day-book or ledger by the aid of a farthing dip, whose twilight threw the greater part of the large room into an awful gloom. All within was as still as the pillowed glade of a deep-robed forest at midnight, when the lazy winds have sunk to sleep. This, thought I, is the place wherein to effect my barter. I approached the old man, and asked, with all the politeness that my embarrassment could afford, "if he would favour me with change for two farthings?" This dealer in all sorts, whose name was Jones, was reputed doubly careful in guarding against loss in this world's dealings. He was scrupulously nice in all accounts of profit and loss; and in my case he could not see that a fraction of advantage was to be gained by the accommodation. After a long pause, he declined the favour, saying, "I would rather keep my halfpenny." I was rather anxious for the ex-

To expose my poverty was not, under present

circumstances, a thing to be proud of, so again I modestly pressed for the change. "Are they good ones?" cautiously asked the old sugar-plum. The answer was "Yes." "Well," said he, "I must try; but I do not see what I am going to get by you: but I suppose you must have the halfpenny. I hope I am not going to do myself any harm by this transaction." I thanked him, buttoned down the money, and hastened back to "my inn!"

The landlady was a nice, cozy woman. She sat down with them by the fire, snuffed the candle, and talked of the stage—but not encouragingly: the very reverse. The poor players began to tremble as they thought of their reckoning; and the husband, in his alarm, introduced the subject of his skill in stencilling, and gave himself an excellent character as an artist. Before bedtime, I had the pleasure of receiving an order from her to "slap-dash" her parlour. Tired bones avault! the lodgings are already paid; yes, and a smell of the frying chop, to be purchased out of the surplus money, is already expanding our collapsed stomachs! We retired to bed without our hostess demanding the pay; we slept comfortably, and dreamed of bacon and tea-cakes. The next morning we were joined by our two companions from Blidworth: the sixpence furnished all of us with an excellent dinner.'

THE COCKROACH ON SHIPBOARD.

Most people, particularly if in warm situations, either from climate or local influence, know something of the cockroach; yet though pestered by its invasions, they may be unacquainted with some portions of its history. At the risk of repeating what may be more or less known, I shall venture a brief detail of my own observations during an acquaintanceship of several years, when I lived in a very populous colony of the insect.

The family *Blattæ*, to which the cockroach (*B. orientalis*) belongs, is a very numerous and a very voracious one; and I first got acquainted with the species on shipboard, during a long voyage to the East. The insect is of a reddish-brown colour, with a body about an inch and a third long, and antennæ somewhat longer, making the entire animal about three inches. Those who have not seen an entire specimen, may have noticed portions of its legs and wings amongst the brown sugar in daily use, as it is fond of sweets, and happens sometimes to get entombed amongst its food. On first leaving England, being winter, not a trace of the insect was observed; but as we drew near the tropics, a few in the evenings began to make their appearance. These had evidently been dormant in their hiding-places during the many months the vessel lay in dock, and reanimated by the increased warmth, now issued forth to resume their predatory habits. Objects of observation and interest being limited at sea, I took a fancy to the rearing of cockroaches, just as persons at home, with a wider range of choice, take to rabbits or chaffinches, or as Barnum Trenck did to his solitary spider. My warren or colony consisted of a large jelly-pot covered with muslin, so as to permit inspection, but prevent escape. Here I reared many from the egg to maturity, and had them constantly for several years under my eye.

The female, which is somewhat stouter and shorter than the male, after expelling the egg, carries it some days about with her, fixed to the abdomen, ere she glues it up in some corner to be hatched. A new-laid egg requires six or seven weeks for this purpose, and then gives birth to fourteen or sixteen young ones. The egg itself is about a third of an inch long, of a compressed cylindrical form: it has a serrature along one side, which opens at the proper time for the escape of the young brood; and the heads of the young are all placed towards it in a double row. After impregnation, the first egg is deposited in the course of eight or ten days, and the female continues every eight or ten days thereafter to deposit fruitful eggs for many months. If kept apart when arrived at maturity, she lays no eggs. At the end of six or seven weeks, according to the state of the weather, the eggs are hatched, and the larvæ liberated from

their enclosure. They are then about the size of a lint-seed, whitish, semi-pellucid, and exceedingly tender, so as to be destroyed by the slightest touch. They have black eyes, and a darkish dull spot on the abdomen. In a few hours the skin hardens, and darkens in colour, from cream-colour to chestnut and deep brown, when the young insect runs nimbly about in quest of food.

Like all the tribe, when in this the larva state, they are, as they grow, under the necessity of casting their skins; and this curious process I have often observed and admired. The animal retires to some quiet corner, away from its fellows, and fixes itself in a depending position by its hinder claws. Remaining motionless for a few minutes, it begins to swallow air, and goes on doing this to such an extent, that its skin, no longer able to withstand the bursting pressure, splits open along the thorax or back. After the exertion thus used, it is forced to rest a while, when commencing afresh, it manages to wriggle its head and fore part of the body out at the opening; the antennae next follow to their very tips, then the legs, one after another, to the extremity of the claws, so that when completely extricated, the exuvia or cast skin is the exact counterpart of the animal it covered. When thus quit of its old covering, it suspends itself to it, completely exhausted, by the anal appendages. In this condition it is soft, white, and helpless; and if found by its neighbours, very apt to be eaten up. It, however, speedily regains strength; and its first act, on finding itself able, is to turn round and eat up the softer portions of its old skin. A new skin speedily begins to encrust it, increasing in strength as it deepens in colour, till in a few hours it possesses strength and colour equal to the one it has shed. As the body in the meantime is still enlarged by the swallowed air, the new skin partakes of that enlargement; and when the insect's stomach has disgorged its windy contents, these are replaced by more solid material, in the shape of food. How often the skin is shed and renewed during the larva state of the animal I was unable to determine, but the whole time occupied from hatching to maturity is from ten to sixteen months. Abundance of food and warmth expedite, and opposite circumstances retard, the final change. At the penultimate, or last shedding of the skin but one, the insect of course passes from the larva to the pupa state; but as is the case with many others of the tribe, there is no perceptible difference between the two, unless it be a little in point of size; and at the last shedding, when the pupa passes into the imago or perfect state, the difference at first seems as little, for the new wings are scarcely noticeable, rumpled up on its back. These, however, soon unfold, expand, and become strong, so that, in the space of half an hour, the animal so furnished assumes a very different aspect. I have stated that the insect in all its stages is of a deep ruddy brown colour, but occasionally a pupa may be seen beautifully speckled with interposed markings of pale yellow.

Notwithstanding the length of time which elapsed from the period of hatching to that of maturity, and the small apparent number that at first made their appearance on board, yet in little more than a year our vessel was literally swarming; and it may well be imagined that matters did not amend in this respect during the other two years of our voyage. They proved exceedingly annoying to us inmates of the 'wooden walls,' from their voracity, filthiness, and noisome smell, as no place on board was sacred from their intrusion; and where the large ones could not enter, the little ones crept in. Wherever we went, above, below, to the hold or the main-deck, there might some of their number be seen. They usually crawled about quietly during the day, or kept out of sight in their hiding-places, but at night exhibited their full force, and issued forth 'in shoals and millions.' At times during the night, and even sometimes during the day, the males, as if by one consent and impulse, bounced forth, fluttering their wings, and scampering along in irregular runs and short flights, striking one in the face, and crawling over his clothes,

up his coat-sleeves, and trousers. At these times they seemed perfectly indifferent about their personal safety, and could be caught and killed without trouble. After being about a couple of years at sea, my bed cabin was so grievously infested with their swarms, that I attempted to lessen their numbers by trapping and killing them. For this purpose I took a water ewer and baited it with a little treacle in its bottom; for of all sweets, and this in particular, they are exceedingly fond; and attracted by it during the night, they dropped in to satisfy their appetite. Once in, they could not again clamber up the steep, smooth sides of the vessel, and in this manner I had it filled, night after night, within two inches of the top; yet notwithstanding the thousands thus caught and destroyed, I found the task a fruitless one, for there was no perceptible diminution of their numbers. I had also a tame snipe which lived entirely on cockroaches, catching and gobbling them down with great expertness; but they at last repaid the favour in kind, by fastening on its breast when asleep, and eating the flesh off its bones.

For food the cockroaches scarcely refuse anything: in the destruction of books they are not inferior to the Goths and Vandals; and all sorts of paper, written and clean, except brown, afford them a meal. The best method of preserving books exposed to their ravages, is to cover them with clean washed cotton or linen cloth, which they will not touch; but if soiled with anything edible, they will gnaw it through in the soiled spots. Cork they like very well, and are not averse to rotten wood, especially if impregnated with oil, though the pure oil itself they do not touch; casks of oil have been lost by their perforations through the softer portions of the wood; and in fact all sorts of casks are liable to be thus unceremoniously tapped, if the contents suit their palates. They will make a meal off salt meat, if boiled, and are very fond of fresh, but indeed refuse no sort of animal matter their teeth can gnaw, and these are none of the softest; even birds' skins, smeared with arsenical soap, they will greedily devour, as I found to my cost. Biscuits are their delight, and they waste more than they eat; for not only do they drill them in holes, but smut them all over: so bad did our bread latterly become from this cause, that absolute want alone could have forced us to use it. Leather-covered trunks are stripped by them in a short time, and shoes pierced into holes; they drink ink, devour vellum, and batten on the ordure of fowls. A bit of their fellows affords a high relish, and one is no sooner wounded, and unable to defend itself, than he is lugged away and eaten up; but worse than all this, they attacked even us, the lords of creation, and frequently, during sleep, ate our flesh to the bone. Though no exposed part is free from their depredations, yet they are more particularly disposed to attack the points of the fingers adjoining the nails, where they nibble away the skin to the quick. They have their own likings too, and prefer certain individuals to others; so that while some have nothing to fear, others cannot fall asleep with any part of their person exposed without sustaining injury from their pincers. Often have I seen our chief officer get up in the morning with his neck and ears clotted with gore, whilst our third officer was scarcely if ever molested by them.

A ship much distressed by scurvy once put into Guam, part of whose crew, poor wretches, half dead in their hammocks, had their limbs literally eaten by cockroaches in holes to the bones; and a few who had died unobserved, or been gnawed to death, were taken out with the flesh half devoured. Great guns have been entered in logbooks as 'destroyed by cockroaches,' and the sailors declare that they eat the edge off their razors! The damp sea air and salt water had no doubt corroded the former into holes, where the insects found refuge; and licking the oil off the edge of the latter, they probably left a little moisture instead, which soon roughened and blunted the instrument.

Cockroaches, like all other animals, have their ene-

mies; probably the most destructive of these is man, for the sailor abhors them, and always endeavours to kill as many as he can. They have perhaps next in order several of the ichneumons—species of flies that, like the cuckoo, are not at the trouble to hatch their own young, but force this office upon others, at the expense of their own natural brood. Many cockroaches' eggs are thus pierced by the ovipositor of two sorts of this fly, a small and a large one. Of the former, instead of a brood of fourteen or sixteen young cockroaches, I have counted as many as one hundred and seventy-one in a single egg; of the latter there are never more than one. The grubs of these ichneumons of course feed on the contents of the egg, which sustains them till ready for their change to the perfect or insect state, when they pierce the shell and take wing.

EASY WAY OF GAINING OR LOSING FIVE YEARS OF LIFE.

Early rising has been often extolled, and extolled in vain; for people think that an hour's additional sleep is very comfortable, and can make very little difference after all. But an hour gained or wasted every day makes a great difference in the length of our lives, which we may see by a very simple calculation. First, we will say that the average of mankind spend 16 hours of every 24 awake and employed, and 8 in bed. Now, each year having 365 days, if a diligent person abstract from sleep 1 hour daily, he lengthens his year 365 hours, or 23 days of 16 hours each, the length of a *waking* day, which is what we call a day in these calculations. We will take a period of 40 years, and see how it may be decreased or added to by sloth or energy. A person sleeping 8 hours a-day has his full average of 365 days in the year, and may therefore be said to enjoy complete his . . . 40 years. Let him take 9 hours' sleep, and his year has but 342 days, so that he lives only 37½ ... With 10 hours in bed, he has 319 days, and his life is . . . 35 ... In like manner, if the sleep is limited to 7 hours, our year has 388 days, and instead of 40, we live 42½ ... And if 6 hours is our allowance of slumber, we have 411 days in the year, and live . . . 45 ...

By this we see that in 40 years, 2 hours daily occasion either a loss or gain of *five years*! How much might be done in this space! What would we not give at the close of life for another lease of 5 years! And how bitter the reflection would be at such a time, if we reflected at all, that we had wilfully given up this portion of our existence merely that we might lie a little longer in bed in the morning!

VARIETIES OF MILK.

As far as we know, no nation uses the milk of any carnivorous animal. There is no reason for believing that the milk of this order of animals would be either disagreeable or unwholesome; but the ferocity and restlessness of the creatures will always present an obstacle to the experiment. The different milks of those animals with which we are acquainted agree in their chemical qualities, and is confirmed by the fact, that other animals besides man can be nourished in infancy by the milk of very distinct species. Rats and leversets have been suckled by cats, fawns by ewes, foals by goats, and man, in all stages of his existence, has been nourished by the milk of various animals, except the carnivorous. The milk of the mare is inferior in oily matter to that of the cow, but it is said to contain more sugar, and other salts. The milk of the ewe is as rich as that of the cow in oil, but contains less sugar than that of other animals. Cheese made of ewe milk is still made in England and Scotland, but it is gradually being disused. The milk of the ass approaches that of human milk in several of its qualities. To this resemblance it owes its use by invalids in pulmonary complaints, but it has no particular virtue to recommend its preference, and is only prescribed by nurses. Goat's milk perhaps stands next to that of the cow in its qualities; it is much used in Southern Europe. It affords excellent cheese and butter, its cream being rich, and more copious than that from cows. Camel's milk is employed in China, Africa, and, in short, in all those countries where the animal flourishes. It is, however, poor in every respect, but still, being milk, it is

invaluable where butter is not to be procured. The milk of the sow resembles that of the cow, and is used at Canton and other parts of China. The milk of the buffalo is also like that of the cow, though the two animals belong to different species. Every preparation of milk, and every separate ingredient of it, is wholesome: milk, cream, butter, cheese, fresh curds, whey, skimmed milk, butter-milk, &c. Butter-milk and whey will undergo a spontaneous vinous fermentation, if kept long enough, and alcohol can be distilled from it. The Tartars, it is well known, prepare large quantities of spirituous drink from mare's milk.—*Laing's Notes of a Traveller.*

SONNET.

TO L——. CHRISTMAS.

The earth is silent, and the winter air
Sullen with snows and storms; the chill night wind
Withers with scoff and scorn whate'er behind
Lags of the faded year in woodland bare.
Of all the glorious company that there
Of flowers once flaunted, none now shine for thee:
Midway they left thee, for so friends will flee
When friends most need them. Must man, then, despair?
No! for I see through God's uncurtained sky
Openings of worlds which have no winter, night,
Sorrow, nor change! I hear the angels cry,
Like brothers, unto weary men of woe—
And weary men, where'er they are, reply—
'A child is born! to change all dark to light,
To heal the wounded, raise the weak who fall!
Glory to God on high! and peace even here below!'

M. S. J.

THE PIKE.

The pike, commonly called Jack when under three or four pounds in weight, is a well-known fish—like many of us, better known than trusted or treated. He is a greedy, unsocial, tyrannical savage, and is hated like a Bluebeard. Everybody girds at him with spear, gaff, hook, net, snare, and even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. The horrible gorge hook is especially invented for the torment of his maw. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe—man. His voracity is unbounded, and like the most accomplished corporate officer, he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh, and fowl. Dyspepsy never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe—he can fast without inconvenience for a fortnight. He can gorge himself then to beyond the gills without the slightest derangement of the stomach. He is shark and ostrich combined. His body is comely to look at; and if he could hide his head—by no means a diminished one—his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate habits, however, render him an object of disgust and dread. He devours his own children; but strange to say, likes better (for eating) the children of his neighbours. Heat spoils his appetite, cold sharpens it; and this very day (30th December 1846) a friend has sent me a gormandising specimen, caught by an armed gudgeon amidst the ice and snow of the Thames near Marlow. I envy the pike's constitution.—*Handbook of Angling.*

THE ELECTROTYPE.

We owe to Professor Daniell, the author of the sustaining battery, the discovery of the principle of electro-metallurgy; to Mr C. J. Jordan, the author of the earliest published account on the subject in this country, the invention of the application of that principle to practical purposes in the arts, known as the electrotype; and to Mr Thomas Spencer the earliest improvement in the means of obtaining casts by the new process. But this account only applies to England; it is undisputed that the earliest practical results were obtained by M. Jacobi of St Petersburg. *Mechanics' Magazine for June.*

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A TRIP TO THE WYE AND SOUTH WALES.

WE had lately the pleasure of making a flying visit to the West of England and a portion of South Wales. Devonshire, as far as Torquay, we tried in the first place; but repelled by the humidity of the climate, we were fain to seek sunshine, and a dry atmosphere, on the green and picturesque banks of the Wye. No man who has not been in Herefordshire can be said to have seen England; but to be seen rightly, it should, if possible, be visited in May, when the blossom of its orchards, and the rich green of its meadows, present the effect of a universal garden. Not only is the country beautiful in itself, but its approaches are charming. What a fine thing is the long winding vale of Stroud, with its sprinkling of white cottages among the trees, and fields to the tops of the hills—a scene in which is happily blended manufacturing industry with rural imagery! Through this vale a branch of the Great Western carries us onward to Gloucester, where we bid adieu to the rail, and take to coach travel.

I had been several times in Gloucester previously, but had not till now an opportunity of visiting the cathedral. It is a building whose antiquity carries us back to the days of the West Saxons, and unites in its style the rounded with that of the lighter and more fanciful Norman arch. Like most of the English cathedrals, it suffered by the civil wars, and much of its finer ornamental work is irretrievably destroyed. Lately, the interior has been trimmed a little; and its monuments seem to be safe from further depredation. By far the finest thing about it is the cloisters. These form a quadrangular covered walk, entire as it was left by the pre-reformation clergy; and as such, I believe, it is unique in Britain. No archaeologist should pass through Gloucester without seeing these famed cloisters. Beneath the choir of the cathedral there is a mortuary chapel, similar to that under the cathedral of Glasgow. Here we walk in crepuscular aisles among heavy rounded pillars, shortened by the accumulation of damp earth under foot. The large and dismal vault, which admits of restoration to at least a condition of decent cleanliness, is at present employed as a receptacle for skulls, ribs, leg bones, and other fragments of mortality, thrown up from the graves in the adjoining churchyard. It is a horrible sight. For one heap, I should think there could not be fewer than twenty cart-loads of bones. The English are a curious people. What an uproar they make when a clergyman refuses to perform a funeral service at the entombment of their relations—with what indifference do they see and hear of the grubbing in graveyards, and of supra-terrestrial accumulations of mortality like the present! Perhaps the exhibition I am speaking of helps to make up the slow of the cathedral, and renders it more worthy of

the two shillings, per tariff, which our party of four had to pay for admission.

Gloucester is rising as a port for shipping, by means of a large canal, connecting it with the Bristol Channel; it is also becoming a considerable centre for railway traffic. When the railway to Hereford is completed, the upper Wye may be easily reached by tourists. To carry us westward to Ross, we procured an open chaise, and favoured by the finest weather, soon reached our destination, sixteen miles distant—intermediate country undulating and beautiful. Ross, where we remained a day, occupies a knoll on the left bank of the Wye, and with its church spire, antique gables, and one or two fancy turrets, forms a pleasing object in the landscape. The interior of the town is mean and irregular, and its lanes would make up a first-rate case for sanitarians. Alas, John Kyrle, thy good deeds, though inspiring Pope, have failed to inspire thine own townsmen! And is it not something of a shame to this prettily-situated town, with its vast capabilities for improvement and purification, that no new 'Man of Ross' should have arisen to emulate the efforts of him from whom it derives its only claim to celebrity?

At Ross, we took up our quarters at Barrett's Hotel, the situation of which, on the high ground overlooking, on the west, the windings of the Wye, it would not be easy to match: the green, sylvan country spreading away in hill and plain; the clear river beneath mirroring the blue sky and its thin feathery clouds; the lazy movements of a boat in which is a party of pleasure; the Paul-Potterish herd of cattle browsing on a meadow beyond; the villas and hamlets embosomed in trees—all compose a picture genuinely English. But still more English are the tastefully-laid-out grounds of the hotel, with their rockery, trim paths, greenhouse, patches of flowers, and commodiously-placed seats—on one of which we are enjoying the balmy evening air, and watching the great broad sun as he prepares to descend among the Welsh mountains. Adjoining these grounds is the churchyard of Ross, and by a pathway in that direction are found some pleasing walks across fields and along shady lanes—all equally English.

Down the Wye, four miles from Ross, and on the opposite side of the river, is situated Goodrich Court, the handsome seat of the late Sir Samuel Meyrick, and noted for its collection of armour and other objects of antiquity. Near it, on the top of a crag overhanging the Wye, is the ruin of Goodrich Castle, which was bombarded and destroyed during the civil wars, after a long and gallant defence by the Cavalier party. The view towards Ross from the summit of the ancient keep, to which we clambered, is one of the best points on the river. Below Goodrich, the banks of the Wye improve in picturesque beauty; and at one place they

rise into tall cliffs, richly decorated with natural foliage. From this to Monmouth is perhaps the finest part of the Wye. Following the carriage-road, and crossing the river at Monmouth to the high grounds on the south, we had some superb prospects, rendered additionally interesting from the many elegant mansions which here and there reposed in the bosom of the wooded banks. Seduced by a local guide-book, we proceeded three miles in a southerly direction from Monmouth in quest of a Druidic rocking-stone, which was said to stand on the summit of a conspicuous height in Dean Forest. Truly enough, after a pedestrian tramp to the top of a hill, escorted by a troop of juvenile lazzaroni, we reached the so-called rocking-stone, which in three minutes we discovered to be no rocking-stone at all, though sufficiently like one to form a subject of local wonder. It consists of a huge unshapely mass of a softish conglomerate, about twelve feet in height, slopingly resting, by a base of three feet, on a rock of the same material. The whole, in fact, is immovable, and but one rock, as is observable from the stratification; and the form of a rocking-stone has been given only by the abrasion of the weather. A few more winters, and the point of rest will crumble away, causing the incumbent mass to go thundering down the hill over which it impends. As the public road is beneath, we cannot admire the temerity which leaves such an engine of destruction in its present precarious position. What mythic legends and stories are told of this rocking-stone, which assuredly never rocked since the creation! Geologically, the stone is curious.

Having on a previous occasion seen the lower part of the Wye, with Tintern Abbey and Chepstow, we had no wish on the present occasion to go further down the river; and so, returning to Monmouth, we proceeded thence by the pretty vale of Crickhowel to Abergavenny and Bwlch. We were now in South Wales, and spent a few pleasant days in rambling about Brecknockshire and part of Radnorshire—country all beautiful; green hills and glittering waters; old moss-grown churches; hamlets, and villages, not over-tidy; and plenty of toll-bars, all the reformatory doings of Rebecca notwithstanding.

From Brecon, a substantial county town, with a large military barracks, we crossed the hills in a southerly direction to Merthyr-Tydvil, a distance of twenty miles. On reaching the culminating point, and dropping down into the valley of the Taff, we found ourselves in a new world. The green wooded region of Brecknockshire, with its placid life, is exchanged for bare pastoral heights and valleys, filled with the ashes, smoke, and tumult of a Pandemonium. Merthyr may be called the centre of those great iron-works in Glamorganshire and adjacent counties which threaten to alter the character of South Wales—transforming a thinly-peopled country, with primitive habits, into a species of Lancashire; a Lancashire, however, without the intellectual qualities which distinguish that scene of English industry.

Everybody is recommended to visit Merthyr for the first time at night, when its furnaces, vomiting forth fires, are seen to the best advantage. We came upon the town in daylight, but having remained over-night, and seen the place at various striking points, nothing was left for us to regret. Situated in the higher recesses of a valley, which stretches southwards to Cardiff on the Bristol Channel, there never would have been a town here but for the discovery of coal and iron in the huge bare hills from which are gathered the waters of the Taff. In an early period of British history, a Welsh prince, it seems, here erected a church to the honour of Tydvil the Martyr, and hence Merthyr-Tydvil. This edifice modernised was, till lately, the only established church in the town. Stretching up the valley from the old church, and pinched as to standing-room, the town has grown and spread till it has reached the higher uplands; the only apparent principle guiding its movements being an attrac-

tion towards the iron-works which have from time to time sprung up. Everything great in this world has had small beginnings, and so has Merthyr. Centuries ago, the adjoining hills were discovered to contain iron ore, which was dug and smelted with charcoal. This was of course done on a small scale, but not so small as to save the woods from destruction. When all the timber which adorned the mountain sides was cleared away, it was discovered that iron ore could be smelted by coal; and there, in exhaustless abundance, lay strata of this useful fossil in the same hills as the iron. Now commenced the true Iron Age. In 1755, or thereabouts, smelting was begun on a tolerably large scale; and in the present century, it has been extended so as to include four establishments—the Cyfarthfa, Plymouth, Pen-y-Darren, and Dowlais works. Taking my statistics from 'Cliff's South Wales'—one of the best local guides I have seen in England—the census return of Merthyr in 1831 was 22,083; in 1841, 34,977; and it is believed that in 1847 it was at least 45,000!—a vast population to be dependent less or more on four establishments. 'In 1847,' says the same authority, 'the place is in a state of the highest prosperity. There are now four iron-works in operation—namely, the Dowlais works of Sir J. Guest and Company, at which there are nineteen blast-furnaces; the Cyfarthfa works of Messrs Crawshaw and Sons, at which there are thirteen furnaces; the Pen-y-Darren works of Messrs Thompson and Company, at which there are six furnaces (this firm possesses two other large iron-works); and the Plymouth works of Messrs Hill, at which there are eight furnaces. There are always some furnaces out of blast. Messrs Crawshaw also possess the Hirwain works, six miles from Merthyr, at which there are four furnaces.' At Aberdare, in a valley extending from a lower part of the Taff, there were eight furnaces, and more were in course of erection.

From anything I could learn, the iron-masters are not proprietors of the hills from which they dig their ore and fuel. They are, I believe, holders of long leases of their respective tracts of country; and the expiry of these temporary holdings forms a serious social crisis in Merthyr. A short time ago, the lease of the lands held by the Dowlais Company expired; and the Marquis of Bute, as proprietor, not readily inclining to a renewal satisfactory to the other party, for some months the works were almost suspended, to the consternation and suffering of several thousand workmen and their families. At length, after a period of lamentable privation, the contracting parties came to an amicable settlement, and the intelligence of the event was hailed with the ringing of bells and other demonstrations of universal delight. What a critical state of society does this circumstance reveal! Reckoning men, women, and children, upwards of twelve thousand beings depending for their daily bread on the uninterrupted working of one establishment! Three thousand pounds paid weekly in wages by one company! Conceive all the four concerns stopped! We hope this is not a probable contingency.

With a small proportion of shopkeepers and tradesmen, Merthyr is nearly altogether a town of working people, the bulk of the houses being inhabited by persons engaged either in the mines or iron-works. It has a few police, but no corporate magistracy to exercise the usual and necessary functions of local government. Till I visited Merthyr, I had been in the belief that the Scotch were pre-eminent in dunghills; now my opinion was shaken. Not troubled with any compulsory arrangements to insure health or cleanliness, and there being to all appearance no superior intellects to project and execute schemes of improvement, the town is very badly kept, and in some of the back lanes, crowded with inhabitants, the heaps of refuse rise to enormous dimensions. But unpaved and dirty thoroughfares are not half so melancholy a spectacle as a dirty river. God has given mankind pure sparkling streams, and how much like a desecration

is the transforming of these living waters into a polluted gutter. Few rivers have so much reason to complain of misusage as the Taff. At Merthyr, where it ought to perform a useful sanitary function, it is an opaque dirty mass; and this dirtiness never leaves it till it pours, after a course of twenty miles, into the sea. Rinsings of coal and iron mines, and sundry torturings in the movement of machinery, are, it will be conjectured, the cause of this appearance. Besides these unpleasant sights, there is one more class of objects which help to destroy the picturesque in Merthyr. Up and down the vale, and crowding on the town as if about to bury it, are seen huge banks of black cinders and débris, the refuse of the furnaces and mines, locally called *tip*. Wheeled out by tramways, and continually extending its bounds, the tip is gradually covering the face of every hill and field. Green meadows and hedgerows are disappearing under the gloomy embankments; everywhere the heaps of black sterile tip wrap nature in an everlasting shroud.*

We visited, and were conducted over, the Cyfarthfa works, close to the town; and also the Dowlais works, which are situated at a distance of two miles above—nearly the whole way to the last-mentioned being lined with workmen's dwellings. The operations need no particular description. The only thing new to me was the hot-blast apparatus. Instead of cold air being blown into the furnaces, as was till lately the case, a powerful steam-engine is employed to force air into a species of oven, where, being heated to a high degree, it proceeds through pipes into the furnaces, by which greater efficacy is given to the process of smelting and working the rude masses of metal. From ore to the finished manufacture, the iron goes through several stages, the last thing done being to draw it into shape between grooved rollers. Bar iron, long rods for nails and bolts, and rails, are among the articles produced. The making of a railway rail, from the time it is a rough mass till it is drawn out and laid on the floor finished, costs only two or three minutes. Half-dressed, with begrimed perspiring faces, each handling a pair of long pincers, or toiling with long pokers in the fiercely-blazing furnaces, the men employed at these works labour with a diligence which seems to be almost supernatural. It is a dreadful struggle, too exhausting to be long sustained, and therefore relays of men shift every six or eight hours. 'The make of blast-furnaces,' says the authority already quoted, 'varies greatly, according to circumstances, and according to the quality of iron produced. Thus a furnace that will make 120 tons of forge iron, is not capable of producing more than sixty-five tons of foundry iron. The average make of pig-iron at Dowlais, where no foundry iron is made, amounts, we believe, to between 80,000 and 87,000 tons per annum; the average make of pig-iron at Cyfarthfa and Hirwain somewhat exceeds 60,000 tons.' Staffordshire and Scotch iron are imported to a small extent, to be used in some instances as a mixture. No iron is produced fit for cutlery or tools; all is of a coarse nature. At Dowlais, I was informed that the consumption of coal amounted to 1700 tons daily. Mr Cliff gives the following statement as to wages in 1847:—'Colliers earn from L.3 to L.5, 10s. per month, averaging about L.1 per week; miners earn about 18s. per week; furnace-men at the blast-furnaces, 20s. to 30s.; finers and puddlers, from 25s. to 35s.; ballers, from 20s. to 45s., averaging 30s.; rollers, from 25s. to, in a few cases, L.5, averaging to about 50s. per week. The average earnings are considerably reduced through the hill country of Glamorgan and Monmouthshires by intemperance, which leads to much loss of time.'

The larger proportion of the workmen are Welsh, and accordingly the Welsh language is generally spoken, though large numbers, here as elsewhere, speak also

English. That Welsh should still be a prevalent tongue, must be considered a serious evil. For anything I know, it may be the most ancient and copious language in the world, but it unquestionably retards the moral and social advancement of the people; and it would have been well for Wales, as it would have been for the Highlands, that its aboriginal Celtic had long ago given way before modern English. Conserved in their primitive prejudices and superstitions, the lower Welsh are with difficulty moved to adopt enlightened usages. It is amusing to hear of schools in which children are taught to repeat English lessons without understanding a word of what they are reading; but when such things are heard of in connection with the church services, they are something worse than grotesque. In a rural district where I resided for a few days, the clerk of the parish could make the responses in the service only by rote. On the late occasion of a new and special prayer being issued, he could not, after a two hours' hammering by the clergyman, be made to read or follow it; and the divine, as a last resource, induced a gentleman of the neighbourhood to undertake the office of clerk when this particular prayer came to be uttered! What would be thought in Scotland of a parish precentor not being able to read? or of a church, such as I visited in one part of the country, from the funds of which a number of clergymen draw a revenue, and which yet is honoured with a service only one day in the year? These are painful things to reflect upon; and, united with the recent evidence, as laid before parliament, on the state of morals and education in Wales, demonstrate the utter hollowness and inefficacy of the system of polity which has for centuries afflicted this fine section of the United Kingdom. The Church is said to be at length rousing from its torpor, but is it not too late? Everywhere one goes in Wales, he sees the chapels of dissenters, without whose vigilant labours, it is acknowledged, there could have been in many places no public profession of Christianity for the mass of the population. Such at least is distinctly said of Merthyr by Mr Lingen in his report respecting the town; and considering the low state of education, with the general absence of a superior class in the great seats of manufacturing industry, the wonder is, that the people behave so well as they do. The cementing element in their social state seems to be money—the receipt of weekly gains; and while this lasts, not much is to be feared. But it may be regretted that the enormous sums paid and received in and about Merthyr should come to so little good. The houses of the workmen, which generally open to the street, have a clean and neat appearance; but they are said to be overcrowded, and the family means are uneconomically expended. Much, I was told, is squandered on gay and expensive female dress for the sake of Sunday show; and the inordinate drinking of tea, purchased mostly on credit from hawkers, is described as a prevalent cause of impoverishment. In the gossiping tea meals the men do not participate; and when they return home, and find nothing to share with their family, they are 'the more ready to resort to the public-house.' On Saturdays and Sundays there is a good deal of heavy drinking, and drunken brawls are frequent. It will scarcely be credited that in Merthyr there is no savings' bank, in which the savings of the thrifty might be deposited. 'Formerly there was one, but the manager ran away, and carried L.2000 in deposits off with him; and the effect of this loss has operated very unfavourably on the people.' Why is there not a national security savings' bank in the place? or why do not the employers unite to establish and guarantee such an institution? We may, however, as pertinently ask, why the employers take so little trouble to cultivate humanising feelings in their men, and give them neither libraries nor reading-rooms? 'To provide for the education of the young, there are no schools of public institution except Sir John Guest's at Dowlais, and the National Schools at Merthyr. For the children of the men employed at the Cyfarthfa, Plymouth, and Pen-y-

* By removing the soil, and afterwards placing it on the levelled surface of the tip, might not a good purpose be served: the making, for example, of gardens for the workmen?

Darren works, no provision has hitherto been made, further than some trifling subscriptions by the proprietors to the National Schools.' When this was written by Mr Lingen, an effort, he says, was making. I did not hear that it had sensibly altered the situation of affairs. Where there are schools connected with iron works, they are supported by compulsory stoppages from the men, whether they have families or not. Besides the objectionableness of this practice, it says little for the considerate benevolence of the employers, one of whom, an absentee, I was told, makes upwards of a hundred thousand pounds annually by his works, and is reckoned as worth a couple of millions of money.

So ends my chit-chat on Merthyr-Tydvil. From this seat of energetic industry, we proceeded by railway down the vale of the Taff to Cardiff—a line of communication which offers an immediate outlet to the great iron trade of the district. Cardiff is also pretty much a creation of recent times. Until not long ago a poor Welsh town, it has arisen, under the fostering care of the late Marquis of Bute, to be a large, cheerful, and prosperous seaport. Cardiff Castle, a modern mansion built within the grounds of an ancient fortalice, may be said to form the kernel of the town; and here the late marquis died, lamented by the whole population. What this nobleman did from his own private resources exceeds in magnitude any private undertaking in the United Kingdom, the Duke of Bridgewater's canals excepted. Owning a large open moor between the town and the sea, he, with the aid of an act of parliament, caused a large portion of the land to be made into a series of wet docks, fit for the reception of vessels of all classes. These docks, extending about a mile in length, and entered by sea-gates forty-five feet wide, having a depth of seventeen feet at neap, and thirty-two feet at spring tides, present an imposing spectacle of shipping. Along one side runs the railway from Merthyr, and by this means the manufactured iron is transferred at once to the vessels which are to carry it to all parts of the world. 'The outlay in money on the whole of the works has, it is understood, exceeded £300,000; to which should be added the value of the ground, and of the lime and stone, and piles, all of which belonged to the marquis.' I could not observe without regret that between the docks and the sea there exists at low water an extensive tract of sludge, composed of the matter with which the Bristol Channel is in all its conditions charged, and through which a passage for vessels will require to be artificially maintained.

I have little farther to say regarding our excursion. From Cardiff we proceeded across a pretty piece of low-lying country to Newport, a considerable town on the Usk, where large shipments are made from the Monmouthshire iron-works. By a screw-propelled steamer, more swift than pleasant, we were carried across to Bristol in the space of less than two hours.

W. C.

A HONEYMOON IN 1848.

ONE of my friends, who had never arrived at doing anything, from having been for the last ten years in a happy state of expectation of a consulship in the East, made up his mind some time since to settle in Paris. He is yet young, and much given to day-dreams. However, though he passed for somewhat of a visionary, he was taken up seriously by a banker in that matter-of-fact region the Bourse; the worthy gentleman having ascertained that my friend Henri Delmasures had some hundreds of acres of land in Beauce and Normandy on which to build his castles in the air. He was a romantic visionary, but yet a landed proprietor. The banker, after a whole night spent in convincing himself that his daughter must be happy with such a man—a conclusion he arrived at by a process of adding, multiplying, and subtracting—consented to bestow her hand upon him.

Mademoiselle Matilda Hoffman was not merely a young lady wrapped up in bank-notes or cased in

bullion; she had, on the contrary, in the atmosphere of the three per cents., imbibed somewhat of the aerial grace of nature and poetry. The chink of the guineas had not prevented her hearing the airy voices that in every varied tone—but all soft, sweet, cheering—whisper the young heart, and fill its spring-time with delight. The dark, dull, close house in which she lived had not shut out from her all fairy visions of the

— 'Gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play in the plighted clouds.'

And thus when my friend spoke to her a language not very usual before the 24th of February, till which epoch nothing was more rare than a union of hearts, it was little wonder that she listened to it, then learned to love it and him who spoke it.

The only unions taking place of late in France were marriages between rank and ready money—between position and pelf. Nor, incredible as it may seem, was this altogether to be laid to the charge of too cruelly-prudent papas and mammas; for the young ladies themselves had more than their full share of the fault. A rage for titles, or a passion for gold, possessed every heart, and had dispelled all the delightful illusions, all the bright-glowing romance of life. It is not long since I heard a young creature, who had scarcely seen seventeen times the budding of the hawthorn, say in confidence to a friend, 'I will marry no man that is not either a nobleman or a stockbroker;' while the friend on her part reciprocated the trust reposed in her by a whispered determination 'never to marry any one but a prince or a banker.' But Matilda Hoffman troubled not herself either about the titles her Henri had not, or the money that he had: she was in love, just as the young were wont to be in the Golden Age. She was delighted to find that he did nothing, could do nothing, and wanted to do nothing. 'At all events,' she said to herself, 'he will not immure me in a bank; and we can go where we like, free to love and live for each other.'

It is but due to my friend Delmasures to say that he was quite ready to live for her. Matilda Hoffman had suddenly shone out upon him as the visible image of his beau-ideal of grace, goodness, and loveliness—as his taste personified. The matter was soon settled, and the marriage fixed to take place on the 24th of February.

On the evening of the 23d, after repeated calls, we at length succeeded in finding the mayor at home. Whilst the young lady was signing the necessary documents, the functionary entertained her with a lecture on politics and morality. He did not find it a very difficult matter to prove to her satisfaction that a government which thus sanctioned love by marriage was the best of all possible governments, in the best of all possible worlds, and might defy any attempt to subvert it. On leaving the mayoralty-house, however, neither M. Hoffman, the bridegroom, nor the witnesses, could find their carriages. Whilst the mayor, in all the loyalty of his tricoloured scarf, had been proving that there was nothing serious in this ebullition of boys and sucking children, the heroic and patriotic *gamins* had seized upon every hackney-coach, cab, omnibus, and other vehicle to make barricades.

That night Matilda passed alone in prayer for the dying. The next day at eleven o'clock Henri Delmasures presented himself at the banker's in the dress of the evening before, which it was evident he had not taken off all night, but with the addition of sabre and pistol, and no small quantity of mud.

'But, my dear friend,' said the banker, without raising his eyes from three or four newspapers he held in his hand; 'my dear friend, we cannot marry to-day.'

'Not marry to-day! Who says so?'

'Do you not know what has happened? The people have been making barricades. M. Molé succeeds M. Guizot; M. Thiers succeeds M. Molé; M. Odillon Barrot is in place of—I forget whom—but no matter—the

people will soon be in everybody's place. Just glance at these papers: really some of the predictions are quite terrifying.'

'Not an instant is to be lost!' exclaimed Henri. 'Where is Matilda?'

He hurried to the young lady's room, and found her in her wedding-dress. 'My own Matilda, how lovely you are looking! But we must hasten to church, for in one hour it might perhaps be too late. You must not leave me longer in this revolutionary torrent that is carrying all Paris away. See, I have been fighting hard—were I not modest, I would say as hard as a *gamin*. To-morrow the republic—but to-day love!'

The terrified girl threw herself into the arms of her Henri. 'In mercy take me hence; far from the world if you will; but anywhere from hence!'

'But, my love, you must change this dress. We shall have to make our way to the church over the barricades.'

Before an hour had elapsed, the curé of the parish had pronounced the nuptial benediction in a small chapel, the humble walls of which were wont to witness only the plighted vows of those who had no wealth save their strong arms and true hearts.

'Now,' said Henri to Matilda, 'let us leave your father to finish his discussion with the curé on the present state of affairs, and let us fly to some steam-carriage that, swifter than the wind, will take us somewhere—I care not whither, provided it be to a country where we can peacefully enjoy our honeymoon.'

'Suppose we take the railway to Rouen? Well do I remember in the woods there an old château; it was enchanting, dear Henri. I spent six weeks there last summer wandering in its groves, with no one to speak to but the trees. I am only afraid it is too near Paris: let us go to the other end of the world.'

Henri and Matilda were soon on their way to Rouen, at the full speed of a train baptised that very morning 'the Republic,' and through the window of their carriage they were witnesses of the general flight attesting 'the magnificent national co-operation that had accepted the new institutions,' and the sincerity of the adhesions to the republic, and evincing the universal confidence in the proclamations that order, liberty, and equality had been established. 'Hurrah! the dead can ride apace,' says the poet Bürger; but fallen courtiers can ride still faster. 'Only look,' said Matilda, 'at that servant in livery galloping so furiously, that I should not wonder at his outstripping us. Do you see him?'

'I see him,' answered Henri: 'it is one of the ex-ministers.'

'And that poor young woman who is dragging her feet so slowly along the rough road, and from time to time looking back with such a terrified air?'

'I see her,' replied Henri: 'she is a princess.'

Thus they beheld pass along before them all that, for nearly twenty years, had been the court and the administration. A dark page of history was unrolled upon the high road—the last unfinished story of kings and queens—'Once upon a time.'

Journeying in this way, the two lovers arrived at Havre. While strolling on the sea-shore in the evening, they perceived an old gentleman hurriedly making his way towards a steamer a little apart from the rest of the shipping. Henri and Matilda paused to observe him. It was the Monarchy leaving the soil of France; and the most determined republican would scarcely have chided the respectful salutation of the young pair—the respect of pity.

But they gave up an intention they had formed of going to London. Was it from reluctance to follow in the track of the fugitive monarch, to come in contact with the hoary head from which a crown had so lately fallen? Or was it the fear that the ex-king might carry about with him, however involuntarily, the seeds of a successful revolution? Perhaps each of these reasons had some influence in changing their route. Neither would they venture to Brussels, for reports had reached

them, whether true or false, of a new edition of a revolution there as well as in Holland, where the people were demanding a little, and the king granting a great deal.

However, as go somewhere they must, they went to Switzerland—the classic land of honeymoons. 'Switzerland being already a republic,' said they to themselves, 'we need not be afraid of its wanting to make itself one.' In the confidence of this hope, Henri and Matilda rented a chalet by the side of a mountain, where they might place themselves and their love under the protection of the Landamann and the old Helvetic Confederacy. But they were hardly on their way to it, after a short stroll by the side of the lake, when they perceived a band of armed nationalists wheeling about them. It was at Neufchâtel.

They now turned their thoughts to Germany. 'Let us go to Germany,' said they. 'There no one troubles himself about anything but waltzing or metaphysics.' They set out, but they were scarcely half-way, when they were warned, 'Do not go to Vienna; do not go to Berlin.'

As their carriage was about to cross a bridge, a female equestrian, with her hair floating over her shoulders, and her long graceful velvet drapery falling over her Arab horse, yet withal of a martial air that might have become the queen of the Amazons, galloped up so suddenly to them, and threw herself so directly in their way, that the postilion had scarcely time to pull up the leaders. 'Back there!' she cried, as she presented in his face a little pocket-pistol.

The terrified postilion fell back upon the horse he was riding, while Henri, putting his head out of the carriage-window, recognised in the desperate Amazon the Countess de Landsfeld.

'Madame,' he said with a courteous smile, 'I beg to assure you that we are neither Prussian gendarmes nor Bavarian municipal guards. Have the goodness, then, to reserve your powder and ball for some greater political emergency, and allow us to pursue our route.'

Lola Montès broke into a merry laugh, which made the mountains ring with its echo. They were like old courtiers, but a little more genuine—perhaps the last courtiers.

'Take good advice,' said she, 'wherever you get it. Go not to Germany: they have burned my hotel.'

So saying, the Countess de Landsfeld set off like an arrow from the bow, leaving Henri and Matilda to exchange glances of surprise, and to ask each other, in utter despondence, whither they were now to bend their steps—what country would receive them? 'Let us go straight forward,' at last they cried. And straight forward they went, through woods, and meadows, and ravines, till the Rhine became the splendid barrier to further progress, unless they committed themselves to its waters. They did so, and stopped not till they came to Johannisberg, where they met an old man seated in an arbour, with his bottle and glass before him.

It was M. de Metternich, who was drinking his last bottle of Johannisberg.

'Your excellency,' said Henri, respectfully saluting—the bottle—'your excellency will pardon me if, in presuming to address you, I derange the balance of power in Europe; but we are a young couple from France, who are in search of some pretty little cottage where we may give a few short weeks to each other. Your excellency—who knows all news better than any telegraph, any newspaper—will have the goodness to tell us whether there are any cottages in Germany?'

The diplomatic eye of M. Metternich flashed somewhat angrily; but seeing nothing but artless simplicity in the faces of the young couple, he filled a fresh bumper, tossed it off, and buried his face in his hands.

'My Lord Minister,' said Matilda timidly.

'I am no longer minister,' answered he.

'My Lord Prince,' stammered Henri.

'There are no more princes.'

'Well, my Lord of Austria.'

M. de Metternich raised his head, looking sad as a German ballad.

'Austria is no more,' said he in a gloomy whisper. 'Austrians have destroyed it in destroying me. Diplomacy is no more, for I am the last diplomatist; and I!— Oh, Talleyrand, thou hast done well to die! The great art of working the hinges upon which all politics turn is at an end for ever. The people break the hinges when they cannot open them, and the axe is a hammer that opens every lock. We have fallen upon evil times, when words are of no other use to statesmen than to express their thoughts, and that even when perhaps they have none to express. Pity me then; behold me reduced to swallowing my last refuge of diplomacy—that is to say, my Johannisberg wine, that wondrous beverage with which I have mystified all Europe for more than sixty years.'

And M. de Metternich was silent, having nothing more to drink or to say.

I now lost all trace of Henri and Matilda for some time, but rested satisfied that they had at length found the promised land, when this evening I received the following letter:—

'BRESCIA, March 19.

MY DEAR FRIEND—We have at length arrived in Italy, after having passed through twenty countries all in revolution. Up to this moment we have not had an hour's quiet, for wherever we turned, there burst the revolutionary waterspout. Whatever shore we reached, the waves broke in upon it, and drove us before them. We have been at Brescia about half an hour, and must leave it before the hour is over. We were afraid of Vienna—afraid of Milan. "No strangers!" was the cry there; and though I knew they meant the Austrians, yet I was not certain how far they might carry their nationality. We knew that Rome was celebrating a constitutional carnival; that Florence's Grand Duke was proclaiming constitutions; that Naples had a king to-day, and will have to-morrow a Masaniello. We thought of Monaco, but it appears a republic is proclaiming there. The republic of St Marine next occurred to us, but there they are seriously talking of proclaiming an emperor. A prophetic hurrah has reached us from the Don Cossacks. Asia has turned her eyes westward, and drawn the sword against the Emperor of all the Cossacks. Every day we see the moon rising, it appears to us under every form, and in every colour. I suppose you have it tricoloured in Paris? But it is not the honeymoon: alas! we know not where to find that! To what shore, favoured of Heaven, are we now to steer our frail bark of love, launched into the open sea in such stormy weather? We had joyfully cried out "land!" when we reached Brescia. Here in the fair fields of Lombardy, where spring has already come with her hands full of opening flowers and verdant foliage, we hope to forget the world and its revolutions; but hardly had we alighted from the diligence, than a huge creature, one of the rabble, collared me, and demanded if I were not the viceroy; for the report had been already spread that the viceroy, driven from Milan, was on his way to Brescia, which he believed to be friendly to him.

"My worthy friend," said I, "you really wrong me. I have just come from a country where the very word royal is erased from the dictionary." Apropos of the dictionary, have you still an Academy? By this time the diligence was surrounded by a crowd, not less demonstrative in its greetings than my first friend. I commenced a parley with them, interrupted from time to time by a poor nervous Englishwoman, white as her country's cliffs, protesting that though she did come from Munich, she was not Lola Montès. In a few minutes, however, a diversion was effected in our favour by the arrival of a second carriage. The mob rushed towards it, and seizing upon a man who alighted from it, dragged him into the next square. They say it is the viceroy: I am not sure; but one thing is certain,

that the revolution is here as well as everywhere else. Danton said "that we did not carry our country about with us on the soles of our shoes;" but methinks I must carry about with me dust pregnant with revolutions.

'At length, in utter despair, I thought of Ireland. "I have heard of no revolution in Ireland." "If not," answered Matilda, "then we must not go; a revolution there would imply quiet, for it implies change, and the usual natural state of that country is disturbance."

'Her woman's wit at last suggested, "Why not go back whence we came?" She is quite right. Will you, then, have the goodness to call at my house and tell my English servant—but I was forgetting that the cause of liberty, equality, and fraternity would be compromised by my retaining him in my service—but tell any of my people you can find that we are on our way to Paris, and hope to spend our honeymoon at home?'

'Farewell. I have but time to add, health and fraternity,
HENRI DELMASURES.'

BISSET THE ANIMAL TRAINER.

STERNE says it is easy to travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry 'All is barren.' It is equally easy to glance at the capabilities of the brute creation, and cry 'All is instinct.' But what this instinct is, and what affinity it bears to man's boasted prerogative of reason, are questions of a graver character—questions which have demanded and received the attention of some of the wisest of our race; but which have as yet received, and are perhaps at present capable of receiving, only vague and unsatisfactory replies.

The actions of many animals, and even of insects, frequently exhibit an appearance of forethought and knowledge which may well excite our surprise. A remarkable instance of this appears in the construction of the honeycomb, which is formed, in every respect, on the most approved mathematical principles. The bottom of a cell must be composed either of one plane, perpendicular to the side partitions, or of several planes meeting in a solid angle in the middle point; otherwise the cells could not be similar without loss of room. For the same reason the planes, if more than one, must be three, and no more; and by making the bottom to consist of three planes meeting in a point, much material and labour is saved. The bees follow these rules with as much accuracy as if they had been regular students in geometry. Dr Reid, in the course of some perspicuous observations on this subject, observes—'It is a curious mathematical problem at what precise angle the three planes at the bottom of a cell ought to meet, to make the greatest saving in material and labour. It is one of those problems belonging to the higher parts of mathematics, called problems of maxima and minima. The celebrated M'Laurin resolved it by a fluxionary calculation, to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, and determined precisely the angle required. Upon the most exact mensuration which the subject could admit, he afterwards found that it is the very angle in which the three planes in the bottom of the cell of a honeycomb actually meet.' Though we apprehend there are few who would be disposed to dispute the doctor's pious and elegant remark, that 'the geometry is not in the bee, but in the Great Geometrician who made the bee,' it is a subject which, taken in connection with the many similar instances of skill and knowledge which meet us at every turn, is not only of deep interest in itself, but well worthy of the most searching investigation which our powers will enable us to give it.

But there is something beyond this. It is sufficiently remarkable, and not too complimentary to our mental supremacy, that a philosopher of eminence, in solving a mathematical problem of acknowledged difficulty, should find that he had but discovered a principle which such an insect as the bee had long known and acted upon. But however surprising the acquisition of such know-

ledge may be, it is the common property of the race. All honeycombs are constructed on the same principle, and the latest structure boasts no superiority over those formed centuries ago. Thus, however astonishing the original acquirement, there is no power of progression manifested. No Christopher Wren or Inigo Jones has arisen among the bees to breathe over the cells an atmosphere of taste and elegance, and teach the plastic wax to assume hitherto unknown forms of grace and beauty. From this absence of improvement, many philosophers have attempted to draw the line at this point between instinct and reason. Smellie, in his 'Philosophy of Natural History,' says instinct should be limited to such actions as every individual of a species exerts, without the aid either of experience or imitation; and in accordance with the same views, Dr Gleig, in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' observes, that no faculty which is capable of improvement by observation and experience can with propriety be termed instinct. If we accept this view of the subject, it seems doubtful whether we are not compelled to allow the animal creation the possession of another faculty in addition to, and above, this supposed boundary of their intellectual nature. For though Smellie speaks of the improvement of instinct, the doctor very consistently remarks, that to talk of such a thing 'is to perplex the understanding by a perversion of language.' And yet it is a fact, as remarkable as interesting, that the faculties of animals are capable of such improvement; and that this capability is not confined to the higher species, but extends downwards to those grades which had hitherto been considered as quite beyond the pale of civilisation. Of this we have had such abundant testimony, that almost every man's experience can supply him with the proof. Not only have the wild denizens of the woods been brought by Van Amburgh and others to a surprising state of docility and acquired knowledge, and the king of the forest been taught to leap through a hoop, the elephant to make as dexterous a use of his trunk as a *chevalier d'industrie* does of his fingers, and several of the nobler animals to sustain their parts with credit in the performance of a regular drama; but some of the very lowest classes have developed, in the process of teaching, such latent powers and capabilities, as not merely to excite our present wonder, but seem to warrant the conclusion, that as we increase the skillfulness of our training, these developments will be found to increase with it. We do not think that the philosophy of this part of the subject, considered apart, and as distinct from the ordinary manifestations of instinct, has hitherto met with the attention which it deserves. We cannot, however, with any degree of justice, make the same complaint of the teaching itself; for the number of practical professors has so increased of late years, that an exhibition of trained animals which, a century and a half ago, would have been considered as occupying 'the debateable land' somewhere on the road between cheating and sorcery, is now almost as essential a part of every country fair as those dear old associates of our childhood—the wonderful puppet-show, with its men something larger than trees, and its skies something deeper than thumb-blue, and the venerable but ever fresh, mirthful, and delightfully-ridiculous Punch and Judy.

Among those who have directed their attention to the training of animals, there are few who have evinced more aptitude for the task, have prosecuted it with more ingenuity and patience, or produced more successful results from their labours, than a man of the name of Bisset, who was well known in London, and indeed in most parts of the kingdom, about the middle of the last century. We are not sure that we can claim for him the title of the father of the art; but it had certainly attracted little attention in this country before his surprising exhibitions gave it an *éclat* which it has never since lost, and which has now made it a regular branch of study among those who cater for the amusement of the public. Bisset was born in Perth about the year 1721, and brought up to the trade of a shoemaker.

Possessing that kind of talent which forms what is usually called 'a clever man,' he soon became noted as a skilful workman in the neater branches of the trade, particularly in what is technically called 'women's work,' and as Perth did not offer the encouragement to which he now naturally looked forward, he removed to London, where he not only found a wider field for the exercise of his abilities, but was enabled to push his fortune in another and more tender way, by becoming acquainted with a young woman of property, whom he soon afterwards married. This addition to his worldly means enlarged his views for the future: he established himself as a broker, was successful in his new business, and in a fair way for quietly accumulating a competence for the comfort of his old age, and then dying with only his 'grandchildren's love for epitaph,' when a chance circumstance gave a new current to his ideas, or at least changed the even tenor of his way. In the year 1739, he accidentally read in the newspapers an account of some surprising feats of a horse exhibited at the fair of St Germain's; this seems to have awakened in him a spirit of emulation, and he determined to see what he could achieve in the same way. It is scarcely probable that this circumstance drew his attention to animal teaching for the first time: such an incident, like many extraordinary accounts in our own day, might have made a transient impression, but would scarcely have produced such immediate results. It seems more likely that an early partiality for animals had caused him to feel an interest in their habits and modes of action, which led to a more attentive observance of them than is ordinarily paid. The nature of his early occupation, while it employed his hands, had allowed full leisure to his thoughts; and these thoughts were no doubt often engaged upon instances of brute capability which he had casually observed, and sometimes, perhaps, upon the means of further developing that capability by tuition. However this may be, the account, if it did not first cause him to think, certainly first induced him to act; and he immediately began those experiments which have placed his name so high on the list of animal teachers. The first objects upon which he tested his powers were a horse and a dog; with which his success was so decided, as to strengthen the belief that his system of training was no sudden and immature impulse, but the result of close thought and patient observation. This success encouraged him to extend his experiments; and for his next pupils he selected two monkeys, which he trained to the performance of a regular exhibition; one of them going through a good imitation of biped dancing, and tumbling on the tight-rope, while his companion held a lighted candle in one paw, and played a barrel organ with the other. As these feats began to attract attention, and draw considerable audiences to witness them, he resolved to pursue his system on a more extended scale; and the result was equally creditable to his ingenuity and his patience. Having procured three young cats, he contrived to teach them not only so to strike the dulcimer with their paws as to produce a regular tune, but to add their 'most sweet voices' to the concert, singing first, second, and third, in the regular way. This performance was sufficiently striking in itself, and doubly so at a time when such things were strange. We who live in an age when even fleas are 'industrious'—that is, apart from, and over and above, their usual vampire vocation—when cats turn coachmen to doves, and birds die and revive again at bidding; when mice are dressed as ladies, and go to bed with lighted candles; and monkeys remind us of the enchanted prince in the 'Arabian Nights,' we have been too much accustomed to these things for them to inspire us with any vivid interest; but in that day, when they possessed all the charm of novelty, their exhibition drew such crowds, that Bisset was induced to transfer the performance from his own house to the Haymarket Theatre. There his feline protégés made 'their first appearance on any stage' in the famous *Cats'*

Opera—a piece which, from its novel nature and interesting character, as an evidence that the brute creation possessed capabilities hitherto not only undeveloped, but undreamt of, brought such overwhelming audiences to the theatre, that in a very few days the fortunate *maestro* saw himself the possessor of nearly a thousand pounds. He now resolved to convince the world that however wonderful they considered it that such effects could be wrought on animals hitherto deemed to rank low in the scale of rationality, there was still 'in the lowest depth a lower deep,' from which equal food for astonishment might be drawn. He taught a leveret to bear its part in the singular concert, by beating on a drum with its hinder feet, and to play several marches in the same way. At subsequent exhibitions, sparrows, linnets, and canaries, spelt the names of the company, told the hour and minute of the day, and performed other feats of a similar nature; and as a crowning specimen of his power over the inferior races, he trained six turkeys to go through a regular dance; and one to fetch and carry like a dog, and, with blackened claws on a chalked board, to trace out the name of any person present that was placed before it. The means by which he contrived to accomplish such surprising ends, not merely with animals of recognised sagacity, but with creatures which had been deemed incapable of exhibiting a ray of intelligence, were of course known only to himself; and as the results appeared to warrant the presumption that he had found the golden key to the coffers of prosperity, he was naturally not anxious to peril his expectations by unlocking 'the secrets of the prison-house.' But though it is to be feared that, had his system of instruction been disclosed, it would not have been found to accord with the dictates of humanity—for he confessed that he had taught the poor turkeys on the Eastern method, by heating the floor beneath them—there is still much left for the results of ingenuity and patience, and much more for the existence of a capacity in the animals themselves, hitherto unsuspected, and perhaps even now capable of higher development under improved means.

Bisset's own labours in the field, however, now received a premature check. He had gone on for some time reaping his golden harvest, and no doubt calculating that the same seed would always produce the same fruit. But the simple-hearted shoemaker had yet to learn the instability of the popular mind. The novel character of his early exhibitions had caught the attention of the town; they became the rage, and every one was eager to witness them: this zest had now begun to cool; the votaries of fashion had set up some other idol; and poor Bisset had the mortification to see the benches, which had once scarcely sufficed to accommodate the crowds that eagerly thronged to fill them, now gradually grow thinner and thinner. His exhibitions were more carefully got up than ever, and varied by every means which he possessed; but all would not do: the public curiosity was satisfied, and they would no longer draw. Bisset did not find the expense of his establishment decrease in the same ratio as its magnetic powers, and saw his guineas melt away like snow in the sunbeam, till he was at last compelled to dispose of a portion of his long-cherished animals, and descend to an itinerant exhibition of the rest. Even this resource seems to have been only partially successful; for we find him in 1775 abandoning London altogether, and travelling through a portion of the north of England; till at length, finding it impossible to rekindle the extinguished embers of excitement, he resolved upon a totally opposite course of life—by exchanging a profession whose aim was to raise the brute as near as might be to the level of the man, for one which too often debases the man to the level of the brute. He opened a public-house at Belfast, and for some time seemed not to have an idea beyond licensed victualling. But the habits of years are not to be eradicated in a moment: the old tree is not to be drawn out of the earth like the plant of yesterday. It was not long

before he possessed a dog and cat, whose feats did as much honour to his powers of teaching as those of their predecessors; and being put upon his mettle by the assertion that, however successful with more docile animals, he would never be able to overcome the obstinacy of a pig, he immediately purchased a small black suckling for three shillings in Belfast market; and training it to lie under the kit whereon he again plied his original trade, he bent his energies to this new and more difficult experiment with all the zest which a huntsman feels when he knows he is on the track of an old fox. For seven months, every means which ingenuity or experience could suggest were tried, and tried in vain: the brain of the pig seemed incapable of containing any idea beyond that of wash; and he was on the point of relinquishing the experiment as hopeless, when a fresh method of teaching happened to strike him. Unwilling to acknowledge himself baffled, he put it in practice; and with such a triumphant result, that at the end of another six months his pupil was on the high road for becoming what is not unfamiliar to us in the present day, but was then, we believe, an unheard-of wonder—a learned pig.

The hope of 'driving his pig to a good market'—the force of old habits—and perhaps the astonishment expressed at his success, and a little pardonable vanity in being able to show the world, which had neglected him, his ability to instruct and control an animal whose stupidity has long been an axiom, and whose obstinacy has passed into a proverb, succeeded in tempting him once more from his trade; and we find him in Dublin, in August 1783, exhibiting his pig at Ranelagh. His triumph over its native stubbornness had been complete; and besides manifesting a degree of docility and obedience more characteristic of a spaniel than its own species, it is recorded that it would cast up accounts with accuracy, spell the names of persons present without any apparent direction, point out the words they thought of, distinguish the married from the single, and kneel and make obeisance to the company at the close of the exhibition. These performances, which, after allowing for the usual charlatanism of such exhibitions, were still highly surprising, began to create what the newspapers call 'a sensation.' Some of the old tide of prosperity began to flow back; and Bisset already saw, in anticipation, the return of at least a portion of those guineas which had formerly weighed down his purse-strings. These expectations were strengthened when, on the weather's rendering it necessary that he should remove the animal into the city, and having procured the chief magistrate's permission, he advertised it for exhibition in Dame Street, many persons of distinction honoured him with their presence, and the applauses bestowed on his skill and patience were of the most flattering character. This event, however seemingly so auspicious, proved a fatal one for poor Bisset; for he had not occupied the room many days, when an officer—evidently one of those who consider that even 'a little brief authority' is worth nothing unless made the most of—broke into the apartment, under the pretext of its being an unlicensed exhibition, wantonly destroyed the apparatus which directed the performance, and loaded with coarse abuse the inoffensive proprietor himself, who in vain pleaded the magisterial permission as a sufficient sanction for his presence. A threat of a prison and the loss of his pig, if he dared to repeat the exhibition, was the only answer to his mild remonstrances; and the dread of the fulfilment of the menace, together with the destruction of his property, so terrified the poor man, that he lost no time in quitting a place where his hopes had been a second time so lamentably disappointed. He had scarcely regained his home, when the agitation of his mind, acting on a weak and enfeebled body, threw him into a fit of illness, which, in effect, brought both his interesting labours and personal anxieties to a premature close. For although he partially rallied, and being pronounced able to travel, had resolved to return to London, the scene of his early triumphs and his tran-

sient prosperity, a relapse of his illness overtook him at Chester, and a few days saw his quiet and harmless spirit removed to another world.

SNEEZING.

Among the many enchanting tales of the 'Arabian Nights,' in which our youthful fancy of old luxuriated, we remember there was one of a certain humpbacked school-master, who gives the history of his unfortunate deformity. Among the various valuable precepts which he inculcated, those of politeness seem to have held a chief place; and when he sneezed, we are told the scholars were taught to clap their hands, and exclaim 'Long live our noble master!' One day the dominie and his pupils were walking in the country: the day was sultry, and they were all glad when at last they fell in with a well. But, if we remember aright, the bucket was at the bottom, and the worthy dominie resolved to descend and bring it up full. Having filled the bucket with the 'crystal treasure,' the master gave the word, and the youths forthwith commenced hauling him up again. When near the top, as ill luck would have it, their preceptor sneezed! Simultaneously the boys let go, and, clapping their hands, vociferated the accustomed 'Long live our noble master!' while the luckless dominie, bucket and all, went rattling down to the bottom again—breaking at once his back and many of his prejudices in favour of etiquette.

When this tale first met our youthful eye, little reflective though we were, sneezing we thought was an odd thing to make the subject of compliment. But the discoveries of our maturer years have sufficiently proved how very ignorant we must have been to come to any such conclusion. Jewish rabbi and Christian pope—Arab novelist and classic author—the sands of Africa, even the savannas of the new world—all furnish proofs of the high importance attached to the sternutative functions. Records of this are found in all countries and in all times—except the antediluvian.

And this brings us at once into contact with the Jewish rabbis—those extraordinary fellows, who seem to have been better acquainted with Eden than ever were Adam and Eve—who know all the secrets of the Ark, and would beat Noah himself at an inventory of its furniture. Such extensive chronological attainments must be invaluable in searching out the origin of things; and we are glad we can derive the early history of sneezing from authorities so unimpeachable. As there is no mention in the Sacred Writings of illness among men until some time after the Flood, the rabbis declare that sickness was altogether unknown in the early world. How, then, it may be asked, did men die in those days? Why, they just sneezed, and expired. So say the rabbis. They tell us, moreover, that Jacob, disrelishing this speedy exit from life, earnestly desired that some warning should be given in order to prepare for the momentous change. This, say the rabbis, was the object for which he wrestled with the angel. His prayer was granted: he sneezed, and fell sick. The hitherto unheard-of circumstance of a man sneezing, and yet surviving, must, on the supposition of the rabbis, have made a great sensation among mankind: still more would the advent of disease—and thus associated, sneezing thenceforth ranked as one of the most important phenomena of the human system.

So much for tradition. But mythology also pays a like homage to this 'wind of the head.' Sneezing is said to have been the first act of the first man made by Prometheus. After giving the last finish to his work, Prometheus, we are told, cudgelled his brains as to how he

was to impart to it life and motion. The difficulty, however, was found to be a poser: he needed celestial aid to accomplish his purpose. Accordingly, conducted by the goddess Minerva, he skimmed lightly through the regions of several planets, and at last approached the sun. This was the stuff he wanted. Concealed under the mantle of his divine guide, Prometheus neared the resplendent orb, and filled with its liquid fire a phial which he had brought for that purpose, hermetically sealed it, and forthwith regained earth sound in limb and overjoyed in spirit. Applying the flask to the nostrils of his statue, he opened it, and instantaneously the subtle sunbeams insinuated themselves with such power through the pores of the spongy bone that the image sneezed. Upon this impulse the living principle was diffused through the brain, the nerves, the arteries—and the image stood forth as good a man as its manufacturer. It is added that Prometheus, overjoyed at the success of his experiment, broke into words of benediction and of prayer for the preservation of the wondrous work of his hands; and that this first man, awakening into consciousness while the words were being spoken, ever afterwards remembered them; and on every instance of sternutation in himself or his descendants, imitated the example of his artificer.

It was thus that the poets of Greece and Rome endeavoured to account for the existence of the wide-spread custom of saluting any one who sneezed; but the monks of the middle ages have not been behind-hand with them in the attempt. According to their legends, in the days of St Gregory the Great there reigned a deadly poison in the air of Italy, so that any one who sneezed or yawned instantly fell dead; and in consequence of the great mortality, the Pope ordained that on all occasions when a yawn or sneeze occurred, the bystanders should repeat certain words of prayer, to avert danger from the luckless wight who had been seduced into so perilous an indulgence. But in this case the heathens have undeniably the advantage over mother church: in regard to truth, we believe they are pretty much on a par; but for the children of the Vatican to attribute to the sixth century the origin of what had existed for a thousand years before, is ignorance 'beyond all hooping.'

The custom was of long standing even in the days of Alexander the Great, whose preceptor Aristotle made it the subject of erudite remark. In all countries the spirit of the salutation was the same—from the terse '*Salve!*' of the Romans, to the rather Irish Orientalism, 'May you live a thousand years, and never die!' and among the Greeks and Jews the very word was identical—'*Live!*' The Greeks have a capital story in one of their comedies of an old fellow called Proclus, who had a nose so very big that he could not blow it, as by no possibility could his hands reach to the end of his nasal protuberance; and to give posterity a still better idea of this formidable proboscis, the Greek dramatist adds, that when this Mr Proclus sneezed, he could not even cry 'God help me!' as the nose was too far off for the ear to hear.

But far from being confined to classic ground and the realms of Asia, the practice existed even in the depths of barbarous Africa. Old accounts of Monomopata testify that whenever the king of that region sneezed, all those who were in the place of his residence, or even in the environs, were simultaneously apprised of it, either by signs, or certain forms of prayer made on his behalf, which instantly spread the intelligence from the palace to the city, and thence to the suburbs; so that nothing was heard around but devout wishes for the prince's health, and a kind of 'God save the king!' which every one was obliged to repeat aloud. More extraordinary still, this piece of etiquette was witnessed by the Spaniards among the natives of the new world. The author of the 'History of the Conquest of Florida' informs us that the cazique of Guachoia having sneezed in the presence of Soto, all the Indians present immediately bowed low before their prince, venting aspirations that the sun would preserve him, enlighten him, and be always with him.

A custom so singular and so universal could not fail

to attract the notice of ancient writers, who have endeavoured to deduce its origin from natural religion. The head, they said, is the principal part of man: it is the fountain of the nerves, of all the sensations—it is the dwelling-place of the soul, that divine particle which thence, as from its throne, governs the whole mass—that hence a peculiar dignity always attached to it, and men in early times used to swear by their head as by something sacred—that they never dared to taste or touch any kind of brain—that they even avoided naming the word, usually expressing it by a periphrasis, such as 'white marrow.' From all this, it is added, it is not strange that their descendants should continue to reverence the brain, and attach importance to sneezing, which is its most visible manifestation.

As the ancients cannot now defend themselves, it would be ungenerous to make disparaging remarks on this theory of theirs; so we will rather pursue our theme, and find the sternutative function, in unholy wedlock with superstition, playing the part of an influential, but on the whole very harmless, familiar spirit. Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, all listened to its 'warning trumpet' as to the voice of a present deity; and there are on record endless instances in which a sneeze has determined an embarrassed heathen in his line of conduct. One day, for instance, Xenophon was haranguing his troops, and just as he was impetuously exhorting them to adopt a hazardous, but in his view indispensable resolution, a soldier sneezed: spontaneously, says the historian, the whole army adored the deity; and Xenophon, skilfully profiting by the incident, wound up by proposing a sacrifice to the 'saviour god' who had thus counselled them to adopt the salutary plans of their general. In Homer, likewise, when Penelope, harassed by the importunities of her suitors, is venting imprecations against them, and breathing wishes for the return of her Ulysses, her son Telemachus interrupts her with a sneeze so loud, that it shakes the whole house: Penelope gives way to transports of joy, and sees in this incident an assurance of the speedy return of her long-absent husband. Even the wondrous demon of Socrates, which the sage so often consulted in the exigencies of his eventful life, was neither sylph nor salamander, if we are to trust a passage in Plutarch—neither genii nor conscience—it was a sneeze!

It is true there is something rather anti-romantic in a sneeze; yet in olden times, when Venus was still queen of beauty and love, a gallant would often not have exchanged the sound of its rasping blast for the softest breathings of Zephyr, or the sweetest song of the nightingale. Indeed, in the ever-swiftest world of love—of all others the brightest, yet most troubled—this omen was regarded as the weightiest and happiest of all. Parthenis, a young Greek girl, who has rather foolishly allowed herself to get head and ears in love with a youth, after many sore struggles, and long irresolutions, resolves to write an avowal of her passion to her dear Sarpedon. Let us follow her to her bower or her boudoir. There she sits, the loving, foolish creature! with as heavy and anxious a heart as ever belonged to a sweet girl of sixteen. The gentle murmurs of the *Ægean* come floating into the room; and as she looks up, the evening sunlight falls cheerily on her pale cheek as it quivers through the vine trellis. Her eye is brimming, and her heart flutters as she resumes her stylus; for now she is at the very crisis of her letter, and is avowing her passion with guileless ardour, when a light, rapid convulsion shakes the stylus from her grasp. She has sneezed! It is enough! Parthenis is once more all joy: for she knows that at the same instant Sarpedon is thinking of her with sentiments as loving as her own. The heathen divinities themselves seem to have sneezed when more than usually pleased, and inclined to be beneficent; and the poets used to say of persons remarkably beautiful, that 'the Loves had sneezed at their birth.' Cupid appears to have been especially fond of thus testifying his approbation, as we learn from the sweet little poem of Acme and Septimellus, from which the following lines are translated:—

'Acme then her head reflecting,
Kissed her sweet youth's ebriate eyes,
With her rosy lips connecting
Looks that glistened with replies.
"Thus, my life, my Septimellus!
Serve we Love, our only master!
One warm love-flood seems to thrill us,
Throbs it not in me the faster?"
She said: and, as before,
Love on the left hand aptly sneezed—
The omen showed that he was pleased
To give his blessing.*

This harmless superstition, however, seems to have ended with the classic ages; but the custom of saluting those who sneeze still survives in many parts of continental Europe. In the beginning of last century, M. Morin tells us that the Anabaptists in England had made themselves remarkable, among other things, by the 'whimsical seal' with which they combated this custom; and in the preceding century, the essayist Montaigne said, 'Let us give an honest welcome to this sort of wind, for it comes from the head, and is blameless.' Snuffing, we fear, has had a hand in the decay of this remnant of ancient politeness; for we find the first-mentioned author lamenting that 'there is great reason to fear that we shall soon see this respectable custom die out; for sneezings have become so frequent, and so much in vogue, that it is rare now-a-days to see produced naturally those salutary functions which the human race has so justly deemed worthy of its respect. They are forced from nature whether she will or no, and it is no longer the same thing.'† There can be no doubt that superstition, from whatever cause arising, mainly engendered this respect for the function of sneezing; and accordingly, by the learned even of ancient times, it was frequently disregarded as a vulgar prejudice. But Clement of Alexandria, in his little treatise of politeness, goes further than this, and regards sneezing as a mark of intemperance and effeminacy: he says that it should be suppressed as much as possible, and is most unmeasured in his reprobation of those who seek to procure it by extraneous means. Though very many now-a-days set at defiance this anathema of the Greek Chesterfield, yet the usages of modern society coincide in the main with his suggestions; and when in company with those we respect, if sneeze we must, we at least endeavour to conceal it from observation.

Aristotle of old declared sneezing to be a favourable symptom of health; and the rather humorous light in which we generally regard it seems to confirm his decision. It is a gentle stimulus to a languid system—it is a refreshing evacuation of the head, which at once pleases and relieves us: such, say many, are the benefits of a hearty sneeze. But not so think many erudite disciples of *Æsculapius*. 'Hearty sneeze!' says Olympiodorus and his followers; 'why, sir, you're jesting with an earthquake, sir—an alarming physical convulsion! Does it not disfigure the prettiest face with epileptic tremors! It is a syncope, sir; nay, sir, it is a short epilepsy!' (*brevis epilepsia*). Verily this is a grave charge against sneezing. It is but lately that it first met our startled ears; but since then, we have ever looked upon a snuffer as a sort of swindler of the sexton—one who should long ago have been a source of revenue to some deserving cemetery company. Either the classic doctors are superannuated, or snuffers are infatuated sensualists, who, for the sake of a gentle titillation, and a still gentler nasal intoxication, peril in a single day more lives than a cat's. Their existence is a constant libel on the fair fame of Olympiodorus. Which, then, is right—the Greek or the disciple of Raleigh! The question, doubtless, seems *primâ facie* a very interesting one, affecting alike the queen on the throne and the child in the nursery; but on so grave a subject,

'Who shall decide, when doctors disagree?'

Perhaps much, as Sir Roger de Coverley remarks, may be said on both sides. For ourselves, we are content to

* Blackwood's Magazine.

† Mémoires tirés des Registres de l'Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Vol. v. p. 445 Paris, 1794.

believe that, like the patriarch, we enjoy a reprieve from the perils of sternutation. Moreover, we don't give a snuff for a sneeze—no, nor take one either; but should any of our readers think fit to investigate the subject, perhaps the society *De Lunatico Inquirendo* may present him with a cap and bells for his pains.

A VOICE FROM THE DEER FOREST.

In the midst of the dust and fret of political turmoils, statistics of misery and crime, and the many vexing questions that agitate our larger seats of population, one's mind is inexpressibly relieved in getting into the private society of some familiar old author, or into the presence of some sweet picture of tranquillity and innocence, or, better still, into some remote nook of the country, where we at once find nature in her best dress, and the few inhabitants still in a tolerable state of simplicity. We must hasten to tell the reader that a relief of this kind has been afforded to us in unusual amplitude by a book of the day, which, finding us deep in the troubles which pervade the world, from Paris to Vienna, and from Naples to Holstein, carried us in an instant into such a natural scene, and such a mental intercourse, as we had scarcely believed to have been left to these later times.

Had it fortune to an Englishman fifteen or sixteen years ago to visit the county of Elgin in the north of Scotland, he could not have failed to hear of the Earl of Moray's forest of Tarnaway, which then stretched for miles along the banks of a grand Highland stream—the Findhorn—in all the untrimmed luxuriance which he would have expected in going to wait on the duke in Arden. He would have been further surprised to hear of two brothers entirely realising the old ballad ideas of gallant young huntamen—superb figures, attired in the ancient dress of the country, and full of chivalric feeling—who, giving up the common pursuits of the world, spent most of their days in following the deer through this pathless wild. Men of an old time they seemed to be, of frames more robust than what belong to men now-a-days, and with a hardihood which appeared to make them superior to all personal exposure and fatigue. At the same time, they possessed cultivated minds, and no small skill in many of the most elegant accomplishments. These gentlemen have since made their names known in connection with works illustrating our national antiquities; and it is to them we are now indebted for the book by which we have been so pleasantly witched out of the sense of these dreary days. It is, in reality, a report of their Tarnaway life, brought forth when looked back to from a distant land and a tamer period of existence, but still glowing with unwonted fires, and suffused with the colours of a rich imagination.

The first volume is composed of romantic and sentimental poems, which will, we fear, be felt as heavy, and this simply because of the indistinctness of meaning and purpose which belongs to the greater part of them. And yet there are fine things here, as, for example, in the following fragment of an address from the elder to the younger brother on parting:—

— 'Sad for thee I sigh;
Thou wert the loadstar of mine eye,
Pleasant and ever true to me,
Passing all maiden's constancy.
Thou hast been woven in my heart
Through every fibre's vital part;
For on life's weary steep till now
That we look downward from his brow,
We shared in every care and glee
From childhood to maturity.
I shaped thy toys in infant play;
And skilled thy hand in mimic fray;
Within my cloak at winter hour
Oft fenced thee from the wind and shower,
And oft the weary summer's day,
When hot the sun, and long the way,

I held thy hand, and checked the stride
Thy little footstep paced beside.
Full often when the ford was deep
I bore thee through the torrent's sweep;
And oft to win the eagle's nest,
Held fast the rope which bound thy breast,
And when thy eager arm and grasp
Too short the cushat's tree to clasp,
Have lent my shoulder to thy foot,
And borne thee upward from the root;
Often I kept the orchard gap,
Or shook the fruit into thy lap;
And often at the twilight gray
Held the fierce shepherd's dog at bay,
While thou with willow brand and shield
Routed the flock upon the field.

The days of youth have come and gone
Like shadows on the dial stone;
And manhood's sterner hour has brought
Realities—for visioned thought.
We've proved each toil and peril task
Which childhood aces in idle maek. * *
Thou'st fought beside me in the meall,
Warded the brand in conflict fell,
And when the dreadful day was lost,
And I was 'numbed with wounds and frost,
Thou bore me from the carnage fleet,
Through fire and smoke and battle sleet.
Thou'st seen the joys, the hopes of youth,
Wane from my heart like maiden's truth;
Through days of grief and nights of care,
Watched by my couch, and kept my chair.
In sickness, sorrow, and despair,
And when my sad soul ebbed away,
Struck the sweet harp, and waked the lay,
And stilled the trembling mortal strife,
And called my spirit back to life.

Alas! that I should live to see
The day that we should severed be,
Should look upon the earth and air,
The springing flower, the sunshine fair,
Should have a joy, a pride, a care,
And thou not near to soothe and share. * *

I stood where he had stood, and drew
The sweet wood air as he should do,
And trod his footsteps in the sand,
And grasped the tree where leant his hand,
And till mine eye could see no more,
Gazed on the boat, the stream, the shore,
The water he should ferry o'er,
The lonely rock and clatach gray,
Where he should land full many a day,
When I was long and far away.
I looked to heaven, and sun, and sky,
The gray gohawk that hovered high,
The dewy flower, the birken brae,
And turned with broken heart away,
That they could not—bird, flower, and tree—
Look back and speak farewell to me:
But they do speak, and make their mourn;
The wren flits restless through the thorn,
The linnet sits in greenwood still,
The owl is silent on her bill,
The gray hawk perches on the rock,
Nor heeds below the cuckoo mock,
And the buck bends his velvet ear,
And wonders why he does not hear
My wandering step and holla clear.

But I shall turn in happier hour
To rock and stream, and tree and flower;
The boughs shall bud, and the bloom shall spring,
And the little bird in greenwood sing,
And the owl shall cry upon the tree,
The dun-deer bell upon the lea,
And the gray hawk shriek to welcome me,
And the sun shall shine on tree and tower,
On bank and stream, on rock and flower,
And all whereon I loved to see
His blessed light shine merrily;
And I shall sit thy board beside,
And look upon thy arms of pride,
And see thy trophies won the while,
The antlers and the furry spoil;
And sit beneath, and hear thee tell
Of how they run, and where they fell.
Oft shall we trace the feat again,
By wood and stream, by hill and plain;
And often in thy shallow light,
Ferry the stream at morn and night.
Oft couch upon the heather-bed,
On the same mantle lay our head;
And when the even light grows pale,
Oft spread our meal upon the fail,
Beneath the rock, beside the stream,
And tell of this day as a dream.

So shall the dark years pass away.
 And when at last our steps decay,
 Upon the staff, ere day is done,
 Still shall we totter to the sun;
 And when we may not tread them more,
 Look to the hill, and wood, and shore,
 And gaze around on tree and flower,
 Like travellers at parting hour.
 And when shall come life's closing day,
 And we from earth must pass away,
 Near all that we have loved so deep,
 Amid the heather we shall sleep,
 Beneath the moss and lichen hoar,
 Where often we have slept before.
 Under our arm the fawn shall lie,
 And o'er our head the owl shall cry,
 And in the soft moss on our breast,
 The wren and robin build their nest;
 The hawk shall channer on the heath,
 The wandering buck shall bell beneath;
 And every year at turn of spring,
 Where the gray oaks their branches swing,
 The cuckoo o'er our bed shall sing.
 There shall the wild rose shed her flower,
 And the bat fly at evening hour;
 And there the wood-dove make her moan,
 And the bee wind about the stone,
 And drink the dew, and suck the bell,
 And there the lonely breeze shall toll
 When sweetly tolls the vesper knell.*

These are the words of nature in expressing one of her most beautiful feelings.

The second volume is wholly composed of prose notes, in which the popular attraction of the book chiefly resides. Here we find copious details concerning forest life and the craft of deer-hunting, together with many curious legends of the Highlands, and what is perhaps the most respectably useful thing in the work, many original observations on the habits of wild animals. The descriptions of the forest itself are of striking beauty and interest. 'Few knew what Tarnaway was in those days—almost untrdden, except by the deer, the roe, the foxes, and the pine-martins. Its green dells filled with lilies of the valley, its banks covered with wild hyacinths, primroses, and pyrolas, and its deep thickets clothed with every species of woodland luxuriance, in blossoms, grass, moss, and timber of every kind, growing with the magnificence and solitude of an aboriginal wilderness—a world of unknown beauty and silent loneliness, broken only by the sigh of the pines, the hum of the water, the hoarse bell of the buck, the long wild cry of the fox, the shriek of the heron, or the strange mysterious tap of the northern woodpecker. For ten years we knew every dell, and bank, and thicket, and excepting the foresters and keepers, during the early part of that time we can only remember to have met two or three old wives who came to "crack sticks" or shear grass, and one old man to cut hazels for making baskets. If a new forester ventured into the deep bosom of the wood alone, it was a chance that, like one of King Arthur's errant-knights, he took a tree "to his host for that night," unless he might hear the roar of the Findhorn, and on reaching the banks, could follow its course out of the woods before the fall of light. One old wife, who had wandered for a day and a night, we discovered at the foot of a tree, where at last she had sat down in despair, like poor old Jenny Macintosh, who, venturing into the forest of Rothemurchas to gather pine-cones, never came out again. Three years afterwards, she was found sitting at the foot of a great pine, on the skirt of the Brae-riach, her wasted hands resting on her knees, and her head bent down upon her withered fingers. The tatters of her dress still clung to the dry bones like the lichen upon the old trees, except some shreds of her plaid, which were in the raven's nest on Craig-dhubh, and a lock of her gray hair that was under the young eagles in the eyry of Loch-an-Eilean.

* If such danger had no real existence in Tarnaway, it was an appalling labyrinth to the simple muirland cotters, accustomed to no more foliage than a rowan-tree and a kail-stock, and who had no thought to guide themselves with the sun by day and the stars by

night. It had been otherwise in the old time, for Tarnaway was only the remnant of the vast expanse of wood which had stretched over the plains and braes of Moray, from Rothemurchas to the sea, and from the shaws of Elgin to the ancient oaks of Calder and Kilravoch. Enclosed, like Cadzow and Chillingham, out of the remains of the ancient British forests, within its range every species of native tree bore testimony of its aboriginal vigour. . . . Natural oaks and ash have shown a diameter of six feet, and shoots from the stools of the former have grown seven feet in the first year. There was an alder opposite to Slui which was eleven feet in circumference, and in other banks of the river grew birches from nine to twelve. In 1826, some of the forest roads and large tracks of the wild wood were availed, and filled with the most beautiful beeches, equal, according to their growth, with the best of their contemporaries in Oxfordshire or Buckinghamshire. One approach to the castle was an alley of larches a mile in length, and of unrivalled magnificence; and many a secluded knoll in the depths of the forest was tufted by august spruces feathering into the grass, and exhibiting the richest foliage and most vigorous growth. It is probable that at this time Tarnaway was unequalled in Great Britain for the beauty, extent, and variety of its wood scenery. Its artificial productions, however, were less interesting than the remains of the mighty aboriginal pines, the oaks which had no doubt seen the Raid of Harlaw, and the gigantic hollies, which in some parts covered the "pots" and braes, and were not exceeded, perhaps not equalled, in Great Britain. Of the former there were a few, of which the largest were fourteen feet in girth, and of the latter many of the trunks were six feet in circumference, and supported a mass of foliage from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter, and so close, that the heaviest snow and driving rain never laid the dust at their feet. Many a storm have we sat out dry and warm under their green roofs, and often scared the humpbacked bucks and ruffled woodcocks, which ran cowering before the drift, or dropped out of the blast to shelter where we had gone before them.'

Through this region and the neighbouring hills the two brothers pursued the deer for many a day. Sometimes they would lie abroad all night, waiting to renew the chase of some particular animal next day. Sometimes, to regain their home, they would cross the Findhorn under circumstances involving such peril, that, considering the frequency of the act, it is surprising that they escaped drowning. One of the things essential to such a life is to have deposits of refreshments concealed in various places throughout the wilderness, to which the hunter can resort when it suits his convenience. The brothers ultimately found it necessary to build a hunter's hut, in which themselves and their attendant could pass the night when occasion demanded. According to the description by the younger—'There is a high and beautiful crag at the crook of the river near the "Little* Eas"—a precipice eighty feet in height, and then, like a vast stone helmet, crowned with a feathery plume of wood, which nodded over its brow. From its top you might drop a bullet into the pool below; but on the south side there is an accessible woody bank, down which, by planting your heels firmly in the soil, and among the roots of the trees, there is a descent to a deep but smooth and sandy ford. Upon the summit of the rock there is, or there was—my blessing upon it!—a thick and beautiful bird-cherry, which hung over the crag, and whose pendent branches taking root on the edge of the steep, shot up again like the banana, and formed a natural arbour and close trellis along the margin of the precipice.† Behind its little gallery there is a mighty holly, under which the snow rarely lies in winter, or the rain drops

* Eas beag [Little Waterfall].

† The bird-cherry shoots vigorously in this kind of reproduction.

in summer. Beneath the shelter of this tree, and within the bank at its foot, I dug a little cell, large enough to hold two beds, a bench, a hearth, a table, and a "kistic." The sides were lined with deals well calked with moss, and the roof was constructed in the same manner, but covered with a tarpauling, which, lying in the slope of the surrounding bank, carried off any water which might descend from thaw or rain, and when the autumn trees shook off their leaves, could not be distinguished from the adjoining bank. Its door was on the brink of the crag, veiled by the thick bird-cherries on the edge of the precipice; and the entrance to the little path, which ascended from either side upon the brow of the rock, was concealed by a screen of birch and hazel, beneath which the banks were covered with primroses, wood-anemones, and forget-me-nots. Bowers of honeysuckle and wild roses twined among the lower trees; and even in the tall pines above, the rose sometimes climbed to the very top, where all its blossoms clustering to the sun, hung in white tassels out of the dark-blue foliage. There the thrush and the blackbird sung at morning and evening, and the owl cried at night, and the buck belled upon the Torr. Blessed, wild, free, joyous dwelling, which we shall never see again!

Many adventures with the deer are recorded, some of them full of wild animation, and at the same time displaying the extraordinary sagacity of the animals. There is one story of a deer which, after being wounded, kept up a run till the third day, passing in this space of time over a large tract of country, and making many singular *treasons*, as the phrase is, in his attempts to escape. We have not room for any of these more lengthened narratives, interesting as they are, and must content ourselves with one which, in comparison, is little better than an anecdote, and yet is characteristic of the animal. 'One dark cloudy day, in the depth of winter, we followed a buck, which was like the German leg or the Wandering Jew, and took us all over the forest, into all the burns, and round all the lochs and heights, crossed through the middle of the castle park, down the road of the east farm, between the houses and the square, across the garden, and into the burn at its foot, where of course we lost him for a time. "Wonderful buck, sir!" said Donald; but "*buck*" only by conjecture: for whether buck, doe, or demon, we had never a glimpse of his head to say, and only judged his gender by the size of his slot and the wide spread of the dew-clees. With the burn he returned again into the forest, and only left the water, as we suppose, because he met an old woman's cow, which was standing up to her knees in the pool, where the long sweet grass grows down to the Glac-Lucrach. From thence he went away over the pots to St John's Logie, treasoned all over the wet woody bog, and into the brae of the Tober-shith. I made for the Giuthas-mòr, where a famous run comes up from the hollow, but the deep toll of the hounds passed along the middle of the bank, and went away for the river. I examined the slot, to see that it really had *four* legs, though, it is true, that was little satisfaction, since we have no authority that the fiend does not sometimes go on all-fours, as, according to the Arabians, he occasionally does on one. As long as the dogs led, however, we should certainly have followed, though he had as many legs as a millepede, or no more than a Nim-Juze. Where he went, however, or how we followed, it would be too tedious to relate. Keeping under the wind, we continually checked him by the cry of the dogs, until only old Dreadnought was left on the track, and at last the roe turned short in the face of a pass where I was posted before him, and took wild away for the hamlet of Ceann-na-Coille. This utterly threw me out, as there was no understanding such a buck—who, like Napoleon in Italy, left fortified posts on his flank, and otherwise disregarded the old pig-tailed rules of war—besides which, from his last direction, it was probable that he was a Brodie buck, and was gone straight away for his own woods. However,

I followed to hear what had become of him; and though I lost the cry of the hound, tracked the slot till it brought me out of the wood to a little cottage, where I found Dreadnought, very unlike himself, pottering about at the gavel of the house. I thought he was bewitched, till, as I traced the buck's foot, I also lost it near the same place, and neither he nor I, by nose or sight, could make any more of it than if, like one of Tasso's dragons, the buck had started into the air. While we were groping in the road, and Dreadnought taking a cast about the house, to the great discomfort of the old wife's cocks and hens, she brought out the usual cottage hospitality—the bowl of "*set*" milk; and as I was rewarding her with news of her cow, which she had lost for three days in the forest, and was the same "knock-kneed, how-backit, glaikit horned auld carline" which had turned the buck in the morning—there was a challenge from old Dreadnought in the kailyard! I threw the bowl into the barley-mow, and sprang upon the dike, where I saw the deep print of the buck's foot in the soft mould of the potato plot, into the middle of which he had bounded from the road, clearing the dike at a right angle, over which the dog had run, wondering where he had flown from his last slot. I had scarce time to observe the marks, when the hound opened at full cry, made a demi-tour into the wood, across the road, and into the thorn jungle on the burn; from which, as before mentioned, we had lost our buck of the three days' run. As, however, the roe was now tolerably fresh, I judged that, rather than follow the water into the open pines, he would return for the birken braes and thorny hollows behind him. To intercept him, therefore, I kept the flank of the stunted firs, which, straggling over the moss between the burn and the castle road, are the connecting cover between the jungle and the woods. I had just left the tall trees, and was making for the dike, when the cry of the dog turned towards me; in an instant after, and for the first time in the day, I saw the buck himself; he came bounding through the centre of the little scraggy firs, glanced over the road, and as he leaped upon the dike, the shot just caught him in the spring with which he topped the fall.'

We conclude for the present with a picture of animated nature, which no common hand could have sketched. 'In the bedding season the does retire into the most secret thickets, or other lonely places, to produce their young, and cover them so carefully, that they are very rarely found; we have, however, deceived their vigilance. There was a solitary doe which lived in the hollow below the Bràigh-cloiche-léithe in Tarnaway. I suppose that we had killed her "*marrow*;" but I was careful not to disturb her haunt, for she was very fat and round, stepped with much caution, and never went far to feed. Accordingly, when, at evening and morning, she came out to pick the sweet herbs at the foot of the brae, or by the little green well in its face, I trode softly out of her sight, and if I passed at noon, made a circuit from the black willows, or thick junipers, where she reposed during the heat. At last, one fine sunny morning I saw her come tripping out from her bower of young birches as light as a fairy, and very gay and "*canty*"—but so thin, nobody but an old acquaintance could have known her. For various mornings afterwards I saw her on the bank, but she was always restless and anxious—listening and searching the wind—trotting up and down—picking a leaf here and a leaf there, and after her short and unsettled meal, she would take a frisk-round-leap into the air—dart down into her secret bower—and appear no more until the twilight. In a few days, however, her excursions became a little more extended, generally to the terrace above the bank, but never out of sight of the thicket below. At length she ventured to a greater distance, and one day I stole down the brae among the birches. In the middle of the thicket there was a group of young trees growing out of a carpet of deep moss, which yielded like a down pillow. The prints of the doe's slender forked feet were thickly

tracked about the hollow, and in the centre there was a bed of the velvet "fog," which seemed a little higher than the rest, but so natural, that it would not have been noticed by any unaccustomed eye. I carefully lifted the green cushion, and under its veil, rolled close together, the head of each resting on the flank of the other, nestled two beautiful little kids, their large velvet ears laid smooth on their dappled necks, their spotted sides sleek and shining as satin, and their little delicate legs as slender as hazel wands, shod with tiny glossy shoes as smooth and black as ebony, while their large dark eyes looked at me out of the corners with a full, mild, quiet gaze, which had not yet learned to fear the hand of man: still, they had a nameless doubt which followed every motion of mine—their little limbs shrunk from my touch, and their velvet fur rose and fell quickly; but as I was about to replace the moss, one turned its head, lifted its sleek ears towards me, and licked my hand as I laid their soft mantle over them. I often saw them afterwards when they grew strong, and came abroad upon the brae, and frequently I called off old Dreadnought when he crossed their warm track. Upon these occasions he would stand and look at me with wonder—turn his head from side to side—snuff the ground again, to see if it was possible that he could be mistaken—and when he found that there was no disputing the scent, cock one ear at me with a keener inquiry, and seeing that I was in earnest, trot heavily onward with a sigh.

OUR COUSIN EPPY FORBES.

We were on a visit to some friends, residing in a retired country town, when hearing of the eccentricities, or, more properly speaking, the peculiarities of an ancient lady, Miss Forbes by name, and comparing notes, we found that she was a cousin of our own. This relationship, indeed, was thrice removed; but according to Scotch computation, that is no very distant degree: so we determined to seek her out, and gain admittance to her domicile; a mark of favour not always vouchsafed to the many, the value of the privilege being of course enhanced to the favoured few. After more than one failure, our repeated summons, both with knocker and bell, being unheeded or unheard, we at length succeeded in introducing ourselves. Miss Forbes inhabited an old dingy-looking house, situated on the further hill-side, beyond the precincts of the town; it was several storeys high, tall and thin, and bare of windows towards the highway; and we understood that she had never crossed the threshold for the last twenty years, except to attend divine service in a neighbouring church twice on each Sabbath day. We were, moreover, informed that, since the death of her old servant, she retained no regular domestic, but always slept fearlessly in the habitation alone; her wants being attended to each morning, as the case might require, by a young girl, who gladly performed the simple offices required; for although Cousin Elspeth, or, as she was familiarly called, Eppy, was not reputed to be wealthy, but, on the contrary, was known to possess a very slender competence, yet the half of that she divided with those who were poorer, and needed help.

The door was opened by a stout upright old lady, very much scarred and disfigured in the face by the smallpox. On listening to our errand, and producing our credentials, Miss Forbes—for it was she—requested us to walk into the parlour and be seated. We really felt half abashed in the presence of this lone woman, for the simple dignity and calm courtesy of her bearing, old-fashioned and quaint though it was, repelled anything like familiarity or undue curiosity; whilst kindness unfeigned, and an innocent truthfulness, which

evidently came from the heart, disarmed all wish, if such a wish existed for a moment, to turn her into ridicule.

After our pretensions to relationship had been freely discussed, and frankly admitted by the old lady, she produced refreshments of the most primitive order from an adjoining closet, inviting us to partake of them, and the breezy air on the hill-side had such an appetising effect, that we did ample justice to the wheaten loaf; but when our entertainer arose to leave the room, taking in her hand a vase of the classic shape, which, we are given to understand, the Pompeian damsels used to carry water in, and which Cousin Eppy designed for the same purpose, we insisted on performing the office for ourselves. But with a soft and gingerly step, and an air as dignified as that of some fabled princess, she courteously waved her hand for us to resume our seat, and swam out of the apartment, returning in about five minutes with the vase filled to the brim with sparkling ready-iced delicious nectar, eagerly quaffed by thirsty, dusty, matter-of-fact mortals. And yet, notwithstanding her hospitality and kindness, we intuitively felt that all attempts on our part to converse intimately as relatives were met with good-breeding, it is true, but also with an impassable barrier of self-withdrawal: so we readily accepted Cousin Eppy's invitation to take a turn in the garden, looking about us, nevertheless, in gratification of our curiosity, as much as circumstances permitted.

The reception parlour had literally nothing in it save a few high-backed antique chairs and a table; and in the small room leading into the garden (Cousin Eppy's own sanctum), in addition to the same articles of furniture, there was a Bible and Prayer-Book; but no sign of feminine occupation; no books save the best; no nick-nacks or nonsense of any description. We heard the regular monotonous tick of the clock, but we looked in vain for a cat to enliven the scene with its companionable purr; and I speedily found myself picturing the long winter evenings of the past twenty years, passed alone, without books, without conversation, interest, or occupation.

By and by I endeavoured to frame a romance, with all its adjuncts, as appertaining to our cousin's history; but when I looked on the old lady's countenance, and conjectured at what epoch of her life the puckering and seams had thus disfigured it, and when I learnt that she was only ten years of age when attacked by the virulent enemy which had left its mark behind, I no longer succeeded in fancying her the heroine of a bygone tale of sentiment, wherein celibacy and a love of solitude originated in the somewhat commonplace episode of disappointed affections.

The garden—if garden it might be designated, when its aspect was that of waste land, with long coarse grass luxuriantly waving, and wild rose-trees scattered about—lay on the hill-side, open and airy; a broad gravelled walk or terrace ran along the high part, while the domain was bounded by a row of hardy Scotch firs, whose stems were entwined with rich masses of honeysuckle, the summer bloom and sweet odours contrasting strongly with the wintry savage foliage of the dark evergreens. On this terrace, Cousin Eppy informed us, it had been her custom to promenade for at least three hours, during some portion of each day, for the last twenty years, leisurely sauntering up and down, shaded by her huge green parasol from the summer's heat and glare, and protected by a capacious muff from the winter's frost and cold. The view from this terrace,

which had a southern aspect, was a lovely and extensive one, far away over hill and plain; and in the distance, just peeping and glittering between the hills, the sea, the 'deep blue sea,' was discernible, with now and then the snowy sails of some passing bark, on which a ray of sunshine rested—the only moving object in the solitary scene. Here, too, half-hidden by eglantine and wild creepers, midway down the ascent, we found the fairy spring which had afforded us such refreshing beverage; the water gushed gently up into a small rounded basin, and from thence trickled away unseen beneath the profuse underwood of Cousin Eppy's neglected pleasure-grounds.

I longed to ask this strange antiquated cousin *how* she passed her time?—how she reckoned up the innumerable days which had glided by?—what her memories were, and what her hopes or anticipations? Was she devoted to contemplation, or was it the mere apathetic indulgence of a misanthropic disposition, joined to eccentric habits and whims? After-circumstances, indeed, proved that there was no mystery to be solved; for the time arrived when I enjoyed close and frequent communion with Eppy Forbes, and after a lengthened period had elapsed, her confidence and friendship; which latter marks of favour had been so sparingly dispensed by her during her long pilgrimage, that I felt myself especially honoured in possessing them.

She had been transplanted from her native Highland home at an early age, to fulfil the duties of companion and humble friend to a noble lady, with whom she had continued to reside after the latter's marriage with Lord Annesley. It was surmised that ties of 'blood-relationship' existed between the impoverished Scotch family and the wealthy English one from intermarriages long ago. Be that as it might, after more than twenty years' devoted attendance on her lady, ten of which were passed in a sick-room, tending the heroic and gentle sufferer, who at length breathed her last in Eppy's arms, she was installed as housekeeper at Annesley Park, which became a deserted mansion after Lady Annesley's death, and the situation, consequently, was considered a sinecure. Here Eppy passed ten more years of loneliness, amidst tapestried desolation and mouldering grandeur, happy in occasionally receiving tidings of her dear young lady, the only child of her late lamented mistress; but whenever Eppy came to this part of her reminiscences, she always spoke in a half-whispering mysterious manner, just as if, by so doing, she concealed what the world knew full well—namely, the sad history of the fair Maude Annesley, whose ill-assorted union and early death formed the one engrossing theme of poor Eppy's life, although she rarely indulged herself in *speaking* of it, and then with deep solemnity. She communed with her own heart silently in her chamber, and was still.

On Lord Annesley's decease, Eppy was removed from Annesley Park, and a small annuity being conferred upon her, together with the freehold on the hill-side, Eppy considered that she was permanently settled for the remainder of her days; and, as already mentioned, she had never quitted her home, save for the purposes of devotion, during twenty years occupancy.

It seemed Eppy Forbes's fate to pass her life amid scenes of suffering and solitude; and when trouble fell heavily on her noble patron, it fell heavily on Eppy's heart also, and caused 'her sun of life to set,' to use her own poetical expression. And she used to say, having once associated with the great, the good, and the learned, how was it possible she could bear to mix in inferior society? *She* could feel no new interests, and what to *her* were the petty concerns and gossipings of the little world around? No: she rose at six every morning, read her Bible, and performed her religious exercises, breakfasted, attended to her simple domestic concerns, received her poor patients—for Eppy was somewhat of a quack, though well skilled in the use of medicinal herbs—walked on her terrace and *sniffed the sea-breeze*,

dined early and frugally, read her Bible again, walked again on her terrace, took a great many cups of tea, walked again, and read the 'Best Book,' and finally ascended to her 'observatory'—one of the empty rooms at the top of the house, from whence she made her own primitive observations, and still more extraordinary calculations concerning the heavenly bodies: in short, Eppy had invented an astronomical code of her own. In this 'observatory' she passed many peaceful and happy hours, far removed from earthly cares, pomps, and vanities; and though her usual hour of retiring to rest was at nine o'clock punctually, yet a cloudless starry night often enticed her to commit the dissipation of late hours.

There was one little episode during her long and passionless career which probably was as full of sentiment and interest to Eppy Forbes as a cherished remembrance of deep and sad import to others differently circumstanced. The good old lady would blush on repeating her simple narrative, and use her large fan, not without having frequent recourse to a bottle of pungent smelling salts. It was as follows:—One of the very few journeys she had ever performed was on her removal to Annesley Park, situated in a remote part of England. She travelled in a stage-coach, and the fellow-traveller who shared the inside with her was, as Eppy described him, 'a comely, fresh-coloured, elderly gentleman, who, she thought, must be a law practitioner, from the nice way in which he spoke, and also because he had a large blue bag with him.'

Eppy was a timid traveller, the road was hilly, and the coach was a fast one; but the pleasant gentleman with the blue bag reminded her that it was always the safest plan to sit quite still, with the arms kept close to the sides, to prevent their being broken, should an accident occur. Soon after enforcing this prudent and excellent advice, which Eppy scrupulously followed, there was a sudden crash, and the coach overturned. The insides happily escaped unhurt, but poor Eppy's terror was of course excessive. Her fellow-traveller was extricated first, and then she heard his friendly voice exclaiming, 'Give me your hand, madam; gently—gently. I hope you are not hurt. There—step lower, madam. Don't be afraid—you are all safe now!' The accident had happened within a mile or two of the nearest town, and in the midst of a beautiful wooded valley, and the passengers walked forward to wait until another conveyance should be in readiness. 'And only imagine my feelings,' Eppy added in a softened tone, 'when my amiable fellow-traveller, escorting me along the highway, smilingly asked if I knew by what means I had descended with so much ease from the topsyturvy coach! I did indeed remember stepping on *something*; and never have I ceased to cherish the remembrance of so chivalrous an act. "Ah, madam," said this gallant knight, "your fairy feet rested for a moment on the knee of your humble servant, who, kneeling on the other, thus performed a page's duty, most happy in being able to tender his poor services!" I could not express my thanks, for I was perfectly overcome; and though I never heard of him again, or learnt who he was, yet had I ever married, I would have desired that my husband might closely resemble this charming individual.'

Worthy, simple, true-hearted Cousin Eppy! She passed away as calmly as she had lived, after only a few days' illness; and there came into my possession a small cabinet picture, the dearest hoarded treasure of her life, and which I succeeded in restoring to those who value it as an inestimable relic. It represents a bright happy-looking girl, with laughing blue eyes and waving sunny locks; and *this* was the resemblance of the fair Maude Annesley, who had died, it was said, of a broken heart ere the auburn ringlets turned to gray, or the snowy brow betrayed a line. As Eppy herself often used to remark, when gazing on that picture, 'it was an owre true lesson on the instability and perishing nature of earthly happiness and grandeur; uncon-

sciously quoting the words of St Pierre, that 'Could we allow ourselves to be persuaded that there was no such thing as a future life, how many sorrows would remain without consolation!'

MISCHIEVOUS SCHOOLBOYS.

We perceive an amusing and not uninstructional article on 'Mischievous Boys' in the Glasgow Trainer's Monthly Record. The writer thinks that mischievous schoolboys have never had justice done them—they are called 'good-for-nothing young rascals,' whereas they are good for something, if teachers and parents only knew how to draw the good out of them. The true way of going to work with boisterous overbearing boys is to divert their energies into some useful channel; severity of discipline is unavailing, and perhaps only makes bad worse. We shall extract a few passages on the subject.

'Many melancholy examples might be given of the serious effects of [school] mismanagement of this kind on the after-life of some of the most gifted men our country's science and literature can boast. Punishment may coerce the tongue into silence, it may pinion the outward conduct, but the inward is beyond its power. The very force that squares the external actions by a series of compressions, stirs up rebellion within, excites the busy workings of the heart to belie the arm and the tongue, it encourages the constant frown, it educates the secret determination of revenge, it trains to a continuous sullen obstinacy of character, and not unfrequently converts the generous and openly mischievous boy into that most hopeless of all characters—the doggedly and sneakily mischievous.

'The recollections of every one will readily furnish many examples of the conflict here referred to, as maintained between the mischievous boy and the master. Have you ever seen, reader, such a boy, charged with faults in which he had no share, refusing either to plead-guilty himself or to criminate others, standing calm and collected in the midst of a school of sympathising faces, before a teacher enraged, and helpless because enraged? Do you not remember, as lash after lash fell brutally on the boy's head or hand, and he struggled with the heroism of a martyr to keep back the tear that was forcing itself into shape in his eye, how every scholar felt as if he could spring upon the master and bear him to the earth? Never did this boy, the victim of the master's wrath, stand out so boldly as an example to the school. The master rendered this very punishment the means of greater mischief than ever the boy wrought; the scholars loved the one, and hated the other; and deservedly did they hate him.

'Far be it from me to look lightly on the conduct of the mischievous boy, or to attempt to extenuate his errors. All that I plead for is, that an effort be made to understand his character; that it be analysed and examined without prejudice, and with the sole desire of his good; and that when the ruling principle of his moral nature has been discovered, and separated from the others, it be mildly, yet firmly guided into healthful exercise. If he is fond of power, for example, let him have charge of some of the playground amusements, and the importance of his office will lessen the boisterousness of his manners. If he is fond of combinations, and causes incessant confusion, by arranging, in the intervals of school exercise, copies, or slates, or forms, after some newfangled methods of his own—the summary infliction of punishment, if he happens to be caught in the midst of his arrangements, will do no good; it will only drive him to seek, in less innocent, because more hidden amusement, the morbid gratifications arising from the muscular and intellectual exercise of his favourite pursuits. Let him have charge of the mechanical economy of the school, and have carefully shown him the order of everything, and I venture to affirm that not even a pen will be allowed to remain out of its place. It is unnecessary to multiply hints like these.

'When he is gratified in this way, and won to the master's side—when the teacher has thus thrown himself into the spirit of the boy, he can mould, and direct, and restrain at will this excessive love of power. When the moral character is thus led, the boy works cheerfully, his ruling intellectual faculty soon discovers itself, and the master is enabled to strengthen those other faculties that would lie unexercised, on account of the unvarying gratification furnished by the one class of favourite intellectual pursuits. By a simple, forbearing method of this kind, the openly mischievous boy, the "thorn in the school,"

"the plague of the master's life," may become one of the most powerful and pleasant instruments in his hand for the regulation of others; and a mind that would have been withered or gnarled by a dignified, unbending Dombey-like chilliness, may blossom and blossom, and become richly laden with fruit.'

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Ah! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller—does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle? The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope—"Thou shalt know also that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." On the joyful reunion of a divided family—the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science—he drops the laborious and painful research—closes his volume—smooths his wrinkled brow—leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children. Take the man of trade—what reconciles him to the toil of business?—what enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers?—what rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he reigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the labourer—he has borne the burden and heat of the day—the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening homeward to repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. "See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten—fatigue vanishes—he eats, and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden—enters again, and retires to rest; and 'the rest of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.' Inhabitant of this lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!"—*W. Jay.*

TELEGRAPH.

There is a telegraphic line between Newhayen and Toronto, in Upper Canada, the route being via New York, Albany, Rochester, Buffalo, then crossing the Niagara river, below the Falls, and passing round Lake Ontario to Toronto—the entire distance of which is nine hundred miles! This is the longest distance yet traversed by electricity in a continuous, unbroken line.

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THE VERY WISE, THE NEVER WRONG, AND THE INFALLIBLE.

THE Very Wise, the Never Wrong, and the Infallible form a single class of persons, being all marked by one character, only in different degrees. Perfect Infallibles are exceedingly rare: the Never Wrong are more common, but still by no means numerous: Very Wise people are comparatively often met with. This estimate, however, cannot be presented with much confidence, for the characters are sometimes seen shading into each other in a remarkable manner, as circumstances and gusts of mental affliction may determine. Thus a very wise person, after several instances of extraordinary correctness of judgment, becomes for a time one of the Never Wrong; and thus a never wrong person, having an opportunity some day of reflecting on the singular exemption from error which appears in his conduct, begins to feel that he *cannot* be wrong—that he is, in short, Infallible. The regularly Infallible are least liable to variation and shading; yet even they are occasionally known, under a remarkable access of modesty, to feel as if there were, after all, some slight trace of human infirmity about them; so that they may be said, on such occasions, to fall back upon the Never Wrong, or the simply Very Wise. These, again, have also their syncope, throwing them respectively back a very little in the gradation; seldom more than a *very little*. Upon the whole, the three grades or orders appear pretty distinct in society, the variations being too slight and infrequent to affect the case to any important extent.

The Very Wise people are not a people who make much pretension. That were in itself unwise, and therefore inconsistent with the character. It is unnecessary, for, without it, they stand in such a tremendous repute for sagacity, that their character can never be for a moment doubtful. They speak little on any point; but what they do say is always on such sure grounds, that it tells better than the largest and most eloquent discourse. They never talk about their own affairs, but leave you to imagine that these are managed with an accuracy and success not to be paralleled. In making prophetic remarks, they are apt to come behind rather than before the event; a fashion of prediction which answers quite as well with the multitude, at the same time that it is obviously the safest. They are also great on matters which have turned out ill, always showing in the most convincing manner how they might have been managed to a better purpose. Sometimes, without uttering a word, but merely by a look or a quiet smile, they produce such an impression, that the half-hour's argument of an opponent goes for nothing, and the gravest accusations against them are dismissed without farther defence. The fact is, they carry everything by character—but then how is cha-

acter in the first place established? By having no violent tendencies of any kind, by always keeping a low flight in worldly affairs, by never committing themselves to anything. Such being the general conduct of the Very Wise, it may be argued of them that they are a class in some measure exceptive to human nature. They have not the regimental amount of the passions. Fancy, whim, and crochets have been omitted in their composition. So they never, in the ordinary course of life, do any foolish thing, or any great thing, or make themselves very amusing. Neither, of course, are they in general very popular. They rest in a cold abstraction from the common circle, far too well satisfied with their own approbation (which they call the approbation of their own consciences) to heed much for the praise of their fellow-creatures.

It is curious, nevertheless, that all the most absurd things in this world are done by the Very Wise people. Ask who it is that lost the greatest sum by the failure of that ill-conducted joint-stock company, and you find it is one of the Very Wise. Who shipped most largely in '42 for Australia, when everything there was about to go to smash?—why, who but the wisest amongst us! Who was it that married his cook last year, to the discomfort of all his relations, and the infinite amusement of society for the statutory period of nine days?—and the answer is, again, one of the Very Wise. Whose house was that which was burnt down a few nights ago with the insurance just two days expired? Three to one a Very Wise person. Lately, if you had inquired of some super-earthly intelligence which of the sovereigns of Europe was to be, on some approaching forenoon, dethroned, and whirled away ignominiously from his palace in a cab, it would have been answered—the one who passed as above all a wise one. Who was the minister that was to be expelled from his seat in like manner?—a very, very wise one. This is a vexing consideration for the Very Wise people, but a source of vast consolation to the ordinary children of mortality, who like nothing better than to see that qualities which they vainly wish to possess fail to procure certain blessings to those who do possess them. It keeps up the wonderful system of compensation in society, and impresses on all whom it may concern the salutary truth, that we upon the earth here are none of us gods, but only men.

The Never Wrong are very wise persons, with a strong sense of that superiority of perception and judgment on which their reputation is based. The lady who said, 'Well, I don't know how it is, but I am never wrong in anything,' was not properly a Never Wrong person. Had she been, she would not have wondered at it, but seen that it was all in the fair course of things that she made no mistakes. True members of the Never-Wrong fraternity feel that such is their character from

the beginning: it grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength—so is no more a surprise than it is for the son of a monarch to find himself a prince. Infallibility may be considered as an exaltation of the character, which is the lot of a very few rarely-constituted persons. In the simplest matters of fact they are almanacs and Johnson's Dictionaries; in criticism, quarterly journals; in politics, oracles; in doctrine, popes. They do not converse—they pronounce. Contradiction, in the rare cases where it is ventured upon, is variously received, according to special peculiarities, but the handsome and magnificent way is the compassionate. 'Poor fellow! he thinks so and so. He means well, I daresay, but he knows nothing of the matter. I pity his youth.' Never Wrongs, and Infallibles of less perfect style, bluster; which is unfortunate for them, as it depreciates their reputation. The right man takes all variance of opinion coolly, as something to be expected in the imperfect state of human nature. 'Give them time, and a little more knowledge and experience, and they will see it as I see it, and as all thinking men see it.' 'Oh, my dear friend, it is needless to talk—it was all settled long ago: you are only a little behind, that's all.' Presenting new facts tending to different conclusions is of no use, as it is indeed to present new facts at all, for the true Never Wrong or Infallible can take no such things in: the truth is, it was all settled long ago—in his conceit. It is strange that, nevertheless, these are the people who make the greatest mistakes, and commit themselves to the greatest misjudgments. Who is it that, through the whole of existence, has been remarkable for the false plan of life, or the false code of opinion, or the false theory of science, of business, of criticism, on which he has proceeded?—ten to one an Infallible. It is vexing, but true. One could almost suppose that there was some supernal spite or waggishness in the case, delighting in the ultimate overthrow of such intellectual superbiety, and Jacobinically desiring to see all men brought to a level.

Generally, towards the conclusion of little papers of this kind, I indulge in a few remarks of the nature of a homily. It is of course precluded in this case; for of what use would it be to tell the Very Wise not to be so very wise, or to warn the Never Wrong and Infallible against the errors to which they are liable? They would of course feel that they knew far better than I what they ought to be, and what they ought to do, and how to conduct all the various operations of their own minds. Far be it from me to attempt anything so hopeless as the enlightenment of the ultra-sage, or the correction of a habit of infallibility. I may, however, take occasion to point out the danger to which ordinary people are liable, if they by any chance are led to think themselves approximating to the very wise state, or becoming violently sound and correct in their judgments. The least approach to the condition of having no misgivings about anything, is a real subject for alarm to one who desires his own good in connection with that of his fellow-creatures. When one feels it coming on, he should instantly back sail, examine the chart, and heave the lead. He may depend on it there is something wrong, and nothing but the keenest self-examination and the most determined modesty can save him. In a word, my friends, try to be tolerably wise, but not Very Wise—endeavour to be respectably correct, but tremble at the idea of being Never Wrong or Infallible.

GOOD COUNSEL BETTER THAN GOOD PAY.

A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.

NEAR the village of Elven, on the road leading from Varennes to Ploërmel, in the department of the Morbihan, there lived, about forty years ago, an honest peasant named Trédion, whose amiable and industrious wife Jeanne Marie had made him the happy father of a fine boy and a pretty little girl. Employment having become scarce in that part of the country, and

Trédion having heard it said that high wages were given in the neighbourhood of Fougères, he took leave of his wife, embraced his children, and set off for that place, where he was very soon hired by a rich farmer of the name of Laignelet. The latter was an honest man, who cultivated his land with care; and besides a large flock of sheep, was also the owner of a great number of cows and pigs. His wife was an active, thrifty housekeeper, and God had blessed them with a numerous family.

Trédion had the good fortune to please the farmer, his wife, the children, and indeed every one; so that at the termination of a few weeks Laignelet said to him, 'Trédion, I like the way you do my business. You are a good labourer, and I should wish to keep you with me for some time. Will you hire to me for two years? I promise you sixty crowns at the expiration of that term, and a present of a new coat in addition to the bargain—your board and lodging free—and every Sunday you shall have your pint of good cider: in short, you shall be treated like one of the family.'

Trédion assented to this proposal, and during the two years he neglected nothing which could forward his master's interests. At one moment he was to be seen superintending the labourers digging potatoes, which are so well cultivated in Brittany; at another time working himself, ploughing, harrowing, tending the sheep and cows, or driving the pigs to fairs and markets. For ten leagues round there was not a farm servant to be compared to him. Trédion was not only diligent at his work, but it seemed as if good-luck attended all his undertakings. Consequently these two years appeared very short to all parties. Laignelet feeling that to lose Trédion would be to lose his right arm, resolved to keep him at any cost; therefore, when the day arrived for settling his accounts, Laignelet thus addressed him:—'My friend, I value your services too much to part with you, if you will only remain with me. Re-engage for three years more, and I will double your wages, and give you another new coat. Thus at the end of that time you will find yourself the possessor of a large sum, and can return to your wife, have cows and pigs of your own, and live comfortably and respectably with your family, instead of being obliged to work for others.'

The offer was tempting. The poor fellow consented, consoling himself with the idea that Jeanne Marie would not have disapproved had she been there, and that, in the meantime, she could get on very well with the help of God and of their son, who was ten years old when his father left home for Fougères.

Things went on even better during these three years than during the two first. The harvest was abundant, the wool sold well, the farm prospered in every respect, and gaiety presided at the evening fireside. Trédion, though somewhat superstitious, like all the natives of his province, was an amusing fellow, who bore good-humouredly the laugh which his ingenious simplicity created; and the children liked him because he told them stories in the long winter evenings. No province in France has more legends than Brittany.

Every one at the farm grew melancholy as the termination of Trédion's engagement approached; and to say the truth he felt himself somewhat heavy at heart, though he knew his duty recalled him to Jeanne Marie and his children. Laignelet and his wife, therefore, consulted together, and a few days before the engagement expired—a moment to which all looked forward with such sorrow—the farmer made an offer to Trédion of eighty crowns if he would remain with him but one year longer.

'Remember, my dear friend,' added he, 'that with these six years' wages you will be enabled to bring back to your wife a very large sum; and that with this money not only can you buy cows and pigs, but can also purchase a small house with an acre of land, where you and your family can live in happiness and independence.'

Trédion certainly felt some pang of conscience, but

how was it possible to resist the temptation of securing such a future to himself and those most dear to him? Perhaps at that very moment his children were begging for a few potatoes at the door of some charitable person; but how they would be compensated for all their privations on his returning to them with so much money and two new coats! He engaged, therefore, for a sixth year in Laignelet's service.

This time the months seemed to pass with greater swiftness than before, and everything prospered at the farm beyond even the hopes of its proprietor, who in consequence built a new barn, purchased some additional acres of ground, increased his flock, and what was better than all, attributed the greater part of his good fortune to his faithful servant. Laignelet now determined to make one more effort to keep Trédion for another year. For this purpose he took him aside, repeated all his former arguments, not omitting the new coat and the pint of cider on Sunday, and finally assured him that to the money already due he would add three hundred crowns more at the end of the seventh year, which would then enable him to return home with a fortune!

Never was peasant more tempted than Trédion: however, this time nature triumphed. The desire of seeing his family was stronger than his love of money, and he had the courage to declare that he would prefer returning to Elven. Laignelet could not blame him; and this time he did not try to keep him against his wish, so strongly expressed.

It was easy to see, on the morning of Trédion's departure, that no one had closed an eye the previous night. He remarked that his mistress, the active house-keeper, had not been in bed, but had passed the night in making and in baking bread. They breakfasted in silence, and all were preparing in sadness to wish him good-by, when his master took him into his room and thus spoke to him:—"You have been my servant for six years, and no one ever before served me so faithfully. During all that time I have not missed one farthing in my accounts, and the cider has never once affected your head. Whatever I have paid you from time to time in advance of your wages, you may now keep; it is not too much, when I consider all you have spent on playthings for the children. Ah! how the little ones will miss their good friend Trédion: I hear them sobbing in the next room!" And whilst he thus spoke, honest Laignelet turned aside and wiped away a tear; but he instantly resumed: "Trédion, my good friend, you ought by this time to know me well! I read in your countenance that we understand each other: is it not so? I thank you, then, for your faithful services, and for your friendship." Here the tears rolled down Trédion's cheeks, for he could no longer control his feelings. "Come, come," said Laignelet, "dry up your tears, and let us speak of business. Have you confidence in me?"

"Confidence in you, master!" exclaimed Trédion. "Oh, most certainly!"

"Will you, then, listen to the good advice I am about to give you before starting?" added Laignelet.

"Most willingly, master; and I promise you to follow it strictly."

"What would you say if I begged of you to accept my good counsels in lieu of the money I owe you; and if I persuaded you that, on arriving at home, you will admit that you had been a gainer by the bargain, will you not be satisfied? Now let me know if you really have confidence in me: do you accept my advice in place of your money?"

This question upset all Trédion's calculations. He had often heard such and such a farmer praised for the good advice he gave his servants; he knew it was customary to pay large sums to lawyers, whether their counsels were good or bad; he had also been told that neither the kings nor queens of France could decide on anything serious without consulting advisers, whom they paid highly. He considered Laignelet on a par with any of these counsellors, and had unlimited con-

fidence in him; yet he did not esteem him so much as to prefer his advice to good coin of the realm; therefore, after a few moments' reflection, he replied—"To say the truth, master, I am quite taken by surprise." Then making an effort to laugh, he added in a rather awkward manner—"Ah, I see how it is; you are joking, master. But no matter—it is better to laugh than to cry: still I should prefer my money, unless—"

Trédion could not conceal his anxiety to unravel this mystery, especially when he saw that Laignelet did not join in the laugh, but still tried to persuade him in the most serious tone.

"You are now leaving me," said he, "after having served me for six years, and have every right to the money you have so well earned. Do you think I could look you straight in the face if I intended to deprive you of one single shilling?"

"But, sir," replied Trédion, "how am I to look my wife and children straight in the face when they ask me for the money I promised to bring back from Fougères?"

"I know what is passing in your mind," answered Laignelet; "but I again assure you that if you accept my advice, you will soon be as happy with your family as I am with mine; nay more, you will arrive at Elven richer than you now are. But if, on the contrary, you unfortunately decide to put the money I owe you (and which I am ready to hand to you this moment) into your pocket, the charm will be broken, my advice will be of no avail, and you will reach home as poor as when you left it. Take, therefore, the advice I am willing to give you in place of your money, otherwise you will repent as long as you live."

Trédion still hesitated, twisted and turned in all directions, and looked up to heaven, as though he expected some good genius would fly down to free him from his embarrassment; but Laignelet, who was resolved to make him accept the bargain, anticipated all objections by saying, "I know your thoughts, and it is not kind of you to doubt your old master's word; but I so sincerely wish your welfare, that I am determined to persuade you to follow my advice. I once more repeat, that it will be a great misfortune if you decide to accept your money, and refuse my advice. But if, on the contrary, you place entire confidence in me, and if, on arriving at home, you are not delighted with your bargain, you have only to come back and serve me for another year, and I will add a hundred crowns to the sum I already owe you."

Trédion could no longer hold out against this tempting promise, and the perfect confidence he felt in his master finally decided him; while, half in hope and half in fear, he declared his willingness to accept—*advice in place of money.*

As soon as Trédion had consented to the bargain, the farmer begged of him to sit down, and to pay the greatest attention to what he was about to say. "Listen to me most attentively," added he; "for unless you adhere strictly to my advice, I much fear you will pay dearly for your negligence; whilst, on the other hand, if you follow it to the letter, you will soon be one of the happiest of men."

"I am all attention, sir," replied Trédion.

"*Advice the first,*" began Laignelet: "in returning home, never leave the high road; avoid all byways; and though the distance may be shorter, never go through a wood. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir," answered Trédion. But he could not help muttering to himself, "If the second piece of advice be no better than this, my money is well invested!"

"*Advice the second,*" continued Laignelet: "if you stop in a strange house, especially at night, look around you well; and if you find that the master of the house is old, and the mistress young, leave it as fast as possible, and on no account sleep there. Will you recollect this advice especially?"

"Sir, I know it by heart," replied Trédion; again muttering to himself, "If I could find any one to accept of

my bargain at the same price, I would give it up to him this moment.'

But there was no retreat; he felt that he had nothing for it but to make the best of his bargain. He now thanked his master, and was about to go without asking another question, when the good woman of the house came into the room with the children, and M. Laignelet, taking Trédion by the hand, said, 'What do you mean by running off in this way, my good fellow? To set out without any provisions for your journey! Water is everywhere to be found instead of cider, but bread is not to be had so easily. My wife stayed up last night to bake, and has provided for all your wants. Take this large loaf under your arm, and eat it on the road; but put the small one in your pocket as a present from us to your good wife Jeanne Marie. When she tastes it, she will tell you there is no bread made like it in all Brittany. I will put it myself into your pocket. What! no button? Here, wife!—a needle and thread: sew up that pocket, or Trédion will lose his loaf.'

When the pocket was strongly stitched, every one embraced Trédion, and he bade them all a sorrowful farewell. The poor fellow was so affected by the grief of the children that he almost forgot the bargain he had made.

We shall not relate the various thoughts which troubled poor Trédion the first day of his journey: one moment accusing himself of idiocy, the next doubting his master's good faith, and then again trying to discover some cabalistic meaning in advice which had cost him four hundred crowns. The first evening he stopped at the cabin of a shepherd, who cheerfully shared his supper with him. The following morning he continued his journey, and in a little while fell in with two pedlars, who carried their wares on their back, and were on their way to the fair of Montfort. They travelled on together for some distance, and the mirth and gaiety of his companions put all Trédion's melancholy reflections to flight; but when they began to praise their goods, and begged him to examine them, his hand involuntarily sought his pocket, and his grief redoubled on finding it so empty. Still he was rich enough to spend fifteenpence on the purchase of a pair of scissors for his wife!

They soon afterwards arrived at a turn of the road leading from Montauban to Hedes, and one of the pedlars interrupted the conversation by saying, 'This must be the fingerpost they spoke to us of at the hotel last night, and this is the path which will save us two good leagues to Montfort.'

'It is the very one,' replied the second pedlar. 'Come, let us go this way, as it is the shortest.'

Trédion, as precious of his time, and as anxious to spare the soles of his shoes as his companions, was just about to follow them, when his master's advice recurred to him, and he stopped short that instant, repeating to himself, '*When you are returning home, always keep on the high road; avoid byways; and, above all, never go through a wood, though the distance may be shorter.*' He had paid too dearly for this advice not to follow it implicitly; so he bade the pedlars good-by, and walked on straight before him.

Nothing remarkable occurred until he arrived at Montfort, where, to his surprise, he found the two pedlars sitting at the door of a hotel, their clothes torn, their faces bruised, and telling every one of the way they had been used. They were still so agitated, that they could with difficulty answer Trédion's anxious inquiries; but when they did speak, they told him that the pathway they had chosen led them into the middle of a wood, where six men, armed with sticks, and their faces blackened, lay in wait for them; and not content with robbing them of their goods and all their money, had cruelly beaten them into the bargain. They fancied they recognised amongst these robbers the voice of the man who the day before had recommended them to take this short cut. Trédion consoled them as best he could, whilst he secretly congratulated himself on

having so opportunely remembered the advice of his master; for, though little richer than the pedlars now were, he at least had escaped being beaten. Unable to render them any further assistance, he took leave of the pedlars a second time, and pursued his journey. He stopped, but, lo! and that at a spring of clear water, when he sat down on the grass, ate a portion of his large loaf, drank from the well, thanked God for having preserved him from the first dangers of his journey, and then, feeling much refreshed, walked on until evening.

The sun was setting when he reached the boundaries of the department of the Ille et Vilaine. He hoped to go on to Pielan, where he had an acquaintance, a shepherd, who would have welcomed him to his cottage; but it was even then dark, his limbs were failing him, and he saw with no small pleasure a light twinkling through the windows of a large farm-house. Here he determined to ask lodging for the night; he knocked at the door, and entering with the customary salutation of Brittany—'God bless you!—' was well received by a young woman, who asked him to walk into the kitchen; for the frank hospitality of ancient times still lingered in Brittany. Trédion, therefore, seated himself without much ceremony in the chimney corner, beside a good blazing fire, lighted his pipe, joined in the conversation of two or three travellers, who, like himself, had sought shelter beneath this hospitable roof, and partook of a supper of fine potatoes and vegetables served up again after.

Everything in the house bore evidence of plenty and comfort. Large fitches of bacon hung in the chimney; on a large dresser of walnut wood stood a service of bright pewter, mixed with a few china plates, and some drinking glasses, which latter are looked upon by the farmers of Brittany as a sign of wealth and luxury. The lowing of the cows and the grunting of another species of quadruped no less familiar to Trédion's ear, reminded him of the farm where he had worked with so much diligence for six successive years. He looked round for the host and hostess of the house; he saw only the young woman who had received him on entering: she was very handsome, and very comely dressed, but, apparently, uneasy in her mind, was continually walking to and fro, and every moment stopping to look at the clock, as if she wished to make the hands move faster. Near him sat two travellers, honest-looking fellows, who, from their conversation, he soon discovered to be farmers on their way to the fair at Montfort, and who had but just arrived a few minutes before himself. They knew the owner of the house only by name; he was then absent, but was expected home every moment. A gray-headed old man soon entered, and bowing good-naturedly to every one, expressed a hope that they were all comfortable. His venerable and respectable appearance was most striking; and when the young woman advanced towards him in a most coaxing manner, Trédion at once thought, 'that must be her father!' but on a question to the servant-girl, she whispered him, 'He is her husband!' The young wife and the old husband retired together, arm-in-arm. Laignelet's second piece of advice respecting an old husband and young wife now flashed across Trédion's mind. Starting up from his seat, and taking advantage of a moment when the attention of the others was engaged, he glided softly towards the door, and without wishing any one good-night, left the house.

The night had grown stormy. Trédion roved for some time round and round the farm, and at length entered a shed filled with sheaves of corn, desiring to reach the high road before morning, and anxious for a little rest, he laid himself down in a corner of the shed, and closed his eyes; but he could not fall asleep as quickly as was his wont, his mind being too much disturbed by the occurrence of the three preceding days, and more especially by his own escape from the misfortunes of the pedlars. Laignelet's second piece of advice occupied his thoughts still more, though he

could not as yet understand what danger he should have incurred by remaining near the good fire in the kitchen. Silence reigned all around, and everything betokened how little annoyance the rain caused the guests who had found shelter beneath the hospitable farm-house. The lights which shone through the windows disappeared one after another, and every one seemed to have gone to rest.

'Who knows,' said Trédion to himself, 'but that my foolish terror may have deprived me of a comfortable bed, which doubtless would have been offered to me after supper?'

At that moment he heard a noise—the trampling of a horse—he listened, and suddenly it stopped under the shed. Peeping out stealthily, Trédion saw a young man dismount, fasten the bridle to a post, throw his dark cloak across the saddle, and putting his hand in his belt, draw forth a pistol, which he the next instant proceeded to load. Terrified at this sight, poor Trédion buried himself under the sheaves of wheat, not daring to look out again. Fortunately the horse was standing between him and this mysterious personage. The latter, believing himself alone, advanced a few steps in front of the shed. Trédion, now breathing more freely, ventured once more to raise his head: he had scarcely done so, when a gentle knock at one of the windows was immediately answered by the appearance of the figure of a woman from within, holding a light, thus proving that the robber—if he was one—had an inmate of the house as an accomplice. Trédion trembled but the more at this discovery: still, summoning up all his courage, he crawled along close under the house, and kept not one word of the following dialogue:—

'It is I, Madame,' said the man. 'I am come, according to promise, to rid you of your husband, and to send you another—one not forced on you by relatives. Have you taken care that suspicion of the crime shall rest on some one else?'

'Chance has served us better than my prudence,' answered she. 'Some strangers arrived to-night, and have remained to sleep. We can easily accuse them, and have them convicted.'

'May I then go in and follow you?'

'Come, and leave the rest to me.'

Here they both ceased speaking; and the man having climbed in by the window, it was instantly shut after him.

As may be imagined, Trédion's palpitations increased not a little. However, he had not as much courage as honesty; or he would have roused the house by a cry of murder. His conscience reproached him with cowardice, still cowardice prevailed. He fancied the slightest noise would draw down on himself the vengeance of the assassin, whose figure he magnified into that of a giant.

'I shall be one victim the more,' thought he; 'but at least I will provide myself with undeniable proofs against the author of this crime, which I cannot prevent.'

Trédion took the scissors he had bought from the pedlar as a gift for his wife, and cut out a small piece of cloth from beneath the collar of the cloak which had been left on the saddle, and then with the point of the scissor's pierced three holes in the bridle, but so small, that it was not likely they would be noticed. Having taken these precautions, he was creeping away from the shed, when he heard a heavy groan, which went to his very heart; but once on the high-road, he quickened his pace, and was soon out of sight and hearing.

That same morning, before sunrise, Trédion crossed the boundaries of the department of the Ille et Vilaine, not more than ten leagues from his native village. From that moment he felt renewed strength animate him, and at six o'clock that evening he beheld the smoke rising from his humble home. Oh what happiness! Jeanne Marie was standing at the door looking along the road, and instantly recognising him, she flew with the children to meet him, and all embraced with glad and tender affection.

After a while, Trédion thought it proper to explain matters; but when he announced that he returned with his pockets almost empty, the family were thunder-struck, and Jeanne Marie had the cruelty to receive the present of the scissors without one word of thanks. The good woman could scarcely believe that Trédion was telling the truth, and begged him to relate all his adventures in detail. He did not require to be asked twice; and commencing from the first day he left them, ended by repeating word for word the advice given by the farmer of Fougères in lieu of his money.

'So this is all you bring back to us for your six years of labour and absence?' said Jeanne Marie, interrupting her husband. 'Is it possible you have returned empty-handed?'

This reproach reminded Trédion of the second loaf of bread.

'It's quite true,' said he; 'but I forgot that Madame Laignelet sent you a loaf of bread made with her own hands.'

His pocket was soon opened.

'Let us see,' said Jeanne Marie, 'if the women of Fougères bake better bread than those of Elven.'

Trédion's children leaped with joy at the sight of the white bread, so superior to the coarse oat cakes they were in the habit of eating; but nothing could equal their surprise when, on cutting the loaf, the knife brought to light a purse containing fifty guineas, and a letter, the contents of which were spelled over by Trédion's son, and were as follows:—

'My dear Trédion—I trust this letter may reach its destination in safety, as it is intended for the messenger who carried it. Credulous and obliging as we know you to be, you would have run the risk of arriving at home as poor as you left it, if I did not force you to accept the advice given for nothing, although it really was worth the fifty guineas you were supposed to have paid me. It is not sufficient to have money, my dear Trédion; we must also know how to employ it. Make good use, therefore, of what you now possess; and that God may bless you, is the wish of your old master, LAIGNELET.'

On finishing the perusal of this letter, Trédion and his wife fell on their knees to pray God to return a hundredfold the blessings with which it concluded. Jeanne Marie's curiosity having only been suspended by this incident, her husband was obliged to continue his story for her satisfaction, relating, not without a shudder, the history of the pedlars who had been robbed and beaten, and the mysteries of the past night, in which Trédion had so narrowly escaped being charged with such a horrible crime. How precious did Laignelet's advice now seem to Trédion's poor wife!

Prudence sometimes accompanies riches. Trédion and Jeanne Marie after again and again consulting over their gold, decided it was better to keep silent as to his adventures and his happy return, in order not to tempt the cupidity of their neighbours. It was only at the expiration of a few months that they employed the money, as Laignelet had advised, in the purchase of two fine cows, six pigs, and a pretty little cottage, with some land adjoining. Trédion felt very anxious to know what had occurred at the farm-house from which he had so narrowly escaped, and especially what had become of the two travellers he left there. The clergyman of the village alone appeared a safe confidant, and to him, after some time, he went, and gave an exact account of all he had seen and heard on his journey homewards.

'Wretched man!' cried the priest; 'through your fault two innocent men may be condemned to death. The trial is to come on to-morrow.'

'God forbid!' exclaimed Trédion in terror. 'What am I to do, sir?'

'Have you kept the piece of cloth?' asked the clergyman.

'Here it is, fastened by a pin to the lining of my coat,' replied Trédion.

The clergyman then wrote a note, and giving it to

Trédion, said, 'You must set out at once for Rennes in my carriage, and not stop on any account until you reach the gate of the court-house. Then send in this note to the judge, with whom I am acquainted; he will have you instantly summoned, and confront you with the jury, the prisoners, and the real culprits. Go now, and remember that you are the bearer of a decree which may save from death two innocent men.'

The next day, about two in the afternoon, the clergyman's carriage drew up before the court-house at Rennes, and in a few minutes afterwards Trédion was standing in the presence of the judge.

In truth that very day two men were to be tried for having entered the house of a rich farmer, and having murdered and robbed him while asleep. The accusation had been borne out by the young wife of the victim, who had made her declaration with the greatest confidence. According to her statement, the two murderers had fastened her to the bed-post, gagged her mouth, and bound her eyes, in which state she had been found next morning by the servants of the house, who instantly gave the alarm in the neighbourhood. The two prisoners, on whose persons had been found a purse filled with gold belonging to the murdered man, affected utter ignorance of the whole affair; but proofs were clear against them, and the defence made by their lawyer, eloquent though it was, only tended to confirm the court in the conviction of their guilt. After an hour's deliberation, the jury had that moment returned to pronounce its verdict, when the judge (to whom a note had just been handed) with some agitation addressed them, and said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, an extraordinary circumstance has occurred: a new witness has, without any summons, this moment arrived, and he declares his readiness to make a deposition in favour of the accused. I should deem myself unworthy of the post I occupy did I not request you to suspend your decision, which might one day prove both to you and to me a source of remorse.'

The judge then sent for Trédion, to whom the usual oath was administered, and he was desired to ascend the table. Every one present remarked the effect produced on the young widow by the entrance of this witness. She was seated near a tall young man, with whom she had frequently held counsel during the course of the trial. She now looked at Trédion, whom she at once recognised, in evident agitation; whilst he, encouraged by the prisoners' lawyer, spoke out boldly and clearly.

'My lord,' said he, 'before giving my testimony, I must request you will order the doors to be closed; for I am very much mistaken if the real culprits be not here present.'

At these words the young woman covered her face with her handkerchief, and the young man buttoned up his cloak. Trédion then began his narrative, and the murmurs of approbation from the audience proved that his testimony was believed: acquiring confidence, and becoming almost eloquent as he went on, he turned round towards the guilty woman, and pointing to her, said, 'There is she who came to the window to speak to the stranger: I should recognise her even better if she would say a few words in a low tone to the man who is sitting near her; for that man is the assassin himself: I know him by his figure, by his cloak, of which I kept a small pattern—here it is! Examine if this little bit of cloth be not wanting under the collar!'

This singular accusation, and this proof, of which they had not until now the remotest suspicion, filled the culprits with terror. While the jury were examining the cloak, Trédion added, 'Let this man also produce the bridle of his horse; and in it you will find three little holes made by me with the point of a pair of scissors.'

Trédion had proved enough: the assassin did not try to deny it; his accomplice fainted; and the farmers raised their hands to heaven, to thank God for their miraculous escape from an ignominious death.

The court broke up, and new proceedings were instituted against the true culprits, who were put into prison to await their trial: it took place three months later, when they were both condemned, and executed in the market-place.

Trédion for the moment was the 'lion' of Rennes. But he soon set off for home, paying a visit on his way to the farmers whose lives he had saved. He and his wife ever after lived in happiness and comfort, and brought up their children in the love and fear of God, often repeating to them that 'Good Counsel is better than Good Pay.'

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

TORPIDITY OF ANIMALS.

THE absence of the means of support for some animals in certain countries during winter leads to various expedients of nature, which cannot be contemplated without great interest. One of the most noted of these expedients is migration—the removal of the animals in a body at the approach of winter to climes where they are sure of obtaining food. Another is the falling of the animals into a state of torpidity, during which, there being nearly a total cessation of waste, nutrition can be dispensed with. The most noted sleeping animals, as they may be called, in our country are by no means low in the scale, being members of the highest vertebrate class—mammalia. The highest of these is the bat, which, while believed by the vulgar to be a kind of bird, is placed by naturalists very near our own species. The other sleeping mammals are, however, comparatively low in their class; there being of rodents, the hamster and dormouse; and of insectivora, the hedgehog and tenrec. No peculiarity of organisation has been detected as leading to this state. It appears to depend wholly on the external temperature. When the animal is kept in a warm place, and duly supplied with food, it passes through its usual sleeping period in a state of sufficient liveliness.

It is at the approach of cold weather, at the fall of the year, that the sleepers withdraw to places of safety, where they may pass the winter undisturbed. 'The bat retires to the roof of gloomy caves, or to the old chimneys of uninhabited castles. The hedgehog wraps itself up in those leaves of which it composes its nest, and remains at the bottom of the hedge, or under the covert of the furze, which screened it during summer from the scorching sun or the passing storm. The marmot and the hamster [creatures much resembling the rat] retire to their subterranean retreats, and when they feel the first approach of the torpid state, shut the passages to their habitations in such a manner, that it is more easy to dig the earth anywhere else than in parts which they have thus fortified. The jumping mouse of Canada seems to prepare itself for its winter torpidity in a very curious manner, according to the communications of Major-General Davies, on the authority of a labourer. A specimen, which was found in digging the foundation for a summer-house in a gentleman's garden about two miles from Quebec in the latter end of May 1787, was "enclosed in a ball of clay, about the size of a cricket ball, nearly an inch in thickness, perfectly smooth within, and about twenty inches under ground. The man who discovered it, not knowing what it was, struck the ball with his spade, by which means it was broken to pieces."—(*Linnean Transactions*, iv. 156.)'

In the torpid state, the temperature of the animal's body sinks to about that of the surrounding medium. For example, it has been observed to go down from 100 to 43 degrees of Fahrenheit; but the exterior of the body is colder than the interior. The breath is drawn at long intervals; digestion is entirely suspended, circulation nearly so. The irritability is so much reduced, that parts of the limbs of the animals may be cut off without their giving any signs of feeling. A shock of electricity failed to rouse a dormouse. Experiments have shown that the hibernating animals in a perfectly torpid state consume no oxygen, and can live in an air which will not support either life or combustion.*

Reptiles, in as far as their sensibility to cold is greater than that of mammals, are more liable to fall into torpidity when exposed to the necessary conditions. It is well known that the frog and toad in this country spend the winter in slumber. Serpents and tortoises fall under the same rule in all countries where the temperature is sufficiently low. Aquatic reptiles, when about to hibernate, sink into the mud, and there repose for the season, the alligator previously stopping up its mouth with a pine or cypress knot. Land reptiles, again, withdraw into crevices of rocks and hollows in the ground, taking care that these are so situated as to promise protection from enemies. It is not known that any fishes hibernate; the usually equable temperature of the water may make this less likely to take place; but it is known that they are capable of that entire suspension of life which occasionally takes place in reptiles under the influence of frost. 'The fish froze,' says Sir John Franklin in the Narrative of his Journey to the Polar Sea, 'as fast as they were taken out of the nets, and in a short time became a solid mass of ice, and by a blow or two of a hatchet, were easily split open, when the intestines might be removed in one lump. If in this completely frozen state they were thawed before the fire, they recovered their animation. We have seen a carp recover so far as to leap about with much vigour after it had been frozen for thirty-six hours.' Toads have been in like manner frozen, so that their limbs might be broken off like pieces of glass without a drop of blood flowing, and yet, on being thawed, they survived.

Snails are amongst the most noted of the invertebrate animals which thus occasionally withdraw from the whole business of existence. Seeking some quiet crevice or nook, they retire into their shells, draw to the operculum as a sort of door, thus closing up their house, and then go to sleep. It is remarkable of them that they can become torpid at pleasure, and independently of temperature. Bees, as is well known, fall into utter insensibility under a low temperature, and readily revive when properly warmed. Spiders spend the winter sleeping in the corners of their webs. The cricket, which has been ascertained to be as liable to torpidity under cold as any other insect, is remarkable for its systematically avoiding this fate in winter by migrating—for it is a migration—to warm kitchens, bakehouses, and cottage firesides, 'where it multiplies its species, and is as merry at Christmas as in the dog-days.'†

Some of the infusory animalcules have been found liable to suspension of life when merely dried. There are certain species which usually live in the mosses and gutters of house-tops. In summer, when the moss and the dust collected in the gutters become perfectly dry, it may be for months, the animalcules are dried up too, and lose every sign of life. Let a shower come, and they revive. In like manner the so-called 'eels' of mowed corn, after lying dry, and to all appearance dead, for a long time, will come to life again on the application of a drop of water. Moisture has revived some animalcules after a torpidity of twenty-seven years. Of late years, it has been ascertained that animalcules, after being dried in the usual way, may be subjected to a temperature far above that of boiling

water (284 degrees), and yet they may be restored to life by means of water.* It was once believed by naturalists that certain birds, the swallow in particular, hibernated at the bottoms of pools. This is now generally discredited, though not by all naturalists (see 'Fleming's Philosophy of Zoology').

Torpidity is regarded by an eminent French naturalist, M. Geoffroy St Hilaire, as 'a state of neutrality between life and death, into which certain animals are plunged in consequence of the stoppage of respiration, when it takes place under certain circumstances.' It seems but reasonable to infer that animals, while in this state, make no progress towards decay; the time during which it lasts appears to be no deduction from the ordinary or proper term of their lives, but simply something over and above. As far as observation goes, it is a state to which there is no necessary termination, apart from a change of the circumstances which have led to it. Thus if the fish caught by Sir John Franklin had been kept in ice for any number of years, we may presume that they would have been as likely to revive at one time as another, and when they did revive, would have the same prospect of life before them as if they had never been congealed at all. There is reason also to suppose, with regard to at least some of the torpid animals, that if they be entirely shut up from the external air at the time when the temperature changes, and the torpidity consequently ceases, they will remain alive so long as the air is excluded, though probably in a dormant state; and in such circumstances also, the ordinary processes of life being suspended, there is no necessary termination to the existence of these animals, any more than if the paralyzing cold had been continued.

It is difficult at least to account otherwise for the discovering of live toads and other reptiles in full-grown trees and blocks of sandstone and coal, of which there are so many instances on record; while, on the other hand, this supposition affords us an easy key to what has hitherto appeared a great mystery. Such facts are indeed disbelieved by many scientific men; but for the disbelief there is no ground whatever, except the difficulty which has been felt of accounting for the facts.

M. Hubert, professor of philosophy at Caen, attests, in the volume of the French Academy for 1719, the finding of a live toad completely enclosed in the heart of an elm of the thickness of a pretty corpulent man; 'a more firm and sound elm,' he says, 'never grew.' In 1731, M. Leigneu of Nantes laid before the Academy an account of a toad being found alive in an oak of still greater thickness, and which, from appearances, he thought must have been a prisoner for eighty or a hundred years. So familiar is this kind of fact in England, that, according to Mr Bree,‡ woodmen, when their axe rebounds against an unusually hard part of a tree, are accustomed to say a toad must be concealed there, the animal being always surrounded with a hard case. It is not difficult to understand how the toad 'gets there.' When about to commence its winter sleep, it retires into any convenient hole it can find. Many take to crevices in trees. It is ascertained that this animal can squeeze itself through a very small aperture, in order to get the desired accommodation. Suppose that this is so small as to be too much grown up before next spring to allow of the escape of the animal, there is no doubt that the toad must remain a captive. It is known to be able to survive a long time in its ordinary state without food. Suppose that the next twelvemonth closes the aperture entirely, there we have the toad consigned to a vitality for which there is no necessary end but the destruction of its prison. Mr Jesse throws some light on this subject. 'I remember,' says he, 'some years ago getting up into a mulberry-tree, and finding in the fork of the two main branches a large toad almost imbedded in the bark of the tree,

* P. A. Brownie of Philadelphia; Report of American Geologists and Naturalists: 1847.

† Mr Gough, Nicholson's Journal, xix.

* Doyer on the Revivification of Tardigrada and Rotifera. Edin. Philosophical Journal, 1843, p. 28.

‡ Magazine of Natural History, Nov. 1834.

which had grown over it so much, that he was quite unable to extricate himself, and would probably in time be completely covered over with the bark. Indeed there seems to be no reason why, as the tree increased in size, the toad should not, in process of time, become imbedded in it, as was the case with the end of an oak rail that had been inserted into an elm-tree which stood close to a public footpath. This being broken off, and grown over, was, on the tree being felled and sawn in two, found nearly in the centre of it.*

The instances of toads found in blocks of stone are so numerous, that even a reasonable selection of them would be tiresome. Many have been authenticated in a manner which, for any ordinary kind of fact, would admit of no dispute. The celebrated Ambrose Pare saw a block split from which a live toad came out. In many cases, although only workmen were present at the discovery, the two pieces of the block remained, with their respective portions of the cavity, to testify the truth to all eyes. Mr John Murray says, 'I have a toad in my possession, preserved in spirit of turpentine, taken from a cavity of the solid rock upwards of 200 feet deep: the space was quite sufficient to contain the body of the animal, and the gentleman who presented the specimen to me saw it alive forty-eight hours after its detachment from the rock.'† In February 1845, a live toad was liberated from a piece of shale in the Pendarran works, Glamorganshire. It was of large size, but weak; it had no vision or feeling in its eyes, and a membrane covered its mouth, so that no food could be given to it. Its spine was also crooked, apparently in consequence of the confined space in which it had lain. Its continuing to live without a breathing aperture is no marvel in this animal, for the skin of the toad may be said to be one universal lung for the arterialisation of the blood.

Dr Buckland some years ago made a number of experiments, in order to prove that toads could not long survive in such circumstances. They were conducted with an absence of ingenuity quite surprising in such a person. He enclosed a number of toads in compact sandstone, and a number more in porous limestone, and buried them under three feet of earth in his garden. After upwards of a year he took them up, when those immured in the sandstone were found dead and rotten, while those in the porous limestone were alive, but much emaciated; from which he inferred that it is impossible for toads to continue long alive in a state of complete abstraction from air and food.‡ It does not seem to have occurred to the experimentalist that the alleged confinement of toads in blocks of timber and stone might have commenced while they were in a state of torpidity, and that the change of temperature taking place where no means existed for the resumption of waking and active life, the animals would probably sleep on *ad infinitum*. The nicety of conditions required in such experiments is shown by what M. Geoffroy St Hilaire ascertained in the course of some which he made in the freezing of toads. He found that the animals only survived when the freezing was effected slowly.

For some time there existed a geological objection to the alleged discovery of toads in stones—namely, that they were often said to be found in rocks so low as the carboniferous formation, a part of the series antecedent to the existence of reptiles. This objection, however, is now removed; for so many batrachian fossils and footsteps of batrachians have latterly been found in this formation, that the existence of toads at that epoch can no longer be doubted. We observe that Mr Lyell has lately given in his adhesion to this doctrine.

We contemplate, then, the discovery of these prisoners of the ancient world as standing in an interesting connection with that suspension of animal life usually

recognised under the names of torpidity and hybernation. Apart altogether from the extraordinary consideration that here we see living animals whose age is to be numbered by millions of years, which have survived the age of ichthyosaurs and pterodactyles, and to which the birth of the mammalian tribes was but as a passing event in the midst of a mighty series, these emancipated captives might be well worthy of the attention of naturalists, and particularly that class who devote themselves to the study of the fossil species. They are almost always described as in some way peculiar. For example, one found some years ago in the limestone of Carruber quarry in Linlithgowshire, was reported to us as having six toes. Now we know that the batrachian order have at this day a rudimentary sixth toe (see 'Rogee's Physiology'), a fact at once supporting the authenticity of the report, which came only from labouring men, and showing how much we may lose in science by continually rejecting and neglecting everything for which we cannot readily account.

VISIT TO THE CHINESE JUNK.

ONE of the latest and most interesting sights of London has been the Chinese junk. The walls, omnibuses, and steamers have all concurred in placarding the Chinese junk—and as everybody has gone to see the Chinese junk, we went to see it also. A quarter of an hour by the Blackwall railway brought us to the remote extremity of the East India docks, in a recess of which, within a kind of paling, to secure privacy, lay the object of our curiosity.

Getting within the enclosure, we see before us this very odd-looking craft, as if it were run ashore on the beach; a short platform giving access to its deck. The first appearance is startling. The whole thing has the aspect of a monstrously large toy-ship; for besides being painted with divers gaudy colours, the sides are decorated with figures of dragons and other fierce creatures, designed, as may be supposed, to inspire terror in those who attempt to capture the vessel. In point of size, the junk seems to be of the dimensions of a brig of about seven hundred tons; but from the clumsiness of her build, and the heaviness of her timbers, we should doubt her capability of carrying a cargo of that weight. The stem and stern rise so high above the level of the mid part of the deck, that the shape approaches the crescent form—a half-cheese well cut down in the middle; and to complete the resemblance to the last-mentioned article, she has not, as we understood, any keel. The junk has three masts, not connected by ropes with each other, as in European vessels; and each mast is furnished with a yard, to which a sail is attached. On the top of the highest is a vase in the shape of an imaginary fish, the body formed of rattan wick, the head and gills made of painted matting, with two projections to serve as antennas, and to the tail are fixed long streamers. The rudder is composed of enormous large timbers, and furnished only with a tiller or long handle: it requires as many as fifteen men to move it when the helm is sunk to its extreme depth in the water. At the stem, or front part of the vessel, are hung two anchors made of iron wood, each consisting of several pieces lashed together with bamboo. With a sailing apparatus so very primitive, it is difficult to see how the vessel could perform a voyage from China to England; and from the account given, the enterprise was attended with much trouble.

The junk, which is called the *Keying*, is not a new vessel; it has been many years engaged in the Chinese coasting-trade, and was purchased for the purpose of being brought as a curiosity to Europe. Considerable

* Gleanings in Natural History, p. 66.

† Magazine of Natural History, Sept. 1833.

‡ Edin. New Philosophical Journal, April 1832.

address was required in the negotiation, as well as getting her safely past the Bogue forts. Captain Kellett commanded her; and assisted by a crew of thirty natives and twelve English seamen, with the officers, he has the merit of navigating her to England. She left Canton on the 19th of October 1846, rounded the Cape on the 30th of March 1847, and anchored at St Helena April 17th. Here, to the amusement of the islanders, she remained till the 23d, and then put to sea. The intention was to proceed direct to England; but the pitiful state of the crew, and the shortness of provisions, compelled the commander to steer for America, and she arrived at New York on the 9th of July. After being exhibited at that city and at Boston, the Keying departed for England on the 17th of February 1848. On the 15th of March she reached Jersey, whence she was towed by a steamer, and arrived in the Thames on the 28th—the whole voyage, including the different stops, occupying nearly a year and a half. During the voyage in crossing and recrossing the Atlantic, she proved herself an admirable sea-boat—that is to say, she stood out sundry violent storms and buffetings of the waves in a very surprising way. Her sailing capacities, however, were proved to be most imperfect: when there was anything like a head wind, she went to leeward. How she survived the tumbling about in the angry waters, becomes intelligible on a slight inspection. Besides the vast quantity of wood interiorly, there are twenty huge water-tight chests which form part of the fixtures, and by these means she is always pretty secure against sinking. We may now step on board, to have a look at the deck and cabins.

On going on board, we are surprised at the little standing or walking room on deck. From a limited clear space in the middle, stairs ascend to the higher portions fore and aft, far above our head. Large beams, gaudily painted, meet the eye everywhere; and before us, on one side of the vessel, is an erection forming a galley or cooking-house, which seems a monstrous incumbrance. Within this cooking-house there are two large pans, fixed on brickwork furnaces, which open outside. Beneath the openings to the furnaces is a trough or fosse sunk in the deck, which being filled with water to receive the cinders that fall from the furnaces, the risk of fire is avoided. We now descend to the saloon, which is half sunk below the deck; and half raised to form the first storey in the elevated poop.

The saloon is thirty-two feet long, twenty-eight broad, and fifteen and a half feet in height. Detracting from this spaciousness, however, there are two beams traversing the length of the apartment, breast high, as if to bind the vessel in this direction; so that in crossing from one side to another it is necessary to stoop twice beneath these uncouth stays. With this exception, the cabin is tastefully arranged; its sides and ceiling are painted yellow, and plentifully covered with paintings of birds, flowers, monkeys, &c. On the sides there are also hung some Chinese paintings in frames and musical instruments. From the roof depend a number of lanterns of fanciful shape and variegated colours. The Chinese, as is well known, are remarkably fond of lanterns and lamps; and as a regulation of police every person is bound to carry one after night-fall. To such an absurd length do they carry this custom, says a printed account of the Keying, 'that when one of the batteries, which had fired upon the "Albatross" in her passage up the Bogue, had been silenced by a broadside, and the soldiers who had manned it fled in the greatest alarm, instead of endeavouring to escape in the darkness of the night, each man seized his lantern and climbed up the steeples behind the fort. The great lighted and painted balloons which they carried formed a most excellent mark for some of our marines as might wish to fire at the retreat-

ing Chinnamen, all fear of the consequences being forgotten in the practice of their daily, or rather nightly custom.' The saloon contains a round central table of beautiful inlaid wood, and a number of seats of equally tasteful construction. But the most remarkable piece of furniture is a cupboard-like shrine at the inner extremity of the apartment. This is a Joss-house, as it is called by the Chinese, from the Portuguese word *deos*, for god or deity, which they have ingrafted on their language. The Joss-house, which has a considerable resemblance to a Punch's show-box, contains in a sitting attitude the idol Chin-Tee, which is carved out of a solid piece of camphor-wood, and richly gilt. The odd thing about this female deity is, that she has eighteen arms, which spread out like a fan on each side, and in each hand is held an object in ordinary use, as a flag, an arrow, a bow, a flower, a bell, &c. The goddess sits so far within the Joss-house, that space is left in front for various devotional apparatus, among which is seen a censer containing gilt paper and pieces of scented wood, presented as offerings; a piece of the wood is slowly burning. Ascending to the deck, and then going up a flight of steps to the second gallery, we find between two small cabins a Joss-house for the use of the sailors, which is less ornamental than that below, but similarly provided with Joss-sticks and other votive offerings. The idol in this Joss-house is the deity of the sea, with her two attendants, each with a red scarf. Along the top of the stern are ranged a number of small flags, which add to the gaiety of the exhibition.

In this slight sketch we have omitted any notice of a variety of carvings placed in glass cases, or scattered about the deck and galleries; likewise a number of Chinese sailors and officers, who, in proper costume, are seen lounging about the ship, as if very much at a loss what to do in the crowd of lady and gentlemen visitors. The Chinese sailors, it appears, were difficult to manage during the voyage. 'At first,' says the account already quoted, 'they were very particular in the performance of their idolatrous customs, burning paper, beating gongs, &c. in honour of their gods; but after a while they became negligent. It ought more correctly to be said that they voluntarily abandoned them, on the representations of Captain Kellett. One of their most common, and, to them, most highly-prized superstitions, was a belief in the efficacy of tying red rags on the rudder, cable, mast, and principal parts of the vessel, which were considered safeguards against danger. On an occasion when they were apprehensive of being attacked by a Malay pros, they tied red rags to the guns, and felt perfectly secure. One of their most revered objects was the mariner's compass: before this they would place tea, sweetcake, and pork, in order to keep it true and faithful. They gradually became accustomed to the European compass, and laid by all their own but two, which were marked, at their request, with the thirty-two points in Chinese figures, and eight divisions. During the storms and hurricanes which the Keying encountered, they were at first exceedingly terrified, but were soon restored to comparative calm by observing the steadiness and confidence of the English part of the crew. As soon as a storm was over they burned Joss paper in great abundance. A very interesting personage on board is Hsing, a mandarin of the fifth class, whose distinctive mark is a crystal button on the top of his cap. He is forty-six years old, intelligent, amiable, and gentlemanly. During the voyage he has learned a little English; but the Chinese idiomatic turn which he gives to the language, as well as the difficulty he has in pronouncing it, conspire to render him not easily understood, though he is very anxious to make himself so. Captain Kellett has also taught him to write his name in English characters, of which accomplishment he is somewhat proud. Like most of the educated Chinese, he writes his own language very beautifully.'

We left the Chinese junk very much gratified with all we had seen; and as the vessel will in all likelihood

be brought round to Liverpool, the Clyde, and other ports, after satisfying metropolitan curiosity, it is probable that many of our provincial readers will have an opportunity of visiting this interesting specimen of Chinese ship-architecture.

THE AGE OF TOWNS.

Towns are certainly the most remarkable and interesting of human works. When the poet Cowper said, 'God made the country, but man made the town,' he unconsciously paid no small compliment to his own race, in as far as a large city is a wonderful thing for man to make. There the most prominent characteristics of human life are developed, and the progress of society in the knowledge of both good and evil is most distinctly obvious. There, too, the remark that the greater part of human productions long outlast their authors appears substantially true, as there are few of all the cities of Europe in which we cannot read in street, and church, and dwelling, as it were, the handwriting of generations whose very graves are forgotten.

Some of the inferior creation, such as rooks and beavers, have their towns also—chosen spots among old woods and streams—where they have built and burrowed from year to year, nobody knows how long; for their modes of life never vary: the successive inhabitants form their nests or dams exactly as their ancestors formed them when the mossy oaks were young, and their homes retain no history. It is not so with the cities of mankind; the thoughts and characters of different ages seem built up in them; and the contrast which many European towns present to each other in this respect has been often observed by tourists. Some, like the Old Town of Edinburgh, seem literally made of memorials of other times; and a stranger who walks their streets for the first time feels as if he were going back in the centuries. An enthusiastic Frenchman, in describing Abbotsford, called it a 'romance of stone and lime'; were the word altered to history, his description might suit those old-world cities. Others, like our New Town, have no story to tell of the past; but they speak mightily of modern improvement, popular progression, and advancement in what a German philosopher calls 'the art of living.'

The two great divisions of the Scottish capital thus furnish illustrations of the old and new aspect of things. Some British and many continental towns are similarly divided, and the traveller at once recognises the periods to which their different portions belong. But the age of cities, like that of individuals, cannot always be guessed from their appearance. Some are comparatively young, but have caught an old-established business-like air, from the combined effects of brick, coal-smoke, and commerce. Some look modern and busy to the new-comer, while their back streets are full of dim traditional houses, and quaint spires are seen beyond their fashionable streets and new-built squares. Some are old in name and situation, though new in form and materials: terrible visitations of war, or tempest, or fire, have swept them, in the emphatic language of Scripture, with the besom of destruction, time after time, but still the town has risen from its ruins.

Athens is an extraordinary instance of this class. It is, according to the most authentic history, the oldest city in Europe, having retained its present appellation for more than thirty centuries, through all the vicissitudes of empires and creeds that have passed over the world in the lapse of that long period; and in spite of fires, sieges, and plagues, whose very enumeration would occupy more space than this article, still presenting to the traveller's view the same outline of magnificent ruins crowning the rocky citadel known as the Acropolis, round whose base the city lies as it lay in the days of Plato.

Constantinople is the next oldest city of Eastern Europe. Its ancient name, as is well known, was Byzan-

tium, having been built by the Greeks; but when Constantine became a Christian, the Romans, who were then strongly inclined to Paganism, showed so much hostility to the emperor's religion, that he determined to transfer the capital of his empire to this city, on which, accordingly, his own name was conferred. Old authors inform us that a great concourse of inhabitants from all parts of his vast dominions were induced to settle there by a promise of freedom from taxes of every description for three years, whilst artificers thronged to it in crowds, owing to the liberal employment afforded by the erection of palaces and other public buildings; so that Constantinople was styled the 'Edifice of Rome.' Nor must we forget that the Turks, whose capital it has been since they captured it under the last of Constantine's successors, about the middle of the fifteenth century, have given it the name of Stamboul, signifying in their language the 'Queen of Cities.'

Rome is another example of durability, meriting almost in this respect the name bestowed upon her in her days of old Pagan pride—the 'Eternal City.' Founded upwards of seven hundred years before the Christian era, Rome is said to have been rebuilt three times over the ruins of successive cities, which in some parts are believed to lie more than sixty feet deep under the pavement of the present streets.

Most of the old cities of Italy belong to as early an age, and it is truly surprising for how many centuries men have continued to congregate on the same spots. Florence, the capital of Tuscany, famous as the birth-place of Dante, Michael Angelo, and many of the greatest in Italian art and literature, and still celebrated as one of the most beautiful cities of Europe, whose palaces and picture-galleries occupy half the journals of our tourists, has kept her place beside the Arno for more centuries than have been chronicled. Dante thus refers to her history: 'I was an inhabitant of Florence, that city which changed her first patron, Mars, for St John the Baptist; for which reason the vengeance of the deity thus slighted will never be appeased, and if some remains of his statue were not still visible on the bridge over the Arno, she would have been already levelled to the ground; and thus the citizens who raised her again from the ashes to which Attila had reduced her would have laboured in vain.' So firmly did popular superstition cling to Pagan relics in the middle ages: but it appears that the broken statue to which the Florentines attached so much importance was carried away by a flood that destroyed the bridge on which it stood, in the year 1337, without the ill effects which the citizens apprehended from the loss of their fancied Palladium.

Milan, now the capital of Lombardy, is also of old foundation. The precise date can scarcely be ascertained; but it was an emporium of cheese and corn before the Christian era. The city was twice razed to the ground—first by Attila, king of the barbarous Huns, who invaded the Roman Empire in the fifth century; and afterwards by Frederic Barbarossa, emperor of Germany, who vowed not to leave one stone of it on another, because the inhabitants—whom he had obliged to appear before him, by way of satisfaction for a previous rebellion, with ropes about their necks—had, after his departure, paraded his own image through their streets equipped in a similar fashion. Redbeard—such was the meaning of the emperor's surname—kept his word; and Milan has been taken, with more or less injury, by every conqueror from Charlemagne to Napoleon. During the ages of tilt and tournament, Milan was celebrated for the manufacture of armour, to the durability and beauty of which all the historians of those times testify; but when knightly fashions passed away before the invention of gunpowder and the advance of military science, the town returned to its earlier and more pacific commerce in cheese and corn, to which later centuries have added silk. Yet its cathedral, entirely built of snow-white marble, is still the admiration of all lovers of architecture; and its traffic in the commodities we have enumerated confers

an almost equal distinction on Milan in the eyes of the commercial world.

Naples, the city of Vesuvius, with whose bay and sky, lovely clime and lazy lazzaroni, so many views and descriptions have made the British public acquainted, is the successor of far older towns, which occupied almost the same site at the base of the great volcano, ages before its first-recorded eruption. There stood the beautiful Parthenope of the Greeks, believed to be as ancient as Athens itself. It was succeeded by the Neapolis, or new city of the Romans, from which the present city derived its name, and was the chosen residence of some, though not the best of their emperors. Since then, it has been overwhelmed by lava, rebuilt by princes, possessed by Goth, Saracen, Norman, Spaniard, and French by turns; but it is still the capital of the finest country in Europe, and the boast of its inhabitants, whose pride in it has dictated the proverbial saying, 'See Naples, and die!'

The two celebrated cities Venice and Genoa resemble each other in age and origin, as they did about the close of the middle ages in political position and commercial importance. Some inhabitants of the eastern coast of Italy, who sought refuge in the isles of the Adriatic from the horrors of the Gothic invasion at the beginning of the fifth century, were the founders of Venice; and some fishermen, who built their huts on a steep acclivity beside the western gulf at the same disastrous period, were the first inhabitants of Genoa. The power and splendour which both these cities attained, and their terrible contests for pre-eminence in Italy, occupy a prominent place in the history of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The commerce and colonies of Genoa penetrated as far as Krim Tartary; and besides being at one period the most powerful state in Europe—styled the bulwark of the Christian faith, on account of its successful war against the Turks—and the emporium of European commerce with the East, Venice is known to all the lovers of romance and poetry from Tasso down to Byron.

Padua ranks still higher in seniority. It was the birthplace of Livy, the Roman historian; and Virgil says it was founded over the grave of one of the companions of Æneas. It was devastated by Attila, taken by Charlemagne, and celebrated throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries for the learning of its university and the beauty of its velvets; yet in our own days its ninety-six churches and twelve colleges are almost as well attended as they were in that distant period.

The oldest town in France is Marseilles, there being historical evidence of its being built by a Greek colony in the same century with Rome; since then, Gauls, Romans, Goths, and Franks, as the ancestors of the modern French were called, have inhabited it in turn. It was twice burned down, and once literally desolated by one of those terrible plagues to which Europe was formerly subject; but it is still a well-known port of the Mediterranean, as it was in the days of Augustus.

The foundation of Lyons is uncertain. Augustus made it the capital of Celtic Gaul. An imperial palace was subsequently erected in the city, whence the Emperor Nero, of unenviable notoriety, is traditionally said to have issued a characteristic decree, by which all the poets of the town—who were, it appears, sufficiently numerous—assembled on the 1st of June at the temple of Apollo, in order to read their compositions before him, when the author of the best was rewarded with a laurel crown, and he of the worst had his choice to obliterate all he had written with his tongue, or be thrown into the Rhone. Whether this tale be true or not, history records that the city was burned to the ground, palace and all, by an accidental fire in the reign of that gentle censor of the press. The Burgundians made it their capital in the fifth century, after which, in spite of many conquests and inundations, it continued to rise in mercantile importance. The sect of the Waldenses was founded by Peter Waldo, a mer-

chant of this city, in the twelfth century; and in the thirteenth it afforded refuge to all the Italians driven from their country by the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. The still more sanguinary contentions of the Protestant and Catholic parties in the sixteenth century all but destroyed Lyons; and the frightful devastations of the first revolution, in which its name was changed to Ville Affranchie, are well known to all acquainted with the history of that extraordinary time; but Lyons is still the second city in France, retaining its old appellation, its wealth, and its silk manufacture.

Paris is of a much more modern date. It was a small but fortified town in the days of Julius Cæsar, when the Romans took it from the Gauls; the Emperor Julian the Apostate erected, some say a palace, and others a fortress, on a small isle in the Seine, where now stands the church of Notre-Dame, about the middle of the fourth century. The Franks took it in 496, and fixed there the capital of their kingdom; but history records that twelve francs was the whole sum of taxes collected monthly at the northern gate in the reign of Louis Le Gros; and the first paving of the streets took place in the year 1190. Though comparatively new, Paris has had its share of vicissitudes. The 'black death,' as a frightful disease was called which ravaged Europe about the middle of the fourteenth century, left it almost depopulated; and in a terrible famine of the following age, a hundred thousand, being two-thirds of its whole inhabitants, perished in three months. It suffered many a siege, including that of the gallant Henry IV., against whom it was held by the partisans of the League, till provisions began to fail, and the king's army hoped to take it by means of famine; but Henry said he would never see the capital of his kingdom starved for the sake of a crown, and therefore commanded a free passage to be allowed for provisions of all sorts, which noble conduct, says a historian of the period, 'won him the city of Paris and the praise of all nations.' From that time till the present, Paris has seen more riots and revolutions than any other European capital.

It is strange that so small a portion of history should be occupied by the metropolitan cities of Portugal and Spain. Both Madrid and Lisbon owe their origin to the ages of contest between the Moors and Christians for possession of the Peninsula. In the days of the Cid, the former was a Christian village, without wealth or commerce, being situated three hundred miles in every direction from the sea; and the latter was a strong fortress of the Moors, taken by Alphons, first king of Portugal, about the middle of the twelfth century, with the assistance of some English Crusaders and ships from the Hanse towns, or seven free cities of Germany, who sailed up the Tagus for that purpose: since which time Madrid has had many kings and fires; and the destruction of Lisbon by the great earthquake in 1755 is chronicled among the memorable events of Europe.

London, which alone surpasses Paris in wealth and population, is known to be much older. But setting aside the story of its being founded by the giant Lud, a contemporary of the celebrated though somewhat uncertain King Arthur, history assures us that it was a Roman station in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, subsequently a city of the Saxons, and finally raised to metropolitan importance by William the Norman, who granted the citizens the following specimen of a charter, written on a morsel of parchment six inches long and one broad:—'William the king friendly salutes William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Portreve, and all the burgesses within London, both French and English. And I declare that I grant you all law worthy, as you were in the days of King Edward. And I will that every child shall be his father's heir after his father's days, and I will not suffer any person to do you wrong; God keep you!'

It is a remarkable fact, that since the date of this

charter, London has never been actually taken, though often threatened by enemies, and frequently visited by fire and pestilence, which were particularly in darker times the great destroyers of cities.

The early history of Manchester is highly curious. Originally a Roman station, and called Mancunium, it became in the Saxon times a subject of contention between the English and the Northumbrian Danes. When William the Conqueror compiled the Domesday Book it appears to have had two churches. In the reign of Henry VIII. its charter was confirmed as a place of sanctuary; but the privilege was transferred to Chester in the following year, as it had been found to operate to the prejudice of the wealth, credit, and good order of the place. So late as the middle of the last century, an act was obtained to exonerate the town from the obligation of grinding corn at the free school mills; and no one dreamt of the immense cotton trade of which Manchester is now the emporium.

Birmingham took its name from one of the followers of William the Norman, on whom the greater part of Warwickshire was conferred, by way of reward for his services in the conquest of England. The baron was called Sir Hugh De Birmingham; and in the eleventh century he built a castle, round which grew a village, inhabited by his retainers on the sloping banks of the Rea, where now thunder the thousand mills and forges of Birmingham.

Bristol is mentioned among the fortified cities of Britain in the year 420. Its present name is said to have been derived from that bestowed upon it by the Saxons—Brightstowe, the Pleasant Place. In the latter part of the eleventh century, a market is said to have been held there for slaves, according to the feudal barbarism of the period. In the following age a monastery, whose magnificent remains still attract the attention of antiquaries, was erected on the same spot by King Stephen. A still more interesting fact connected with the history of modern improvement is, that the first barge passed from Bristol to Bath in 1727, the Avon being then for the first time rendered navigable.

York rivals London in age, as it did in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in almost everything. They were, in fact, rival capitals; York being much about the size of old London, and far better fortified, as Edward III. expresses it in one of his proclamations, for 'a bulwark to the land against the wasteful fury of the Scotch.' Parliaments were occasionally held here; and one remnant of ancient grandeur still retained, besides its massive towers and gates, not to mention the celebrated minster, is the title of lord conferred upon its mayor, who is the only civic chief in all England entitled to that distinction besides the mayor of London.

The two university towns Oxford and Cambridge are of uncertain age; they date at least from the Anglo-Saxon times. Cambridge appears to be the most ancient, there being tolerable grounds for believing it of Roman origin. Many towns in England have the syllables *chester* and *cester* as part of their names, and are understood from that circumstance to be, at the latest, of Roman origin, while some are known to have been British. The term *cester*, or *chester*, is obviously either from a castle (*castrum*) or a camp (*castra*), which had been placed upon the spot by the Romans.

Of all English towns that have risen to any importance, Liverpool is the most recent, with the exception perhaps of its new rival, Birkenhead. In the year 1710, Liverpool was but a fishing village; and the first impulse to its prosperity was said to have been given by the Guinea slave trade, at that period regarded as a lawful branch of commerce even by Englishmen. A story is current that Liston the celebrated comedian being hissed one night by a Liverpool audience, reminded them, by way of reprisal, that their city was built with the price of Guinea negroes.

Scotland having scarcely any distinct history before the eleventh century, we can date none of her cities

from an earlier period with any certainty. The twelfth century is the commencement of the era of her privileged towns, none of which at that time contained any buildings but such as could be rebuilt almost as quickly as they were destroyed by invaders. Perth and Aberdeen are among the oldest towns; yet the former, in the days of Bruce, is spoken of as only 'a poor hovel.' Edinburgh was of no importance till the latter part of the fourteenth century. Glasgow, though an ancient episcopal city, and in the seventeenth century a handsome-built small town, may be said to have sprung forward in commerce and population within the same time as Liverpool. It is eminently a city of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Prior to 1697, Greenock was but an unknown hamlet, where some herrings were occasionally caught; but in that year the directors of the Scottish Indian and African Company came to a resolution of erecting a town on the Firth of Clyde, and in the following year the inhabitants in vain petitioned parliament for a grant to build a harbour. Their failure in this project was supposed to have been owing to the hostility of the magistrates of Glasgow, who were jealous of the rising importance of the town; but the people of Greenock exhibited on this occasion an ingenuity and resolution which deserved to be successful. They entered into a contract with their superior, Sir John Shaw, under whom they held their properties in fee, and agreed to assess themselves in the sum of one shilling and fourpence on each sack of malt brewed into ale within the limits of the town. Parliament had refused to sanction this tax, but the inhabitants were unanimous, and as ale was then the universal beverage of the labouring classes in Scotland, a sufficient fund was raised to begin the harbour in the course of seven years. The whole expense was estimated at £3556, which so alarmed the commonalty, that they agreed to transfer the harbour, with the tax already mentioned, into the hands of their superior in his advancing the money, which any mercantile house in Greenock would now consider as an item in its liabilities.

The metropolis of Ireland is said to have been founded by the piratical Danes in the beginning of the ninth century, and from them it derived its present name, Dublin, which in old Danish signifies the black pool; but why this appellation was given, tradition assigns no reason. Certain it is that Dublin continued the stronghold of the northern invaders, and the repository of their plunder from all the surrounding country, till the English conquest under Henry II., who made it the capital of his Irish dominions, and received the homage of his new subjects in a large pavilion, 'well made,' says a chronicler of the times, 'with smooth wattles'; nor was this regal residence much out of character with the rest of the city. Historians inform us that so late as the reign of Elizabeth the houses of Dublin were entirely constructed of wattles and clay; about this period brick began to be used; but the great increase of Dublin took place in the eighteenth century, and it is curious that no specimen of domestic architecture of an older date now exists within the liberties.

Cork owes its origin, in the middle of the seventh century, to a kind of monastic school, which a friar, called by his countrymen St Finbar, established on the site of the present city, then a solitary marak: round this seminary the town gradually grew; and after the invasion, an English colony held it for one hundred years against the neighbouring chiefs; but they drank, says the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' in continual fear, shutting the gates at service and meal-times, and always from sun to sun, neither did they admit any stranger who carried a weapon.

Towards the north of Europe, the towns, like the civilisation, belong to later times than those of the south. The cities of the Netherlands in general took their rise from the revival of commerce in Europe at the close of the middle ages; Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and Amsterdam, were famous in the fourteenth

thirteenth, and sixteenth centuries for the commercial wealth, which flowed into each of them in turn.

Cologne is believed to be the oldest city of Germany, being built by the Roman Empress Agrippina, and considered ancient even in the thirteenth century, when its great cathedral was commenced, which was only half finished at the time of the Reformation, and still remains so.

Berlin, the present capital of Prussia, originated in rude huts, built in the marshes of the Spree by the Vandals, who sought refuge there from the conquering arms of a German prince, known in history as Albert the Bear; but having at length conquered that district also, he erected a fortress there in the middle of the fifteenth century, which in process of time became a town, and took the present appellation; it is not certain whether from the founder's name or the savage character of the country, which is now one of the best cultivated and most civilised in Europe.

The city of Leipzig is celebrated for two of the greatest battles of modern history; one in the war of the Reformation, at which Gustavus king of Sweden fell, and the other in 1813, in which the army of Napoleon was utterly defeated, and still more so for its great book fair, frequented by all the trade of Europe; yet at the close of the tenth century its site was occupied by a small Sclavonian village, situated at the confluence of the Elbe with the Pleisse; and the first mention of Leipzig as a fortified city is in the twelfth century, in the time of Otto the Rich, who established the two fairs of Easter and Michaelmas. The origin of Hamburg was a church and a fort which Charlemagne built to protect the frontier of his empire in that direction from the Pagan Saxons.

Vienna, the Austrian capital, was once a Roman camp on the Danube, afterwards a stronghold of the Huns, from whom Charlemagne took it in the beginning of the ninth century; and it has experienced many a master and siege since, including that of the Turks at the close of the seventeenth century, from whom it was rescued by the celebrated John Sobieski, king of Poland.

The towns of the Baltic, including Stockholm and Copenhagen, were in the tenth century fortresses raised by the plundering Northmen, to which their ships brought home the spoils of southern and western Europe. Warsaw, now the capital of Poland, and so tragically involved in the history of that unfortunate country, was founded so late as the twelfth century by the Teutonic knights, a military order of then Catholic Germany, whose occupation was to defend the frontiers of Christendom from the northern Pagans; and by way of encouragement, the Pope conferred upon them a grant of all the lands they could conquer north of the Elbe, which was, at the period of their establishment, considered the boundary of civilisation.

Petersburg, the metropolis of the Russian empire, is well known to be the most modern capital in Europe, having been built almost as it now stands by Peter the Great in the early part of the last century: its old rival, Moscow, was founded by the Grand Duke Jurge I. in 1147. Perhaps no city in the world has experienced greater vicissitudes than this ancient capital. It was twice burned to the ground by the Tartars, and once utterly destroyed by the Poles, who in the beginning of the seventeenth century conquered that part of Russia, which, compared with recent events, may well illustrate how nations take their turn of power and prosperity. We have thus glanced at the ages assigned to the different towns of Europe by the general current of history; but it must be admitted that much uncertainty and many conflicting accounts exist on this subject, as the inhabitants of almost every town appear inclined to treat the age of their city exactly the reverse of their own, and tradition usually draws long bills on antiquity; but setting aside these doubtful authorities, it is evident that some cities have existed as long as two, and even three thousand years. What millions of

human beings must have lived and died within their bounds in the course of these changeable centuries! It has been calculated that the whole inhabitants of Athens, throughout its different generations, would treble outnumber all the nations of Europe put together; and even in the most recent of our great towns, how many successive generations have already grown up, and laboured, and passed away; so that to the newest, as well as the oldest among them, the philosopher's remark is equally applicable, 'The history of this city, truly written, would be the story of the world!'

ST ANDREW'S SOCIETY OF ADELAIDE.

IN Nova Scotia, Canada, and perhaps every other colony, there is a St Andrew's Society—an association of Scotchmen, united to maintain friendly intercourse with each other; to assist poor wanderers from their native country, and to enjoy a festival one day in the year, the well-known 30th of November, or St Andrew's Day. We sometimes receive colonial newspapers giving an account of these annual meetings; and it is amusing in this, the home country, to observe the enthusiasm with which each speaker recalls—after dinner of course—remembrances of the hills, the dales, the rivers of old Scotland; the end of every three sentences being marked with *tremendous cheers*, and every speech followed first by *all the honours*, and then by a song or tune, such as 'John Anderson my Jo,' the 'Flowers o' the Forest,' or the 'East Neuk o' Fife.'

A South Australian paper lately reached us containing an account of one of these national reunions, which took place last St Andrew's Day in Adelaide, at which about fifty Scottish and a few English gentlemen were present—'Mr Edward Stirling, J.P., in the chair.' We specially notice this meeting in consequence of the oratory having been somewhat less convivial and more business-like than is usual on such occasions; because more than one of the speakers made some observations on the subject of immigration; and also for another reason, which will immediately be noticed. The 'speech of the evening' seems to have been that of Dr Wark. After touching on the affections, and the number of individuals who had left the blue hills of Scotland for the bright sky and extensive plains of South Australia, he came to the great question—'Have our hopes been realised or disappointed in coming to this land? For his own part, he would say that all reasonable hopes had been more than realised. The bad odour which South Australia had got into at home arose from various causes. Many scapegoats were sent out, a disgrace to their friends at home, and nuisances here. These soon got rid of their money, and like the Prodigal Son, either contrived to go home, or write home dolorous and false accounts of the colony, which were readily believed, and earnestly circulated by dear mamma and fond papa. Instead of saddling their poverty on themselves, they maliciously saddled it on the land, on which they had wantonly spent their means. Others came here with the view of rapidly making fortunes, and returning quickly to spend their days in their native land. The high price of stock, labour, and food, at the onset, with sudden depression in value of every species of produce, blasted their hopes, and soured them at the colony, which they either left, or wrote of with disgust. The bad accounts from the many swallowed up, like the lean kine, the good from the few; and at length our celebrated countrymen, the Chambersees, through their extensively-circulated Journal, sealed the fate of emigration to this land among the labouring masses. The minds of the best people are sometimes abused; and it is to be hoped that the same honourable journalists will live to make some amends for the injury they have unwittingly done them.'

Here we take leave to interrupt the doctor. Thanking him for his compliment, we protest against the assumption that we ever said a word in disparagement

of South Australia unwarranted by the general information which a few years ago reached Great Britain respecting the colony, or by the actual results which followed. What we chiefly maintained was, that no colony could expect to thrive which did not betake itself to earnest industry; and that vast numbers in South Australia, having to all appearance relinquished an industrial career, in order to gamble in 'town lots,' ruin must inevitably follow. And did not the most ruinous consequences ensue, not only as respects the gamblers themselves, but the agricultural and pastoral interests? We are glad to think that bitter experience has cured this mad spirit of gambling, and that each man, instead of trying to pick the pocket of his neighbour, has betaken himself to his own proper line of industry. Changed in social character, with enterprising settlers spreading over its surface; blessed with one of the finest climates in the world; and suitable alike for the husbandman and store farmer—South Australia, as was lately noticed in the present Journal, offers a favourable field for a judiciously-conducted system of immigration. With this explanation, required to set us right with our South Australian friends, we may allow the doctor to proceed:—

'Since the settlement of this colony, the land had yielded her increase bountifully, while her flocks and herds had prospered beyond the most sanguine expectations. The fruits of the temperate climates, and many of tropical, are matured here to perfection. The land is capable of producing in abundance the necessaries, and even the luxuries of life. Some ten years ago this colony was a wilderness. Look now at the city of Adelaide—let us travel the length and breadth of the land, and witness stations on every available spot—and then we may see a literal fulfilment of the saying of the sacred poet—"The wilderness and solitary places shall be glad; the desert shall rejoice and bloom like a rose." As regards the climate, it is adjudged to be delightful, notwithstanding the occasional extremes of heat; and to speak professionally, he could bear testimony to its healthiness. In the hot season, disease was certainly severe among children in town; but go to the bush, and look at the little urchins waddling with bullock whips in their hands before they can lisp, and driving the plough before they are fit to be taught to read. In fine, this climate was delightful and salubrious, the soil abundantly productive; and to crown all, were not the bowels of the earth teeming with the richest and most useful mineral ores, and stones time immemorial termed precious? This colony was established to be, politically speaking, a self-supporting colony; but in the wide range of her Majesty's dominions, was there a known spot more capable of eventually being literally so? Abounding in the staple articles of food and raw materials of clothing, with an inexhaustible supply of useful and valuable minerals both for manufacturers and circulating medium, the time was likely to come when the supply we now draw from home and other countries might be manufactured within our own limits. Strong inducements had been held out to induce the labouring classes to come to the colony; and had they been disappointed? Most assuredly not. Whoever had not succeeded must blame himself, or must have met with extraordinary calamities. All who were willing and able to work found employment, at a rate of remuneration by which they could raise themselves in their circumstances. Many who came penniless to the colony were now extensive proprietors: they now possessed property, and enjoyed a plentiful table, while their labouring companions they had left behind had wasted their bodies for a scanty subsistence, and were now beginning to see old age coming prematurely upon them.'

Dr Cumming was the next speaker, and he is equally pointed in his observations. 'It is the object of our society,' says he, 'to open up an intercourse with Scotland—the land of our fathers; and by giving information that can be relied on, unfold the capabilities of this

great country. We all know that very many industrious farmers, mechanics, and labourers, can improve their circumstances vastly by emigration; and the smiling land of our adoption holds out her ample arms to welcome them. Though Scotland were to-day entirely freed from her entails, yet to the labouring man it would give little hope of rising above that of a labourer, or at most a poor tenant. Last century, delvers and ditchers were poorly paid, and it is no better now that the population has doubled. Here a few years of what at home would be considered moderate summer labour, affords the means of purchasing and stocking a freehold farm; and thus affording what to every well-principled man is the height of his ambition—provision for his family, and sitting under his vine and fig-tree, none offering or daring to make him afraid.'

Mr Frew, another speaker, says, 'We know of the distress at home; and if we could induce the starving peasantry to cast their lot among us, we should be helping them as well as ourselves. Let them come here—they would be heartily welcome.'

Alluding to the pastoral character of the colony, Mr Cumming speaks of the great impetus imparted by the introduction of Australian wool into the woollen manufactures of Scotland. Formerly, the Scotch manufacturers contented themselves with working only British wools, and so long as they did so, they carried on but a poor trade. A new state of things ensued on the introduction of the fine wool of Australia into the manufacture of tartans and tweeds. 'For years this new and peculiar trade,' says Mr Cumming, 'has been flourishing; and Scotland now stands at the very head of this branch of industry, and has produced a quality of goods fitting for, and yielding comfort to, royalty. It must delight them all to know that Hawick, Jedburgh, Galashiels, Menstrie, Alva, Tillicoultry, Stirling, and Bannockburn are flourishing from this cause. He could not forget that Perth, Crief, Auchterarder, and Auchtermuchty, boast of their Galas.' The pastoral interest, through whose agency the wool was produced, 'was a great one. He believed that in the Australian colonies there were about 6,000,000 sheep, besides cattle. In this province there were about 1,000,000, and yielding a steady increase. As fine wool was produced as was anywhere to be met with; and though sometimes a little carelessness had been complained of, yet there was every prospect of future praise as well as profit. The pastoral life had ever been the emblem of happiness, and honourable to all, from Abel downwards, and in this country it appeared to be a truly pleasant one.'

Next follows a speech on the mining interest. The discovery of mineral wealth has given a prodigiously increased value to the colony; 'but,' says the speaker, 'we are crippled for want of labourers.'

We may here drop the curtain on the scene. The thing that strikes us throughout the proceedings is the iteration of the cry—"want of labourers." Give us plenty hands to help us to till the lands, to tend the sheep, to dig in the mines, to drive our cars, and otherwise assist us, and we will show you what we can do, not only for the colony and ourselves, but for the labourers themselves! Let us hope, as we said on a late occasion, that this cry for labour proceeds on no unsound consideration of what is due to labourers when they arrive; and that it will not be followed by a reaction like that which already occurred when bands of emigrant labourers, instead of being employed at fair wages, required to be supported for a time as paupers. We desire, in short, to see a properly-conducted system of emigration, not a heedless outpouring of human beings, likely to cause a glut in the market of labour. It would very greatly tend to promote confidence in demands for labourers or anything else, if the colonists—we speak not of South Australia alone—would on all occasions apply direct to the people at home, and not leave their wants to the chance of being imperfectly heard of through the colonial papers, which few in

Great Britain see, or what is equally useless, through the enginery of the colonial office. The St Andrew's Society of Adelaide, for example, is stated by one of the speakers at the above meeting to have for its object to 'open up an intercourse with Scotland, and by giving information that can be relied on, unfold the capabilities of this great country.' This is a useful and praiseworthy object; but why is it not carried into execution by the immediate dissemination throughout Scotland of such information as the society can vouch for—names of members being appended? As far as we have heard, nothing of the sort has been done; the society to all appearance contenting itself with a notice in a colonial newspaper, which not a dozen people in Scotland will ever see, and which has come into our hands only through the kindness of a friend. We repeat a hint which cannot be too frequently offered to the colonists—'You will never get what you want from the mother country till you appeal by direct address to the people!' Any communication of this kind will be gladly received from the St Andrew's Society of Adelaide, and we hope that such will be current amongst us before the next 30th of November.

THE LONDON BAKERS.

A MOVEMENT, as may be known, has lately been made towards meliorating the condition of the London operative bakers, which, from the following evidence of Dr Guy, laid before parliament, must be acknowledged to be bad enough.

'The journeymen bakers of London are almost without exception overworked. From 18 to 20 hours of continuous occupation, with perhaps a nap of from an hour to two hours on a board, may be stated as the rule with the large majority of the trade. It often happens towards the end of the week that the poor fellows are employed without rest or sleep for more than 48 hours on a stretch. The wages which the men receive varies from 10s. to L.1, 10s. a-week. The average will be about 16s. or 17s. A foreman will get from L.1 to L.1, 10s.; a second hand 16s. to L.1, 1s.; and a third hand from 10s. to 14s., in addition to an allowance of bread and flour. Considering the rate of wages in other trades, and the amount of work required of them, they are very badly paid. One reason of the low wages of journeymen bakers is undue competition. A man can set up as a master baker with very moderate capital; hence this trade is naturally overstocked, and profits are reduced so low, that many of the masters can only live by overworking and underpaying their men. Another circumstance which tends to reduce wages, and which is at least as effective as competition itself, is the bad state of health of the journeymen bakers, brought on by the very overwork of which I have been speaking. In all sickly trades there must always be a great number of men thrown out of work by illness; young healthy recruits are constantly coming up from the country to supply their place; and thus the labour-market is overstocked, and that, too, with men impoverished by illness, and too glad to be taken into employment on almost any terms. I do not attribute their liability to disease entirely to overwork. They are exposed to heat, which, while it exhausts them, renders them liable to colds, and seems to favour determination of blood to the head; to dust from the flour, which irritates the lungs; and to severe exertion, which leads to palpitation, diseases of the heart, and apoplectic seizures. There is also in the habits of the journeymen bakers something which tends still further to impair their health. They do not employ the only holiday they have in the week—the Saturday evening—in a manner likely to recruit their strength, preserve their health, or improve their morals. They meet at public-houses—not merely for the purpose of recreation, but when out of work, they use them as places of call. The bakers, I believe, have the character of being a dissipated body of men; but exposure to heat, overwork,

and one evening in the week only for recreation, are circumstances favourable neither to mind nor body. They have not even the Sunday to themselves; for in the morning, and at noon of Sunday, they have to attend to the baking of dinners. They might go to church in the afternoon; but it is the natural tendency of the overwork to which they are subject to indispense them to frequent the church. The bakers, as a class, are short-lived. There are few old or even middle-aged men among them. The oldest man I saw was 65, but I believe there are a few older men at work. The average of the whole 111 was only 30½ years. I look upon this low average age of the journeymen bakers as a proof of the unhealthiness of their occupation. It is only to be accounted for by premature death, and the constant influx of young men to supply the place of the deceased. I found none in what may be termed robust health; that is to say, with healthy florid complexions. The diseases to which the bakers are most subject are rheumatic fever, erysipelas, inflammation of the lungs, and consumption; but especially the last two are their most severe and fatal maladies. The less severe diseases of which they complain are colds, rheumatism, indigestion, bowel complaints, skin diseases, and bleeding at the nose. Ruptures are common among them. I should think that there is no class of men, excepting perhaps the grinders of Sheffield, so liable to severe diseases of the chest as the bakers.

'Of 111 whom I examined, 19 had had some severe and lingering disease of the lungs, and 89 complained of being subject to less severe disorders of the chest. If the two numbers be added together, no less than 108 habitual or severe diseases of the lungs will have to be divided among 111 men. I attribute in part the dissipated habits with which the bakers are charged to their being overworked. People who have but one evening to themselves in the week, who have no time to cultivate their minds, and who are always in a state of bodily exhaustion, must be in great danger of finding the public-house too attractive. The bakers are exerting themselves for the abolition of night-work; and from what I can understand, there would be no difficulty in doing away with it altogether, except the opposition of a minority of under-priced bakers, whose profits arise from exacting an excess of labour from the men; that is to say, the majority of the trade are the slaves of the minority. The great majority of the bakers are from Scotland, a large number from Devonshire, and several from the other western counties: a few from Ireland. Scotland is the great nursery of bakers. The master bakers in Scotland and the western counties of England are in the habit of employing only apprentices, who are dismissed as soon as they are out of their time, and are thrown on the English labour-market. Most of them, I believe, come to London; and this adds to the competition by which the wages of labour are beaten down.'

Dr Guy further mentions that the great majority of masters and men look alone for a remedy to the interference of the legislature. It would seem almost unnecessary to say that any expectations of this kind must prove fallacious. Further than the general enforcement of certain sanitary regulations, nothing can be advantageously done by the legislature, unless it be the abolition of the window duties. But strangely enough, the very legislators who are seen lamenting over the darkened condition of the workshops in which the poor operative bakers of London are doomed to toil, divided, if we mistake not, against the repeal of the duties levied on windows. As regards the general question, it is extremely difficult to see how, according to existing tastes, and in present circumstances, the condition of operative London bakers is to be improved. A loud and very just complaint is made against night-work; but all know that this is caused by the public demand for hot rolls at breakfast, and there can be no possible remedy till the use of that species of bread is abandoned: then comes the excessive competition among employers,

which renders the smallest saving necessary: and lastly, the great overabundance of labour in proportion to the demand. Although one of the most slavish and deadly professions, young men crowd into it without the slightest regard for consequences. The vast redundancy in the labour-market is, in short, the main cause of the sufferings endured by the bakers; and we fear that this evil, to such an extent as may seem desirable, is not likely soon to be remedied.

A HEALTHY SKIN.

The scarf-skin is being constantly cast off in the form of minute powdery scales; but these, instead of falling away from the skin, are retained against the surface by the contact of clothing. Moreover, they become mingled with the unctuous and saline products of the skin, and the whole together concrete into a thin crust, which, by its adhesiveness, attracts particles of dust of all kinds—soot and dust from the atmosphere, and particles of foreign matter from our dress: so that in the course of a day the whole body, the covered parts least, and the uncovered most, becomes covered by a pellicle of impurities of every description. If this pellicle be allowed to remain, to become thick, and establish itself upon the skin, effects which I shall now proceed to detail will follow. In the first place, the pores will be obstructed, and, in consequence, transpiration impeded, and the influence of the skin, as a respiratory organ, entirely prevented. In the second place, the skin will be irritated both mechanically and chemically; it will be kept damp and cold, from the attraction and detention of moisture by the saline particles, and possibly the matters once removed from the system may be again conveyed into it by absorption. And thirdly, foreign matters in solution, such as poisonous gases, miasmata, and infectious vapours, will find upon the skin a medium favourable for their suspension and subsequent transmission into the body. These are the primary consequences of the neglected ablation of the skin. Let us now inquire what are the secondary or constitutional effects. If the pores be obstructed, and the transpiration checked, the constituents of the transpired fluids will necessarily be thrown upon the system; and as they are injurious, even poisonous, if retained, they must be removed by other organs than the skin. Those organs are the lungs, the liver, the kidneys, and the bowels. But it will be apparent to every one that if these organs equally, or one more than another, which is generally the case, be called upon to perform their own office *plus* that of another, the equilibrium of health must be disturbed, and the oppressed organ must suffer from exhaustion and fatigue, and must become the prey of disease. Thus obviously and plainly habits of uncleanness become the cause of consumption and other serious diseases of the vital organs. Again, if the pores be obstructed, respiration through the skin will be at an end, and as a consequence, the blood, deprived of one source of its oxygen, one outlet for its carbon, the chemical changes of nutrition will be insufficient, and the animal temperature lowered. As a consequence of the second position, cutaneous eruption and diseases will be engendered, and the effects of cold manifested on the system, and the re-absorption of matters once separated from the body will be the exciting cause of other injurious disorders. The third position offers results even more serious than those which precede. If a pellicle of foreign substance be permitted to form on the skin, this will inevitably become the seat of a detention of miasmata and infectious vapours. They will rest here previously to being absorbed, and their absorption will engender the diseases of which they are the peculiar ferment.—*Wilson's Treatise.*

A PLEA FOR HEDGE AND OTHER BIRDS.

Farmers and gardeners are sad enemies to hedge-birds. Making up their minds that they are enemies, and only such, they destroy them with an unsparring hand. They put a premium on their heads—their eggs—their young—their nests. They add cupidity to the destructiveness of youthful predators, and goad them on to destroy, far and wide, every bird which builds a nest, as if it were amongst the thorns and thistles wherewith the Almighty had cursed our race. The ignorance of this is as great as its cruelty. Very often they hire the destruction of their best friends, and then grumble that their crops are gone

by the aphid and the caterpillar. They grudge the bird the food which harbours the parent; and therefore it escapes, and breeds ten millions of consumers. We remember some sapient entry in an antique parish book, when the constable 'payd for vi. tomitts heads,' and cannot but pity the poor wretches, who have evidently more money than wit.—*Farmers' Journal.*

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Ye who the lack of gold would plead as lack
Of power to help another, think not so;
But where the stumbling steps of sickness go,
Follow with friendly foot; and in the track
Of life, when ye encounter, 'midst the snow,
Bewildered wanderers, turn not proudly back,
But lead them, gently from their walks of woe
By such kind words as cast a brighter glow
Than gold around them. Oh be sure of this—
The aims most precious man can give to men
Are kind and truthful words; nor come amiss
Warm sympathising tears to eyes that scan
The world aright! The only error is,
Neglect to do the little good we can!

SONNET TO THE BUTTERCUP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A TRADESMAN'S LAYS.'

Will no one sing of thee, thou pleasing flower,
With livelier tint than daisy e'er put on?
Who, when warm Phoebus gives to May her down,
Smiling art seen the grass-green meads among;
What time the cuckoo tunes his mellow flute,
And on the sward the grasshopper we hear,
'Tis then all gaily in thy yellow suit
A smiling floral star thou dost appear.
Memory wipes off the dust of time, and brings
Sweet recollections of those joyous hours,
When wandering gladly near Dove's pleasant springs,
I culled a copious harvest of thy flowers;
With pinafore filled out—a venturesome boy
I tumbled in the grass, and shouted wild for joy.

THE MIND.

Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mind has ever been considered the grandest. It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation; and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness. That person who spends a whole existence without a realisation of the great ends for which he was designed; without feeling a soaring of the soul above mere mercenary motives and desires; not knowing that he is a portion, as it were, of one vast machine, in which each piece has a part to perform, having no heart beating in common with those of his fellow-men, no feelings in which self is not the beginning and the end, may well be said not to live. His mind is shut in by a moral darkness, and he merely exists, a blank in the world, and goes to the tomb with scarcely a regret. Such beings we have seen and wondered at—wondered that a mortal, endowed with so many noble qualities, and capable of the highest attainment of intellectuality, should slumber on through a world like ours, in which is everything beautiful and sublime, to call forth his energies and excite his admiration—a world which affords subjects for exercising every lively attribute with which we are gifted, and opens a scene of the richest variety to the eye, the mind, and the heart, and of such a diversified character, that we may never grow weary. If, then, you would wish to live, in the true sense of the term, cultivate the mind, give vent to pure affections and noble feelings, and pen not every thought and desire in self. Live more for the good of your fellow-men, and in seeking their happiness you will promote your own.—*Zion's Herald.*

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STRUGGLES FOR LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.

IN a metropolis swarming with nearly two millions of inhabitants, and with its society organised on the highest artificial system, the struggle for existence is often most intense, and productive of expedients to earn the means of subsistence which would never be thought of elsewhere. At all times there may be said to be a large floating population with no regular employment, and whose wits are ever at work to earn a penny. Besides all other causes of impoverishment, many tradesmen are thrown out of employment by new inventions and discoveries; and many more are next to destitute from an error in the choice of a profession, and their inability to attain proficiency in their craft. These last, after numberless attempts and defeats, and many and bitter mortifications, give up the matter in despair, and go to swell the ranks of the unemployable and supernumerary class. What becomes of all these, and how their wants are supplied, is a mystery not easily fathomable. 'Ten men,' says a German proverb, 'cannot tell you how the eleventh lives.' The following brief sketches may contribute in some degree to clear up a portion of the mystery.

The Duck-weed Hawker.—Walking one day by the river side, in the neighbourhood of Battersea, sketch-book in hand, and meditating a design upon the Red House, I was attracted by a picturesque-looking figure, busily engaged in raking the surface of a stagnant pool. By his side, on the bank, stood an old wine-hammer, reeking with muddy ooze. Feeling curious to ascertain what was going forward, I approached the operator, and civilly questioned him as to his proceeding. The following dialogue may give the reader an idea of a branch of industry which I confess was unknown to me till then.

'My good fellow, if I may be so bold, what is it you are doing?'

'Oh, bless your honour! no harm. I only wants the duck-weed you see, sir; and they never sets no wally on it, so I gits it for nuffin.'

'But of what use is that green scum, or duck-weed, as you call it?'

'Did yer honour never keep no ducks?' (I was compelled to confess my inexperience.) 'Vy, then, I'll tell yer honour. Yer see this ere as grows on the top of the vater is duck-weed, and in course the ducks is fond on it; and them as keeps ducks is glad to git it, in course, at a low figure. So ye see, as I gits it for nuffin but my trouble, I can afford to sell it cheap.'

'You don't pretend to say that people buy it?'

'Don't I though? Ketch me givin on it away! I gits a penny a measure for every morsel on it; and voths the money, and no mistake.'

'And where do you find customers?'

'Vy, that's the vurst on it too. 'Taint much of a nosegay to carry about a feller; still I don't travel no great ways—hadn't need, you s'pose. Vell, then, sir, as you don't calkilate no hopposition, an' p'raps you'll stan' the price of a half-pint, I don't mind tellin' ye. My walk is Tuttle Street, the Hambury, and Stratton-ground, and Brewers Green, and Palmer's Willage, and York Street, vere there's lots o' courts and alleys, and ducks in course.'

'Keep ducks there! Why, those are the filthiest neighbourhoods in Westminster.'

'That's the werry reason, sir: there is so much mud, they wants the ducks to gobble it up. He—he!'

'But where do they find room for them? There are neither yards nor ponds.'

'Oh, there's the street door front by day, and they doos werry vell under the bed o' nights. But I'm werry dry a' talkin', yer honour; and I mussn't waste no time, for yer see this ere sort o' green stuff vont keep not nohow, and must all be sold to-night.'

'Dry! why, you are dripping wet from head to foot.'

'Nothin' but vater, sir; and vater never vets Jakes, cos, d'ye see, I perfers beer.'

'Is your name Jakes?'

'No, sir, my name's Villums—Ned Villums. But they calls me Jakes cos I scums the mud-pools and ditches. But them as calls names pays their pennies; so I takes their tin and their compliments together, and never minds. Yer honour's a goin' to stan' summat, I know?'

Having complied with the poor fellow's demand, and helped him, as I best could, to shoulder his nauseous burden, I saw him trudge off beneath it, at a good five-mile-an-hour pace, to the sale of his moist merchandise. As he vanished with his dripping load, I could not help mentally comparing the present contents of the wine-basket to those of a past day—the sparkling juice of the grape to the reeking weed—and the different destinies of those who revelled round the bottles, and his who catered for the ducks. But the fellow was not to be pitied, and I felt that compassion would have been in his case injustice. He had health, humour, and spirits, which a wine-bibbing dyspeptic might have envied; and if his philosophy was not as elevated as that of Wordsworth's 'leech-gatherer on the lonely moor,' it was, to say the least of it, as practical.

Green food for Singing-Birds.—This is another article of perambulating merchandise peculiar to the great city, and one which meets with a regular and ready market during the greater part of the year. Chick-weed, groundsel, seed-grasses, and round green turfs, form the staple of the merchant's wares, with which he threads the streets and suburbs during the middle portion of the day; his cry being seldom heard before ten or eleven in the morning, and ceasing ere sundown,

when his customers and consumers go to roost. One of these verdant professionals passes my window thrice a week during the summer months, and I have frequently encountered him in occasional strolls for the last ten years. Tall and erect, brawny and broad-shouldered, and bronzed with the suns of sixty summers, he looks more like a trooper of the Guards than a retailer of chickweed. But he evidently delights in his way of life, which leads him to the green fields ere the lark is yet aloft; and as he plods his dilatory way along the public thoroughfares, he sings his loud and sonorous song to a self-taught tune. 'Groundsel and chickweed for the pretty little singing-bird,' is the song; and the tune, commencing by a chant of four words on C, the first note, runs down the scale, like the simple chime of village bells, to the octave below, upon which he dwells with a force and gusto that is quite catching, ere he resumes his everlasting *Da Capo*.

One day, while choosing a turf from his basket, to gratify an impudent pet bird, I questioned my tall salesman as to his inducement for following such a mode of life. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'I don't mind telling you, as you are a regular customer. The fact is, I couldn't do nothing else at the time I begun it, and wasn't fit neither for regular work. You must know, sir, I was bred a farm-labourer, and might have done well enough, for I was always fond of field-work, and cattle-tending, and such-like. But then, d'ye see, in eighteen-seven I listed—all along of a purty girl as didn't know her own mind—and main sad and sorry we both of us were when we found I couldn't be got off from serving. But that's neither here nor there. We parted, and in less than four years I went to Spain, where I had enough of sodgering. I've a stood, sir, up to my breast in growing corn, and seen the ears on't cut off wi' bullets as clean as a whistle. But that's no matter. I got a bad wound at Vittoria, which was the hardest day's work I ever see in my life. So I were sent home wi' a hartificial brain-pan, and eightpence a-day. I couldn't very well live upon that, you know, sir; so I comes up from Chatham (you know, sir, we're all sent to Chatham, up to Pitt's there, when we come from foreign parts), up to town here, to look about me. Well, sir, I couldn't get nothing as suited me, nor as didn't suit me either, for the matter o' that; and then my head did swim badly at times, though that's all right now, thank God! So, sir, I was a-standing one morning in one of them little streets by St Paul's when a gentleman comes out of a countin'-house wi' green shutters, and a pen in his ear, and he says to me, "My good fellow," says he, "haven't you got nothing to do? I want a man," says he, "as got nothing to do." "No, sir," says I, "I han't; and I should be very much obleeged to you for a job." "Then," says he, "do you see that lark in the cage, and do you know what he wants?" "I see him plain enough, sir," says I; "and it strikes me he wants to get out." "No, he don't," says he; "he's not such a fool. He wants a fresh turf; and if you'll go and cut him one, I'll give you sixpence." "That's a bargain," said I, and away I went; but I found it a long way to the green grass, and that sixpence was arned harder than some. But I cut half-a-score turfs while I was about it, thinking there might be more birds than one with a country taste. Well, the gentleman gave me a shilling when he knewed how far I had been, and I sold all the tothers for a penny a-piece. Arter that I took up with the weeds and grasses, and got a regular walk (one of my customers, as thinks his self very witty, calls it *Birdcage Walk*); and many's the bird in this

here town as knows my song as well as his own. That was my beginnin', sir, and I've kep the game alive ever since; 'cept in winter-time, when I sells snow and ice to the 'fectioners, and brandy-balls, and sich-like, to warm the stomach on skating-days. And let me tell you, sir, I likes feeding the little birds, and being my own master, better than shooting and sticking my fellow-creeturs at another man's bidding; and between you and me and the post it pays better.'

With this the quondam grenadier departed, and in less than a minute I heard the well-known cry, 'Grouse-sel and chickweed for the pretty little singing-bird!'

The Mushroom-Hunter.—Pursuing an avocation which renders me occasionally liable to be abroad at all hours of the night, the opportunity is forced upon me of observing the various phases of London life which each succeeding hour reveals. Following the example of the Vicar of Wakefield, I never refuse the challenge of any man, whatever his apparent station, who proffers his conversation; and I have often found the gossip of a wayfarer both interesting and profitable, while I am not aware that I ever lost anything by giving them a hearing. Business-belated one September night, or rather morning, for midnight had long ceased tolling from the thousand churches of the city, I was seeking for a short cut homewards, and stood for a moment hesitating at a hitherto unexplored turning out of Gray's Inn Lane, when I was accosted by a man of strangely uncouth appearance, who inquired if I had lost my way. Upon stating that I merely wanted the shortest cut towards Holloway, he said he was going the whole distance, and beyond, and should be happy to show me the nearest road; adding, that he supposed I was desirous of getting to bed, 'which I,' said he, 'have just left, to begin my day's work.' 'A strange hour,' thought I, 'to begin a day's work; not yet one o'clock.' And as I walked behind him through the narrow and dirty lanes of that neighbourhood, I availed myself of the accommodation afforded by the gas-lamps to scrutinise his figure and costume. Of a slim and wiry make, and of the middle size, and about thirty-five years of age, I saw from his motions that he was active, agile, and a stranger to fatigue. His whole dress fitted his muscular frame almost as closely as that of Harlequin himself, but was composed of the vilest materials; half-leather, half-cloth, greasy, and rent, and patched and re-patched in a hundred places. A short pair of hobnailed Bluchers encased his feet; and a skull-cap of leather, guiltless of the smallest indication of a brim, covered his head, fastening under his chin by a strap. At his back hung a long, shallow, wicker-basket, with a canvas covering: this was strapped round his waist. He was accompanied by a small, black, and ugly half-breed terrier—an old hand, evidently, for he lost no ground, but kept uniformly before his master, and if he outran him, never returned upon his track, but waited quietly till he came up.

'That is a prudent dog of yours,' I said, as we emerged into a wider thoroughfare, and walked side by side.

'Ay, sir; he has learned prudence in the same school as his master. He was wild enough in his young days like myself; and, like me, he has found out that if he would be of any use to-morrow, he must take care of himself to-day.'

'You said you were just beginning your day's work; may I ask what is your occupation?'

'Occupation, properly speaking, I have none, sir—worse luck! I am one of a good many, driven from a

thriving trade by modern machinery and improvements. You must know, sir, I was brought up to my father's trade, that of a calenderer; and a very decent property the old man left when he died. Four thousand pounds there was in the three per cents., which I, like a fool, prevailed upon my poor old mother to throw into the business, for the sake of extending it, thinking I could make five-and-twenty per cent. of it instead of three; and so I might too, but for new inventions, which threw me out of the market, and brought us in the end to ruin. I sometimes thank God the old lady didn't live to see the upshot of it all. We passed her grave, sir, two minutes ago, in the Spa-Fields' burying-ground. Well, sir, when it was all over, I paid a good dividend; and the creditors, seeing how the matter was, gave me a couple of hundreds to begin again with. So, being always fond of books, and having a fancy for the trade, I thought I might do well enough—having only myself to look after—in a bookseller's shop; so I took a neat house in the New Road, and laid out all my money in books, and sat myself down behind the counter to wait for customers. Perhaps you would not think it, but there I sat from Monday morning till Saturday night without seeing a soul enter the shop except one child, who wanted change for a sixpence; and yet five or six thousand people passed the open door every day. The second week was not much better; few people came, and those who did come, wanted the books for less than they cost, and assured me—which I afterwards found was true enough—that they could get them for less elsewhere. The business never came to anything, as you may suppose. In the course of six months I found out, what I ought to have known at first, that I didn't understand it; so I closed with a man who offered to take the stock at a valuation, and relieve me of the house. A rare valuation it was! All the volumes were lumped together at sixpence a-piece; and I saw the major part of them a week afterwards bundled into a great box at the door, and ticketed "Ninapence each." I received something less than a fourth of the original cost of the whole, and walked out, not particularly well satisfied, to try again.

'I was afraid to venture upon any other business, and therefore looked out for a situation of some sort. If I could have written a decent hand, I might perhaps have got a berth as under-clerk; but nobody could ever read my writing; and though I threw away five or six pounds to an advertising teacher, who sports a colossal flut and goose-quill on his signboard, all my endeavours to mend it were of no use. I need not trouble you with the fifty attempts I made to gain an honest livelihood, further than to say that they were all for a long time failures. My money went by degrees. As I grew older I grew poorer, and went down of course in the social scale. I have been warden in a jail, whence I was turned out because a highwayman, whom I had compelled to good behaviour, swore I was an old associate; I have been a pedlar, and robbed of my pack on Duddham Down; I have been a billiard-marker, and kicked out by the proprietor because I would not score more games than the players had played; I have been cabman and hackney-coachman, till the omnibuses cut the cabs' throats; I have kept a fruit-stall on the pavement edge till it wouldn't keep me; I have hawked about the street every possible commodity you could mention; I have driven cattle to Smithfield, and thence to the slaughter-house; I have sold cats'-meat and dogs'-meat, and dealt in bones and rags; in short, I have done everything but beg, and have lived a whole week upon sixpence, because I would not do that.'

'I hope things are not so bad with you just now?' said I, desirous of hearing the conclusion of his history.

'Not quite, sir: there is truth in the old proverb, "He that is down can fall no lower." At first I suffered a deal of mortification from the neglect of friends of prosperous days, who were very liberal of their compassion and condolence, which are things I hate, but chary of everything else. I believe I conferred an

obligation upon them all, when I resolved, as I soon did, never to trouble them again.

'One fine morning, after walking the streets all night for want of a bed, I found myself in Covent Garden market at sunrise, among a shoal of carts and wagons loaded with vegetables for the day's sale. The thought struck me at once that here I might pick up a job; I commenced the look-out in good earnest, and wasn't long of getting employment. I received threepence for pitching a couple of tons of cabbages out of a wagon, and scoring them off; but then I was only a deputy, and was paid half-price. This, however, procured me a breakfast, and gave me heart to try again. I picked up three shillings altogether in the course of the day, two of which I paid in advance for a regular lodging for the following week—a luxury I had not then enjoyed for some months. The next day was not a market-day, and I did not manage so well; but I stuck by the market, and learned many modes of earning a penny. I bought vegetables at a low price, or got them in return for my labour; these I sold again, and managed to earn something, at all events, every day. Once, on taking potatoes to a baker who purchased all I could get, I was asked for mushrooms, for which the old chap had a mighty relish. I promised to get him some, but found them too dear in the market to allow any margin for me; so recollecting that I had seen a vast number the year before in a certain part of the Barnet Road, during my experience as assistant drover, I set off on an exploring expedition. Having arrived at the spot, after a pretty close search, I succeeded in gathering a tidy crop, though not without a good deal of labour and inconvenience. I found that the sale of these paid me well for my trouble. I often make between three and four shillings by a trip, and sometimes more. But I soon found out that others reaped that ground as well as myself; and to keep it pretty well in my own hands, I find it necessary to be on the spot before the sun is up. By this means I get more; and what is of greater importance, they are of better quality.'

'And pray, does your dog perform any part in the business, or is he merely a companion?'

'Why, sir, I daresay dogs might be taught to hunt mushrooms as well as truffles; but there is no occasion for that, as mushrooms grow above ground, and can't well be missed. But my dog's part is to mind the basket, and he does the business well. You see I leave the harvest to his care, while I scramble through hedges and over ditches and fences in search of more. I saw you quizzing my surcoat; 'tisn't much to look at, but it serves my purpose better than a coat with two tails. I can ram my head, in this thick shoe-leather cap, through a quickset-hedge, where a fox would hardly follow me; and when I have got this small bag full (producing a canvas bag from his pocket), I return and deposit them in the basket till the work is done. I am back again in the market by the time the housekeepers are abroad purchasing provisions for the day. My stock never hangs long on hand; and it is very seldom that I am reduced to the necessity of lowering my price, or consuming them myself.'

'This is a laborious calling,' I said, 'and one that cannot be very remunerative, or allow you to make much provision for the future.'

'Not much, sir, it is true; but yet I do make some. I save a shilling every week at least, and sometimes, in a lucky season, as much as five: that goes into the savings'-bank, and would suffice to keep me out of the hospital in case of illness, which I don't much fear, being a teetotaler, and pretty well weather-proof. I think it was Dr Johnson, but I won't be certain, who said, "No man ever begins to save unless he has a prospect of accumulation." I don't think that is altogether true; at any rate if it is, I am the exception that proves the rule. I began to save, strange as it may sound, because I did not know what to do with my money. Having learned by necessity to live upon the smallest possible amount, I was afraid, when my gains

exceeded that, of again acquiring luxurious habits, which it had cost me so much to get rid of; for that reason I put the first five shillings into the bank, and have added to it weekly, with very few omissions, ever since. I will not deny that, with the gradual increase of my little hoard, a new prospect has opened for me, and that I only wait for the possession of a certain amount to begin business in the market upon a more respectable footing, which will allow me to dispense with my midnight labours.*

Here he ceased; and soon after arriving at the corner of the street in which was my own home, I bade him good-morning; and wishing a speedy and prosperous result to his economic endeavours, parted with the mushroom-hunter.

HISTORY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.*

A WORK with this title has come under our notice, which is full both of amusement and instruction—amusement even of a romantic character, and instruction of that kind which operates upon the mind rather by suggestive facts than dry reflection. We propose running through the volumes in such a way as to collect some general and popular idea of the history of the great institution referred to; and we shall thus be able to afford a better notion of the varied contents of the work than we could hope to give by means of the scanty extracts to which our space would limit us.

During the Civil War, when our merchants were unwilling to be robbed for the good of the state, they were in the habit of keeping their treasure in their own houses under lock and key. But their servants and apprentices were sometimes of a more patriotic character. Nothing would satisfy them but a share of the blows that were going; and in order to be able to serve their country, they made no scruple of carrying off the money intrusted to their guardianship. In such cases it usually happened that they were never more heard of. This made the merchants who had still anything to lose, and the servants who were honest, and still trusted, very uneasy under such a charge; and it became the custom, for the sake of security, to lend whatever money was not in use to the wealthy goldsmiths. The rich were glad to make the deposit without interest; but more necessitous persons received fourpence per cent. per diem, and the goldsmiths realised a handsome profit by lending at a much higher usance to persons of real solidity, whose pecuniary matters were embarrassed by the troubles of the time. By and by they extended their business; they discounted bills; they advanced money to government on the security of the taxes; and the receipts for the cash lodged in their houses passed current from hand to hand under the name of Goldsmiths' Notes. The goldsmiths, in fact, became bankers, till the two businesses were separated by Mr Francis Child. On the site of his banking-house stood formerly the shop of Mr William Wheeler, goldsmith and banker, with whom Child was an apprentice. The apprentice married his master's daughter, as was frequently the case in the good old times; and at the death of his father-in-law, sinking the shop, he established a great banking business, which remains in full activity and undiminished respectability to this day.

The exact date of the commencement of this concern is not known, but its existing books go back to the year 1620. Hoares' began in 1680, and Snows' in 1685; and about the latter date a Bank of Credit was tried, but does not appear to have met with success. The want

of a great bank was so sensibly felt, that the idea became an *ignis-fatuus* of enthusiasts, and was made a stalking-horse by projectors. Nothing was talked of, nothing thought of, but money. Lottery upon lottery turned the heads of the people. Engulfed treasures were to be rescued from the bottom of the deep; pearl-fisheries were to pay impossible per centages; joint-stock companies juggled and cheated as an example to later times. At this moment an individual rose conspicuously amid the crowd, whose teeming brain originated the Bank of England* and the fatal Darien expedition.

William Paterson was a native of Dumfriesshire; and was educated for the church; but although he visited the West Indian islands on pretext of converting the heathen, it is supposed that he attached himself to the roving expeditions of the bucaniers, either as a spectator or comrade in their adventures. On his return to Europe, he brought into the affairs of everyday life a brain heated by such an education of circumstances, and an imagination fired by the stories related by the wild men of the sea of mines of gold and gems, and rivers with Pactolean sands. His Darien scheme we can only allude to. Rejected in England, and in various continental countries, it met with so warm a reception among the poor and cautious Scotch, that they rushed to subscribe to the Company, as Sir John Dalrymple tells us, with an eagerness not exceeded by that with which they signed the Solemn League and Covenant. Every effort was made to crush the Company at the outset, more especially by the English ministry and parliament, who, among other reasons for their hostility, feared that if it succeeded, the Scotch would in time become so powerful as to separate themselves entirely from England. Nevertheless, in 1698, twelve hundred colonists, under the conduct of Paterson himself, sailed from Leith, and arrived in due time at the golden isthmus, where, instead of unheard-of treasures, they met only with disease, famine, the sword, and, above all, the determined hostility of the English government, which issued proclamations in the West Indies forbidding supplies to be furnished to the Scotch at Darien. The result was, that they were obliged to abandon the colony; and of the whole body, only thirty, including the projector, ever saw again the pier of Leith. Such was the originator of the Bank of England, which, in spite of the most violent opposition from goldsmiths, bankers, usurers, and politicians, was incorporated by royal charter four years earlier than the Darien expedition, on the 27th July 1694.

There were at this period only four considerable banks in Europe—those of Amsterdam, Venice, Hamburg, and Genoa: the first three being merely establishments for the convenience of the merchants, and the last connected likewise, for its own advantage, with the state by means of a perpetual fund of interest on public loans. It was on the model of this Genoese bank that the Bank of England was planned, which began business in Mercers' Hall, and then removed to Grocers' Hall, where the twenty-four directors and fifty-four secretaries and clerks were seen at work together in a single great room. The salaries at this time amounted to £4350; and it appears that interest of three or four per cent. was allowed upon deposits. Paterson was in the direction only one year, when, after his ideas had been made use of, 'the friendless Scot was intrigued

* History of the Bank of England, its Times and Traditions. By John Francis. 2 vols. Third edition. London: Willoughby. 1848.

* Paterson is also generally represented as the originator of the Bank of Scotland, which was established by an act of the Scottish parliament in 1695. We shall by and by show some reasons for doubting his alleged concern in the origin of this bank.

out of his post, and out of the honour he had earned.' These, however, are not the words of Mr Francis, who is inclined to receive with caution such easily-made accusations. Godfrey, the zealous coadjutor of Paterson,—for between these two the Bank may be said to have been established—met with a sadder fate, after as brief a career. He undertook the difficult task of carrying specie to William at Namur, and while in conversation with the king in the trenches, was killed by a cannon ball.

The directors had at first no fixed remuneration, but submitted to what the general court chose to allow them. Dividends were paid quarterly; and so small was the business, that in 1696, according to an account delivered to parliament, the balance in favour of the Bank was only £125,315, 2s. Indeed for the first ten years it was engaged in a struggle for existence, and so low in its treasure, that it was sometimes obliged to cash, by quarterly instalments, notes payable on demand. The government, however, stepped in to its assistance. A new charter was granted, extending to 1700, and on such favourable terms, that we hear of great fortunes being made, and one of £60,000 by a bank director. The public at the same time was benefited by the lowering of interest, running notes and bills being discounted at three per cent., and money advanced on merchandise at four per cent. This was a great change from the time of the old goldsmiths, although that was only a few years before, when the ministry was now and then obliged to solicit the Common Council for an advance of one or two hundred thousand pounds on the land tax, at ten or twelve per cent., and when the common councilmen themselves went round from house to house in their respective wards for the loan of money.

The convulsions produced by the South Sea Scheme in 1720 did not affect the Bank of England unfavourably. On the contrary, by the subsequent purchase of four millions of the stock of that illusive concern, it cleared above £600,000. In 1722, by a new subscription, the capital of the Bank was increased to £9,000,000; and at the same time was commenced the well-known *resert*, or reserve fund laid aside for casualties, which has increased with the increase of the business, and has frequently proved of great service. In 1726 we find that no notes were circulated of less value than £20. The Bank removed in 1734 from the hall of the Grocers' Company, and established themselves in Threadneedle Street, on the site of the house and garden of Sir John Houbton, first governor of the establishment. The new office was comparatively a small structure, almost invisible to passers-by, being surrounded by private dwelling-houses, a church, and three taverns. In 1742 the charter was reconstructed, and forgery on the Bank, and trust-breaking on the part of its servants, were declared capital felonies. In the famous 'forty-five,' when the Highland army was at Derby, and London in momentary expectation of being sacked, we find the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street employed, somewhat indecorously, in warding off a run upon her, by employing her own adherents to present themselves foremost of the crowd with notes, for which they were paid in sixpences. This gained much precious time, without the sacrifice of specie; for the friendly creditors, making their exeat by another door, immediately returned their small change to the treasury. About the same time she attempted a meaner, as well as a less successful trick upon her rival Childs', by collecting about half a million of their receipts, and sending them in at a single blow. The wary bankers, however, had got scent of the plot, and were provided with a cheque upon the enemy for £700,000, drawn by the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. When the notes were presented in a great bag, they were examined singly, to give time for the cheque to be cashed in Threadneedle Street; and the malicious Old Lady was then paid in her own notes, which, chancing at the time to be at a

considerable discount, a large sum was made by Childs' upon the transaction.

The first forgery took place in 1758, after the Bank had freely circulated its notes for sixty-four years. The criminal was Richard William Vaughan, a Stafford linen-draper, who was tempted to the deed by nothing more than a desire to pass for a rich man. At this time it was decided that the Bank was liable for the amount of stolen notes. In the following year, £15 and £10 notes were circulated for the first time, in consequence of an unusual scarcity of gold and silver. During the Gordon riots, we find the Bank engaged in actual warfare, with the old inkstands cast into bullets, and the clerks with swords by their sides instead of pens behind their ears. Military were posted within the walls lest matters should come to extremity; two assaults of the rioters were repulsed with great gallantry, Wilkes rushing out during the pauses of the fray, and dragging in some of the ringleaders with his own hands. Several persons were killed, and many wounded, in this skirmish, which inspired the directors with so wholesome a caution, that a military guard have ever since passed the night in the interior of the establishment. The officer on duty has a capital dinner for himself and two friends, and the hospitality of the City is said to be highly appreciated.

The Bank suffered more on an occasion of an opposite kind; for on the day of the proclamation of peace in 1783, the City was thrown into such a hubbub by the rejoicings, that the cashiers paid no fewer than fourteen forged notes of £50 each. This was the era of Charles Price, an exquisite rogue, who had tried dishonesty in almost every walk of life, and distinguished himself in all. Comedian—valet—lottery-office keeper—stock-broker—gambler—forger: such was the sequence of his career. 'He practised engraving till he became proficient; he made his own ink; he manufactured his own paper. With a private press he worked his own notes; and he counterfeited the signatures of the cashiers until the resemblance was complete. Master of all that could successfully deceive, he defied alike fortune and the Bank directors; and even these operations in his own house were transacted in a disguise sufficient to baffle the most penetrating.' His forgeries were so masterly, that some notes stood the examination of the ordinary Bank clerks, and were only detected (after payment) in passing through a particular department. He hired a servant by advertisement, whose curiosity was at length excited by being sent to purchase so many lottery tickets, and being always met on such occasions by his master in a coach, a foreigner apparently of some sixty or seventy years of age, with his gouty legs wrapped in flannel, a camlet cloak buttoned round his mouth, and a patch over his left eye. 'But had he known that from the period he left his master to purchase the tickets, one female figure accompanied all his movements; that when he entered the offices, it waited at the door, peered cautiously in at the window, hovered around him like a second shadow, watched him carefully, and never left him until once more he was in the company of his employer, that surprise would have been greatly increased.' The servant was at length taken into custody, and told all he knew; but his master had vanished like a spirit, and the forgeries continued as usual. Price now varied his labours by setting to work upon the genuine notes, adding a 0 to a £10 note, and transforming other figures so dexterously, that on one day he pocketed £1000. But the devil always deserts his friends at one time or other; and a note he had given in pledge for costly articles of plate with which he graced expensive entertainments, was clearly traced, notwithstanding all his dodges and aliases, to Mr Price the stockbroker. Upon this, seeing that there was no escape, he took the part of the hangman into his own hands, and the cross-road and stake were the meed of the forger. In those days it was dangerous for a man to look mysterious. George Morland, when skulking in the suburbs out of the way of his creditors,

fell under suspicion, and was so closely hunted by the agents of the Bank, whom he mistook for bailiffs, that he fled back into London. The directors, learning from his wife that the object of their pursuit was only a great painter, somewhat out at elbows in the world, presented him with a couple of their own engravings, passing for L.20 each.

The history of the suspension of cash payments in 1797, and of the subsequent act *restricting* the Bank from paying in cash, is too long for this abstract. We must content ourselves with saying that the establishment was embarrassed by the constant 'Give! give!' of Mr Pitt, who had all the world at war, and that the people, confounded by the signs of the times, ran in crowds to their bankers, in town and country, to demand money for notes. In order that the public might be put to as little inconvenience as possible, L.2 and L.1 notes were issued; and that the Bank was not really injured in its resources, was proved by its subscribing in the following year L.200,000 to the voluntary contribution for carrying on the war. In the first four years after the introduction of small notes, eighty-five executions for forgery took place. About the same time, the Bank was robbed by one of their cashiers, of the name of Astlett, to the amount of L.320,000. This man was condemned to death, but permitted to live in prison. Another cashier, of a very different character, and whose name is better known, Abraham Newland, died in 1807, worth personal property to the amount of L.200,000, besides L.1000 a-year in landed estates. This large fortune is accounted for by the profits on public loans, a portion of which was always reserved for the cashiers' office.

In 1816, the Bank had attained to such a pitch of prosperity, that a bonus was declared in the shape of an addition of twenty-five per cent. to the capital stock of each proprietor. An act of parliament was necessary for this, and the directors were authorised at the same time to increase their capital to L.14,533,000, at which amount it still remains. In 1821, Mr Peel's famous currency bill came into operation, and cash payments were resumed. A fraud of a bank clerk named Turner was discovered this year, and the delinquent escaped still more easily than the last. Owing to some failure in the proof, he was found not guilty, and betook himself to the banks of the Lake of Como with his spoil, amounting to L.10,000. In 1824, Fauntleroy was not so fortunate. Although a banker and a gentleman, he met the death of a felon on the gallows. This was another bubble epoch. The country laboured under a plethora of capital, and cured itself by bleeding till vitality was almost extinct. 'All the gambling propensities of human nature,' says the Annual Register, 'were constantly solicited into action; and crowds of individuals of every description, the credulous and the suspicious, the crafty and the bold, the raw and the inexperienced, the intelligent and the ignorant; princes, nobles, politicians, placemen, patriots, lawyers, physicians, divines, philosophers, poets, intermingled with women of all ranks and degrees—spinsters, wives, and widows, hastened to venture some portion of their property in schemes of which scarcely anything was known but the name.' The result was as usual: and, as usual, the wits sported with the national calamity, one of them advertising a company for draining the Red Sea, in order to get out the valuables dropped therein by the Children of Israel during their passage, and the Egyptians in their pursuit. When the reaction came, the Bank added to the consternation by contracting its discounts. Banker after banker came toppling down, both in town and country, to the number of seventy-three in a month; trade was at a stand-still; and the public panic made everything still worse than it was. 'The gloom which pervaded the metropolis was universal. A vague feeling of uncertainty as to the issue ripened into an indefinite dread of consequences, almost as harassing as the worst reality. A general bankruptcy seemed impending. The impression—for it scarcely

amounted to a conviction—that the Bank itself, hitherto regarded as almost sacred, was sharing the danger of the time, added to the general anxiety. Up to this period, with the single exception of 1797, the term 'Bank' had been synonymous with safety. When, therefore, it was believed that, amid the general wrack and ruin, even the Bank of England was in danger, the great hall of the establishment witnessed an eager proffer of notes in exchange for gold, which, however, was met as promptly as it was made. No attempt was offered to withhold, as in 1797; no attempt to delay, as in 1745. It was probably partly owing to the unhesitating readiness with which the gold was paid as fast as it could be demanded, that the confidence of the public was so quickly restored. Had the holders of the notes felt that there was anything like hesitation, the alarm would have spread indefinitely, and the Bank must have suffered in proportion. 'Gold! gold!' was the cry on all sides; and it was answered by another coinage as well as that of the Mint. Counterfeit sovereigns appeared with the new national issue, and were eagerly taken, because they *looked* like money. A re-issue of small notes was still more essential; for in fact a great portion of the distress was owing to so many persons finding themselves destitute of a currency wherewith to carry on the business of life. The small notes, according to Mr Harman, 'saved the country;' and within a week after their appearance, the storm died away, and men were at leisure to clear the wreck. The projects brought during the mania into the market had nearly 6,000,000 shares, and required a capital of upwards of L.372,000,000. In the two years 1824 and 1825, L.25,000,000 was actually advanced by the English nation on foreign loans.

The establishment by the Bank of branch banks in the provinces appears to have excited much trading jealousy; but as these establishments at the present moment number only thirteen, there could not have been much cause for the feeling. During the reform fever in 1832, the Bank sustained the last run upon its gold made from political causes. In the same year the English nation made a vast onward stride in civilisation, by entirely remodelling the useless and brutal system of capital punishments. Forgery of bank notes was one of the crimes exempted, although the forgery of wills and powers of attorney was continued on the black list for a few years longer.

We have not thought it necessary to encumber this article with an account of the various renewals of the Bank charter. We may say, however, that it grew into a usage for the privileges of the incorporation to be *sold* to them by government from time to time. But we must not omit to say that the last renewal, in 1844, fixed the extent of the paper circulation at L.14,000,000; namely, L.11,000,000 on the security of the debt due for the public, and L.3,000,000 on Exchequer bills and other securities; and arranged that every note issued beyond that sum should have its representative in an equal amount of bullion. This year was distinguished in another way by the frauds of Fletcher and Barber, which excited much speculation at the time, chiefly on account of the doubt which appeared to exist of the guilt of the latter. The forgery of Burgess in the following year is likewise too recent to have been forgotten by our readers. This year is the epoch of the great railway mania, of which we are now witnessing the close, and counting the cost. 'The history,' says a London banker, 'of what we are in the habit of calling the "state of trade" is an instructive lesson. We find it subject to various conditions which are periodically returning; it revolves apparently in an established cycle. First we find it in a state of quiescence—next improvement—growing confidence—prosperity—excitement—overtrading—convulsion—pressure—stagnation—distress—ending again in quiescence.'

We must now allow Mr Francis to describe the office of the Bank in his own words. 'The interior arrangements of the Bank of England are not the least remark-

able part of its economy. The citizen who passes it on his way to his counting-house, the merchant who considers it as an edifice where he gets his bills discounted or lodges his bullion for security, and the banker who regards it in his daily visits only as a place to issue the various notices that interest him, look on it with an indifferent eye. Even to the stranger its external appearance is almost lost in contemplating the nobler structure which looks down upon it. But to visit its various offices, to enter into the mode in which its affairs are conducted, and to witness the almost unerring regularity of its transactions, cannot fail to excite admiration. The machinery of Manchester on a small scale may here be witnessed. The steam-engine performs its work with an intelligence almost human, as by it the notes are printed, and the numbers registered, to guard against fraud. When the spectator passes from building to building, and marks each place devoted to its separate uses, yet all of them links in one chain, he cannot fail to be affected with the grandeur of that body which can command so extensive a service.

'The most interesting place connected with the machinery of the Bank is the weighing-office, which was established a few years ago. In consequence of a late proclamation concerning the gold circulation, it became very desirable to obtain the most minute accuracy, as coins of doubtful weight were plentifully offered. Many complaints were made that sovereigns which had been issued from one office were refused at another; and though these assertions were not perhaps always founded on truth, yet it is indisputable that the evil occasionally occurred. Every effort was made by the directors to remedy this, some millions of sovereigns being weighed separately, and the light coins divided from those which were full weight. Fortunately the governor for the time being, before whom the complaints principally came, had devoted his thoughts to scientific pursuits, and he at once turned his attention to discover the causes which operated to prevent the attainment of a just weight. In this he was successful; and the result of his inquiry was a machine remarkable for an almost elegant simplicity. About eighty or one hundred light and heavy sovereigns are placed indiscriminately in a round tube; as they descend on the machinery beneath, those which are light receive a slight touch, and this moves them into their proper receptacle, while those which are the legitimate weight pass into their appointed place. The light coins are then defaced by the sovereign-cutting machine, observable alike for its accuracy and rapidity. By this 200 may be defaced in one minute, and by the weighing machinery 35,000 may be weighed in one day.'

The following is an account of the *personnel*.—The supreme management of the Bank is vested in the whole Court of Directors, which meets weekly, when a statement is read of the position of the Bank in its securities, bullion, and liabilities. The directors have equal power, and should a majority disapprove of the arrangement, they might reconstruct it. Eight of them go out, and eight come in, annually, elected by the Court of Proprietors; and the system on which the affairs of the Bank are conducted is of course liable to change, as new directors may exert their individual influence on it. A list of candidates is transmitted to the Court of Proprietors, and the eight so recommended uniformly come in. Quakers and Hebrews are not eligible, although many are so well versed in monetary matters. When an individual is proposed as a new director, inquiry is always instituted concerning his private character.'

The Bank, as we have seen, commenced business with fifty-four assistants, whose salaries amounted to £4350. The total number employed at present, according to Mr Francis, is upwards of 900, and their salaries exceed £210,000. Of this sum the governor receives only £500, and the directors £300 each; but these gentlemen doubtless are remunerated in another way.

Having now skimmed these interesting volumes, with Macpherson's 'Annals of Commerce' open before us, so far as they go, we have only to beg our readers to understand that Mr Francis is a devout admirer of the Bank of England throughout its whole history—any incidental remarks of our own which may be supposed to have another tendency notwithstanding.

THE OLD FLEMISH BURYING-GROUND.

AMONGST a widely-spreading relationship we reckoned the Flemish Quaker family of the Vanderheims, although circumstances had occasioned the ties of kindred to be overlooked or forgotten on both sides for many years. But at length circumstances led to a renewal of friendly correspondence and association, and to my becoming an inmate of their dwelling for a considerable time. This dwelling, with its gray and sombre aspect, had once formed part of an old convent, whose name, usages, and traditions had not altogether passed away, although they were refused a place in the memory of the Society of Friends. These good people found its spacious hall, vaulted chambers, great gates shutting out the world, and cloisters running round a square courtyard of shaven turf, with a sun-dial in the centre, surrounded by flower-beds, exceedingly agreeable to their peculiar habits and tenor of being; yet all peaceable and kindly as were their dispositions, they evinced undisguised repugnance when any allusion was casually made by the curious stranger touching on the bygone tales attached to their beloved home. The Vanderheims were among the commercial chiefs presiding over the quaint grass-grown Flemish town where they resided; whose green ramparts were unceasingly paraded by a few sentinels, ever keeping watch in mimic state. The town itself was as dull and slumberous-looking as the genius of its inhabitants, nestling amid waste dreary-looking sandhills, surrounding it on three sides, and stretching to the sea, while the fourth side presented an inland expanse of flat uninteresting country, interspersed with canals, and dotted here and there by a solitary windmill or a clump of stunted trees.

Coming from a gay French resort with elastic spirits and a free buoyant heart, this sojourn among my Quaker relatives apparently offered but slight prospect of enjoyment; and nought save a sense of necessity and obligation could have reconciled me to it, more especially on being introduced for the first time to three demure female cousins, my seniors by so many years, that with girlish impertinence I set them down as starched, cross-grained old maids. But this crotchety passed away like other follies of youth and inexperience; and I now look back on the many monotonous hours passed in that quiet Flemish dwelling, with the youngest of these 'cross-grained' cousins for my sole companion, as on the most tranquil and smooth, if not the happiest portion of my life.

The strict unvarying regularity of the household arrangements, unbroken by hopes, fears, amusement, or excitement of any description, was only varied by the perambulations which I was permitted to take in company with Rahel Vanderheim, for whom walking exercise was prescribed by her medical attendant. She it was who readily undertook to make me by degrees an excellent pedestrian, and who daily brought bouquets of roses to my room; roses so exquisite in colour, rich in perfume, and peerless in form, that I became curious to learn from whence they were procured. The gardens in and around the town were far too scanty to afford a profuse supply; and if the honest Flemings coveted the possession of the blushing beauties as much as I did, there must be plenty of roseries *somewhere*. Rahel reminded me that the canals afforded easy means for the transport of all necessities—flowers and vegetables being thus mostly brought from a distance; and the flower-market offering a pleasing picture in the early morning-time, ere the nosegays were sold and dispersed, she promised to take me to see it. My grave cousin, however, reproved at the same time the enthusiasm with which I spoke of this.

'Thee indulgest too much warmth of speech,' said she gently, 'for a discreet young maiden; these shouldst remember that, like these fair short-lived blossoms, thee too must fade and die: perchance didst thee know from whence these roses come, thee mightest not prize them so highly!'

'Come whence they may, Friend Rahel,' I laughingly exclaimed, 'they pass through your dear good hands, and must be purified by the process.' But a demure shake of the head was the only rejoinder, with whispered words of a lesson to be read from the serious pages of real life on the first convenient opportunity.

One bright summer's morning, when the sun had just risen above the ramparts, and the first slanting beams had not yet rested on the gay parterres around the dial, we sallied forth from the Vanderheim cloisters. I accompanied Rahel to the distant quarter of the town where the market-place was situated. Arrayed in a little close bonnet, and pretty modest cap plaited around her sweet delicate face, with a basket in her hand containing condiments of various descriptions, she looked the personification of benevolence, or a sort of *Sœur de Charité*, though in a different costume. The market-place was bounded on one side by the church, a fine old cathedral structure, the flower department being arranged beneath its sheltering walls, and forming an alley of sweets, picturesquely contrasting with the gray mouldering background. Near the end of this alley, and piled against a buttress of the sacred edifice, was a far more splendid collection of fresh and blooming roses than I had ever seen before, except in a highly-cultivated roseroy; and there I doubt if they are found as remarkable as these, which had a peculiar richness and depth of colour, while they loaded the air with a perfume as delicious as if exhaled from a golden vase of veritable Persian attar.

The attendant fairy of the flowers was a young and innocent-looking Flemish damsel, who curtsied to Rahel with the welcoming smile of old acquaintanceship, speaking to her in their native dialect, which of course I could but slightly comprehend. I knew enough, however, to make out that they were no strangers to each other; that Rahel inquired concerning the health and wellbeing of an aged grandfather; and that the girl's name was Mimi: the contents of Rahel's basket, moreover, were intended for this aged grandfather's especial use and benefit, while tearful eyes, grateful looks, and repeated curtsies on the part of pretty Mimi, acknowledged the kindness and solicitude of the good Rahel Vanderheim; and such a profusion of fairy roses were forced upon our acceptance, that surely never before had dirty *sous* been so profitably and delightfully exchanged.

On our homeward route, a rhapsody from me in praise of my blooming treasures was suddenly interrupted by Friend Rahel in these grave words: 'Maiden,' said she, 'these are roses of the Dead—reared amid desolation and decay, and thriving on mortality's corruption: many there be in this good town who would reject with aversion poor Mimi's gift of flowers from old St Lovendaal.' I cast a half-frightened glance on my lovely bouquet, half fearing to see it vanish away, even as the fruit found by the Dead Sea turns to ashes when about to be enjoyed; but notwithstanding Rahel's dislike to mystification, she deferred expounding the riddle until the following evening, when, after a long wearisome walk amid waste sand tracts, by the side of tame sluggish canals, we came to some broken ground, just sufficiently elevated to screen near objects from observation; and there, hidden in a hollow, partially surrounded by ancient yew-trees, was a deserted burying-ground.

The peasant liked not to pass that way at evening-fall; and as no road approached it, and it led to nothing, and nowhere, there it kept its long Sabbath of repose, resting in solitude and desolation. It was a quiet, holy spot, a few miles only from a populous town, but rising here a green oasis in the desert. Skulls and bones were scattered over the loose sandy surface; and here were curious moss-grown monuments; sunken headstones, with defaced inscriptions; quaintly-sculptured urns; broken

railings hung with wild festoons; but amidst all this array of decay and death, innumerable rose-trees in full and gorgeous bearing arose in graceful life-like pride, shedding their perfumed sweets over all, and silently keeping watch above the dead. They were evidently well-tended and cultivated—and this was indeed a unique and solemn roseroy.

Beneath a spreading yew-tree stood a cottage, or rather a hovel (for it deserved no better name), and on a low stool before the door sat a blind man, of extreme age, whose long silver locks floated on his shoulders; the sightless eyes turned towards a golden sunset, the white lips moving silently, as if in prayer. A young girl advanced hastily towards us with delighted exclamations: it was Mimi, the Flemish flower-girl—and this was St Lovendaal's.

How many of these ancient graves the old man before us had helped to form it was impossible to imagine: he had been the sexton for more than half a century, and was still permitted by the authorities to occupy the same cottage where he had always dwelt.

Here his wife and all his children slept around him; Mimi being the only one of his numerous family whom God had spared to solace and support his declining life. Well and faithfully had the good granddaughter performed her appointed duty; working early and late, summer and winter, the industrious girl, by knitting warm worsted hose and caps, so much prized by the comfortable Flemings, and by the produce of her roseroy, was enabled materially to assist in supporting the blind old man. Mimi was too proud to be the recipient of mere charity; and many townsfolk who knew her well, and respected her pious and patient endeavours, aided her honest labours by becoming ready and liberal purchasers of her handiwork; so that in fact Mimi had always orders to execute, and never remained idle. It was not so easy to dispose of the produce of her solemn garden, that being often rejected with superstitious abhorrence; and the florist's trade might not have thriven so well, had it not been for 'friends at court,' in the semblance of church officials; for during all the sacred ceremonies and summer fêtes of her religion, Mimi's lovely roses were in high request for church decoration and embellishment.

But when the season of flowers was over, and the wintry winds swept across the dreary sand tracts—when the murmurs of the distant ocean seemed to whisper an unceasing dirge for the dead—then this must have been a trying and isolated position for a young and timid maiden. Mimi had been urged to quit her desolate home, and to take up her abode with her venerable grandsire, in a comfortable dwelling, sheltered and surrounded with flourishing orchard trees, where honey-bees and fair garden ploats abounded; for young Peterkin the market gardener, whose large vegetable stall in the market-place was near the flower alley, had long loved and wooed her for his wife. But Mimi knew—for her grandfather had often said so—that the fragile thread of the old man's life would be snapped at once on leaving the spot where his life had been passed, and where all his cherished associations were centered. Here he found his way about alone, and visited the graves where his beloved ones slept.

'Moreover,' said Mimi with a blushing smile, 'if Peterkin really loves me, he must wait patiently; for grandfather, alas! has not many years to live. But the dear old man has a tender heart, and it would pierce him to think that his darling Mimi's happiness was only to be obtained through his death; so I have never allowed Peterkin to come here—grandfather knows nothing about it—and he never shall know that my love for him is shared by another. I am his sole earthly protector, though he often speaks of guardian angels being around us unseen. Ah, I would not lose grandfather's peaceful smile and fervent blessing for all else the world can give!'

Before quitting that Flemish town, I paid a last visit to St Lovendaal's burying-ground: it was during the early spring-time, and perfect solitude reigned around: the cottage was ruinous, and uninhabited, for the old man had been gathered to his fathers some months previously.

Mimi's face was seen no more at the stall beside the buttress of the gray cathedral church; but where greens and cauliflowers, mixed with bunches of wallflower, daffodils, and hyacinths, arose in towering heaps, the pious daughter, now the industrious and happy wife, still looked the same sweet patient Mimi as when presiding over the fairy roses from old St Lovendaal.

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

VIENNA TO PRAGUE AND DRESDEN.

On quitting Vienna on the 8th of June 1847, we did not anticipate that, before the lapse of twelve months, the Austrian monarchy would be shattered, and the emperor, poor little man, a refugee in the Tyrol! At the same time it was evident that affairs were not in a healthy condition, as they indeed never can be where a government rests its authority on armed force, and strives to keep the people in a state of child-like tutelage. An impression of this kind was not lessened as we proceeded on our journey.

At seven in the morning we left Vienna by railway into Bohemia, and at ten at night arrived in Prague, the capital of that dependency of the empire. The road makes a considerable detour by way of Olmütz; and the trains, besides frequent and long stoppages, have in some places only one line of rails. I may here, once for all, mention that the German railways seem to be well and carefully conducted. The trains seldom go at a quicker speed than twenty English miles an hour; the guards appear to be of the rank of subaltern officers in the army; and at almost every station time is allowed for taking a little refreshment—the offer of cakes, bread and butter, ham, and coffee, being generally made to the passengers. The Austrians being great eaters of sausages, these articles, of all sizes, were exhibited on the Prague line in great abundance. Another characteristic in German railway conveyance must not remain unnoticed: to every train is attached a carriage with a 'Rauche coupé.' This is a division in which passengers may smoke, and for which they can have a ticket on application. We generally kept as far away as possible from these odorous compartments. On the present occasion the journey, though slow, was not tiresome. Fortunately we were, for the most part of the excursion, in a carriage along with some gentlemen not indisposed to converse in French, and by whose agreeable manners the time was helped pleasantly away. One gentleman amused us not a little with an account of his efforts to learn English, the difficulties of which he declared to be altogether insurmountable. The word which had most puzzled him, and which, he said, he never could be made properly to utter, was *apple*; and he listened to our repetition of it with the deepest curiosity and wonder. Such is a specimen of the chit-chat with which tourists have sometimes an opportunity of whiling away the time in continental travelling.

The railway, in the first place, pursues a course up a valley yielding a small tributary river to the Danube; and by many bends and gradients, at length reaches the top of the high grounds which divide the valley of the Danube from that of the Elbe. Having attained this point, which is not an unpleasant rural scene, with here and there cottages of peasant farmers, an infant tributary of the Elbe, flowing towards the north-west, came into sight; and down the train went into the great basin of Bohemia—a beautiful country, in which vast fertile plains are bounded by mountains that seem to shut it out from the rest of the world. It is from this hollowed-out form of country that the Bohemians compare their land to a kettle. Darkness settled on the scene before we reached Prague; but, not to detain us at the terminus, an officer of police was admitted into the train a few miles from the town, and by him our passports were collected preparatory to their being *visé* on our arrival.

Prague, or, as the natives call it, Prag, is one of the

most curious old towns in Europe. Issuing in the morning from our hotel—the *Blaué Stern*, a modern edifice of immensely solid masonry, with a restaurant vaulted as if to be bomb-proof—we saw at a glance that, like Edinburgh, Prague possessed the air of a capital deserted by its nobles; and that houses of palatial grandeur, once the residence of princes, ambassadors, and abbots, and still ornamented with heraldic emblems, had sunk from their high estate, and now gave shelter to the meanest of the population. Prague, in short, is a wreck—a city ruined by the annihilation of Bohemian independence, and the flocking of the wealthier classes to Vienna. 'Whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' Edinburgh and Dublin, as well as Prague, are well acquainted with the operation of that Scriptural truth. Latterly, by means of some patronising attentions from Austria, but chiefly from a native spirit of revival, and by becoming a central point in railway transit, this venerable city has shown signs of reanimation, or at least improvement; and accordingly, in several places we observed new streets springing into existence, and that gas-pipes were being laid in the principal thoroughfares.

Situated on the two opposite banks of the Moldau, which are here connected by a long and substantial stone bridge, ornamented with the statues of saints, the city covers a large space of ground, level on the right or east, but rising into a hill on the left side of the river. The town is chiefly on the right bank; and embosomed among narrow streets, lined with tall dingy houses, in this division lies the *Judenstadt*, or *Jews' Town*, a quarter to which our guide took care to conduct us as one of the curiosities of the city. Approaching the margin of the river, though little benefited by its waters, the *Jews' Town* bears a considerable resemblance to the closely-huddled thoroughfares of the more ancient part of Edinburgh. A body of Hebrews settled here in very early times; and their descendants, notwithstanding the cruel persecutions of the middle ages, so effectually maintained their position, that they acquired the privilege of jurisdiction as respects their own affairs; and this the *Jews* of Prague continue to possess. For the greater part wearing a long black dress, and with unshorn beards, they are readily distinguished from other citizens. The higher class here, as elsewhere, are dealers in money and articles of value, while those of a humble rank attend stalls for the sale of such old trumpery as is exhibited at doorways in the meaner parts of London. I could not walk through the confined alleys, in which aged members of the community were observed to be engaged in this humble traffic, without a sense of shame; for to the intolerant exclusiveness of Christians is alone imputable the narrow choice of professions to which the *Jews* find themselves condemned. Let us hope, however, that this long-cherished prejudice against an inoffensive and ancient, not to say deeply-interesting people, is at length vanishing from Europe.

The first thing to which we were conducted in the *Judenstadt* was the old synagogue; certainly a very curious place. It is said to be nine hundred years old; but this is evidently a mistake, for the style is that of the pointed arch; and the probability is, that the edifice was erected not earlier than the fifteenth century. The floor being below the level of the street, we descended to it by one or two steps; and the appearance of the interior, which is small, with a dingy light, may very well have impressed the notion of an antiquity at least double the reality. The roof and walls are blackened like a chimney, by the smoke from the lamps and torches which on certain occasions are burnt for several days together. The soot and dust of centuries remain untouched, as if too sacred to be meddled with; while the old deal furniture, shabby and rickety, seems to be falling in pieces. I could not learn the cause of this remarkable condition, which cannot be neglect, because the place, though deserted for newer and grander edifices on ordinary occasions, is still in use

for the more ceremonial solemnities of the Hebrew worship. At one end, on an elevation resembling an altar, and beneath a canopy, repose the holy books of the law, in the form of two large rolls of parchment, ancient, and curious, and beautifully written. These and other objects of interest we were permitted to examine without any restraint. From the old synagogue we went to the ancient burying-place of the Jews, which was at some distance, among equally confined thoroughfares. It is a species of back-court, secluded within a wall, and as thickly covered with trees and shrubs as the vast number of stone slabs will permit to grow. Originally level in surface, the accumulations of five hundred years have swelled the ground into a kind of hill; and it being no longer safe to inter more bodies in the spot, burials have for many years taken place elsewhere. By pathways among the bushes we went round the enclosure, which is encumbered with what might be considered heaps of loose rubbish, but which in reality are piles of stones, that, in obedience to an ancient usage, common to other nations besides the Jews, have one by one been brought hither, to be laid on the graves of relatives, or of individuals eminent for their worth.

We now crossed the Moldau by the bridge, and ascended through winding thoroughfares to the summit of the high ground on which stand the royal palace, the cathedral, and other interesting edifices. As we advance, we are more and more struck with the contrast between the original grandeur of the buildings and their present state of decay. Some are in ruin, and everything in the lonely streets speaks of desertion and poverty. Near the top of the hill, from which a fine view of Prague is obtained, we visited a church and convent of Premonstratensian monks; and by one of the brotherhood—an aged gentlemanly person in a white woollen robe—we were admitted to see the large and valuable library of the establishment, which occupies one apartment fitted up with much taste. The polite old man showed us sundry bibliographical curiosities, including a book with the autograph of Tycho Brahe, which had been presented to the library by Baron Hassenburg. From this convent we proceeded to another, to see a rich collection of reliquaries and other articles; and from that we were conducted across an open piece of ground, under a burning sun, to view what was formerly the abode of the kings of Bohemia, but is now a provincial palace of the emperor of Austria. It is a building of enormous dimensions, occupying the summit of a knoll; the back part overlooking a garden which stretches down a steep bank in the direction of the Moldau. The house is fully furnished in the French style, and in the state and family apartments are some fine pictures of Poussin, Carlo Dolce, Holbein, and Guido; and what is more interesting, portraits of the family of Maria Theresa. In one of these rooms, high above the garden in the rear, took place (May 23, 1618) the deed of violence which precipitated the Thirty Years' War. This act, as will be remembered by the readers of history, was the forcible entrance of certain Protestant chiefs into the council-room, occupied at the time by Sternburg, Martinitz, Lobkowitz, and Slavata, with Fabricius as secretary—all in the Catholic interest of the emperor of Germany and his protégé the king of Bohemia. Not receiving, as they thought, a becoming answer to inquiries which they addressed to the council as to their participation in the cruel edicts of the emperor, the Protestant nobles unceremoniously showed Sternburg and Lobkowitz out of the room, and seizing on Slavata, Martinitz, and Fabricius, pitched them from the window into the garden beneath.* Strangely enough, and to the surprise of all concerned, their fall of eighty feet did not kill the unfortunate counsellors, their marvellous escape being accounted for by the circumstance of their landing on a dunghill which happened to be at the

foot of the wall. The window from which this unjustifiable outrage was committed is of course pointed out to strangers. The last thing shown to us in connection with the palace was an ancient Gothic hall, fitted up with a chair of state and other seats, and used by the Bohemian dignitaries when taking an oath of allegiance to a new imperial sovereign. The emperor, I was informed, rarely visits Prague—one of the circumstances among others that has given umbrage to the Bohemians, and excited them to aim at an independent existence.

Adjoining the palace is the cathedral—an ancient Gothic structure, which has suffered much damage, both from the headlong ravages of iconoclasts, and the military bombardments to which Prague has at different times been exposed. It has a number of aisles and side chapels rich in monuments of historical interest, and also in articles in the precious metals, which adorn the different shrines. The popular saint in Prague is St John Nepomuk—a personage of great piety, who suffered martyrdom towards the end of the fourteenth century. The figure of the saint is seen in various quarters, and here, in the cathedral, is his mausoleum, consisting of a crystal coffin cased in one of silver, and supported by finely-sculptured figures of angels of the same metal. Nearly two tons of silver are said to be expended on these and other objects in this much-venerated shrine.

In descending to the lower part of the town, a number of houses traditionally interesting were pointed out; among others, the mansion of the soldier of fortune, Wallenstein, celebrated for his deeds during the Thirty Years' War, in which he was an antagonist to the illustrious Lion of the North, Gustavus Adolphus. In the intervals of his mad military career, Wallenstein lived here in more than regal splendour; but all memorials of his magnificence are now gone, with the exception of a few faded frescoes in one of the upper apartments, and a portion of an open arcade towards the garden.

While closing the subject of Prague, I am painfully reminded, by accounts reaching England through the daily press, that that unfortunate city, so quiescent at the time of my visit, is at present undergoing all the horrors of civil war. In quelling the revolt of the citizens, the town has been bombarded, from the heights near the palace, by the Austrian commandant, and great numbers of its houses laid in ruins. Whether this terrible act of repression will finally secure Bohemia to the Austrian crown, is matter of extreme doubt to all who are acquainted with the country. The people of Bohemia are of the Slavonic race, speak the Slave language, and hate the Germans, whom they look upon as intruders and oppressors. In the single circumstance of the Bohemian insurrection, it is dreadful to contemplate the condition of insecurity into which even the greatest of nations may be brought by keeping a forcible, and therefore immoral, possession of a country which the accident of war, or family connection, has placed in their power.

From Prague we designed to proceed to Dresden, by a route which lays open what is called the *Saxon Switzerland*; a remarkable district of country, intersected by the Elbe, and therefore approachable by steamers. Though a river of considerable size, the Moldau, which falls into the Elbe, is not navigable except by rafts and barges; and on this account it was necessary to cross the country to Obristw, the highest point on the Elbe reached by steamboats. The distance being only fourteen miles, we drove across in a voiture, passing in the course of our journey numerous bands of male and female labourers engaged in cutting the Prague and Dresden railway, which, when finished, will complete the line of rails from Hamburg to Trieste. Obristw is neither a town nor a village. It is a German château, which the proprietor lets as an inn, reserving to himself the use only of certain apartments—not a bad arrangement for a poor baron, and far from being unworthy of imitation in quarters nearer home. The inn part is the upper floors of the mansion; and here,

* See History of the Thirty Years' War, 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' No. 120.

with as good accommodation as is to be found on the continent, we spent the night previous to descending the Elbe. At early morn the expected steamer having made its appearance in a creek behind the house, it soon received on board a large number of tourists, among whom were Haulbach and other artists from Munich, who had accompanied us down the Danube.

This was an exceedingly agreeable day. The weather was beautiful, the company on board a very pleasant set of people, the scenery in some places picturesque almost beyond imagination, and the *cuisine* and the management of the boat left nothing to be desired in the way of physical comfort. It was the second time within a fortnight we had travelled by steam under English direction. The engine was English, and so were the captain and his clerk; a circumstance which somehow inspires confidence the greater our distance is from home. The early part of the voyage, which is within Bohemia, discloses few striking points, for here the land is generally level; but as we approach the mountain ranges that form the boundary with Saxony, and through which the river has worn for itself an opening, the scenery undergoes an entire change. As we approach this picturesque district, the boat stops at a village on the left bank to land passengers for Teplitz, a fashionable watering-place among the hills, at a few miles' distance. Farther down, on the right, the boat stops for a few minutes at Tetschen; and between this place and Schandau we enter the mountain gorges, and glide out of the Austrian into the Saxon dominions. At Schandau, the vessel pauses for half an hour, during which, while the officers of the Saxon police examine passports, the douaniers give themselves the trouble of plunging their hands into the various carpet-bags and boxes which are strewn along the deck. Liberated from this rather flurrying affair, the steamer is again on her way; and in viewing the superb scenery which lines the banks of the smooth-flowing Elbe, we forget the petty annoyances to which we had been recently exposed.

We are now in the Sächsischer Schweitz, a designation far from correct, for the country has no resemblance to Switzerland—no snowy Alps, no lofty serrated mountains, no lakes, and no glaciers. The district needs no false appellation to popularise its beauties. These beauties are very peculiar. In the early ages of the world, geologically speaking, Bohemia was the bed of a lake whose waters gradually subsided as they found an outlet through the mountainous region on the north. Had this region been composed of granite or trap-rock, Bohemia in all probability would still have been at the bottom of an inland sea. The rocks, however, were fortunately a sandstone of different degrees of hardness; some parts being so soft as to yield to the abrasion of the waters, and finally to allow the drainage of the country by what we now call the Elbe. But this was a long process, which has left curious memorials in the existing masses of rock that were too hard to be carried away as sand to the German Ocean. For many miles along the river, and the back country on both sides, are seen tall blocks of stone, some rising as slender and rugged pillars to a height of three hundred feet, and others forming huge knolls as high as eight or nine hundred feet, with precipitous sides, partially clothed in vegetation, and so difficult of access, as to have afforded in some instances sites for castles during an age of insecurity and rapine. To obtain a proper idea of this extraordinary piece of country, it is necessary to climb to the top of one of the loftiest cliffs, and thence look abroad on the water-worn excavations. Over a large tract are seen variously-shaped masses of rock rising abruptly from an undulating plain, while in the centre of the scene the river is observed to pursue a winding course between steep crags or rich patches of meadow, composed of débris washed from the heights above. The most favourable spot for viewing this remarkable district, which is not less interesting to the geologist than to the artist, is the Bastey, a few miles from Schandau. The

Bastey (Bastion) is a tall rounded mass on the right bank of the river, rising almost from the water's edge to the height of six hundred feet. Connected partly with the adjoining cliffs, which are hung with a drapery of green shrubs, the Bastey has been made approachable to the summit by means of wooden galleries and stairs. Around the top is a railing, to prevent accidents, and from the bartizan which it protects we have the pleasure of looking down in safety into the profound river course, on which the steamer is diminished in appearance to a toy. At the gorge at the foot of the Bastey is a country inn, whence a foot tourist, landed from the steamboats which daily ascend and descend the Elbe, may make a variety of exploratory rambles.

To aid the picturesque character of the district, the rock in the protuberant masses lies in horizontal strata, causing a resemblance to huge blocks of masonry. In some instances the softer material being washed from beneath the incumbent masses, great caverns have been formed; and one of these, the Cowstall, a vault open at each end, is one of the leading curiosities in the neighbourhood. What has been favourable to the picturesque, tends unfortunately to its own destruction. The cliffy banks of the river, owned in patches by proprietors who care more for florins than scenery, are in various places sinking under the quarryman's hammer; and already long stretches of the rocky precipices have, in the shape of square blocks, been despatched in barges down the Elbe to Hamburg and other cities of the plain.

Towards the termination of the rocky banks we pass on the right Lillenstein, and on the left Königstein, two of the loftiest hill masses; noted, as well as the adjacent heights, in the war of 1813, when Napoleon made the Elbe the base of his operations. On the level top of the Königstein is an ancient fortress which commands the pass of the river, and is so strong, as to have defied the gunnery of the French invading army. Passing these places of historical interest, and likewise several villages, we enter the level country at Pirna. Shortly we pass on the right Pillnitz, a palace occupied as a summer residence by the royal family of Saxony. We are now almost within sight of Dresden, which, occupying a low situation level with the river on its left bank, is speedily reached by the steamer; and here terminates our excursion by water.

SYMPATHY AND ITS ECCENTRICITIES.

SYMPATHY may well be considered one of the noblest attributes of man, and seems, as it were, the mark of his Divine origin. All his generous feelings—the readiness to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep'—have their rise in sympathy—that great bond which unites the society of mankind, and tends to the good of all. Sympathy even subsists between man and the lower creatures in no inconsiderable degree. Every one knows how the dog and the horse sympathise with their master, and how many instances are on record of the attachment shown by various creatures of different species to individuals of the human race, and how much man's sympathy for the lower creatures has been made subservient to their comfort. Beattie, in his *Essay on Music and Poetry*, observes, 'sympathy with distress is called compassion or pity; sympathy with happiness has no particular name;' and Adam Smith, in his '*Theory of Moral Sentiments*,' defines it as 'a fellow-feeling with the passions of others'—that is, with such as we do not disapprove of. Neither of them, however, attempts to explain how its effects are produced—effects which we know are in a moment conveyed with all the rapidity of an electric shock. How it acts instantaneously on the nerves we cannot tell, but must rest satisfied that it is one of the phenomena of our being, depending, in the words of the learned commentator, Adam Clarke, 'on certain laws of nature, the principles of which have

not as yet been duly developed.' However, it is evident to all that without this gift life would be divested of happiness, interest, and pleasure. We are scarcely aware how many of our feelings originate in sympathy; from it associations spring, and that deep interest which we take in passing events in which we ourselves have no concern: it transports us at once into the pitiable situation in which we see others, although it may be that those who are placed in it are utterly incapable of feeling it themselves. Thus we feel the most tender pity for the dead and for the insane, and often blush for a fault or rudeness committed by those who are perfectly indifferent or unconscious that they have been guilty of such.

Actuated by sympathy, the patriot devotes himself to the service of others, identifying himself thoroughly with those who have inhabited the same spot of earth, and sacrificing every personal advantage to the attainment of some benefit for them. The patriotism of the dispersed race, and all their heart-yearnings after a home which they never saw, arises from a deep sympathy with those from whom they are sprung. The indulgence of this feeling, even when it casts a shade of the deepest melancholy, is attended by such a tender and exquisite enjoyment, that none would wish to forego it; and, as if it were to fix and strengthen it in the mind, it is called into action in mere matters of taste and fancy. An affecting tale, a pathetic air, a touching subject brought vividly before us by the painter's or the sculptor's skill—all awaken a sadness that is so pleasurable, that there is no greater gratification; the deepest tragedies are attended by crowds, and the nearer the illusions of the stage can bring them to reality, the more they please. Indeed when the representation is divested of an air of reality, or when a story in itself of an interesting character wants it, he no longer takes any satisfaction in them; while the wildest and most improbable fictions gratify, if the characters which they portray are made to act as would be natural in the situations in which they are placed—the reality of the portrait in one respect inviting our sympathy so as to make us forget its extravagance in another.

The susceptibility of genius to every touch of sympathy, and the power of awakening it in others, are perhaps its most distinguishing marks, and appear to be quite essential to its development. Whatever makes an impression on the man of genius excites some sympathy. In visiting ruins, he does not feel the mere pleasure of viewing them in their picturesque aspects, but finds a deeper interest in conjuring up to his imagination the remote times when they were as yet unscathed, and can sympathise with those who once trod the solemn aisles or lingered in the festive halls. His power of exciting the sympathy of others does not lie in the elaborate display and elegant finish of his art, whatever it may be, but in the earnestness with which he gives expression to his own feelings. Gluck was frequently heard to say, that when he was going to sit down to compose, he strove to forget that he was a musician—so necessary did he find it to give his whole mind to those passions which he wished to express. National ballads, composed under the influence of native scenery and feelings familiar to the clime, have such a powerful effect, that every one feels the justice of an observation made by one who well understood human nature—'It matters not who makes the law, provided you take care who writes the songs.' It has ample proof in the effect produced by the 'Ranz des Vaches' on the Swiss, when heard in lands distant from their home. All the tender sympathies linked with their native mountains and those they have left swell at the heart with such intensity, that they are frequently known to pine away and die of the fond yearning after home. Sir Joshua Reynolds once found himself affected to a considerable degree in the same manner. It was while he was abroad, that one evening, at the opera in Venice, an English ballad was played by the band, in compli-

ment to the English gentlemen who were present. It happened to be the one, which was the favourite in London when Sir Joshua was there. 'He had heard it played and sung in every street and in every company,' as we are told, by Allan Cunningham: 'it brought back fond and tender recollections of home, and longings after social intercourse with friends, and all the happiness and pleasure he had enjoyed: tears started to his eyes, and he returned to England.' One of the most engaging private singers that ever charmed an audience had no power of voice, but had such exquisite expression, as he adapted his lays to his native melodies, as never failed to awaken a responsive feeling in every bosom, and few could ever afterwards hear these airs without having their sympathies with the feelings to which the bard had given expression revived. The sympathy over which Handel had such power was, in his latter days, transferred from the subjects with which he had so long delighted the public to personal feelings for himself. As the sightless old man took his place at the organ, and threw his whole soul into a sublime voluntary, all listened with breathless veneration; but when his fine composition—

'Total eclipse—no sun, no moon—
All dark amid the blaze of noon'—

was sung by Beard with deep pathos, it was so descriptive of Handel's own situation, that everybody was affected to tears.

The skilful orator knows well that the most simple appeal to the sympathy of his auditors will produce an effect which all the ornaments of rhetoric would never achieve. It was this power of awakening sympathy that made Sheridan's memorable speech on the trial of Warren Hastings so effective, that it was absolutely necessary to adjourn the proceedings for some time, to leave an interval for feeling to subside; that judgment might not be warped. Kirwan, the celebrated preacher, whose eloquence drew together such immense crowds in the churches of Dublin, was so successful in his appeals to the sympathies of those who heard him, that the sums which he collected for various charities were quite extraordinary—many among his congregation not only emptying their purses, but stripping themselves of whatever ornaments they had about them. Rings, watches, and even the epaulets of officers have been found on the plate handed round for the collection. On one occasion, while he stood in the pulpit to plead the cause of the Orphan School, he was taken suddenly ill: he looked mournfully round, and then merely pointed to the children, who were ranged in the aisle beneath him, and almost fainting, said, 'Feed my lambs,' and burst into tears: the simple appeal touched every heart, and the collection on that day exceeded any he had yet made. But it is not alone in the excitement of the most tender and lively emotions that the power of sympathy is seen—it has frequently produced effects of a startling, and in some instances of a fatal nature.

The sympathetic feeling has been so overpowering in some cases as to cause death. Among several which are well authenticated, is one of a boy who was taken to see an execution, who became so overcome by pity, that he fell back and died. The same have been frequently known to lose their senses by being confined in madhouses with those who were out of their reason; and it has sometimes happened that those without a shade of superstition have caught its tone from those who were its victims. The earnestness with which Blake the gifted painter gave expression to the wild delusions of his fancy, in his conversations with the visionary beings in whose presence he so often imagined himself, so far influenced the sympathies of some acute and sensible persons, that 'they shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man; and thus, were little short of acknowledging their belief in the reality of the enthusiast's illusions. His wife, who was ever by his side, and listened to his discourses with

those shadowy beings that he believed were with him, was firmly convinced that *he* both saw and heard them, though she could not. It is still more strange that many have been borne along the tide whose current they had previously been anxious to have seen 'stayed.' There is something very exciting in the 'affiliated' expression of popular feeling, and it has often happened that it has awakened sympathy in those opposed by judgment and sentiment to the cause which it passionately espoused, and led them on to act with the multitude. A young person well known to us went to one of those great meetings held in the south of Ireland in the year 1829 with feelings quite averse to the object of the assembly; but when he saw the crowd decked with their laurel branches, and found himself in the midst of the enthusiasm which pervaded all—when he saw handkerchiefs waving, and hats thrown into the air, and heard the loud acclamations of all about him—he felt his spirits become strangely agitated, and in a few hours returned to his home, his hat decorated by the distinguishing badge of the meeting—a huge sprig of laurel. It was thus with a lady of sober mind and sedate habits, whose conviction was against any faith in the unknown tongue, to which gift Mr Irving's church laid especial claim. She entered his chapel with a thorough horror of the delusion; but when she witnessed the excitement which prevailed—the eager attention of the congregation—the devoted and enthusiastic bearing of those who believed themselves suddenly endowed with the miraculous power—she felt very strange exciting movements in her mind; and as she listened to the wild jargon, she said that she was seized with an almost irrepresible desire to speak too in that mysterious tongue.

There is a very remarkable instance of the effect produced on a person of quick sympathetic feelings in the case of Charles Lamb, who went to see a farce which he had written, and for which he anticipated the most flattering success. Long before it was brought to a conclusion, loud and vociferous expressions of disapprobation sealed its fate; they were so vehement and hearty, that Lamb caught the infection, and his voice was loudly raised in the midst of the uproarious tumult, shouting with all his might and main, 'Off! off!' Adam Smith observes that our sympathy for others arises from our imagining ourselves in the same situation in which they are placed; it is this, he thinks, which makes us shrink and draw back our leg or arm when we see a stroke aimed and ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another. 'The mob,' he goes on to say, 'when they are gazing at a dancer on the slack-rope, naturally writhe, and twist, and balance their own bodies, as they see him do, and as they feel that they themselves must do in his situation.' Indeed this propensity to imitate the actions as we catch the feelings of others, is undoubtedly one of the distinguishing marks of sympathy. In Boerhaave's academical lectures on diseases of nerves, he mentions a very remarkable case of a young man who was under the influence of this imitative sympathy. He says 'he was addicted from his infancy to so great a degree of sympathy, that he would immediately imitate all motions made by others, and that without any inclination, and even against his inclination; insomuch that when he walked the streets he was obliged to look on the ground, to sit in company with his eyes shut, or to turn his face from his companions. If he saw a man shaking his head, that moment he would shake his own head; if he saw him laugh or smile, he would laugh or smile with him; if any one uncovered his head, he would do the same; if one danced, he would get up and dance along with him: in short, whatever he saw, he would mimic it immediately, in spite of himself. If his companions laid fast hold of him and tied his arms, and he then saw any one gesticulating and playing antics, he struggled hard to get loose, and felt within him the strongest motions, which he was not able to conquer. If asked what he was doing, he said he knew not, but was so

accustomed from his youth, and begged to be left alone, because his head ached from such motions, and he was greatly disturbed in mind, and withal as much fatigued as if he had done them of his own accord.'

Sympathy has indeed its eccentricities, and many of the mysterious nervous affections seem peculiarly under its influence. The coughing of one person often induces it in another, and every one knows how irresistibly catching yawning is. It is said to have frequently happened in crowded churches and other large assemblages, that when a female has been suddenly seized with hysterics, others have been quickly affected in the same way; and there are many instances of the same kind in schools, when girls, from witnessing a schoolfellow under an attack, have been suddenly seized with the same disorder. There are accounts on record of the spread of disorders which were neither contagious nor infectious, so that it would appear that the same state of the nerves which prevails in the sympathy that prompts imitation must exist in these strange affections.

It appears evident that any deviation in the affections from their natural course is productive of evil, and we may perceive that it is remarkably so with regard to sympathy; and yet though liable to such strange and fatal eccentricities, we feel that this quality is absolutely essential to our wellbeing. So necessary did some physicians consider it towards effecting a cure, that they held an opinion that both physician and patient should have faith in the prescribed remedy, to insure its success. However questionable this assertion may be deemed, the necessity of finding some one to sympathise with our feelings is felt in all the concerns of life, from the most important event, to the most trifling amusement. The being cut off from this is perhaps what renders solitary confinement the most unendurable of punishments. It is remarkable how those who are deprived of their accustomed intercourse with their fellow-creatures, will endeavour to substitute something to satisfy their craving for sympathy: they learn to treat one of the lower creatures as a friend who can participate in their feelings. Many have opened their hearts to the winds and the woods. We knew a foreigner who did not understand English when first he arrived here, and could meet with no one who understood his native language; he afterwards described most vividly the uneasy state of his mind, which only found relief when he addressed the trees in his own language; and he would stay among them discoursing to them for hours together. The case of Phebe Hasell is remarkable: she was for years disguised as a common soldier; but she felt such a forcible impulse to repose a confidence, that she imparted her secret to a hole which she dug in the ground. When Sir Joshua Reynolds had nearly lost his sight, he made a pet of a little bird; and when apart from society, and no longer able to occupy himself with his painting, he would walk about his apartment with his little companion perched upon his hand, to whom he chatted as if it could understand all that he said.

In this hurried view of sympathy, we have felt more than once that, were we inclined to speculate upon a subject beyond our reach, we might indulge in the anticipation of the more vivid development of this wonderful characteristic, as being a probable means of increased happiness and delight.

POEMS BY A MECHANIC.*

It is in our day no special wonder to find men devoting the moments they can snatch from the daily routine of manual labour to intellectual studies or enjoyments. But instances of this kind are not yet so common that we can afford to pass them by without notice; and at the present moment we are admonished by the date of a little volume before us that we have neglected one of

* Poems and Songs, Scotch and English. By Alexander Mac-lagan. Edinburgh: Tait.

the most urgent duties of the periodical press. The 'Poems and Songs' that claim our tardy attention are in some instances not merely refined in sentiment, but exhibit throughout an easy elegance of composition which is rarely found in works of the class. In two or three of the pieces there is the strength, rudeness, roughness, nay, vulgarity if you will, which many suppose to be the prevailing characteristic of the mind of a workman; but in the external mechanism even of these there is a delicacy almost amounting to fastidiousness, not always found in the productions of the idle and the educated.

Neither in sentiment nor versification does the following little poem bear any mark of a handicraft employment:—

THE EVIL E'E.

An evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My pair wee thing, at last;
The licht has left thy glance o' glee,
Thy frame is fading fast.
Wha's frien', wha's face, in this cauld warld
It's e'en richt ill to learn;
But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

Your tender bulk I happit warm,
Wi' a' a mither's care,
I thought nae human heart could harm
A thing sae guld an' fair;
An' ye got aye my blessing when
I tolled your bread to earn;
But an evil e'e hath look'd on thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

The bloom upon thy bonnie face,
The sunlight o' thy smiles—
How glad they made ilk eerie place,
How short the langsome miles!
For sin' I left my minnie's cot,
Beside the Brig o' Earn,
Oh ours has been a chequered lot,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

I can forgie my mither's pride,
Wha drave me frae my hame;
I can forgie my sister's spite—
Her heart maun bear its blame;
I can forgie my brither's hard
And haughty heart o' ain,
But no the e'e that withers thee,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

I ken that deep in ae black breast
Lies hate to thee and me;
I ken wha bribed the fiends that press't
Thy father to the sea:
But hush!—he'll soon be back again.
Wi' faithfu' heart, I learn,
To drive frae thee the evil e'e,
My bonnie, bonnie bairn!

We can afford only one other specimen; but we think it enough in itself to justify the praise we have bestowed upon this small unpretending volume.

I KEN A FAIR WEE FLOWER.

I ken a fair wee flower that blooms
Far doon in yon deep dell;
I ken its hame, its bonny hame,
But where, troth I'll no tell:
When rings the shepherd's e'en'ing horn,
Oft finds that soothing hour
Stars in the sky, dew on the earth,
And me beside my Flower.

It is not from the tints o' day
My gentle Flower receives
Its fairest hue, nor does the sun
Call forth its blushing leaves:
In secrecy it blooms, where Love
Delights to strew his bower,
Where many an unseen spirit smiles
Upon my happy Flower.

Ah! weel ye guess that Fancy gives
This living gem o' mine
A female form, a' loveliness,
A soul in't a' divine—
A glorious e'e that rows beneath
A fringe o' midnight hue;
Twa yielding lips wi' Love's ain sweets
Aye melting kindly through!

'Tis a' the wealth that I am worth,
'Tis a' my praise and pride,
And fast the hours flee over me
When wooing by its side;
Or looking on its bonny breast,
So innocently fair,
To see the purity and peace,
And love that's growing there.

Wi' saftest words I woo my Flower;
But wi' a stronger arm
I shield each gentle opening bud
Frae every ruthless harm.
The wretch that would wi' serpent wile
Betray my Flower so fair,
May he live without a cheering friend,
And die without a prayer!

A VOICE FROM LOUISIANA.

In the course of our literary labours, now extending over a period of sixteen years, it has ever been our object to avoid as far as possible all speculative matters on which large sections of people differ; and that not only as respects our own country, but other quarters into which our sheets may happen to travel. Some persons may think it was wrong to make this compromise, as it might be termed; but entertaining a strong opinion as to its necessity for insuring success in our peculiar course, it was made, and the engagement has ever been carefully adhered to. One consequence of this forbearance has been the diffusion of our publications very far beyond the limits of Scotland or England. In North America, and more particularly since the lowering of the import duty on books to ten per cent. *ad valorem*, the circulation of the works in question has been very considerable. From Boston, Massachusetts, many thousands of our cheap sheets and volumes are now disseminated, as from a centre, over the northern portion of the Union and Canada. Latterly, they have found their way into Louisiana and other southern states. There, however, for the first time, are they now stopped, and their local distributors so terrified, as to be obliged to withdraw a portion of them from circulation. Henceforth our winged sheets, like birds of ill omen, are to be caged at New Orleans: it is not likely that they will in future get even that distance, but be shot down in the attempt to cross the Carolinas. This curious fact has reached us through the American papers, and calls to be explained to our readers as something beyond a joke.

Avoiding, as has been said, topics on which there exists a marked and natural difference of sentiment, we have never considered that the principle that *every man has an inherent and indefeasible property in himself*, ought to be approached with the same reluctance. Slavery in all its forms, without regard to colour of skin, we have not hesitated on all proper occasions to describe as a heinous transgression of the law of God, and a trampling upon the rights of man. This it is which, in connection with our publications, has provoked the hostility of the south. A truth universally acknowledged by the humane and rational to be altogether beyond controversy, is nevertheless controversial in certain parts of America; or, more correctly speaking, is esteemed so dangerous, as to be entirely excluded from discussion. The article immediately concerned in causing the commotion now referred to, is an account of Slavery in America, forming the twenty-seventh number of 'Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts,' a work lately completed in twenty volumes, which, independently of this unfortunate brochure, has been

favourably received and spoken of by the reading world beyond the Atlantic. The account, which was drawn up with much care from the writings of respectable travellers, and which embodies no violent sentiment—being, in fact, what would be termed by many too moderate a view of American slavery and its consequences—is amusingly enough ascribed to the 'Abolitionists,' and is said to abound in falsehoods, although where or what these are, it has not been found convenient to mention. To those who are in the habit of looking upon slavery as a thing for which no honest man could offer one syllable of excuse, the following extracts from 'Le Courier de la Louisiane' (May 19 and 22), a newspaper published in French and English at New Orleans, and purporting to be the 'official paper of the United States, state of Louisiana, first municipality,' will probably be read with some degree of surprise:—

'LOOK OUT, CITIZENS OF THE SOUTH.'

'The Abolitionists have a variety of ways and means for circulating their doctrines, even down here in this remote part of the Union. They have book-hawkers at work, who go from door to door offering literary works for sale with titles from which no one would suspect that the works themselves are tinctured with negro principles. We have seen a work in several volumes, beautifully printed and bound, which has been extensively spread over the Southern States in the mode we have indicated; and yet a considerable portion of one of the volumes is occupied with the grossest falsehoods and misrepresentations respecting negro slavery in the South. Not only have the publishers resorted to false accounts of the manner in which our slaves are treated, but they have got up engravings in the book, conveying notions of the life led by our slaves, of the most repulsive and falsest nature.

'This work, so far from deserving the patronage of southern people, ought to be kicked into mud holes, or sent to kindle fires under the sugar kettles.

'In order that every one may know this work when it comes in his way, we give the title at full length: "Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts," republished at Boston. It comprises several volumes, as we observed above, and is handsomely printed and bound: *hunc tu caveto—hic niger est.*'

'CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY.'

'On Friday last we noticed the sale of this book in the South, and cautioned our fellow-citizens against it, as containing an article relative to "Slavery in America" most unjust and injurious to the Southern States. This article is in the third volume of the work, and it deserves the character which we gave it. It is indeed a revolting, distorted, and false picture of the treatment to which slaves, as well as free people of colour, are subjected in this country; and under the impression, as we were, that it was hawked from door to door for sale, we were quite right in speaking of it as we did. But we feel great satisfaction in stating that Mr Josiah Adams, the agent for the Boston publishers, called upon us and stated that as soon as he discovered the obnoxious article to which we alluded, he stopped the circulation of the book, and deposited in a box all the copies he had on hand with the intention of returning them to the publishers. He also stated that he went to the few persons who purchased the work, and asked permission to cut out that part of it which had given offence. Mr Josiah Adams is a worthy, high-minded gentleman, who abhors the doctrines and practices of the Abolitionists, and would undergo any loss of property, or sustain any privation, rather than be instrumental in promoting their views. He informs us also that the Boston publishers are far from being tinctured with Abolition principles. In correcting the impression which our notice of this work may have made upon the public mind, we conceive that we are doing an act which is due to one who is perfectly innocent of all

intention to become a tool of the Abolition gang, and who in reality holds them in as much odium as we ourselves do!'

All this is very bad, but in its very badness there is a drollery. How we pity, and yet cannot help laughing at, poor Josiah Adams! Frightened out of his senses at having sold a book 'tinctured with negro principles,' like a judicious bibliopole, he hurries away to the purchasers of the volume, and begs they will permit him to cut out the obnoxious article! Then how thankful he is to thrust the whole mass of delinquency into a chest under lock and key! And lastly, how he posts off to explain everything to the editor of the 'Courier,' and beseech his mightiness to set him right in the eyes of the Louisianian world! He abhors the doctrines of the Abolitionists; would scorn to be a tool of the gang; would undergo any loss of property, or sustain any privation, rather than be instrumental in promoting their views! Good Josiah Adams; slavery-tolerating, freedom-hating, innocent, kind, dear Josiah Adams, we hope that your explanations have been indulgently received by a discerning public; and that under that paragon of constitutions in which all men are declared to be 'born equal,' you have been neither whipped, nor tar-and-feathered, nor hooted out of society, but are going on selling books as usual, happy to have got rid of what threatened to bring you within an inch of destruction!

Talk of a censorship of the press! Has any of the old European governments ever been more unscrupulous in suppressing what was displeasing to it in literature, than the press of Louisiana has been on the present occasion? Talk of the obnoxious article containing falsehoods! Does it embrace anything more severe than the following advertisement, which occurs in the newspaper that attacks it?

'SUCCESSION OF JOSEPHINE FRANKLINE ELEYTAS, DECEASED.'

'Second District Court of New Orleans.—By virtue of, and in obedience to, an order of sale, dated May 19, 1848, and to me directed by the Honourable the Second District Court of New Orleans, in the above-entitled matter, I will proceed to sell at public auction, in the Rotunda of the City Exchange, St Louis Street, between Chartres and Royal Streets, on Friday, June 23, 1848, at twelve o'clock, A.M., for account of said succession, the following named slaves, viz:—

'Susan, aged about twenty-five years, with her two children, named Joseph, aged about three years, and an infant girl aged six months.

'And Ann, aged about twenty-six years, with her three children, named Mary, aged upwards of ten years; Susan, aged about five years; and an infant girl aged about sixteen months.

'Terms.—For the slave Ann and her children, cash; and for the slave Susan and her children, one year's credit, for approved endorsed notes, secured by mortgage on said slaves until final payment.

JOHN L. LEWIS,
Sheriff of the Parish of Orleans.'

To ourselves, commercially and otherwise, the denunciations of the Louisianian press are matter of extreme indifference. Writing for no party, and with a boundless reliance on the efficacy of TRUTH, JUSTICE, and MERCY, we do not fear being able to find an audience sufficiently wide for all our reasonable desires.

USE OF THE HOUSE-FLY IN TEACHING.

An entomologist of high reputation sends us a brief commentary on a passage in 'Hints to School Trainers,' of the Glasgow Normal Training Seminary, written by Mr Stow, its intelligent director. 'I was glad,' says our friend, 'to observe so striking an instance of the superiority of Mr Stow's plan of training over that of merely teaching, in imparting to a child a thorough knowledge of the subject brought before him, because it so strongly confirms the

opinions I have long held as to the best way of teaching natural history in schools. I have often said that if I were a schoolmaster, my first lecture to the boys should be on the common house-fly, and my exordium, "Now, boys, all of you run up that wall, and perch yourselves on the ceiling, backs downwards, and stay there till I tell you to come down." This, besides rousing their attention, would of course excite a laugh, and then would come the question, "But why can't you run up a wall as well as a fly can, and, like it, remain on the ceiling?" Some sharp lad (if allowed, as they ought to be, to interrupt the lecture every minute with their queries) would probably answer, "Because flies are much lighter than boys;" and then would follow proofs by actual experiment, that bodies much lighter than flies cannot remain against a wall, or on a ceiling, because prevented by the laws of gravitation (which should be very generally explained if they had not been before), unless counteracted by some vital power of adhesion; and an explanation, by means of a microscope, of the various theories proposed for solving this difficult and not yet thoroughly-understood problem, concluding this part of the lecture by referring to this as a striking instance what marvels yet remain unexplained in the economy of the commonest insects, and of the beautiful provisions of the Father of all for their wellbeing and enjoyment. You will perceive that this very small fraction of the history of the house-fly, thus treated on the Glasgow plan of "training" the pupil to see all the difficulties of the question, and helping him to solve them, would occupy a full hour or more; but how infinitely more solid and extensive would be the knowledge thus imparted! In fact the common house-fly, on this plan, might be made the peg on which to hang the whole outline of entomological science, and far more effectually than by any dry regular abstract, such as is usually given.

SMOKING.

The following observations on the use of tobacco are from an Ipswich temperance tract:—"Dost thou smoke, Bill?" said a tall, lean, sickly-looking youth to a fine, robust, healthy-looking lad the other day, as they passed me in the street; while at the same time a cloud of tobacco smoke came directly in my face, which made me wish most heartily that Bill did not smoke. I need not say how glad I was to hear the rosy-looking lad say, 'No, I don't.' Just as this conversation took place, two dashing young men passed me smoking cigars, the one about seventeen, the other about eighteen years of age. Turning my footsteps homeward, I could not help pondering on this almost universal practice of smoking, pursued alike by old and young, and ever and anon some of the faces of my neighbours and acquaintances would present themselves to my recollection, and never was I more surprised to find, on reflection, how closely were linked together great smokers and poverty—great smokers and pallid looks—great smokers and want of cleanliness. I took down my cyclopædia, and looked for the word 'tobacco.' 'Tobacco,' says the compiler of the book, 'contains an oil of a poisonous quality, which is used in some countries to destroy snakes, by putting a little on the tongue; on receiving it, the snake is seized with convulsions, coils itself up, and dies; and what is very singular, becomes almost as stiff and hard as if it was dried in the sun.' 'I have been,' says a very eminent medical writer, 'now twenty-three years in extensive practice, and I never observed so many pallid faces and so many marks of declining health, nor have ever known so many hectic habits and consumptive affections as of late years; and I trace this alarming inroad on young constitutions principally to the pernicious system of smoking cigars. I am entirely convinced that smoking and chewing tobacco injure ultimately the hearing, smell, taste, and teeth. The practice of smoking is productive of indolence; it opens the pores of the head, throat, neck, and chest, and then going into the cold, your pores are suddenly closed—hence arise disorders of the head, throat, and lungs.' Mr Curtis, in his observations on health, says, 'The excessive use of tobacco, in whatever shape it is taken, heats the blood, hurts digestion, wastes the fluids, and relaxes the nerves. A patient of mine, who used to boast of the number of cigars he could smoke in a day, produced pythias or salivation by his folly; and had he not abandoned the practice, he would have lived but a very short time.' Snuff is highly injurious to apoplectic persons, and those labouring under deafness and other diseases of the head—to the consumptive—to those afflicted with internal ulcers,

or subject to spitting of blood. It is an uncleanly habit: it vitiates the organ of smell; taints the breath; weakens the sight, by withdrawing the humours from the eyes; impairs the sense of hearing; renders breathing difficult; depraves the appetite; and, if taken in abundance, gets into the stomach, and injures in a high degree the organs of digestion.

'BOILING DOWN' IN AUSTRALIA.

In addition to the demand for colonial consumption, and for salting, a new market for the surplus stock has been found within the last few years, by the discovery of the process of 'boiling down,' or converting the whole carcase into tallow. He who first put this plan into operation deserved the thanks of all the colonists; for had not this method, or some equivalent to it, been invented, cattle and sheep must soon have become almost unsealable, as the supply had so greatly exceeded the demand, whereas now, though the colonial market should be overstocked, the animal, whether sheep or ox, is at least worth its hide and tallow for exportation. 'Boiling down' is a very simple and rapid process. The whole carcase, having been cut up into pieces, and thrown into large cast-iron pans, each capable of containing several bullocks, is boiled to rags, during which operation the fat is skimmed off, until no more rises to the surface. The boiled meat is then taken out of the pans, and after having been squeezed in a wooden press, which forces out the remaining particles of tallow, it is either thrown away, or used as food for pigs, vast numbers of which are sometimes kept in this manner in the neighbourhood of a boiling establishment. The proprietors of these places will either boil down the settler's sheep and cattle at so much per head, or purchase them wholly from him in the first instance, and convert them into tallow at their own risk. The value of an animal for this purpose depends of course entirely on his condition, and usually varies from 30s. to £3, 10s.—*Bush Life in Australia.*

SAVING OF FUEL IN GAS-WORKS.

At the last meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, Mr W. Kemp stated that he had made a valuable discovery in economising fuel at Galashiels gas-works. Where coal-tar is burned, it has an injurious effect on the furnace bars and retorts, the greatest annoyance arising from the rapid clinking up of the furnace bars, to remove which the firemen had frequently to throw water into the furnace, which caused the rapid destruction of the bars. To prevent this, the idea occurred to Mr Kemp of using the exhausted tan-bark of the tan-works, which had the desired effect. The force-pump for injecting the tar into the furnace was next thrown aside, as it was found that the dry bark absorbed tar equal to its production at the works. His method is as follows:—The bark is dried, and mixed with the coke of the gas-coal, bulk for bulk; a paulful of tar is thrown upon it, not quite so much as it will absorb, and it is then turned over. The mixture burns with a fine clear flame, attended with less smoke than formerly; the furnace bars, by remaining unclinkered, admit the oxygen freely for the combustion of the fuel. Where tan-bark cannot be had, peat moss, loose and dry, makes a good substitute. Mr Kemp stated that in one year £126 was saved in furnace coal.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS.

W. AND R. CHAMBERS respectfully announce that a HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS, which has been preparing for them during the last two years, is at length put to press, and will forthwith appear. Originally, it was intended to confine the work to a history of the deeply-interesting period from 1789 till the fall of Napoleon in 1815; but recent events have rendered it desirable to extend the narrative to 1848; and therefore, besides an account of the First Revolution, the Consulate, the Empire, the Restoration, the Revolution of 1830, and the Reign of Louis-Philippe, it will include an ample notice of the late exciting scenes—the whole drawn from original sources, and presented in a comprehensive and popular form. The work, to consist of Three Volumes post 8vo., will be issued in portions convenient for purchasers.

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PROGRESSIVENESS.

We once heard an esteemed friend declare that if anything more than another had enabled him to present a respectable front to society, it was his being always in a progressive state. He had never been at a stand-still in his course of life; much less had he ever gone back. He had been, on the contrary, so constantly moving onward, that no year found him precisely the same in any kind of attainments, those of fortune included, that he had been in another. Thus the principle of hope was ever kept alive within him, making all present sacrifices light, and all immediate indulgences indifferent. He was never in danger of being too easily satisfied with himself or other things: he had been kept active and cheerful all along. In fact, progressiveness had produced in him all the difference that there is between the stagnant pool and the lake having an outlet; it had been the prime element of his moral health.

There should be nothing surprising in this. All that we see of nature displays the principle of Progress—from the formation of a planet, to the development of a flower. Our physical being, from the cradle upward, is evermore a progress; it is a progress which we hope for in the life beyond life. It is only, then, to be expected that progress, as regards the *morale* of the individual, being in accordance with this great law of nature, should involve in it some powerful virtue or efficacy for good. Yet it is somewhat strange that you may read a whole library of treatises on human nature, without finding a word on this subject.

The same rule presides over the histories of nations. We turn with pity from the stereotyped nations of the East, to contemplate the progressive states of the West. We view with the same relative feelings the slow-moving England of the fifteenth, and the rapid-moving England of the nineteenth centuries. Take the liveliest people on earth, and place them under the cold shade of such a rule as that of Austria lately was, by which progress is forbidden—their spirit dies within them, and for ages there is nothing but commonplace life, fulfilling merely the conditions of rising, eating, and sleeping. Restore this people to a progressive system, and their energies quickly come to very different results. We are accustomed to regard the decline of the Roman Empire as a consequence of the dissolution of all the virtues which had marked the period of the Republic; but whence this dissolution of virtues? May it not have proceeded very much from the cessation of progress in the Roman greatness? They had conquered all that was within reach. The salutary strain on the national faculties under which this had been done, was consequently relaxed. Having no longer anything to make an effort for, any object for hope, they turned to

seek excitement in indulgence; and hence their lamentable falling off, and final ruin. Much worse hypotheses have ere now, we think, experienced favour.

It might not be difficult to show that in the society which we see around us, the estimable qualities bear some proportion to the temptations which exist, within and without, to progress. We are all familiar with the fact, that a young man with moderate advantages for success in the world, is more likely to prove a good citizen than he who enters on his career with large fortune. In the former case there are all possible external provocatives to progress; in the latter none. If the endowed youth does well, it must be under the rare chance of his having an internal spring of activity which sends him onward in search of higher enjoyments than he starts with. The more general case is, that, having no motive for exertion, he gives his soul to ease and indulgence, makes no progress, and is nobody. Whence the strange alternation of prosperity and goodness in the generations of a family, if it be not from the one being poverty-tempted to progress, the next endowed for idleness and extravagance, and the next, again, set on by indigence to industry and virtue once more? It has been remarked that the greatest virtues reside at some distance from both extremes of society. This may well be. With the born rich progress is out of the question, for they possess all which other men find a virtue in seeking. The excessively poor have no hope of making themselves otherwise, and therefore never attempt progress. But among the middle classes, temptation to progress is the common case. All are struggling to attain some point which they think important to happiness; and they find happiness, and develop virtue, in the effort alone, whatever they may discover in the object when ultimately attained. Amongst these classes, salaried officials are necessarily condemned to less lively hopes of advancement than those who have the entire charge of their own fate. Among the former there is much steady worth and constancy, but the others are the men for demonstrating the active virtues. The independent commercial man who has come to a stand-still will be found, too, a very different man from the one who, though absolutely less wealthy, is going on in a constant progress.

One grand cause of the unsatisfactory state of the labouring classes in this country is their being so little progressive. The contrast between a poor shopkeeper, making every minute of his time, and every saving he can effect, tell on his permanent prosperity, and an artisan, of equal power of gain, idling and dissipating all above a certain amount of working time and a certain amount of earnings, is extremely striking. The one seems to be under a magnetic attraction towards prosperity and an attendant decency; the other under a repulsion with respect to the same things—a repulsion

which only a select portion of the class can overcome. Yet the labouring classes have nearly, if not fully, as good means and opportunities of advancement as the middle classes, if they only would allow themselves to see it. Many do indeed advance, and thus prove the truth of the rule as applicable to all. It is a false class opinion or feeling which seems to be mainly instrumental in keeping them down—something very much equivalent to the Irishman's cry, 'I will fall, and nobody shall help me.' They think themselves kept down by the other classes, and therefore remain down. Antipathetic to those other classes, and thus forbidding themselves the just ambition of rising to be of them; ever banding among themselves, and thus necessitating a sort of equality of condition, they may be said, as a body, to have taken a stand-still position. What is required to give them the same chance with the other portions of the industrious multitude is something very different from combination—it is competition, as to which among them, by the greatest exertion and skill, shall merit the greatest rewards, and by his foresight and self-denial, shall live not merely the most decent, but the most *elegant* life. They must consent to be severally progressive, as the middle classes are. They must learn to be not too easily content, and to look beyond the passing day. If the trading people had no idea beyond living from hand to mouth, coming into family cares in early youth, and struggling on through life in mean homes, without any taste of comforts, they would quickly get into as unsatisfactory a state. But they choose to be progressive instead; and hence the difference of their condition.

It would be well for every one who has the least influence over the fate of a fellow-creature to seek to make him, as far as possible, a progressive being. There is no person to whom the principle is denied in some form or other. If the young man of fortune has no need to struggle, as his father perhaps did, for wealth, let him set up some other good ambition before him—agricultural improvement, if he possesses land; in other cases, the dignities of the commercial world or of general society. If the successful poet has exhausted worlds, let him imagine new. Let everybody have something to strain towards, something to make him progressive. It is the true way to happiness, because it is the source of nearly all goodness.

THE UNDERCLIFF, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE coast of the Isle of Wight has been celebrated from an early period for the beauty of its scenery, and it is now as regularly visited by a crowd of summer tourists as the Lakes, the vales of Derbyshire, or any other of the show-places in England. One portion of it, the Undercliff, has of late years obtained celebrity on another ground—the excellence of its winter climate; and during the inclement season of the year, it becomes the residence of a large number of persons who, being sufferers from weak health, desire to procure the mildest atmosphere which can be obtained without quitting England. With Torquay, Hastings, and one or two other places, it shares the reputation of affording invalids a more suitable air, and a higher temperature, than can be found out of these favoured spots; and a stationary colony, of no less than from one to two thousand persons, settle in it about the beginning of November, and remain there until the end of April.

The Undercliff is situated on the south coast, over against France; or, as it is locally called, the back of the island. Geologists tell us that the Isle of Wight was at one time joined to the mainland, and they arrive at this conclusion from an examination of the strata, which are found to be continued and connected on each side of the present line of division. However that may be, it is certain that there is now a broad arm of salt water between the two, one branch of which is named the Solent, and part Spithead. If we cross this channel by one of the Southampton steamers to Cowes, and

drive through the middle of the island to the opposite coast, we shall find ourselves, after getting over much inclined ground, at an opening between the downs, and standing at a considerable height above the sea. The downs, through a depression in which we are about to descend, form here a line five or six miles in length, and seem like a huge embankment thrown up to prevent the encroaching of the ocean. Before placing our foot on the 'yellow sand,' however, a narrow strip of land is seen to intervene, several hundred feet below, and this is the Undercliff. Having obtained access to it by a steep winding road, we stand upon a piece of ground exhibiting great irregularity of surface, varying in width from the third of a mile to a mile, and having a length corresponding of course with that of the range of downs above. It is raised, like a terrace, fifty or a hundred feet above the sea, with a bare and abrupt face in that direction, but carpeted with grass to the very edge. Though I have likened this strip of land to a terrace, it must not be supposed that for its entire length it is on a uniform level, and in a straight line, like a garden walk. Far from that: it is continually moulded into rounded breasts, which are separated by broad channels, and have been partly demolished by the attacks of winds and waves. At spots it is subdivided into crescent and bow-shaped terraces, with an aspect towards the sea. Now and then it pushes forward promontories, like the angles of an external fortification, and headlands are tilted upwards, like the necks of rearing horses—a simile not unnatural or exaggerated to those who have seen the spot; for I have always been reminded, when I have stood in those positions from which I was able to look along a file of headlands, of the horses represented on the friezes of ancient temples, as thrown into various attitudes by the excitement of the moment. At some places the terrace wall has been broken through, and by most of the openings the margin of the water may be reached, down an easy slope called a cove.

Now if we take our stand upon the point of a battlement (following up the idea of a terrace), we look, on one hand, upon the open sea sending its rollers to the base; on the other, and at a short distance upon the downs over which we were brought, to the Undercliff. We perceive that the face of the latter is in some places covered with a fine short herbage, scarred here and there by the elements, and showing the light-coloured earth beneath; in others, supported by long buttresses of sandstone, the front of which, under the action of the weather, has been worn into horizontal and parallel grooves, imitating the courses of stone in a wall. A narrow path runs along the edge of this upper tier of cliffs, and commands charming views of the country beneath, the whole of which is nothing more than gigantic landlips, the ruins of rocks fallen from above, and covered again with vegetable mould. The natural order of the strata has in many places been completely reversed, and the greatest confusion prevails amongst the dislodged masses. It is curious to observe the natural tendency of the earths, forming the cretaceous group of deposits, to mould themselves into outlines of a graceful flow. A spot which, at a comparatively recent period, was but a rude heap of débris, presents to the eye, under a thin coating of earth, the most beautiful curves, that softly swell into knolls and heights of various height and position. Looking down from an elevated station, such as the cliff path, the ground seems padded underneath with some soft substance. The last extensive landlip took place in 1799, when hundreds of acres were strewn with wreck. The cliff still continues to give way here and there, discharging every winter splinters of a few tons into the fields below.

The interval between the downs and the sea is characterised by a curious inequality of surface; and it is surprising to find, within limits so narrow, such a number of walks, and such a variety of scene. Most persons will still give the preference, in point of beauty, to Bonchurch, notwithstanding that the number of new

buildings has much injured the simplicity and retirement of the little village, though it must be admitted that most of the houses are in good taste. Dr Arnold declared Bonchurch to be the most beautiful thing he had ever seen on the sea-coast on this side of Genoa. On the whole, the country cannot be called woody, though here and there the trees are numerous, particularly towards the east end, where the foliage in summer must delightfully enhance the charms of the scenery. It may, however, be remarked, that the scenery is of a kind which is less than usually dependent for its effect upon the season's change; and the quantity of the ivy helps to conceal the bareness of the trees in the winter months. I do not know that the trees flourish with a richer sap than elsewhere, but with the luxuriance of the ivy I have been much astonished. The creeper is found enveloping every wall and rock, and most of the tree trunks, to such a degree that, as I hinted before, the wild work done by the winds of autumn to the deciduous foliage is on a bright sunny day little noticed. The rocky buttresses under the down are most beautifully festooned with the evergreen; it crawls over them like a vine, and bushes off into thick tops, that must form admirable winter retreats for invalid owls, if any such there be. In the coppices it is seen creeping along the ground amongst the grass, and there are whole acres entirely covered by it.

The Undercliff may be reached from the south by three depressions in the downs, and from the east and west by roads which pass over high shoulders. The downs swell into high heads at the points of widest separation: St Boniface Hill, on the east, rises to the height of three hundred feet, commanding a fine view of Sandown Bay and the centre of the island; St Catherine's Hill, on the west, is about a hundred feet higher, and forms the most favourable *point de vue* in the whole island. The noble bay, terminated by fresh-water chalk cliffs, and those singularly-insulated rocks the Needles, stretches away from beneath the spectator's feet. The sea may be perceived at intervals on all sides, so that it is evident he stands upon an island; a very long line of mainland coast is visible from Beachy Head to the Isle of Portland; and beyond, the eye rests upon a great number of objects, the most conspicuous of which are the Sussex Downs and the New Forest. On a very clear day, it is said that even the French coast near Cherbourg can be seen. The ridge is crowned with an old octangular tower—the only remains of a chantry, founded here as early as 1323, and dedicated to St Catherine, whence the hill acquires its name. The builder directed that a priest should perform mass in it, and provide lights during the night for the guidance of vessels approaching this dangerous coast. It appears from old records that a hermitage occupied the spot before the chantry. What an appropriate situation for him who sought to combine a life of solitary meditation with an observance of nature!

'Where he might sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show!'

Close by is the shell of a lighthouse, now suffered to go to ruin since the erection of a more modern building on the shore. It was found that mists so frequently obscured the hill, that a lighthouse placed there was nearly useless, being hid from view at the very time when it was most wanted. The tops of these downs produce furze and heather in abundance. There is also a good deal of decayed vegetable matter, forming thin layers of peaty earth, amongst which there are scurvy eruptions of flints, similar to the beds of stones we see on northern fells.

Let us now quit these windy heights, whither the invalid seldom ventures, for the clement district at their feet. Ventnor, the capital of the Undercliff, consisted a few years ago of not more than a dozen cottages. It has now become a town of five or six hundred permanent inhabitants, possessing a church, a post-office, a

paving act, shops, coaches, and circulating libraries! A friend of mine who visited the place nine years ago, informs me that there was then only one butcher there, and that considerable diplomacy was requisite to secure a whole joint of meat. There are now four dealers in that article of food, and other tradespeople have increased in a like proportion. This sudden increase in the size of Ventnor, which seems to rival the progress of a town in the new continent, may be attributed to her Majesty's physician, Sir James Clark, who, in his work on the sanative influence of climate, pointedly called the attention of medical men and invalids to the Undercliff as a winter residence for those afflicted by throat or chest complaints. In that work he gives minute tables of the temperature, and of the fall of rain, and he declares that a more suitable climate for the majority of bronchial and pulmonary diseases cannot be found in Great Britain, being remarkably equable, as well as mild and dry.

To speak from my own experience, however (the experience, it must be remembered, of one person during one season), I should say that the climate scarcely deserves this encomium, to its full extent at least. The months in which I found it really superior are November and December. Many days occurred then such as I never saw excelled in beauty at the same period of the year in any other place. The three following months, however, were marked by much moisture. The wind blew with great violence from the south-west, almost invariably bringing rain; and when the wind intermitted, dense fogs enveloped everything, so that we seemed to be living for several days together under a ground-glass shade. The chief advantage of the Undercliff no doubt consists in its higher temperature, there being a difference of some degrees in the coldest weather between its climate and that of the most sheltered part of the country to the north. This is partly owing to the protection from northerly winds, previously referred to, as afforded by the lofty embankment of down, and partly to the reflection of the sun's rays from that screen upon the terrace beneath. This, on a sunny day, causes a wonderful elevation of the temperature in a short space of time; and the early appearance of wild flowers in the fields and woods testifies its fecundating influence on the earth.

Although Ventnor is now tolerably well supplied with shops, it is still wanting in many things which other watering-places consider essentials—good promenades, facilities for making excursions, amusements, and so forth. It is a little unfortunate that there are no sands laid bare at low tide in any part of the Undercliff; and one soon gets tired of slipping up to the ankles in shingle, or breaking one's shins on the weedy rocks. A little knowledge of botany and geology will afford visitors some pleasurable employment. On the latter subject they will do well to consult Dr Mantell's interesting publication.* It will be sufficient here to state, that in this part of the Isle of Wight the cretaceous group of deposits may be studied to advantage. The downs are capped with chalk containing nodules of flints; and then comes a stratum of argillaceous chalk called marl, rich with fossils. This is intersected by the roads which leave the Undercliff for the upper country, and the hammer will easily bring out at these spots a variety of organic remains—ammonites, nautilus, scaphites, &c. Next, beneath this white marl, lie a series of sandstone beds, alternating with thin beds of chert and limestone. The latter, being of a firmer structure than the sandstone, resists the weather better, and hence arises the horizontal grooving before noticed. This group has been termed, collectively, the *upper green sand*, or, as Dr Mantell proposes to call it, *firestone*. A very pretty building

* Geological Excursions round the Isle of Wight, and along the Adjacent Coast of Dorsetshire, Illustrative of the most interesting Geological Phenomena and Organic Remains. By G. A. Mantell, LL.D., F.R.S. 1847.

stone is obtained from it, which has been universally used throughout the Undercliff. It contains numerous fossils, and a good deal of silicate iron, which communicates to newly-quarried blocks a green tinge on exposure to the air. The long line of cliff extending from Ventnor to St Catherine's Down consists of upper green sand strata. Underneath the sandstone is a bed of dark-blue clay, locally called *blue slippery*, but known to geologists by the name of *galt*. It is only now and then exposed to view; it holds peculiar species of ammonites and nautili, with other fossils. Wherever, by the fall and displacement of masses of strata, this clay is exposed to atmospheric action along the shore, it gives way, and the superincumbent earth losing its support, is carried down to the shingle. In this manner large quantities of valuable soil are totally lost to the owner, and the propriety of the local name is evident. The lower green sand lies below the *galt* in alternating argillaceous and arenaceous beds, measuring altogether more than a thousand feet in thickness. It is very rich in organic remains, but within the limits of the Undercliff it can only be seen in fragments. To see the beds *in situ*, the shore on each side must be visited.

And this leads me to speak of the Chines, a kind of ravine in the lower green-sand deposits, which is well known to all tourists in the island. The lofty sandstone cliffs which wall off the sea have been broken through at some places by a force which appears to have been very great, and suddenly applied. A split or chasm has been the result, which extends through the wall, narrowing as it leaves the shore, and generally terminating in a broad hollow orcombe on the higher down. Such a gap is termed a *chine*;^{*} it is usually lined with rocks sprinkled with trees, and along the bottom of the groove a little short-lived stream rushes to join the sea. It will be readily conceived that the Chines abound with highly picturesque scenery; and that, viewed from every point—from the sea, from the brink of the ravine, or from the down—they present a peculiar and interesting feature in the landscape. Luccombe and Shanklin Chines are to the east, Blackgang Chine to the west of the Undercliff district. All of them may be easily visited on foot from Ventnor by persons of ordinary corporeal strength; but properly to see the last-named one, it must be remembered that a boat will be required, which may be procured at the inn near at hand. This Chine is wild and bare, very different from the other two: a little runnel of water falls over a sombre cliff; and when the spectator pushes out far enough to draw St Catherine's Down into the picture, the effect of such a back-ground, seen in perspective through the rent, is magnificent. It will probably occur to the reader that Shanklin Chine, the most beautiful of the three, was described by Mr Leigh Richmond in one of his popular Tracts. There is a remarkable scientific phenomenon connected with the down above Shanklin. In the progress of the ordnance survey which has been extended over England, a deviation of the plumb-line from its perpendicular was observed to take place in the neighbourhood of this down. In Sir Roderick Murchison's address to a meeting of the British Association, he remarked that it was a surprising fact that this comparatively low chalk range should possess a power of attraction more than half as great as the dense and lofty mountain of Schehallien in the Scottish Highlands, the influence of which on other bodies was noticed by Dr Maskelyne, in 1774, whilst making his astronomical observations.

The streams that break out of the sand rock in the Undercliff are remarkable for their extreme clearness; one of the springs was dedicated in old time to St Lau-

rence, whose name it still bears. It bursts out close by the roadside, and is received into an arched canopy of modern workmanship. On the top of one of the downs there is a spring called the Wishing Well, from a popular tradition that the mental wishes of persons who perform certain ceremonies at its side will be gratified—a power like that possessed by the Gramere Wishing-Gate, which the pen of Wordsworth has immortalised:

'Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn.'

The chalybeate spring near the western extremity of the Undercliff is possibly more efficacious in bodily ailments, but the reputation of that does not appear to be very high.

The antiquities of the district are not very numerous. The churches of St Laurence and Bonchurch are small, and very ancient structures, which form picturesque additions to the scenery; but they do not afford much scope for the investigations of the antiquary, or much detail for the study of the architect. Not far distant from the former, and near a farmhouse called Woolverton, there are some old walls overrun by ivy, the only remains of an oratory, the origin of which seems to be quite lost; but it makes a pretty sketch in connection with the surrounding landscape, and that sketchers care much more about than a long history of monks and charters. The park and mansion of Appuldurcombe, the seat of the Earl of Yarborough, three miles distant over the down, are objects of great attraction to strangers; and deservedly, for in addition to the beautiful views commanded by the former, the latter contains some valuable Greek and Roman antiques, and a choice collection of paintings by the old masters, most of them of great excellence. The interior of the house is shown on two days of the week to strangers, who have previously procured admission orders from the steward. The antiques and pictures were got together by Sir Richard Worsley, an ancestor of the present owner, who, in 1785 and the two following years, undertook a voyage to Italy, Greece, and the East, for the express purpose of making a collection. He freighted a vessel, and took competent artists with him, to make drawings of various remarkable objects. Pennant derives the strange-looking name from *y pull y dwr y cwm*, words signifying in English, 'The pool of water in the hollow of the hill.'

THE TREASURE.

In the upper apartment of an old-fashioned house in Paris were seated an old man and a young girl, whose appearance corresponded with the aspect of their habitation; for in both were alike visible a certain air of neatness and good taste, which can embellish even poverty itself, and give an air of elegance to the lowliest abode. Everything was in its place; the brick floor was carefully scrubbed; the faded green tapestry was free from every stain; and the windows were furnished with coarse curtains of white muslin, so thickly covered with darns, that it almost bore the appearance of embroidery. A few flower-pots stood outside the open window, and perfumed the room with their fragrance.

The sun was about to set, a purple light illuminated the humble dwelling, glancing on the fresh bright countenance of the young maiden, and playing around the white hairs of the aged man. This latter was reclining in a rush-woven arm-chair, which a careful and loving hand had furnished with cushions, carefully stuffed with tow, and covered with patched chintz. His mutilated limbs rested upon an old *chauffe-pied*,^{*} converted into a stool, and his only remaining arm rested on a small table, on which lay an amber pipe and a tobacco case, embroidered with coloured beads.

The old soldier had one of those bold and furrowed countenances whose roughness is tempered by its frank and kind expression. A gray moustache concealed his

* The derivation of this word has given rise to much speculation; perhaps its origin may be found in the French verb *échiner*, to strike violently, to break. Roads up steep hills or banks are called *shoals*, and it is not unlikely that we may find the origin of this word also in the French *chute*, a fall, a descent. Neither of these local terms have I met with elsewhere in England.

half-parted lips, as he fixed his eye with an unconscious smile upon the young girl. She was about twenty years of age; a brunette, in whose winning and flexible features every passing emotion was portrayed. She held in her hand a newspaper, which she was reading aloud to the old man. Suddenly she stopped, and seemed to listen.

'What do you hear?' inquired the invalid.

'Nothing,' replied the young girl, while her countenance was expressive of disappointment.

'You thought you heard Charles?' inquired the soldier.

'It is true that I fancied so,' replied his young companion, slightly colouring; 'his day's work must be finished, and this is his hour for returning.'

'When he does return,' remarked Vincent in a tone of vexation.

Susan was on the point of seeking to justify her cousin, but her judgment was doubtless opposed to the attempt, for she stopped short, looked embarrassed, and then fell into a reverie.

The invalid soldier passed his hand across his mou-tache, and twisted it impatiently, his usual gesture when anything annoyed him.

'Our young conscript is making a bad campaign of it,' he at length began. 'He returns here out of humour; he leaves his work to frequent taverns and the race-course: all that will end badly both for him and us.'

'Oh do not say so, uncle! You will bring him ill luck,' replied the young girl in a tone of deep emotion. 'I hope it is only a moment of delusion, which will quickly pass away. For some time past, my cousin has got some strange notions into his head, and he has not the heart to work.'

'And why so, pray?'

'Because he says he can't expect to better himself by his labour. He thinks that an artisan, let him work ever so hard, can have nothing to hope for the future, and therefore deems it best to live merely for the present hour, without carefulness, and without hope.'

'Ah! so that is his system, is it?' replied the old man, knitting his brows. 'Well, the honour of inventing it does not belong to him. We had also in our regiment reasoners of that kind, who gladly avoided marching with their comrades because the way was so long, and who dragged on their dull existence in the dépôts, while their companies were taking possession of Madrid, Berlin, and Vienna. Your cousin, you see, does not seem to be aware that by putting one foot before the other, even the shortest legs will get to Rome at last!'

'Ah, if you could only get him to be of that opinion!' exclaimed Susan with anxious earnestness. 'I have often tried to change his mind by reckoning up how much a good bookbinder such as he is might economise; but when I come to the total, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women understand nothing about calculations.'

'And so I suppose you gave up the matter in despair, my poor child?' said Vincent, looking at her with a smile of mingled sadness and affection. 'I see now why your eyes are so often red'—

'My uncle, I assure you'—

'What makes you so often forget to water your gilly-flowers, or to sing your merry songs'—

'My uncle'—

Susan looked down as if confused, and twisted the corner of the paper. The old soldier laid his hand affectionately on her head—'Come, then; I do believe she thinks I am going to scold her,' he continued in a tone of brusque kindness. 'Isn't it quite natural that you should be interested about Charles, who is now your cousin, and who one day, I hope'—

The young girl made a sudden movement.

'Well, well; no, we won't talk any more about that,' said the veteran, checking himself—'we won't talk any more of that just now. But let us speak a little about this good-for-nothing boy, for whom you feel some

friendship—that is the proper word, I think—and who, on his side, feels kindly towards you.'

Susan shook her head. 'He used to do so in former days,' said she; 'but for some time past, if you knew how cold he seems, how indifferent to me.'

'Yes,' remarked Vincent pensively, 'when one has once partaken of exciting amusements, the pleasures of home appear insipid: it is like drinking home-made wine after cherry brandy; one can understand that, my child; many of us know it by experience.'

'But they have been cured,' observed Susan; 'therefore Charles may be so too. Perhaps your speaking to him, uncle, might do him good.'

The old man shook his head doubtfully. 'Such faults as his are not cured by a few words, my child—acts are necessary. A man can no more be suddenly transformed into a reasonable being, than into a good soldier: he requires exercise, experience, fatigue; he must learn his business at the cannon's mouth. Your cousin, you see, is deficient in will, because he does not see before him any object to be attained. The great thing would be to find one which would stimulate him to persevering industry, but this is no easy matter: however, I will think about it.'

'It is he this time!' exclaimed Susan, who had recognised the hurried steps of her cousin as he ascended the stairs.

'Silence, then,' said the veteran; 'we must not seem to have been talking about him, so go on reading to me.'

Susan obeyed; but the tremulousness of her voice would quickly have betrayed her emotion to the ears of an attentive observer. Whilst her eyes rested on the printed characters before her, and her lips mechanically pronounced the written words, her thoughts were absorbed by her cousin, who had just then entered the room. As the reading continued, the young workman did not feel himself obliged to speak; so, without saluting either his uncle or cousin, he went over to the window, and stood leaning against it with folded arms.

Susan went on reading, without understanding a word she said. She came to that series of unconnected facts which are always to be found under the head of 'Varieties.' Charles, who had at first appeared *distrait*, ended by listening, almost in spite of himself.

The young girl, after reading a list of robberies, fires, and accidents of divers kinds, came to the following article:—'A poor pedler of Besançon, named Peter Lefèvre, resolving to make a fortune at any cost, conceived the idea of setting out for India, which he had heard spoken of as the land of gold and of diamonds. He sold what little he possessed, reached Bordeaux, and embarked as cook's assistant in an American ship. Eighteen years passed away, and no tidings were received of Lefèvre; but now at length his relations have received a letter announcing his approaching return. It informs them that the *ci-devant* pedler, after enduring unheard-of fatigues, and incredible changes of fortune, had arrived in France blind of one eye and short of an arm, but the possessor of riches valued at two millions of francs.'

Charles, who had listened to this article with growing interest, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise—'Two millions!'

'They will serve to buy him a glass eye and a cork leg,' ironically observed the old soldier.

'There is good fortune for you!' continued the young workman, without heeding his uncle's remark.

'And which it cost him a good deal to obtain,' added the veteran.

'Eighteen years of unheard-of fatigues!' repeated Susan, dwelling upon the words of the paper.

'What matter, when a fortune was in view!' replied Charles eagerly. 'The difficulty does not lie either in travelling over a bad road, or in encountering stormy weather to reach a good shelter, but in having to walk on with nothing in prospect at the end of our journey.'

'And so,' continued the young girl, timidly raising her eyes towards her cousin—'so you envy this pedler's

lot. You would give all your youthful years, one of your eyes, one of your hands'—

'For two millions?' interrupted Charles; 'most assuredly. You have only to find me a purchaser, Susan, at this price, and I will engage to give you a portion for pin-money.'

The young girl made no reply, but turned away her head; her heart was heavy, and a tear trembled in her eye. Vincent also was silent; but he had again begun to twist his moustache with a morose air. There was a long silence.

Each of the three actors in this scene was engaged in pursuing a peculiar train of thought. The sound of the clock striking eight aroused Susan from her reverie. She rose hastily, and began to lay the cloth for their evening repast. It was a short and gloomy one. Charles, who had passed the latter part of the afternoon in a tavern with his friends, would eat nothing, and poor Susan had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honour to the frugal repast; for the hardships of war had accustomed him to *maintain the privileges of his stomach* in the midst of the most trying scenes. But his hunger was quickly appeased, and he returned to his arm-chair near the window. Susan, who longed to feel herself alone, soon put everything back into its place, took a light, kissed the old man, and retired to her little chamber overhead. Vincent and his nephew were left tête-à-tête; and the latter was also preparing to take his leave, when the old soldier made a sign to him to shut the door, and to come nearer to him.

'I want to speak to you,' said he seriously.

Charles, who expected to receive some reproaches for his late conduct, remained standing before the old man, but the latter made him a sign to sit down.

'Have you reflected well on the words which you spoke a few minutes ago?' he inquired, looking fixedly at his nephew. 'Would you really be capable of making a long and sustained effort in order to gain a fortune?'

'I!—Can you doubt it, uncle?' replied Charles, surprised at the question.

'Then you would consent to labour patiently, to work without intermission, to change all your habits?'

'If my doing so would accomplish any purpose—Yes. But why do you make the inquiry?'

'You shall be made acquainted with my reasons,' said the veteran, opening the drawer of a little escritoir, in which he kept the old newspapers which were lent to him by one of his fellow-lodgers. He searched some time amongst them, and at last took out one, in which he pointed out to Charles an article which he had marked.

The young man read it half aloud. 'Some steps have lately been taken with the Spanish government for the recovery of a treasure buried on the banks of the Douro after the battle of Salamanca. It would appear that in the course of this famous retreat, a company belonging to the first division, to whom the charge of several tumbrils had been committed, was separated from the main body of the army, and surrounded by a force so superior to themselves, that any attempt at resistance would have been in vain. The commanding officer, seeing that no hope remained of being able to cut his way through the opposing forces, took advantage of the darkness of the night to have the tumbrils buried in the earth by some of his soldiers in whom he reposed implicit confidence, then, feeling assured that no one would be able to discover them, he ordered his little band to disperse, so that they might each separately endeavour to escape through the lines of the enemy. Some few had the good fortune to succeed in rejoining their division; but the commanding officer, as well as all the men who knew where the tumbrils had been concealed, perished in the attempt. Now it has been positively affirmed that in these tumbrils were contained the money required for the expenses of the whole invading army—namely, a sum of about three millions.'

Charles paused: his eyes sparkled with delight; and he looked inquiringly at the veteran. 'Were you one of that company?' he exclaimed.

'I was,' replied the soldier.

'You know of the existence of this dépôt?'

'I was one of those whom the captain charged to bury it, and the only one amongst them who did not fall beneath the heavy fire of the enemy.'

'Then you could give some indication on the subject; you could help to find them?' inquired Charles anxiously.

'So much the more readily,' replied Vincent, 'because the captain made us take as our point of *reconnaissance* the parallel bearings of a rock and two hills which helped to mark out the spot.'

'So you would remember it?'

'I could point it out as precisely as the position of the bed in this room.'

Charles sprang from his seat. 'Your fortune then is made!' he exclaimed energetically. 'Why have you been silent so long? The French government would have accepted any proposition you might have made to them.'

'Very likely,' replied Vincent; 'but anyway, my information could have been of no use.'

'Why so?'

'Spain refused the required permission: look at this.'

He held out to the young man a second paper, which announced, in fact, that the demand for permission to search for the tumbrils which had been buried by the French in 1812 on the banks of the Douro had been refused by the government of Madrid.

'But could one not do without this permission?' inquired Charles. 'Where is the necessity of attempting officially a search, which might be made quietly without any display. Once upon the spot, and the ground purchased, who could prevent the search?'

'I have thought about it many a time for the last thirty years,' continued the soldier. 'But where was I to find the money necessary for the expenses of the journey, and for the purchase of the field?'

'Would it not be possible to apply to some one richer than ourselves, and to put them in possession of the secret?'

'But how should we make them credit our report?—or prevent our confidence being abused, if they did believe it? And if by any chance we should fail in the attempt, or if it should turn out, as in the fable, that when the hour of partition came, the lion should keep the whole of the prey for himself, should we not then, in addition to the fatigues of the journey, and the uncertainties of success, have to brave the miseries of a lawsuit? Of what use would all this be, tell me? Is it worth my while to take so much trouble for the few days I have yet to live? No, no; the millions may rest in peace as far as I am concerned. I have a retired pension of two hundred francs: thanks to the good help of my little Susan, that, with the small yearly sum attached to my cross, is sufficient to supply me with tobacco and my daily rations. I laugh at all other wants as I would at a detachment of Cossacks.'

'And so you will let this opportunity escape you?' continued Charles with feverish earnestness. 'You will refuse all this wealth?'

'For myself, most cheerfully,' replied the old man; 'but for you it would be different. I could perceive just now that you were ambitious; that you would consider no sacrifice too great which would enable you to acquire riches. Well, then, amass the sum which would be necessary for our journey, and I will accompany you to the spot.'

'You!—Are you in earnest?'

'Earn two thousand francs, and then I will bring you to the very spot where the treasure lies concealed. Will that satisfy you?'

'Satisfy me, uncle!' cried Charles in a transport of joy. Then checking himself, he added in an anxious

tone, 'But how can I ever scrape together so much money? It never can be done.'

'Work courageously, and bring me your pay regularly every week. I promise you there will be no difficulty in accomplishing it.'

'Remember, uncle, what a trifle the savings of a workman can amount to.'

'That is my look-out.'

'How many years will be necessary?'

'You were just now ready to sacrifice eighteen years, as well as an eye and an arm, in the same cause.'

'Ah, if I were only sure!'

'Of acquiring a treasure? I swear to you by the ashes of the *Little Corporal* that you shall.'

This was the soldier's great oath. Charles saw that he was serious in the matter. Vincent encouraged him anew, by assuring him that his future fate lay in his own power; and the young man retired to rest resolved to begin a life of sober and careful industry.

But the hopes awakened within him by his conversation with his uncle were too splendid to allow of his sleeping. He passed the night in a sort of fever, calculating the means of gaining as quickly as possible the desired sum; settling how he would employ his future riches; and passing in review, one after another, as realities, all the chimeras which heretofore had only floated like dim visions before his imagination. When Susan came down next morning, he had already gone off to his work. Vincent, observing her surprise, nodded his head and smiled, but said nothing. He had recommended secrecy to the young workman, and resolved to maintain it himself. Moreover, he wished to see whether Charles would persevere in his good resolutions.

The first months of trial were full of difficulty to the young workman. He had contracted habits which it required no small resolution to break through. Incessant work seemed insupportable to him. He was now obliged to struggle against that capricious fickleness of purpose which hitherto had influenced his actions, to surmount the impulses of weariness and disgust, and to resist the importunities of his former companions in dissipation.

This was at first a difficult task. Many a time his courage failed, and he was upon the point of returning to his former habits; but his earnest desire to attain the proposed end reanimated him in his course. Each time that he brought to the veteran his weekly savings, and perceived how insensibly they were increasing in amount, he experienced a renewal of hope which gave fresh ardour to his endeavours—it was only a little step towards his end, but still it *was* a step. Besides, each day the effort became easier; for in proportion as his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. The assiduity with which he laboured throughout the day rendered his evening repose more welcome; the separation from his noisy and reckless companions lent a new charm to the society of his uncle and his cousin. Susan, too, had recovered her gaiety, as well as her frank familiarity of manner. Her every thought was given to her aged uncle and to Charles; and each day her careful love adorned their humble home with some fresh charm, and drew still closer those bonds of tenderness and affection which can make the lowliest dwelling the abode of happiness and peace. Charles was quite surprised at finding in his cousin attractions which he had never before discovered. She became insensibly each day more necessary to his happiness. Without his being aware of it, the aim of his life was gradually changing; the hope of attaining the treasure promised by Vincent was no longer his only spring of action: in all he did, he now thought of Susan; his constant desire was to merit her approbation, to become dearer to her.

The human soul is a sort of moral daguerreotype: let it be surrounded by images of order, of industry, of self-devotion; let it be illuminated by the sunshine of affection; and each of these images will imprint themselves upon its surface, and remain there for ever firmly fixed.

The life which Charles was now leading gradually extinguished his ardent ambition: he saw within his reach a purer and simpler happiness than any of which he had ever before formed a conception; his paradise was no longer a fairyland, such as the 'Arabian Nights' depict, but a narrow circle, peopled with homely joys which he could without difficulty embrace within his grasp. And yet this transformation, visible to all around him, remained a secret to himself. He did not know that he was changed, he only knew that he was more tranquil and more happy. The only new feeling of which he was conscious was his love for Susan. The treasure he was labouring for, instead of being his principal object, he now looked upon only as a means towards making his union with Susan more joyous. He looked forward to it as an important addition, but still only as *accessory* to higher hopes; also he now began to feel the greatest anxiety to know whether his love was shared.

He was one evening pacing the little apartment, while Vincent and Susan were chatting together beside the stove. Their conversation turned on Charles's former master, who, after thirty years of a life passed in honest labour, had just put up to sale his little bookbinding establishment, that he might retire to the country with his aged wife for the remainder of his days.

'Now that is a couple,' said the old soldier, 'who knew how to turn this world into a paradise; always of one mind, always in good-humour, and fully occupied.'

'Yes,' replied Susan thoughtfully, 'the richest couple on earth might well envy their lot.'

Charles, who had just then approached the stove, stopped a moment, and looking fixedly at his cousin, inquired, 'Then you would like your husband to love you, Susan?'

'Why, yes—certainly—if possible,' she replied, smiling, and slightly colouring.

'You can have your wish then,' said Charles warmly. 'You have only to say one word.'

'What word, my cousin?' said Susan with some emotion.

'That you will accept me for your husband,' replied the young man: adding with respectful tenderness, as he saw the surprise and confusion which this abrupt avowal of his intentions had produced in his cousin, 'Oh do not let that annoy you, Susan; it has long been my most earnest desire to ask you this question. I only waited on account of a certain reason with which my uncle is acquainted, but you see how it has escaped me against my will; and now only be as frank as I have been. Tell me whether I may hope that you can love me; our good uncle is there, so that you need have no fears that you are doing wrong.'

The young man's voice faltered; he took his cousin's hand, which he pressed within his own, and a tear trembled in his eye. Susan was silent, for her heart was too full to speak: and the old soldier looked at them both with a smile of mingled playfulness and feeling. At length putting his arm around the young girl, and drawing her gently towards Charles, he said gaily, 'Well now, speak, my little one.'

'Susan!' exclaimed her cousin, still holding her hand; 'one word, only one word—will you be my wife?'

She hid her head upon his shoulder, and a half-articulated 'Yes' escaped her lips.

'Eh, well now, I declare,' cried Vincent, clapping his hand on his knee, 'there was a great deal of difficulty about saying that much. Now you must both give me a kiss,' said he, kindly taking their hands. 'I will leave you this evening for talking over your secrets, and to-morrow we will speak of business.'

The next morning the old man, taking his nephew aside, announced to him that the sum which was required for their journey was now complete, and that they might set off for Spain as soon as they pleased. This news, which ought to have enchanted Charles, filled him, on the contrary, with painful emotion. To

think that he must leave Susan at the very moment when their intercourse was becoming such a source of happiness—that he must encounter all the uncertainties of a long and difficult journey, when it would have been so sweet to stay in his now happy home! The young man was almost ready to curse the millions which he must go so far to seek. Since the time when he had gained a new object of interest in life, his desire for riches had gradually lost its hold upon his mind. What use was there in seeking for wealth to purchase happiness?—he had found it already. He did not, however, express these thoughts to his uncle, but merely declared himself ready to accompany him at an hour's notice. The old soldier reminded him that age was less hasty than youth in its movements, and asked for a few days' delay previous to their departure. 'Meanwhile, I wish, Charles,' said the old man, 'that you would borrow from our neighbours those old newspapers which tell of the famous *dépôt* on the banks of the Douro; we can look over them carefully together, and may perhaps find some information that shall be useful to us on our arrival there.'

The young man having made the desired application, they were, in the course of half an hour, seated side by side, poring over some well-thumbed papers. Charles at first found only the details with which he was already familiar—the refusal of the Spanish government—the fruitless researches of some Barcelona merchants. He thought that every document had been read, when his glance rested upon a letter signed by a certain P. Dufour.

'Peter Dufour!' repeated Vincent; 'that was the name of the quarter-master of the company.'

'So he is called here,' replied Charles.

'Heaven save me! I thought the brave old boy was in the other world long ago; he was the confederate of the captain. Let us see what he has to say for himself.'

Instead of answering, Charles uttered a cry of disappointment; he had looked over the letter, and on perusing its contents, had turned deadly pale.

'What on earth is the matter?' inquired Vincent.

'The matter indeed!' repeated the young workman.

'The matter is, that if Dufour speaks truth, we may as well stay at home.'

'Why?'

'Because the tumbrils were filled with powder instead of silver!'

Vincent clapped his hand to his forehead with an exclamation of surprise and disappointment. Susan laid down her work, and fixed her eyes mournfully on her cousin. The latter was the first to recover from the stupor occasioned by this unexpected discovery. After a few moments, he rose up with a look of cheerful animation, and approaching Susan, seized her hand, exclaiming, 'After all, here is my best treasure—one I would not give up for all the silver that may be buried in Spain and France too! So cheer up, good uncle, and let us make the best use of what is left to us. With true hearts and strong hands we can never be poor. Can we, Susan?'

'Never,' she replied; and her eyes expressed even more unbounded confidence than was implied in the single word uttered by her lips.

The old man slowly raised his head, and repeated the well-known proverb, '*L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose*.' Then, after a moment's thought, he continued, 'I hoped to have seen you both wealthy before I died; but perhaps it is best as it is. Don't let us forget, however, your savings, Charles—Peter Dufour's letter cannot rob us of the two thousand francs; and,' added he, smiling, 'I have some savings of my own, thanks to the management of this good girl: we will see what can be done with it all.' So saying, he rested his head on his elbow, and seemed for a while lost in meditation. At last he raised his head, and cried out joyously, 'I have it—I have it!'

'What have you, good uncle?' exclaimed the young people simultaneously.

'Patience, patience,' replied the veteran with a knowing smile; 'you shall know it all in good time. Will you call a hackney-coach for me, Charles? I have some business out, and it is still early in the day. Susan, child, I shall want you to come with me.'

His desire was obeyed; and as he drove through the streets, he acquainted her that his heart was set upon establishing them both in the business which had been just relinquished by Charles's former master. 'And,' added he, 'Mr Lebrun is an honest man, and will stand me a helping hand in the business. What say you to my plan, child?'

'Oh it would only make me too happy, dear uncle,' she gratefully replied.

They called on Mr Lebrun, and were so successful in their negotiations, that on being again seated in the coach, the old man knocked his stick with vehemence on the floor, exclaiming, 'By the ashes of the Little Corporal he shall have it!' Susan kissed his hand with joyful affection. 'Only let me see you settled in your own *ménage*, and I shall die happy,' said the old man with some emotion. 'But remember, Charles is to know nothing about all this yet,' he continued, looking earnestly at the young girl.

'It will be very hard to keep it from him, uncle.'

'But it must be kept,' rejoined Vincent in a decided and somewhat grave tone.

Susan was silent; for she knew there was no appeal from such a decision. It was very difficult, however, for her to keep this secret from her lover; and it would have been still more so, but that Charles was so fully occupied at this moment, that he had little leisure for conversation.

About a fortnight afterwards, on a fine holiday, Vincent proposed to the young people that he should treat them to a drive. 'And afterwards,' continued he, 'you can go out together, and enjoy more of what is going on.'

This they joyfully acceded to. At the end of a few minutes' drive, to Charles's great surprise the carriage stopped at the door of the *magasin* which had formerly belonged to his old master.

'What is the man about?' he inquired rather impatiently.

'We shall see, we shall see,' replied the old man smiling.

The steps were let down. Vincent, leaning upon Susan, got out, and entered the shop. Charles was about to follow them, when the name of 'CHARLES VINCENT,' in large gold letters, placed above the entrance, arrested his eye. For one moment he stood petrified; the next he hastened into the shop, and embracing his uncle and cousin in a transport of joy, exclaimed, 'Ah, this is your secret! and you have kept it from me all this time,' said he reproachfully to Susan.

'It is the last I will ever keep from you,' she replied, looking somewhat confused.

'Yes, yes; it was all my fault; so don't scold her. No scolding to-day,' repeated the old soldier, hobbling into the back room, where a huge block of wood was burning brightly on the hearth, and a small table was laid for dinner. The furniture was plain, but neat, and the tablecloth white as snow. Vincent, shaking his nephew by the hand, said, 'Charles, you are welcome as the master of this house.'

'Thank you, thank you a thousand times, uncle; but,' turning to his cousin, 'I do not care to be the master of it, unless Susan promises to be its mistress.'

'And so she will,' interrupted the old man. 'Don't you remember her promise?'

'Yes, but I wish her to repeat it once more.'

Susan blushed, and gave him her hand.

Need we say what a happy and joyous evening followed this explanation.

Before many days had elapsed, Mr and Mrs Charles Vincent were installed in the formal possession of their new habitation. Susan carried the same cheerful and elastic spirit into her married life which had sustained

herin her earlier and more trying course; and even in her busiest moments, she found leisure to talk with the old soldier, as he sat by the fireside in a comfortable arm-chair, with his beloved pipe and pouch placed conveniently at his side.

A year passed away, and the first anniversary of their wedding-day found this happy trio still happier than on the eventful day which fixed them in their present comfortable dwelling.

At supper, the old man drank to the health and prosperity of the young couple.

'Thank you, good uncle,' said Charles; 'and whatever share of enjoyment may be mine, I have to thank you for much of it, as it was you who first taught me that happiness does not lie in wealth or distinction, but in a life of honest industry, and a mind at peace with itself. You, too, I have partly to thank,' continued he, smiling and looking at his wife, 'for having given me here a greater treasure than ever I hoped to have possessed, had our expedition into Spain been crowned with the most entire success.'

THE OPPROBRIUM OF MILTON.

OUR readers may remember the famous controversy on the alleged expulsion of Milton from his college, and its termination by a sort of compromise on the part of his defenders. They will perhaps be glad to hear that another belligerent has now appeared on the side of the poet, with the standard of 'No surrender!' and that he seems to have finally set the question at rest.

It is no wonder that the great poet—whose prose would have immortalised him, even if the 'Paradise Lost' had never been written—was the object of every kind of scurrility and calumny. Some of his works were ordered by proclamation of Charles II. to be burned by the common hangman; and his fellow-Christians were called upon by a private assailant to 'stone the miscreant to death.' One of his contemporaries, Winstanley, declared of him that, notwithstanding his possession of some small poetical merits, 'his fame is got out like the snuff of a candle, and will continue to stink to all posterity, for having so infamously belied that glorious martyr and king, Charles I.' Another of them, Aubrey, who was seventeen years younger than Milton, brought against him the specific charge of having been 'vomited, after an inordinate and riotous youth, out of the university;' and even Johnson, in a new generation, suffered his church-and-state feelings to influence his judgment both of the poet and the man. 'I am ashamed,' says he, 'to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the public indignity of corporal correction.'

To prove these charges, there were no college entries, and no contemporary reminiscences brought forward. The sole evidence was some words in a Latin elegy of his own; and yet this elegy he himself republished, with all its supposed damning proof, not more than two or three years after the charge by Aubrey, to which he replies as follows:—'I must be thought, if this libeller (for now he shows himself to be so) can find belief, after an inordinate and riotous youth spent at the university, to have been at length "vomited out thence;" for which commodious lie, that he may be encouraged in the trade another time, I thank him; for it hath given me an apt occasion to acknowledge publicly, with all grateful mind, that more than ordinary favour and respect which I found, above any of my equals, at the hands of those courteous and learned men, the fellows of that college wherein I spent some years; who, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many ways how much better it would content them that I would stay; as by many letters full of kindness and loving respect, both before that time and long after, I was assured of their singular good affection towards me.' In his Second Defence, he says still more distinctly, that his father sent

him to college, where he studied for seven years with the approbation of the good, and without any stain upon his character, till he took the degree of master of arts.

The elegy, however, according even to the more friendly commentators, was not entirely to be got over. They absolved him from expulsion, but consented to a verdict of rustication: in the Irish fashion, they split the difference. The verses that bear upon the question are as follow, with the criminatory words in italics:—

* Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revivere Camum,
Nec dudum *vetiti* me *luris* angit amor.
* * * * *
Si sit hoc *exilium* patrios aditæ penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel *proptus* nomen sortemur recuso,
Lætus et *exili* conditione fruor.*

We now give the literal and obvious translation of these verses:—

The city which the Thames laves with reflux wave detains me,

And my sweet native place possesses me not against my will;

Now I have neither a desire to revisit the reedy Cam,
Nor does the love of a domestic hearth, lately forbidden, torment me.

If this be *exile*—to have visited my father's household gods,

And, free from cares, to follow charming leisure—
I refuse not the name or the lot of a *banished man*,
And gladly I enjoy the condition of *exile*.

The commentators could not bear entirely up against this evidence. The poem refuted the charge of expulsion, because the author, towards the close, talks of returning to Cambridge; but Warton declared that the italicised words would not suffer us to determine otherwise than that Milton had suffered sentence of rustication, or temporary removal from college; and Johnson thought that no other meaning could be given, even by kindness and reverence, to the term *vetiti laris*, 'a habitation from which he is excluded.' Succeeding writers followed on the same side; and thus it was settled that the great poet had suffered at least a temporary banishment from his *alma mater*, in punishment of some transgression of the rules, or some offence he might have given to the governors of the college.

This may seem at first sight a small question, but in reality it is a very important one. The rustication of Milton has often served as an excuse to meaner spirits, and perhaps it may before now have been pleaded successfully with some silly parents. The cause was wholly unknown, but the authors of the original charge of expulsion accused him of profligacy of every kind. Here was an example and apology for all succeeding *roués*; and the youth of 'spirit,' who scorned the decencies of collegiate life, fancied himself a kindred soul with the handsomest of men, the most elegant of scholars, and the most gifted of poets. But as regards Milton himself the question is still more serious. The charge is not confined to rustication—it involves deliberate falsehood. His temporary exile from college might have been caused by some very venial trespass, perhaps by a praiseworthy, even a religious scruple; but his solemn denial, if the fact were true, would throw a stigma upon his character, which the brilliance of his genius would only render more conspicuous.

But Milton did not merely deny the fact; he collected for publication, in less than three years afterwards, his Latin poems, and placed the elegy *Ad Carolum Deodatum* (the one referred to above) the first in the series. It is strange that this unconsciousness should have struck even the more friendly commentators as something merely tending to disprove the charge of actual expulsion, while they still considered that of rustication as completely established! But so it was; and thus the matter rested, till the appearance of an article in the last number of the 'Classical Museum,' in which

Dr Maclure, one of the classical masters in the Edinburgh Academy, shows that the meaning of the ode has been mistaken from first to last, and explains the otherwise unaccountable unconsciousness of Milton by the simple fact, that it does not contain one word which can justify the interpretation affixed to it by the learned and adopted by the ignorant.

'It is surprising,' says Dr Maclure, 'that in the face of these remarkable passages, which could not have been penned by one who was conscious of having incurred disgrace at college, the expressions in the elegy should ever have been construed, I need not say by "kindness and reverence," but even by malevolence and contempt, so as to lend support to a slander thus indignantly repelled by the object of it! To me it seems clear as day, that when properly interpreted, they afford not a shadow of countenance to the injurious calumny. They occur in an elegy written in London during a vacation, in the poet's eighteenth year, and addressed to his schoolfellow and friend Charles Deodate. This gentleman, after leaving Oxford, had established himself in Cheshire, whence, as appears from the poem, he addressed an epistle to Milton, probably a poetical one, in which it would seem, ignorant of the feelings with which his friend had come to regard the university, he consoled with him on his absence from it during the vacation, and spoke of this temporary separation as a *state of exile*. This view of his position in London Milton repudiates in terms not very complimentary, I grant, to his *alma mater*, but which most assuredly do not support the imputation that has been founded on them. But it will be said, admitting that in this way the use of the words *exilium* and *profugus* is explained, how do you account for the phrase *dudum vetiti laris*? Nothing is easier: indeed I am filled with surprise that its true meaning has so long escaped discovery. The commentators have hitherto understood these words as if they referred to the poet's cheerless apartments in Christ College, Cambridge! Milton was too good a Latinist ever to employ the word *lar* for a purpose so unsuitable. He uses it here in its only proper sense—to denote his *home*, his *father's fireside*, to revisit which during term-time had, by the discipline of his college, been *lately forbidden him*. In short, he enumerates amongst the delights of his present situation, freedom from the home-sickness with which he used to be tormented at Cambridge. When read in this light, the passage assumes consistency with itself, with other portions of Milton's writings, and with the register of his college; and what is perhaps of higher importance, while it rescues the memory of the greatest poet and one of the ripest scholars of England from a shade that has long rested on it, it deprives giddy and thoughtless youth of a precedent they are fond of quoting for their own irregularities and contumacy.'

In order to show at a glance the effect of this new reading, we will slightly paraphrase, in the points referred to, the literal translation given above:—

The city which the Thames laves with reflux wave
detains me,
And my sweet native place possesses me not against my
will;

Now I have neither a desire to revisit the reedy Cam,
Nor does the love of my father's fireside, lately for-
bidden me during term-time, torment me.

If this be what you call exile—to have visited my father's
household gods,

And, free from cares, to follow charming leisure—
I refuse not the name or the lot of a banished man,
And gladly I enjoy the condition of exile.

The correctness of this construction of the last four verses is probable from the fact, that the elegy is a reply to his friend's epistle—a circumstance which former commentators appear to have overlooked; while that of the first four requires merely a moderate knowledge of Latin to insure acquiescence at once. Indeed,

now that the thing is pointed out, the translation Johnson gives of *vetiti laris* seems little less than absurd. The word *lar* is one of the most expressive in the language. It is not merely 'a habitation': it is a home in the deepest meaning of the term—a hearth hallowed by the spiritual presence of the household god. It is quite beyond belief that an accomplished Latinist like Milton could apply such a name to his solitary room, at a college of which he takes so little pains to conceal his dislike and contempt.

Dr Maclure is entitled to our thanks for the light he has thrown upon this interesting point in literary history. Himself a Schoolmaster, he has proved to be so far more *au fait* of the trade than his brother schoolmasters Warton and Johnson; and he has relieved from unmerited obloquy the character of the illustrious schoolmaster Milton.

BYRNE ON SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

MR J. C. BYRNE presents a general work on the Australasian colonies, the result, as he informs us, of several years' personal acquaintance with them. The book, as a whole, does not come up to the expectations excited by the title;* but understanding that titles are generally dictated by publishers, under views of their own—short-sighted ones generally—we are willing to believe that this is not the author's blame. Not having space wherein to follow him over the whole of the colonies which he describes, we deem it best to concentrate attention upon that one which is at present the subject of greatest interest at home.

South Australia is about three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, the extent of land within its limits exceeding 300,000 square miles. Though during the summer months hot winds, which blow from the northward, occasionally prevail, yet the climate is extremely salubrious, and the air exhilarating, buoyant, and light. Nor do these winds, 'which appear to pass over vast arid regions, where moisture is unknown,' last long, giving place to cool, refreshing, southerly breezes, 'which soon reinvigorate the constitution, and dissipate the effects of the parching gales.' Copious, too, and frequent are the rains which visit this favoured colony, 'whose soil is in general admirably suited for cultivation, and produces the most abundant crops.' 'Scattered,' says Mr Byrne, 'over the vast area of South Australia, there are acres of rich land on which millions of an industrious population might be settled. Besides wheat, oats, barley, and Indian corn, the soil produces hops, tobacco, the vine, and indeed all tropical fruits and plants, with a very few exceptions. The mulberry is now successfully cultivated, whilst the colony bids fair, at no distant date, to become an extensive wine-producing country.' Nor is this all. 'South Australia has proved itself to be well adapted for the growth of the finest wool; and the boundless acres of natural pasturage, not calculated for agriculture, present an extent of country which, even at the rapid rate of increase observed by Australian flocks, it will take many long years to occupy.'

Amongst the population of the colony there are a considerable number of German agriculturists, who have mostly succeeded in acquiring small farms.* Their disposition inclining them 'to acquire a homestead and farm of their own, they dislike remaining in a state of servitude and dependence on others for their daily bread; and to this is attributable the extent of cultivation in South Australia, and the cheapness of grain—these small cultivators being able to produce at a much lower rate than large landholders, who rely solely on the labour of others. This formation of a yeoman class must greatly tend to promote the prosperity of the colony; and in this class of its population South Australia excels both New South Wales and Australia Felix, where there seems to be a desire that only two classes should exist—the great landholder

* Twelve Years' Rambling in the British Colonies, from 1835 to 1847. By J. C. Byrne. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1848. [The colonies actually noticed are those of Australia and New Zealand.]

and stock-proprietor, and the mechanic and labourer. This is much to be deprecated; and it speaks well for South Australia that the principle is not enforced there. It is a striking fact," adds Mr Byrne, "that although the population of South Australia has not doubled within the last seven years, yet the extent of land actually under cultivation has increased nearly fifteenfold within the same period. In 1840," he next assures us, "the population were about 14,000 in number, the number of acres under cultivation being then only 2503; whereas in 1846 the number of inhabitants amounted to 22,390, and the number of cultivated acres to 33,292. The repeal of the corn-laws," he proceeds, "has opened the home markets, and at present, South Australian wheat is represented as sustaining a very high character with the corn-dealers of London, being quoted at the same price as the best Dantzic, which, on an average, is fully ten per cent. higher than the best home-grown wheat. The Mauritius and Cape of Good Hope also present a near and good market for Australian wheat."

To sheep-farmers it may be important to state, that in South Australia there has, within the last five years, been a rapid and important increase in the growth of wool. In 1842, the wool exported to Great Britain yielded only a return of L.29,749; while in 1846 the returns amounted to L.105,941. We are about shortly to refer to the second great source of Australian wealth—namely, her rich copper mines; but we cannot dismiss the agricultural part of our notice before we have called the attention of the class interested to the following extract:—"One great advantage to the farming class of South Australia lies in the employment afforded them at all seasons, when otherwise unengaged, in carting ores from the mines to the seaport. In the year 1846, the amount paid for cartage by the Burra Burra Mine alone exceeded L.30,000; and as the produce of this mine is largely increasing, and numerous others are being opened, it would be difficult to calculate the amount that will be annually distributed for cartage amongst the South Australian farmers. Already the mine owners have found it impossible to procure in the colony sufficient carriage, so they have resorted to the expedient of advertising in the neighbouring colonies, in order to induce persons to proceed to South Australia and become carriers." South Australia, Mr Byrne thinks, "is eminently and especially the country best calculated for the labouring emigrant." The dark feature is the character of the aborigines. Inoffensive enough in the neighbourhood of Adelaide and the more settled country, on the frontiers of the colony, and especially towards the Murray River, they are fierce and ruthless, exhibiting great hostility to the whites. They are, however, rapidly vanishing from the land—"the firearms of the whites doing the work of annihilation!" This is bad; but, according to Mr Byrne, there is no remedy; for we are told that, though philanthropists have used many efforts to civilise the natives, all attempts to do so have as yet proved failures. Fierce savages they still are, and continue practising cannibalism "from a horrible fondness for the revolting food! nor is there the least hope that the practice will be abolished among them as long as they continue to exist as a race." Let us hope there is a slight portion here of unintentional exaggeration. Mr Byrne had on one or two occasions the misfortune of falling in with several bands of these savages, and of enduring no inconsiderable amount of suffering from their hands. But if the natives in the neighbourhood of Adelaide are gentle and timid, making capital "catchers of strayed sheep," why should we despair of the "Border rascals becoming also, as population increases in their neighbourhood, well-bred, decent, nay, even useful members of society?" That we may not be accused of concealment of facts, let us out, too, with another well-authenticated disclosure of Mr Byrne's: there are at least eighteen different species of snakes, many of them beautiful, and almost all of them dangerous, in the settled Australian colonies!

Having thus considered Australia as a merely agricultural colony, we shall next consider what are the other elements of wealth of which she is actually in possession.

Let us 'begin at the beginning.' South Australia, though as a British colony not yet 'in her teens,' has already, after struggling through dangers and difficulties almost incredible, suddenly merged into affluence, prosperity, and fame. She was made a British province in 1834—her only inhabitants being at the time a few runaway convicts and the cannibal aborigines—and became a British colony in 1836; so that, as such, she is not older yet than eleven and a half years. It is needless to specify all the causes which induced the difficulties in which the infant colony got most foolishly involved: they are matter of history; and it need only be specified that a reckless spirit of speculation ruined everything. From this lamentable state of affairs, repeatedly noticed in these pages, the colony at length revived, and latterly it has become the wealthiest of all the colonies of Britain. This has arisen from a discovery, made in 1844, that Australia, in many of its districts, possesses vast mineral riches. 'The mineral discoveries of 1844,' says Mr Byrne, 'attracted attention, raised all from despondency, and threw a bright gleam of hope over the future.' And now the ultimate effects of its mining operations on British commerce and mineral property in England are at present inconceivable, and must be left to time to develop.

Having given a table of the import and export returns of South Australia from 1841 to 1846, the export return for 1841 being as low as L.40,561, and that for 1846 as high as L.287,059—"What," proceeds Mr Byrne, "the exports of South Australia will be in the course of a very few years, it would be folly to attempt to predict." Copper has become a grand article of export; but this trade is only in its infancy. There is no country on the face of the globe possessed of such rich copper mines, or so accessible to water carriage, as those of South Australia. The Cornwall mines can bear no comparison with them. 'Their value may be said to be three times as great as those of Cornwall, and yet many of the Cornwall mines pay 100 per cent. on the capital embarked in them; of what, therefore, might not the South Australian mines be capable, if their working were encouraged? It is not only the mine-owners and population of the colony who would be benefited by the development of its mining resources; a market also would be created for the consumption of British manufactures, for which the colonists could pay by an exportation of copper required in the home market.' If the mines of South Australia beat those of Cornwall, they also excel the Chilian. 'The working of the Chilian mines is attended with great difficulty and expense, and is mainly carried on by British capital, on which only a small dividend is paid. Situated amidst the Andes, where it is impossible to form carriage roads, the ore has to be conveyed from these mines by strings of mules with wicker panniers slung across them, to distant ports of shipment. The depth of the workings and the length of the galleries are also extreme, and necessitate the employment of thousands of men, whose sole duty it is to convey the ore on their backs in baskets to the outlets of the mine. All this adds to the expense; and the cost of the Chilian ores must very much exceed that of the South Australian ores by the time they arrive at a shipping port; and yet they do not, on an average, exceed, or even equal, much of the colonial ore that has already been imported into England within the year.' After this, we scarcely wonder at hearing Mr Byrne assert that 'under the crown there is no colony that presents such bright prospects for the future as South Australia.' Adelaide, the capital of the colony, occupies the very centre of the immense circle around which her mineral wealth extends. A range of hills, which run north, and nearly parallel to the Gulf of St Vincent, border on this beautiful town; 'mineral specimens have been discovered in every part of this range; but the mines chiefly worked, and which have given such a reputation to the colony, lie to the northward of Adelaide: the chief of these is the Burra Burra Mine,' of which the author gives the following description in a quotation from the letter of a friend:—"In the morning we took an early walk, and obtained a glimpse of the mine from the summit of an intervening hill, but were closely immured for the re-

mainder of the day, in consequence of excessive rain. Early on the following morning our breakfast was cut short by the announcement that Captain Lawson was "waiting to accompany us under ground," at the principal workings; and having provided ourselves with subterranean "toggery," we made a hasty but becoming toilet, and hastened to attend our kind conductor in his descent. The huge cargoes which have been shipped, the piles of ore we had seen at the port, the hundreds of draught oxen and laden drays we met in their progress to the wharf, the thousands of tons of ore around the workings and near the intended smelting-house, their daily accumulations, and the reports of credible, unbiassed witnesses, had prepared us to expect much; but before we had passed through a single gallery, as the larger horizontal diverges or levels are very properly called, we saw enough to convince us that we had commenced the examination of a mine incomparably richer and more productive than any mine of any kind we had ever seen in the United Kingdom.

We passed through a succession of galleries and chambers, as the larger excavations are justly termed; one of them being large enough to hold a congregation of a hundred or two persecuted Covenanters, and sufficiently lofty for the pulpit and desk, which those simple but devout worshippers managed to dispense with. In our progress we had to ascend successive perpendicular ladders, with a lighted candle retained between the forefinger and thumb; afterwards to make our descent by similar contrivances, and others much more rude; until, in divers windings, prostrations, twistings, turnings, clamberings, and examinations, we had spent nearly three hours under-ground, and passed through or looked through the greater part, if not all the extensive subsoil operations.

In addition to the Burra Burra, Mr Byrne enumerates a number of copper mines already opened, which, for richness and variety, are almost its rivals—such as the Princess Royal, the Kapunda, the Montacute, the Rapid Bay, and the Wakefield: to all this prosperity we find two drawbacks—and as we have already advised intending agricultural emigrants of the existence in these lands of snakes and anthropophagi, so to those who may think of purchasing mineral ground we also exhibit the worst, as we have done the best view of the matter. The want of coal is therefore, we say, stated to be a considerable barrier, as it renders the smelting of the ore on the spot where it is dug to a great extent impossible; but the matter is far less hopeless, in Mr Byrne's estimation, than the reformation of the aborigines—for hear how the difficulty is got over:—"A recent discovery of the application of electricity to smelting copper will create a complete revolution both in the intentions and prospects of the mining interest of South Australia." Again: "The island of Van Diemen's Land is at the distance of only a few days' sail from Port Adelaide, and there coal abounds in most available situations for shipping. This coal could be imported at an average price of from ten to twelve shillings per ton on an extensive scale; and then the question would arise, whether it were better to bring the coal to the copper ore, or the latter to the former? Some of the inhabitants of the colony did propose to erect smelting-houses on a small island composed almost exclusively of coal, which lies off the coast of Van Diemen's Land, and where there is good anchorage; but the scheme does not appear to have been followed up, on account of the lethargy of the authorities and mercantile classes of the island." Although we do not intend to hazard an opinion on the merits of the question, we must remind the reader of the existence of what is called the 'royalty tax.' So soon as specimens of the copper ores of Australia reached England, they were pronounced by the most eminent judges to be amongst the richest imported into this country from any part of the globe. Alarmed lest the working of mines should withdraw agriculturists and others from their field labours, and regarding it as but reasonable that mining property should contribute somewhat, in proportion to the amount of labour it absorbs, to the fund by which the expense of introducing emigrants of the labouring class is pro-

vided for, Earl Grey, on the 20th December 1846, confirmed a royalty tax imposed by the governor of the colony, with the consent of his council, in the March of the same year, of one-fiftieth 'upon all minerals raised from lands thenceforward to be alienated from the crown.' When this tax was first announced, the colonists were, we are told, highly indignant, and its total repeal is still demanded. Notwithstanding all this, Mr Byrne, addressing the numerous families in England possessed of a small competence, but who are anxious about the future maintenance of their children, does not hesitate to say most emphatically, 'transfer yourselves to South Australia; you will there obtain three times the interest of your money, and you will be able to live at less than half the cost, whilst to the younger branches of your families many sources of employment will be opened, for there is no such excessive competition as exists at home.'

All kinds of labourers, mechanics, and domestic servants earn capital wages in South Australia. Professional men are not in requisition, there being too many of that class already there. 'In the constitution of its society,' we are told, 'South Australia has been especially favoured; comparatively few persons who have been convicts have crossed to this colony, and among her original colonists were a large number of men previously occupying most respectable positions in England—men of intellect, talent, and perseverance; and even her emigrants were originally chosen with a care seldom exercised in the case of any other colony. . . . Much good society is to be met with in Adelaide: ladies bright, fair, educated, and accomplished; and gentlemen who would not suffer by a comparison with any other colonists in the world. We regret to learn, however, that at the mines the large wages earned by the men generally promote intoxication; and indeed over all the colony drinking too much prevails.'

Adelaide possesses a theatre, a savings' bank for the lower classes, besides three or four lodges of freemasons, half-a-dozen of the Odd Fellows, and an abstinence society. There are also four newspapers published in Adelaide, two of them twice a-week, the others weekly; not to mention a subscription library supported by the more respectable inhabitants. But we must now draw to a close. Before doing so, however, it is but fair to say that, in order to render our article useful to the general reader, we have scarcely, by our extracts, done justice to the work of Mr Byrne.

STRUGGLES FOR LIFE IN THE METROPOLIS.*

The Garret Master.—This is not a title assumed by any particular class, but rather a sobriquet bestowed upon one who cannot correctly be said to belong to any. He is operative and manufacturer, merchant and labourer, combined in one person; and has dealings both wholesale and retail, after a fashion of his own. No man can rightly accuse him of sapping our commercial system by an undue extension of credit, seeing that it is very rarely that he trusts anybody, and still more rarely is anybody found who will trust him. He works at any easy trade, and manufactures articles of every sort or description that may be wanted, which he has wit or ingenuity enough to turn out of hand. Two things are essential to a man's becoming a garret master: in the first place, he must be able to practise some occupation which requires but little capital to set him up in business; and in the second place, he must be unwilling, either from a spirit of insubordination, a love of idleness, or a feeling of independence, or else incapable, from want of average skill in his calling, to work as a journeyman. Whatever be his motive, it can hardly be the love of gain, since his profits, so far at least as one can judge from his personal appearance and domestic surroundings, must fall far short of those of an average workman. There may be some few exceptions to whom this general character is not appli-

cable; indeed I know there are; but the more respectable of the number would, I have reason to think, subscribe to the truth of this delineation of the general body—if body they can be called—who live in perfect isolation, and never come together.

Every one who walks the streets of London, if he ever exercise his observation at all, must have remarked, amongst the infinite variety of wares disposed for sale inside and outside of the endless array of shops that line the public thoroughfares, a prodigious number of articles which are not, properly speaking, the production of any particular or known species of handicraft; or if some of them be such ostensibly, it becomes apparent upon inspection, and upon a comparison of prices, that they are not the manufactures of well-practised hands, but are hastily and fraudulently got up, to defude the eyes of the unwary by the semblance of workmanship. Picture-frames, looking more like gilt gingerbread than carved gold, which they should resemble; small cabinets of cedar-wood, and miniature chests of drawers, which seem to stand midway between a toy and a domestic implement; easy (to break) chairs, which a man of fifteen stone would crush to pieces; mirrors of all sizes, each one affording a new version of your astonished face; slippers and clogs of every possible material; boys' caps at half-a-crown a dozen, of every variety of shape and colour, manufactured from the tailors' clippings; whetstones of every geological formation—*trap* (for customers) predominating; cribbage-boards, draught-boards, dominoes, and chess-men, at any price you like; work-boxes, writing-desks, and music-stands, glued together from the refuse of a cabinet-maker's workshop; carpenters' tools incapable of an edge, among which figures a centre-bit, with twenty pieces, for five shillings—a bait for amateur mechanics, which has astonishing success; towel-horses, that will fall to pieces if not tenderly handled; and flights of steps, leading to a broken head, or something worse—all demand attention by their plausible appearance and astonishingly low price. But these are not all. The heedless bargain-hunter may find away a good round sum as easily as the veriest trifle. Gaudy pianofortes, magnificent-looking instruments, labelled 'Broadwood' or 'Collard,' may be had at 'an immense sacrifice' (this is true in the buyer's case), which ought to be warranted not to stand in tune for twenty-four hours, and to become veritable tin-kettles in a twelvemonth. Horrible fiddles, by the thousand, constructed only to sell and to set the teeth on edge, lie in wait for the musical tyro; seraphines that growl like angry demons, until they become asthmatic, when they wheeze away their hateful lives in a month or two, are to be found in every broker's shop, together with every other musical instrument you could name; all uniting to prove that if the best articles are to be procured in London, so are the worst, and that too in abundance.

Nor does the evil stop here. 'The world is still deceived with ornament,' and the imitators of things real know it well, and make a good market by the knowledge. Wo to the scientific student who, anxious to economise his funds, buys his necessary instruments of any other than a well-known and established maker! In no department of manufacture is there a more profitable field for humbug and plunder than in this. All descriptions of scientific instruments, surgical, optic, chemical, engineering, and others, abound in every quarter—the pawnbroker being the chief medium or middleman through whom they find their way to the luckless experimentalist. Telescopes with conveniently soiled lenses; camera-lucidas, by means of which Argus himself could see nothing; scalpels, lancets, and amputating knives, never intended to cut; surgical saws with tender teeth; air-pumps in want of sucker; pentagraphe, with rickety joints and false measurements; unseasoned glass retorts; crucibles sure to split on the fire; opera-glasses with twopenny lenses in tubes of specious magnificence; and a thousand other things, which are manufactured weekly in large quantities, but never for

any other purpose than to pawn or to sell, are to be met with in every street, and proclaim the industry of a class of operatives whose labours are anything but a benefit to the general community.

It is not my intention to lay all these enormities upon the shoulders of the garret master; indeed many of the manufacturers of the vile wares above-mentioned are men of considerable capital, those especially who fabricate and deal in the more expensive articles. But yet justice to the subject of this sketch compels me to declare that the guilty parties are mainly members of his class; although individuals are not wanting among them, the history of whose lives would present the praiseworthy struggle of industry and integrity against adverse circumstances. If the reader will accompany me to the narrow theatre of his operations, he may behold the garret master in the midst of his avocations, and then form as lenient a judgment as the somewhat singular spectacle will admit.

On a summer evening in the year 184—, having been requested by a country correspondent to make inquiries respecting the execution of a commission intrusted to one of this tribe, I set out in the direction indicated in his letter, and arrived at the door of the house in which the garret master dwelt about half an hour before sunset. The place was a back street running nearly parallel with Holborn, in the neighbourhood of one of the inns of court, and one that, judging from the height and structure of the houses, had once laid claim to a character for respectability, not to say gentility: but all such pretensions had evidently long been given up; and the lofty dwellings, fashioned originally for the abodes of easy and comfortable independence, now stood in begrimed and dingy neglect, the uncared-for tenements of the artisan and the labourer. The door of the house I entered stood fastened open; and the loose boards of the bare passage, wanting scraper, mat, and oil-cloth, bent and clattered under my feet. The walls, from the door to the summit of the utmost stair, were of a dark-brown colour, arising from the accumulated soiling of half a century, and polished by the friction of passers up and down, except where some few tatters of the original papering yet hung about them, or where the plaster had been knocked away, through the careless portage of heavy articles. The banisters as far as the first floor were in tolerable repair, though some of the rails showed by their want of paint that they were substitutes for others which had left the rank. Higher up, they were half deficient; and near the top storey had been removed altogether, probably for fuel, by some starving inmate, and replaced by a fence of rough slab deal. Of this I was rather sensible by touch than by sight; for the skylight that should have illuminated the staircase was covered over, with the exception of one small cranny, plainly to exclude the weather, which would else have found entrance through the broken panes. I should be sorry to afford the reader too accurate a notion of the villanous odour that infected the atmosphere of the house; it would have perplexed even Coleridge—who said that in Cologne he 'counted two-and-seventy stench'—to have described it. It seemed a compound of spirits, beer, and stale tobacco, of rancid oil or varnish, with a flavour of a dog a month dead. I should mention that I knocked at one of five doors on the third floor, when three of them suddenly opened, but not the one to which I had applied my knuckles. Three dirty-faced matrons in dishabille, two of them having infants at the breast, made their simultaneous appearance, and inquired what I wanted; one of them informing me that 'the doctor' was not within, but would be found at the — tap. Mentally wondering who 'the doctor' thus domiciled could be, I stated that I had business with Mr T—, and requested to be shown his door. 'It is the fifth door on the floor above,' said the woman who had mentioned 'the doctor,' withdrawing as she spoke. Arriving at the door in question, I could hear a murmur of voices, and the whirling of a wheel in rapid motion. The door was opened immediately at

my summons, and the rays of a lurid sunset streamed in upon the landing-place. The woman who answered the door seemed astonished at my unlooked-for appearance, and plainly expected a different party. As she drew back to make room for my entrance, a scene met my view, too common, I fear, in the industrial resorts of our great cities, but one calling aloud for amendment and redress in every possible particular. In a room, the dimensions of which might be about sixteen feet by eleven or twelve, were living an entire family, consisting of certainly not fewer than eight persons. Near a stove, placed about a yard from the fireplace, the funnel going into the chimney through a hole in the wall above the mantelpiece, sat the garret master, Mr T—, in the act of filling his pipe. Beyond a shirt, dirty and ragged, canvas trousers, and a pair of old slippers, cut down from older boots, he had nothing on his person, if we except a beard of a month's growth. A lad of seventeen or eighteen, similarly non-dressed, whose unwashed flesh peeped through a dozen rents in his garments, was busy at an old rickety lathe turning pill-boxes, some gross of which were scattered on the board in front of him; as he turned for a moment at my entrance, he showed a face haggard and wan, the index of bad diet and early intemperance. Seated at a carpenter's bench, which, together with the lathe, occupied the whole portion of the room next the window, was a girl of nineteen or twenty, engaged in carefully spreading gold leaf upon the word 'cupping,' previously written with varnish upon a strip of glass. Her costume, surmounted with a tattered man's jacket, would have disgraced the 'black doll' usually suspended over a rag-shop; the same indication of semi-starvation and (alas that it must be said!) of intemperance was legible in a countenance that ought to have been, and indeed was once, interesting. At the end of the bench, in the corner of the room, a boy of twelve or thirteen years was occupied in French-polishing a few small and showy frames adapted for the reception of the glass labels. At the other corner, to the left of the lathe, was a still younger child—I can hardly say of which sex—busily fitting the covers to the pill-boxes, and laying them in dozens for package; while an infant of scarce three years was asleep in the shavings under the bench, where, it was evident from the presence of the brown and grimy blanket-rags, he would be joined at night by other members of the family. There was no bedstead in the room; but what was presumably the bed of the parents—a heap of filthy bundling—lay on the floor between the door and the corner of the apartment. While I was making inquiries concerning the commission of my country friend, the mother stepped between me and the father, to whom I had addressed myself, and intimidated by a look of shame, alarm, and intreaty, that she was the more fit party to be questioned. The man, however, told her with an oath to stand aside; to which command she paid no attention, but proceeded to inform me they were on the point of completing my friend's order, and that the goods should be forwarded to my address, if I would leave it, early on the following morning. While she was speaking, I heard a light foot on the stairs; and the door opening, a little girl of about six, almost decently clad in comparison with the others, entered the room, clasping a black bottle carefully in both hands. The mother, apparently unwilling that a stranger should be aware of the nature of the burden brought by the child, was about concealing it in a cupboard; but the father, who, I now for the first time perceived, was on the high road to intoxication, swore at her angrily for pretending to be ashamed of what he proclaimed she liked as well as anybody, and loudly demanded the gin bottle. With a sigh and a look of shame she complied with his desire, when he immediately applied himself to the contents with an air of dogged satisfaction. The child who had brought in the gin was the only one of the family that had the slightest appearance of health in the countenance; and she, it was easy to see, owed it to her fortunate position

as general messenger to the whole, and to the exercise and free air this function procured her. All the rest were in a sort of etiolated condition—pale and wan from confinement, bad air, and worse food. The dress of the whole family, with the exception of that of the little messenger, who was kept in some show of decency for the sake of appearances, would not have sold for a penny above the rag price in Monmouth Street. Neither mother, nor daughter grown up to womanhood, seemed to have preserved a relic of that graceful sentiment of personal propriety, which is the last thing that the sex generally surrenders to the 'want which cometh like an armed man.' But here want was not the destroyer: a fiend of more hideous aspect and deadlier purpose held undisputed sway in this wretched abode of perverted industry and precocious intemperance. As I departed down the crazy stairs, I could not help compassionating the hapless mother, whom I thought it more than probable the hateful vice of intoxication had first oppressed, and then seduced. Her bloated countenance left no room for doubt as to the truth of her tyrant's assertion; but there remained on it yet the trace of former truthfulness and kindness, and the burning sense of shame attendant upon her present condition. On the coming doom of the family—the son, the daughter, the toiling children, the sleeping infant—it was too painful to reflect.

The Label Printer.—The next day, my friend's commission requiring it, I paid a visit to one of the same class in a different line of business. In one of the small courts leading out of Drury Lane I found this worthy, whose occupation was that of printing labels in gold letters upon coloured paper. Fortunately for the fair sex he was a bachelor, and being on the verge of fifty, was likely to continue so. All the implements of his art, and they were not few, together with his bed and his beehive-chair, were around him in a room a dozen feet square, and which he gaily styled the 'parlour next to the sky.' His press was a contrivance such as I had never seen before, economising both space and labour at the penalty—which he seemed to care little about—of abominably bad work: the pressure was produced by the action of a pedal near the floor under the machine, and consequently the labour of rolling in and rolling out, indispensable in the common printing-press, was avoided. When I entered, he was actually printing the word 'LONDON' upon half-a-dozen strips of polished azure paper, applying powdered gold, with a pencil of camel-hair, to the varnish or size used instead of ink, as each was impressed! Upon my pointing out the liberty he had taken with the orthography of the word, he seemed not to comprehend my meaning; and remarking that he never did nor could understand any of the hographies, seriously inquired what was wrong. Being at length made aware that another *o* was wanting (but not before he had made careful reference to a dog's-eared dictionary), he assumed a look of strange mortification and perplexity. It was not altogether that he was ashamed of his ignorance; of that the poor fellow had been too long conscious; it was rather that he could see no remedy in the present case. 'This, sir,' said he, 'is a *noosance*, and no mistake; that's my biggest fount, and there is but one alphabet of it beyond the vowels!' After a minute's consideration, however, and scratching of his grizzled pate, he brightened up, and went on with the affair as it was, with the consolatory declaration that they were no great scholars thereabout; that there were others no wiser than himself; and that the things were for people in the court, who would never find it out; to which he added, that 'if anybody had a right to spell a word as he chose, it was a printer short of types.' Somewhat tickled with the fellow's good-temper and accommodating philosophy, I sat down to wait for my friend's packet of labels, which he said only required taking out of the finishing-press to be ready for delivery. I learned from his conversation that he had served his time to a little bookseller and printer at a small town on the Welsh coast;

but he had spent most of the seven years in running about the town as circulating librarian, or waiting in the shop, and not as many months altogether in the office, where there was generally nothing to be done. Discharged of course at the end of his term, to make room for a new apprentice with a new premium, he had come to seek his fortune in London. After considerable difficulty and disappointment, he at length succeeded in obtaining an engagement in a large office. On taking possession of his 'frame,' he said he was at first so alarmed at the exploits of the numbers of clever and rapid workmen around him, that he had not the proper use of the few faculties he could boast, and could think of nothing but his own want of skill. This state of mind only made the matter worse. Nervous and excited, he endeavoured to make the same show of celerity as the others, and got through the first day in a state of complete bewilderment. The second and third passed off a little more to his satisfaction; and he was beginning to nourish some small degree of hope, when on the fourth day the first evidence of the value of his labour was put into his hands, in the form of a proof copy of his work, sent from one of the readers, whose office it is to mark the mistakes of the compositor, for the purpose of correction. Such a horrid amount of blunders he declared the world had never seen before at one view: to the sheet upon which the broad page was printed, the corrector had been compelled to join another, to afford space to mark the errors. 'Upon my soul, sir,' said he, 'I could not stand the sight of it; moreover, the man behind me was grinning over his frame, and telegraphing the whole room. I wished myself a thousand miles away; and seizing my hat and coat, bolted down the stairs as fast as I could run. I got a letter in a few days from the party who recommended me, desiring me to return and resume my work; but I could not do it. The face of that chap grinning over my shoulder has given me the nightmare fifty times. That's six-and-twenty years ago, and I have never been near the place since.' Sick of the printing, he had next tried to work as a bookbinder, which, as is usual in country towns, he had learned as well (or rather as ill) as the other; but here also he found himself equally at fault. Discharged from the bookbinder's, to make room for a more expert hand, he found himself cast upon the world with no available means of subsistence. Want of funds, speedily followed by want of food, drove him again to make application to the printing-offices; but now he avoided large houses, and was at length fortunate enough to locate himself in a suburban establishment of small pretensions, where he got board and lodging, and a nominal salary, doing what he could, for just what the proprietor, who was as poor almost as himself, could afford to give him. Here he stayed, on and off, as he said, for more than a dozen years, during which he contrived to add something to his knowledge of the business, and to save a few pounds, with which, on the demise of his employer, he purchased a part of the materials he had so long handled, and commenced printer in his own right. It appeared that the whole of his gains during all the years of his mastership had not averaged much above £40 a year, out of which he had to pay 3s. 6d. a week for the rent of his room. He showed me his stock of implements, consisting principally of solid brass blocks, engraved in relief for the purpose of gold labels attachable to the thousand-and-one wares of druggists, chemists, haberdashers, fancy stationers, and numberless other traders. The blocks were for the most part the property of his employers; and he found it his interest to keep a small stock of each on hand, to meet the demands of the proprietors. He attributed the blotchy impression which characterised all his work mainly to his rickety press, and sighed for a better, which he had yet no prospect of obtaining; but he observed that though his work would look very bad in ink, it was a very different thing in gold; that made even a blotch ornamental, and of which

people seldom complained of having too much for their money.

This poor fellow presented the most remarkable instance of unfitness for the business he followed that I ever met with. With huge, horny, unmanageable fingers, and defective vision, he pursued a craft, to the successful prosecution of which quick, keen sight, and manual dexterity are indispensable. Requiring a knowledge of at least so much grammar as is comprised in the arts of orthography and punctuation, he was profoundly ignorant of both. Thirty years of practice as a printer had not taught him to spell the commonest words in the language, as I became aware from certain cacographic despatches on business matters subsequently received from him. Honestest of bunglers! one-half of his painstaking existence was passed in repairing the blunders of the other; and yet it is a question whether he did not enjoy his being with as much relish as any man that ever lived. His cheerfulness was without a parallel in my experience: an inexhaustible spring of hilarity seemed welling from every feature. Nature had more than compensated him, by the bestowal of such a temperament, for all the sports of fortune. Proof against calamity, he grinned instinctively in the face of adverse circumstances; and once declared to me that he did not think any mortal thing could depress his animal spirits, unless it might be a drunken wife; whether such an appendage to his fortunes might succeed in doing so he couldn't say, but he had no intention of making the experiment.

He died the death one might almost have wished him, considering his solitary lot. He was found by an early visitor one morning dead in his beehive-chair, the newspaper in his hand, a half-smoked pipe broken at his feet, a pint of hardly-tasted ale on the hob of the empty grate, and the candle burnt out in the socket on the little table at his side.

INSTANCES OF MANUAL DEXTERITY IN MANUFACTURES.

THE 'body' of a hat (beaver) is generally made of one part of 'red' wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbits' fur. The mixing or working up of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman, and years of long practice are required to render a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately, and then together. The workman takes a machine somewhat like a large violin bow; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The workman, by means of a small piece of wood, causes the end of his 'bow' to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clotted masses, and lays open all the fibres: these flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equable thickness. This operation, apparently so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

The curved shell of metal buttons is prepared by means of a stamping-press; but instead of a punch, a curved polished surface is used. The workwomen employed to stamp the little bits of copper acquire such dexterity, that they frequently stamp twelve gross in an hour, or nearly thirty in a minute. This dexterity is truly wonderful, when it is considered that each bit of copper is put into the die separately, to be stamped with a press moved by the hand, and finally removed from the die. The quickness with which the hands and fingers must be moved to do 1728 in the hour must be very great.

In type-founding, when the melted metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead forming the pearl has two holes in its exterior; the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of the bead by a tube, and by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the

whole surface of the interior, without any superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking-bottles much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle, or other appliance, the workman waxes each cork neatly and expeditiously simply by turning the bottle upside down, and dipping the cork into the melted wax. Practice has enabled the men to do this so neatly, that scarcely any wax is allowed to touch the bottle. Again, to turn the bottle to its proper position, without spilling any of the wax, is apparently an exceedingly simple matter; but it is only by a peculiar movement of the wrist and hand, impossible to describe, and difficult to imitate, that it is properly effected. One man can seal one hundred dozen in an hour!

In pasting and affixing the labels on the blacking-bottles much dexterity is also displayed. As one man can paste as many labels as two can affix, groups of three are employed in this department. In pasting, the dexterity is shown by the final touch of the brush, which jerks the label off the heap, and which is caught in the left hand of the workman, and laid aside. This is done so rapidly, that the threefold operation of pasting, jerking, and laying aside is repeated no less than two thousand times in an hour. The affixing of the labels is a very neat and dexterous operation; to the watchful spectator the bottle is scarcely taken up in the hand ere it is set down labelled. In packing the bottles into casks much neatness is displayed.

The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe; the workman cuts off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye; and such is the manual dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off 20,000 or 30,000 heads without making a single mistake as to the number of turns in each. An expert workman can fasten on from 10,000 to 15,000 of these heads in a day.

The reader will frequently have seen the papers in which pins are *stuck* for the convenience of sale: children can paper from 30,000 to 40,000 in a day, although each pin involves a separate and distinct operation!

The pointing of pins and needles is done solely by hand. The workman holds thirty or forty pin-lengths in his hand, spread out like a fan; and wonderful dexterity is shown in bringing each part to the stone, and presenting every point of its circumference to its grinding action.

In stamping the grooves in the heads of needles, the operative can finish 8000 needles in an hour, although he has to adjust each separate wire at every blow. In punching the eye-holes of needles by hand, children, who are the operators, acquire such dexterity, as to be able to punch one human hair and thread it with another, for the amusement of visitors!

In finally 'papering' needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper 3000 in an hour!

FACTORY EDUCATION IN LANCASHIRE.

The following is an extract from the recent report of Leonard Horner, Esq. inspector of factories:—'It has been often said that the attempt to educate the children proposed by the factory acts has been a failure: it is only so when good schools are not within reach; where there are good schools, not only do the parents of children and the owners and managers of factories, with comparatively few exceptions, willingly send them, but the children make good progress: their three hours' daily attendance, from eight to thirteen years of age, is found sufficient to give them a very considerable amount of instruction, and I have visited schools where some of the half-time children have been amongst the best scholars. Thus in a late visit to a British School at Lees, near Oldham, established mainly by the exertions of Mr William Halliwell and Mr Atherton, owners of mills there, and admirably taught by an able and zealous master, Mr Atkins, I heard a large class of factory children go through an excellent examination in English history, geography, and on the cotton plant, its properties and applications; the chief monitor and examiner being a factory half-timer of twelve years of age. I found in the same manufacturing town similar proofs of factory children making good progress, in another well-taught school established by the Moravians there, and conducted on the plan of the British School by an intelligent master trained at the Borough Road School.'—*Manchester Examiner*, June 27, 1848.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

FULL oft the poet has essayed to sing
Thy merits, simple flower; nor quite in vain.
Yet not to thee may I devote the strain
Of eulogy; but to that glorious King,
Who bids thy silver bell his praises ring,
And doth thy leaves so delicately vein;
Making thee meek and modest through thy mien,
The darling of the progeny of spring.
Ay! many a brighter flower the vernal gale
Will kiss, but none to which affection clings
As unto thee; who, as the strong sun flings
His brightness on thee, dost so meekly veil
Thy face: as at the Light celestials hail,
The seraphim theirs cover with their wings.

ROMANTICISTS.

It may not be altogether superfluous to explain what Strauss and the Germans mean by a Romanticist (*Romantiker*). The Romanticist is one who, in literature, in the arts, in religion, or in politics, endeavours to revive the dead past; one who refuses to accept the fiat of history; refuses to acknowledge that the past is past, that it has grown old and obsolete; one who regards the present age as in a state of chronic malady, curable only by a reproduction of some distant age, of which the present is not the child, but the abortion. Poets, who see poetry only in the Middle Ages, who look upon fairy tales and legends as treasures of the deepest wisdom; painters, who can see nothing pictorial in the world around them; theologians, who can see no recognition of the Unspeakable except in superstition, who acknowledge no form of worship but the ceremonies of the early church; politicians, who would bring back 'merrie England' into our own sad times by means of ancient pastimes and white waistcoats—these are all Romanticists. It is quite clear that, however modern the name, the Romanticist is not a new phenomenon. There have ever been—will ever be—men who, escaping from our baffling struggle with the Present, dream of a splendid Future, where circumstance is plastic to their theories, or turn themselves lovingly towards the Past, in whose darkness they discern some streaks of light, made all the more brilliant from the contrast—this light being to them the only beacon by which to steer. Antiquity had its Utopians and Romanticists, as we have our Humanitarians and Puseyites.—*Edinburgh Review*.

WHAT LONDON IS.

London, which extends its intellectual if not its topographical identity from Bethnal Green to Turnham Green (ten miles), from Kentish Town to Brixton (seven miles), whose houses are said to number upwards of 200,000, and to occupy twenty square miles of ground, has a population of not less than 2,000,000 of souls. Its leviathan body is composed of nearly 10,000 streets, lanes, alleys, squares, places, terraces, &c. It consumes upwards of 4,363,000 pounds of animal food weekly, which is washed down by 1,400,000 barrels of beer annually, exclusive of other liquids. Its rental is at least £7,000,000 a year, and it pays for luxuries it imports at least £12,000,000 a year duty alone. It has 537 churches, 207 dissenting places of worship, upwards of 5000 public-houses, and 16 theatres.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

THE MORAL REGENERATOR.

He will need much patience, much forbearance, much Christian love, and the charity that 'hopeth all things,' that hopeth when there seems every reason to despair. He must proceed, like the Vicar of Wakefield in his prison, fortified by hope alone. There is always room for hope: the profligate ruffian is often nearest relenting when he seems most brutal; he is then, it may be, only endeavouring to harden himself against what he considers a rising weakness; and a little more perseverance, another word in season, may complete the conquest, in spite of the struggles of his worse nature.—*Haygarth's Busk Life*.

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HUMAN HYDROPHOBIA.

ONE could almost suppose that hydrophobia, in a certain modified form, was an endemic in human society as well as amongst dogs. The lower portions of the community, in particular, seem to consider themselves as having a prescriptive right to suffer from it. The diagnosis of the malady in the human patient does not point to a catastrophe altogether so abrupt and tragical as in the canine, but it is attended by circumstances quite as sinister. Dirty faces, dirty clothes, dirty houses, dirt all over, are the symptoms which most forcibly arrest attention; and yet bad as these are, we know that there are worse effects underneath the surface, for where physical dirt goes, there also resides moral degradation.

We know no country of Europe where there is so little disposition on the part of the people, as in ours, to give themselves even that exhilarating kind of ablution which is derived from bathing. At the present season, the traveller on the continent finds the rivers alive with swimmers; and we remember, when sailing down the Loire to Nantes, observing the steamer frequently surrounded, more especially when nearing the great manufacturing city, with crowds of black heads and white shoulders. In Russia, where the people have not got beyond the middle ages, the lower classes do not yet know the use of a shirt, but wear it above their trousers in the form of a kilt. They have not, however, abandoned the bath. Towards the end of the week, they feel a prickly and uncomfortable sensation in their skin, and at length rush eagerly into the hot steam, and boiling out the impurities of the preceding six days, begin life again with new vigour. In summer, they do not wait for days and times, but merely get up an hour earlier, and dash into the nearest pond or river. In our refined country, dirt causes no uneasiness. It is allowed to harden upon the skin, choke up the pores, and contaminate the whole being, moral and physical. It blunts the senses to such a degree, that the husband does not detect it in the wife, nor the mother in the child. All are alike. All have forfeited the dignity of human nature, and sunk into a lower scale of animal existence.

While mentioning the custom that prevails in Russia, we are struck with the proof afforded there of the connection between moral and physical cleanliness. The state of the bath-house of the hamlet is an unfailing index to the character and position of the inhabitants. If it is neat and trim, the people are good and happy, and their feudal lord kind and considerate; if poor and ruinous, there is tyranny on the one hand, misery on the other, and depravity on both.

In respect of its contagiousness, or inclination to spread, the human malady seems not a bit behind the

canine, although certainly the immediate symptoms are less virulent. It has been implied that the stain of dirt extends from the skin of the individual over his life and conversation. But it does more than that: it contaminates his family; it daubs his neighbours; it forms a nucleus round which impurity gathers, and strengthens, and spreads. Insignificant at first in itself, it becomes a social evil of importance. It is one of the units which gives its character to the aggregate; and, rising out of a thing which at first was only scorned from good taste, shunned from individual repugnance, or laughed at out of sheer folly, we see spreading over the land vice, misery, pestilence, and death. Yet we observe the symptoms of this formidable disease with a glassy and indifferent eye, while those of canine hydrophobia inspire us with horror and alarm, and drive us to dog-murder in self-defence!

The dread of water is seen in the human subject in another form, in which it is attended by a different class of effects—different, but not very unremotely allied to the preceding. Almost everywhere the use of water as a beverage appears to be felt as a sort of original doom, designed as a penalty for the sins of mankind; and everywhere are efforts made to disguise it in some way, so that the patient may believe he is swallowing something else. Much ingenuity has been expended upon this curious process; but in certain conditions of society, it seems to be of little consequence what taste is superadded, or by what means the super-addition is made. The grand thing is *transmogrification*. Amongst the poorer classes in China, a decoction of cabbage leaves is felt as a relief: amongst the upper, the tincture of the more elegant tea-leaf is employed. In the western world, the refuse of fruit and grain, subjected to fermentation and distilling, is brought into requisition. The Norman converts his good cider into execrable brandy; the other French maltreat their wine in a similar way; in Russia, the sickening quass becomes the maddening votki; in Scotland, honest twopenny is sublimated into whisky; and so on throughout the whole habitable world. That this sort of hydrophobia is merely a modification of the other, is established by the fact, that they who most abhor water as a cleanser, abhor it most as a drink. A cleanly person will frequently condescend to take a draught of pure element with his meals; but you never saw a man with a dirty face who would not greatly prefer some poisonous and ill-tasted compound. At the tables of the upper classes you find the water-karaff most in demand; at those of the lower classes the beer-jug. The quality of the beer is of no consequence. We never knew it so freely drank in our own neighbourhood as at a time (some twenty years ago) when the sole effect of the worthy brewer's manufacture was declared to be to *spoil the water*. Even amongst the abstainers from these

deleterious liquors, there are many who must still have their water disguised: hence their extensive patronage of lemonade, ginger-beer, and other weak though comparatively innocuous mixtures. The whole affair reminds us of a literary work published in London nearly twenty years ago by a Bond Street hairdresser, which gave a sort of catalogue *résumé* of the various materials used for lathering the beard—all except one; for the magnanimous barber scorned to mention—soap.

The connection between the worst symptoms of the two kinds of hydrophobia we have described needs little illustration. The dirtier an individual is in his person, family, house, neighbourhood, the more pestilent are the expedients he falls upon for disguising the taste of the abhorred water. In other words, the progress of the disease is naturally exhibited in the intensity of its symptoms. A man of sublime cleanliness may be found drinking pure water; with a little taint of human weakness one may indulge, likewise, but only occasionally, and in moderation, in beer, ale, wine, or even stronger brewings; while your true hydrophobist—a dingy, vulgar desperado, whom the very children on the street know and detect even when he happens to be sober—stupifies himself habitually with the worst form of alcohol. Does it not appear that there is an unjust distinction made in our treatment of human and canine patients? We do not propose that the former should be hooted and hunted like the latter out of society, or that they should be mauled with sticks and stones, or shot, poisoned, hanged, or drowned. They might not like it. It might cause some discontent. It would perhaps be better to let it alone, and try to manage some other way. But what other way? How would a pump answer at the end of every street, to be worked by the police? A passer-by, caught in the fact of hydrophobia, whether the dirty or drunken form of the disease, might be pounced upon, and put under the spout, when the remedy administered might be proportioned to the intensity of the malady. To say that this would be an infringement of the liberty of the subject is nonsense; for if society has not the right to repress a contagious disease by any means in its power, we might as well lay aside the habits of civilisation at once, and betake ourselves again to woods and caves. Peter the Great was the ablest doctor in the world, and it would not be amiss if we were to take a lesson from his school. The grand obstacle in the way of his project for civilising Russia was the beards of the nobles. To expect to teach European refinement to a man with a great, matted, beastly beard, was out of the question; and he tried by every Delilah-like stratagem he could think of to shear off the strength of barbarism. All would not do; and Peter had then recourse to a *coup d'état*. He sent against the malcontents an army of barbers, who rushed in upon them in their native woods, shaved their beards by main force,

‘And dragged the struggling savage into day.’

That some such plan as this may in time be tried, seems probable from the fact, that the sister-malady, Ignorance, is already treated by compulsory remedies. When a dirty little ragged boy is seen on the streets in some of our more civilised towns, he is picked up by the authorities and sent to school. He should in like manner be sent to the pump; and this, you may depend upon it, would be a great assistance in his education. When offenders are locked up in jail, the first process they have to submit to is that of being well washed and scrubbed. This is all very proper; but

surely it is an absurdity to show greater solicitude for the health of jails than for the health of dwelling-houses. If the men had been washed in time, we question much whether they would have become felons at all.

THE WEST INDIAN PLANTER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

In taking a view of our own misfortunes, or of those of our neighbours, we are too apt to attribute to ill-luck that which is only the natural consequence of the sufferer's own failings. Extravagance, carelessness, weakness of character and purpose, perhaps an accidental oversight, ignorance of the world, or a want of that prudence which should prevent us from too hastily embarking in enterprises for which we are not prepared either by study or experience—one or all of these may generally be found at the bottom of every failure, if we do but give ourselves the time to examine.

A remarkable instance of this came under my notice during my residence in the West Indies. So invariably unsuccessful was my subject throughout all his undertakings, that he acquired the name of ‘The Bewitched;’ and the more simple inhabitants, considering his misfortunes as brought about by supernatural agency, did not even scruple to insinuate that he must have first made, and afterwards broken, a compact with the Evil One, who, for revenge, had set a blight upon everything he touched. Yet few individuals have ever started in life under circumstances more favourable to success than Fred Hamilton. Adopted by a bachelor uncle, who had been nominated to the governorship of the island in which I resided, in the days of highest colonial prosperity, he was called upon to act as secretary at the early age of sixteen. His education was defective; but for the colonies, this was of little importance while other qualifications existed; and our hero was persevering, adventurous, industrious, and saving even to parsimony, while the steadiness of his character was proverbial. He was not twenty when he thought he had laid by sufficient to embark as planter; and it just happened about this time that there was a fine plantation for sale, whose owner had returned to England with an immense fortune; and so rich was the soil, so well cultivated and well managed, that it was reported to yield from 50 to 100 per cent. The estate itself was invested with a great deal of romance and interest in the eyes of the inhabitants. It had been first planted by a certain Count Lopinot, a refugee from St Domingo, who would have been sacrificed during the rebellion but for the fidelity of his own domestics, who not only saved him from the fury of the insurgents, but followed him to this colony, there to continue as his slaves, and labour for his fortune. Count Lopinot, when he died, might at least have left the gift of freedom in his will to his generous deliverers; but such notions never occur to planters, or when they do, they soon give place to a weightier consideration for their heirs; and thus no other token of acknowledgment was ever given to these devoted negroes than in naming the estate, which the count called ‘La Reconnaissance,’ in remembrance of what he owed them. The negroes who survived him preserved a strong attachment to his memory. He had been invariably kind and indulgent to them, sharing in their labour, their hardships, and their fare; and the contrast he formed to the hard-tasking, unfeeling owner who succeeded him, only made them cling with greater fondness to his name. The old ones left his memory as an heirloom to the young; the new generation grew up with his name on their lips; and every year, on the anniversary of his death, the negroes would assemble with their children on his grave; and at sundown, the hour of his burial, they would sing the wild chorus of grief, and fling garlands of flowers on the spot where he slept.

It was of this estate Fred now became purchaser, having agreed to pay half the value down, and the rest in yearly instalments. He was delighted with his acquisition, which presented at crop-time a scene of stirring interest. Bands of young men and girls coming in to the mill laden with canes, and laughing with joy; groups of women watching and directing the process of grinding; and round about the caldrons, in the boiling-house, intelligent negroes, all busy and active in the manufacture, and cheering one another with their wild chorus songs, their stories, and their jokes. All went on well for a short time; the negroes were laborious and faithful, the estate well stocked, and sugar so profitable in the market, that Fred looked forward to a return which would not only pay off the first instalment of the debt incurred by the purchase, but be sufficient to realise a handsome surplus beside. As he was indulging in these reflections, planning his future movements, and picturing to himself a brilliant fortune, home intelligence arrived announcing a fall in the sugar market so great, that not enough could be realised to meet the debt of the estate. Fred was startled, but not discouraged, for he had not been wholly unprepared for the fluctuations of the West India market, which at times were so great as to give to planting something of the character of gambling. Yet an error had been committed in the time chosen for the speculation—an error which wiser heads than his committed, when in their commercial adventures they take not into consideration the onward march of social and political changes, and their necessary influence on the private affairs of men. The question of the emancipation of the slaves, so often discussed, and so often set aside, was at last beginning to gain ground in England. But the colonists would not believe this, though they saw the markets steadily suffering; and our hero had been as obstinately blind to the fact as the rest when he had ventured as a slave-holding planter.

His first difficulty had come upon him, and the fall in the sugar market was afterwards related as a fatality connected with him, particularly when it was remembered that, to add to his perplexities, Sir James—now suddenly fell ill, and died a victim to the effects of the climate. This was a terrible blow to the young colonist, who lost in his uncle not only his best friend, but all hope of future favour with the men of power in England. Even the fortune he was led to expect was found legacied to poor relatives, Fred being considered too favourably embarked in life to need more than a family keepsake. To add to his mortification, he soon had to resign to another governor not only the government villa he had been accustomed to inhabit, but to a young successor the office of secretary, which had hitherto given him dignity and income.

Thus circumstanced, Fred prudently resolved to go down to live among his slaves on the estate. His first care was to reduce the expenditure: he dismissed his manager, and in his place worked early and late, in order to turn everything to profit, and prevent unnecessary waste. With this, he was prudent enough never to lose sight of the physical welfare of his negroes; and I even remember meeting him in a shop about this time clad, as I thought, very shabbily, while he was purchasing good warm clothing for his slaves. But neither economy nor good management could prevail against the commercial depression of the times. The markets became worse and worse; all West India produce was now at a discount; and the price of sugar continued steadily to sink, till the planters, alarmed and disconcerted, and being unable any longer to bear the expenses of a manufacture at all times very heavy, tore up their canes, and laid out their lands for other produce.

Fred alone bore the pressure with patience, believing that sugar was too long down not to rise at last. He still struggled on through his difficulties to maintain the expense of sugar-planting. By way of helping himself to do so, he resolved to embark what money he

had on hand in some channel of profit; and finding a great demand in the market for cattle, an epidemic having swept the island of domestic animals, he took the opportunity, when a ship was about to sail for the coast of Africa, to order a cargo of bison from the banks of the Senegal. In a few weeks the ship returned; and so eagerly were the animals sought by purchasers, that it was calculated Fred Hamilton might have made upwards of £2000 profit that morning had he been disposed to come to terms; but after some bargaining, he postponed the sale, and sent his bison away to the savannas to be refreshed by green food, thinking that it would improve their appearance, and thus enable him to derive a greater profit from them. And it really seemed to turn out as he expected; the few he had sold to form samples of butchers'-meat had been so much approved (the hump on the back had been found particularly tender), that many customers showed signs of meeting the extravagant demands of the young speculator, and volunteered to follow him to the place where the animals were grazing. But a very different scene to that which they expected now met their view. Full twenty head of cattle were lying dead on the ground, all swollen and disfigured, from the effects of poison, while those which remained alive, were drooping and dying. Was it the deed of some hidden enemy—some revengeful slave? No: but Fred Hamilton, in sending the animals to the savannas, had never paused to consider their physical circumstances. Pent up and starved during the voyage, and proportionably eager to satisfy their hunger when the means were at hand, they had lost that instinct which should have taught them to distinguish between different herbs, and consequently had fallen victims to the poisonous weeds with which the new soil abounded.

The next speculation in which we find our hero engaged is matrimony; for he now considered the possession of an heiress the fairest and easiest way of rising out of his increasing difficulties.

Nora Grantley was at this time decidedly the belle of the colony. But her large lustrous eyes and fringing lashes, and her rich brown locks inframing a complexion fair as the rose, were not her only charms; she had a mind simple as it was accomplished, and a heart warm as youth, innocence, and native goodness could make it. Better than all in the eyes of our colonist, she had a fortune, the amount of which was perfectly well known to Fred, as it was lodged in his brother's bank in England. It was precisely what he wanted—not investments of any kind, but hard cash at the disposal of the lady herself. Fred became painfully impatient to seize a prize apparently within his reach; and with anxious steps he hastened to make acquaintance with Major Grantley, the father of the young lady. Nora proved agreeable to the suit, the father encouraged it, and Fred was at length received as an acknowledged suitor. It had been well for Nora, however, had Fred never thought of her.

From the time of his uncle's death, Fred had become careless and imprudent in the choice of his companions, merely from a love of that flattery which, in the days of his uncle's power, had been profusely offered to him, and which he could no longer obtain but from those of a lower grade. Among the sycophants and parasites who were always about him, there was none so distinguished as George Morven—a young man of indifferent character, but possessing the seductive qualities of wit and a handsome person. He had missed Fred of late in their joyous haunts, and determined to learn the cause, he set off for La Reconnaissance, and soon overtook his friend, bent on the same journey. They spent the night in revelling, and when morning came, the negroes found the two gentlemen asleep in the open air, in a state which plainly told of their excesses. Now, the dew, or, as some have it, the moonlight, of tropical climates has generally a fatal effect upon those who sleep exposed to its influence, and Fred awoke ill, and with the muscles of

his face drawn completely awry. In the delirium of fever he raved continually about Nora, and about a little antelope brought to him by the captain of the bison cargo, and which, it seemed, during his last interview with Nora, he had promised to present to her next day. Morven, who, to do him justice, nursed his friend during his illness with brotherly care, renewed the conversation one day when he found the patient recovering, and offered to take the little creature to town with intelligence of his health to the lady, shrewdly remarking that it would keep him fresh in her memory. This offer was readily accepted, and many a message went and came from that day between Major Grantley's domicile and La Reconnaissance, until George Morven professed himself obliged to leave him to see after some affairs of his own in town. Being now left alone, Fred scarcely waited for the doctor's leave when he mounted his horse, and rode to town to see his Nora. The evening was bright and beautiful, and the road was lined with gay and fragrant blossoms; glittering birds twittered merrily on the boughs; and broad-winged butterflies were robbing the bells of the cactus, or sporting unconcernedly along, now alighting on the horse's neck, now dancing before our traveller's steps, as in joyous token of his coming bliss. Yielding to the pleasing influence, Fred mused on his future destiny, and the object which was to brighten it; and recollecting the taste which Nora had for binding her tresses with wild-grown wreaths, he tore from the palms the blooming garlands which twine about their trunks, and quickening his pace, arrived soon after at Major Grantley's by the courtyard gate, as it was customary with visitors riding. The first object he noticed was the antelope, which came bounding towards him, presenting her slender neck for the garlands which her master flung about her. Followed by the little favourite, he entered the house: but where was Nora? Alas! the place was desolate! Not a creature was to be seen, save one female domestic, who was standing at the door looking mournfully down the street. It was from this poor negro woman that Fred now learned the cause of the desolation around. Nora, the idol of so many, the good, the beautiful, the accomplished, had eloped with Morven, and the old major had left the house distracted to seek his child.

Some years afterwards I chanced to see Nora. Alas, how changed! She, the hard-working drudge, by turns cooking a scanty meal for her drunken husband, and scouring the floor, I could scarcely at first believe her to be the same with the beautiful heiress, reared with such lavish affection and tenderness! Her father? Alas! he had long sunk into the grave: and her fortune—it was gone! But to return to the disappointed lover. He, it is said, was so overpowered at the unexpected account, that he fell senseless on the floor. Much pity cannot in justice be accorded to him. A true lover would not have become a night reveller; a true lover would have shrunk from trusting to the mediation of an unprincipled boon companion. A suitor from unworthy motives, he only met his proper reward. The unhappy Frederick suffered a relapse from excess of grief; but he was soon abroad again, and actively looking about for some other means of improving his fortune. Indeed it was eminently required. The sugar had sunk more and more with every season; the planters no longer gave way to alarm; they were past that—they desponded; and Fred was fain at last to follow the general example, by rooting up the canes, to give place to some other produce. He now divided his estate between the planting of coffee and cocoa, at that time the two most profitable articles in the West India market; and so well did he manage, that it was not long before the precious plants began to flourish. But alas for his expectations, which had still outlived the signal failures of the past! One morning during his rambles among the cocoa walks, to his dismay he discovered all the buds to be devoured by caterpillars of an enormous size, which swarmed in such extra-

ordinary numbers as even to amaze the negroes themselves, accustomed as they are to tropical plagues. The coffee, too, was a failure; shrivelled and imperfect, the berries proved all valueless.

Amazed at a calamity which, of all the planters of that quarter, seemed to touch him alone, our colonist began to consider himself as the victim of his own negroes. He assembled them forthwith, examined them, accused them of dealing in Obeah magic, and punished them as though he had proved the crime. Yet what, in reality, was the cause? He had changed the cultivation of his estate from a kind which his negroes understood, to one of which both master and slaves were equally ignorant. From false notions of economy, he had not even allowed himself the assistance of a manager; and when the season came for clearing the leaves of insects, the cocoa bushes were ignorantly neglected, and consequently devoured before the time of harvest came round. As for the coffee, its cultivation proved a failure, because the site of La Reconnaissance was by no means adapted for its growth; a circumstance which Fred Hamilton had entirely overlooked. Thus still was misfortune traceable to some deficiency on his own part.

Having little to occupy him for a time, Fred began to collect all the fallen timber on the estate, which he was so far successful in selling, that the proceeds enabled him to embark in a speculation of another kind. He purchased a piece of land just outside the town, on the borders of a pleasant savanna, where the broad tufts of the bamboo and sheltering cinnamon make the air cool and fragrant. On this he erected a villa. The house was handsome, the garden, too, was charming. It had a Grenadilla arbour, patches of Spanish rose, and shrubs of the much-prized Irish brier, which scents the air with its leaves, though it refuses to bloom in the tropics. Then mimosas in abundance, trumpet and wax flowers, and a hundred others which he took care to introduce, to say nothing of a precious corner laid out for European vegetables, and which alone was enough to make the place desirable. He was not long in meeting with an advantageous offer for its purchase; and he was about to close the agreement, when a claimant most unexpectedly started up to dispute the title, which Fred had unfortunately neglected duly to examine. As matters stood, he might even then have extricated himself from the dilemma, had he listened to the counsels of a friend, who advised him to compound, and submit the matter to private arbitration, rather than engage in a suit; but Fred was tenacious, and would not yield an iota of what he held. So did the suit begin; and it may be pending yet for anything I know.

To meet the demands of the men of law, Fred found himself obliged to sell some of his negroes. He perceived with satisfaction that the slave market was rising. There happened to be in the harbour a ship recently arrived from Barbadoes with a cargo of slaves smuggled from that island; and Fred, calculating on the favour which the government officers were testifying to the captain, ventured on the purchase of a lot, which he intended to take down to the estate, feed into proper plight, and sell again at a profit. And so far he had succeeded in his plans, that they were already trained and managed to excellent condition for the market, when one morning, as he sat calculating his probable gains on their sale, a strange negro entered his hall and presented him a paper, an official despatch, proclaiming the Barbadian cargo free.

How such an inconsistency could take place, can only be explained by that partial administration so usual in colonies far from the controlling power of the mother country. The smuggling vessel had not only been allowed to enter the harbour unopposed, but the custom-house officers had passed the cargo, the registrar had entered the names of the negroes in his record, and even the protector of slaves had given the necessary license for their sale. But a private quarrel having arisen soon after between the latter gentleman and one of the pur-

chasers, for revenge, an inquiry was immediately instituted into the illegal proceedings of the late importation, in order that the protector's opponent should be summoned to pay the penalty of the offence. Suffice it to say, that more opposition was offered to the sentence than had been contemplated; public curiosity was roused, and the punishment intended only for one, was soon found necessary to extend to all those who had been engaged in the forbidden purchase. Remonstrance was vain—petitions were useless—the authorities had frowned; and even Fred, who hastened to town to solicit connivance, was forced to submit. Alas! he had bought those slaves on credit; his debts had already increased to such an amount that he began to despair in good earnest; and what was worse, with the loss of hope vanished much of that nice sense of honour and self-respect of which he had once enjoyed the reputation. Purchasers of the smuggled cargo attributed their losses to his unfortunate partnership in the concern, and reported their conviction to all the gossips of the place. His dealings were mistrusted, his rectitude questioned—nay, his very payments were looked upon with superstitious dislike. Women would sit in their balconies of a moonlight evening and relate long tales of his quarrels with the Evil One—how his new house was haunted, his cattle poisoned, his possessions cursed; and it was even asserted that winged demons had been seen flitting about his head as he was riding home one night in the gloom. At last even poor Fred's friends began to shun him—the weak, because they could not rise superior to public opinion; and the selfish, because he no longer brought them interest or honour.

Forsaken by all, Fred Hamilton was glad to turn to one who, being a despised man, and of the outcast race of mulattoes, he judged would only be too glad to have the honour of befriending him, a white man. Sam Bruton, flattered by his notice, showed himself willing to serve the planter; he lent him money in his distress, and daily transacted little matters to his advantage, which, owing to general prejudice, would otherwise have been neglected. Fred thought little of these things. Like all white people, he considered the coloured race born for his benefit, deeming it recompense enough to permit any service at their hands. And when he saw Bruton's sister, it was not love that drew his attention, but the hope of obtaining a female superintendent on the estate to tend the negro children, and visit the patients of the hospital. But Lolotte was beautiful: she had one of those houri-like southern faces which set one dreaming of Paradise. And modest she was withal, and humble in her demeanour, as became one of her rejected race. Hamilton became fascinated; and almost unconsciously he made use of expressions which gave the poor girl to suppose that she had conquered the prejudices of caste. The brother was frantic when he found he was only trifling with his sister's happiness.

It would have been easy to stop this annoyance in former days, when a white man might with impunity have inflicted Lynch law on a refractory mulatto; but the times were altered now—things were in a state of transition; scarcely any one knew his ground. The mulattoes had grown arrogant through government favour; and the planters, too well aware of this, shrank from quarrels, which, in the issue, would only humble them before a race of people they had hitherto trampled upon with impunity. Fred, therefore, saw the expediency of temporising, and with well-feigned candour he showed his books to the young coloured man, and explained the difficulty of his affairs. 'You see,' he said, 'I am on the brink of ruin—my only hope lies in the willingness of my relatives in England to help me; and you will understand the impolicy of displeasing them just at this moment by a marriage which they would never forgive: only wait a little till I can do it with impunity.' Bruton yielded, but he watched him night and day; and he soon found that Fred, whether disgusted with his own importunities, or advised by his friends,

was actually negotiating for a commission in the army, and preparing for a final and clandestine departure from the island. I remember one evening taking a stroll in company with some friends to Bruton's hut to see Lolotte, now broken-hearted and forsaken; for the little family, so well conducted and knit together with affection, had excited universal interest even among the race whose privilege it was to despise them. We found Lolotte reclining on a couch, with a rosary on the back of a chair near her, and a prayer-book on the seat. Her cheeks were sunken and haggard; her complexion, once so soft and golden, was now of an ashy paleness; and her large eyes shone with a light almost unearthly. She was hardly able to speak from exhaustion; yet when we rose to depart, on one of our party casting her eyes upon the prayer-book with a smile of approval, she made an effort to whisper, while her eyes filled with tears, 'It was for him I was praying: should you see him, say that Lolotte forgives him, and poor Bruton too has promised to forbear.' . . . She could say no more, and we hurried away, secretly rejoicing to feel that her sorrows would soon be at an end. Nor were we mistaken, for in a few days afterwards we caught a sight of Bruton passing our house clad in mourning. He was graver than usual; but his countenance was also calmer and more resigned. We knew then that it was all over; and a very little after, we heard of Fred as busily as ever engaged in studying tropical agriculture, from which we judged that he had given up his commission, and had once more settled down to his wonted interest and occupations on the estate.

Bruton, in the meantime, had not forgotten his sister's wrongs, and in his desire for revenge, had been plotting the final ruin of her destroyer. Aware of the state of Fred Hamilton's affairs, he had written a full account of them to Coleman, former proprietor of La Reconnaissance, and principal creditor of its present owner, than which a more effectual means of sinking his enemy could not be devised. And now that the estate was thriving, our planter's experience telling, and the harvest really ripening, Coleman, who for some years past had been unable to obtain his due instalments, arrived to claim the estate in person. And to complete the last link of Fred's misfortunes, no sooner were the forms of seizure complied with, than the general emancipation of slaves was proclaimed; so that, after all, Fred had not even the right to claim a shilling of the compensation money allowed to the slave-owners. The day on which he resigned La Reconnaissance, he borrowed a wagon to convey his movables to town, directing them to a hotel; while, with sorrow at his heart, he went by a bypath to take a last look at the estate. Strange that the same man who had but lately made such strenuous efforts to abandon the spot, should now feel such difficulty in summoning up resolution to leave it. He wandered up and down the walks he had planted like one in a dream, here pausing to contemplate the well-laden shrubs of cocoa, there turning to listen to the gurgling stream which watered them, or rushing senselessly through the tufts of Indian flag and tangled lianas which partly concealed the banks. So he continued till night came, and then he lay down beneath the tall coral-trees and slept till next mid-day, when, by mere chance, one of the negro women of the estate found him still on the ground, and burning with fever. With the help of a companion whom she called to her assistance, she carried him to her hut, where, with that instinctive kindness characteristic of the African, she tended him night and day, placing all her little gains and possessions at his command. But the hand of sorrow had pressed too heavily on his head, misfortune after misfortune had crushed his spirit, and he looked at the future with despair. Thus without a friend, without a home, without a hope on earth, received for charity into the hut of one of his own negroes, did the nephew of his Excellency the Governor of —, the brilliant secretary of 182—, the fortunate purchaser

of La Reconnaissance, now at the age of twenty-eight, sink broken-hearted into the grave.

Alas! how many an adventurer has gone forth like him, full of ambition, elated with hope, impatient of gain, and ended as he did, without a friend to close his eyes! A mournful lesson to those who feel inclined to leave the slow certainty of home advancement to pursue the brilliant phantom of 'El Dorado!' ♦

A too great love of gain, to the exclusion of every other thought and feeling, seems to have been our planter's defect. He might have succeeded in more settled countries; but here, the current of events was stronger than he could stem, and he had not genius to humour the stream till he could safely and conveniently swim to the shore.

As a relief to the melancholy catastrophe, we have pleasure in stating that those negroes who had been sold away from La Reconnaissance, sharing in the general boon of emancipation, were soon enabled to return to their old friends and relations; and we have since heard that many of them have even become small proprietors on that spot of land they had so richly deserved to inherit.

IMPORTANCE OF THE INSIGNIFICANT.

It is one of the marvellous arrangements of Providence, that results of the greatest magnitude and importance are not unusually caused by operations apparently so insignificant as to be reckoned scarcely worthy of notice. Nothing, however, is really insignificant—all has a meaning—all tends to one harmonious whole in the order of creation.

Some beautiful illustrations of this proposition are to be found in the animal kingdom, particularly in the immense and wonderful influence of minute animated organisms upon the actual form and mass of the globe! The chalk formation fills every reflective mind with wonder. The chalk-beds of England are many hundred feet thick, and many miles in extent. Who raised this wall of white around our coast? Who piled up those precipitous masses, from which all the labour and skill of man can only detach a few comparatively insignificant morsels? 'We did!' utter a myriad-million animalcules, whose dead bodies we thus behold. It is beyond conception; but the microscope assures us of the fact. These vast beds are composed of the shells of infusory animalcules. A 'line' is the 12th part of an inch. Now these creatures vary from the 12th to the 280th part of a line in thickness! It has been calculated that ten millions of their dead bodies lie in a cubic inch! 'Singly,' says a popular writer, 'they are the most unimportant of all animals; in the mass, forming as they do such enormous strata over a large part of the earth's surface, they have an importance greatly exceeding that of the largest and noblest of the beasts of the field.' Theirs is a safe humility; for while the greater creatures have many of them become extinct, and left no posterity, the descendants of these ancient earth-architects live and thrive to this very hour. The polishing-slate, or tripoli of Bilin, presents us with another instance in point. The investigations of that greatest of microscopical observers, Professor Ehrenberg, have shown that this substance consists almost entirely of an aggregation of infusoria in layers, without any connecting medium. These are much more minute than the chalk animalcules. A cubic line contains about twenty-three millions of them, and a cubic inch has been calculated to be the cenotaph of forty thousand millions of these beings! The weight of a cubic inch is about 220 grains, and that of the siliceous shield of a single animalcule is estimated at the

187,000,000th part of a grain! The infusorial rock at Bilin forms a bed fourteen feet in thickness, and about fifty hundredweight is annually consumed of it at Berlin for different purposes. Two origins are now ascribed to limestone—one, that of chemical precipitation; the other, which has a direct connection with our subject, ascribes the formation to the labours of the infusoria. There can be no doubt that many of the enormous beds of this substance with which we are familiar are the results of the accumulation of innumerable millions of these tiny creatures. They swarm in all waters, indifferently in salt as in fresh; and secreting from the lime held in solution by such water the necessary material for their shields or calcareous skeletons, they form by their enormous aggregation, in process of time, the vast strata of which we speak. For this purpose, it is necessary that they should be capable of multiplying immensely; and this they do by the different processes of spontaneous fissuration, gemmation, and the development of ova. The white calcareous earth so common at the bottoms of bogs and morasses has its origin in the ceaseless labours of these creatures; and the 'bog-iron ore' of geologists consists of the ferruginous shields of others. Thus, as has been aptly remarked by the old Latin proverb, 'iron, flint, and lime, all formed by worms,' which was probably a sly sarcasm against philosophy, modern science has shown to be actually true in the history of the animalcules. The Great Pyramid of Egypt has been looked upon by men as a miracle of human power and skill: yet every stone in its composition is a greater far, for the limestone of which this vast structure is built was erected long ago by an army of humble animalcules more numerous than all the hosts of a thousand Pharaohs. It has been finely said by Young—

'Where is the dust that has not been alive!'

though perhaps he little knew the wide application of the truth he was enunciating. In Lapland, we are told that in certain places there exists a stratum of earth called *bergmehl*, full of fossil animalcules. It contains four per cent. of animal matter, for the sake of which the wretched inhabitants, when hard pressed for food, collect this earth, and mixing it up with a portion of the bark of trees ground to powder, use it as food. The town of Richmond in Virginia is entirely built on a bed of siliceous marl composed of these creatures, and on the average about twenty feet in thickness.

From the consideration of these stupendous results of animalcule labour, we may turn to the equally interesting one of that of the zoophytes. When we mention the term coral formations, it will certainly convey to the major part of our readers that impression of the vast importance of apparently insignificant beings which we desire, since, thanks to the interesting and popular character of many of our valuable scientific works, much information on the subject is now abroad. Let us, however, mention a few of the remarkable works executed by these indefatigable labourers. Captain Flinders describes a coral-reef on the east coast of New Holland which is 1000 miles long. In one part it is unbroken for a distance of 350 miles. Enormous masses of this structure also brave the fury of the wide-spread waters of the Pacific. These groups are from 1100 to 1200 miles long, by 300 or 400 in breadth. The following extract from that most interesting work, 'Darwin's Journal,' will convey a good idea of the extent of these labours in one spot—Keeling Island, which is an entire mass of coral.—'Such formations rank high amongst the wonderful objects of this world.

Captain Fitzroy found no bottom with a line 7200 feet long, at a distance of only 2200 yards from the shore. Hence this island forms a lofty submarine mountain, with sides steeper even than the most abrupt volcanic cone. The saucer-shaped summit is ten miles across; and every single atom, from the least particle to the largest fragment of rock in this great hill—which, however, is small compared with very many other lagoon islands—bears the stamp of having been subject to organic arrangement. We feel surprised,' he adds, 'when travellers tell us of the vast dimensions of the Pyramids and other great ruins; but how utterly insignificant are the greatest of them when compared to these mountains of stone accumulated by the agency of various minute and tender animals.'

The entomologist, jealous for the honour of his science, will tell us that a similar lesson may be learned by equally striking illustrations from the page of insect life; nor is it a violation of our prefatory compact to include the displays of insect power under the dynamics of insignificance. When countries have been shaved of their increase, when kings and councils have been perplexed, and whole nations have trembled, at the sound of an insect's wing, we are justified in giving their deeds a record in this place and on this occasion. Let him that can count the leaves of the thickest forest despise, if he can, the powers of that legion of caterpillars of which Reaumur speaks as having brought a premature winter upon a dense wood in France which he visited. Every tree was overrun with them; and in a brief time, from the refreshing green of spring, the whole scene assumed the parched brown aspect of late autumn. Such was the alarm excited, that an act of the government was called forth, decreeing that everybody should assist in the extermination of the insects. But they were not to be annihilated by 'act of parliament': cold and rain killed them. The Hessian fly, supposed to have been carried by the far less formidable Hessian troops from Germany, committed for a length of time the most awful ravages in North America. At one period it was thought they would annihilate the culture of wheat altogether. They came in enormous numbers, thickening the very air, crossing lakes and rivers like a cloud. In a tumbler of beer, 500 met death by drowning! The privy council, we are told, met day by day to consult what measures could be adopted to destroy these ravagers. Expresses were despatched to France, Austria, Prussia, and America, for full information; and the minutes of council and necessary documents fill upwards of 200 pages. All this about an insignificant fly! The weevils, likewise, have an evil name for their destroying powers. Every voyager knows them, and has watched their manœuvres in his biscuits, or has been on the point of swallowing hundreds in his soup. A great brewer used to say that he collected them out of his granaries by bushels; which cannot be wondered at, when we remember that a single pair will, in the course of one year, become surrounded with a family of 6000! Our grapes are often cut down for us, and withered before their time, by the larvæ of other insects. In the course of the last century they multiplied so excessively in Sweden, that numbers of meadows became white and dry, as if scorched. The larvæ of our childhood's friend, 'Daddy long-legs,' some years ago entirely destroyed hundreds of acres of the best and richest pasture-land, all becoming brown, dry, and dead. A piece of turf, a square foot in size, when examined, contained the enormous number of 210 grubs! After all, what are

these to the locusts, that oppressive scourge with which Providence occasionally visits nations? To quote a single instance:—In Russia, in 1650, they came at three points in vast multitudes; they darkened the very air, covered the earth, and in some places their dead bodies formed a stratum four feet deep; the trees literally bent under them, and were of course stripped clean in a very little time. On one occasion they are said to have been the indirect causes of the death of about a million men and animals. Surely here is a display of power which redeems insects from the stigma of insignificance!

But this is not all. The insect known as the *Teredo navalis* commits a more subtle, but scarcely less terrible work upon the wooden structures of our piers. The piers of Holland are suffering immensely from the destroying powers of this humble insect; and apprehensions are seriously entertained that, by its injuring the timber-work of the dams, the day may come when the country will be flooded. The authors of the 'Introduction to Entomology' tell us that the piers of Bridlington Harbour, in our own country, are going rapidly to ruin by the attacks of a little wood-louse! In three years they reduced a three-inch plank to less than an inch in thickness. What will be thought of our subject when we state that a ship of the line, a British man-of-war, was attacked by insects, and the vast structure more roughly handled than she had been in the severest action? So seriously, indeed, had she been injured, that it was only by firmly lashing her together that she could be saved from foundering with all on board! And lastly, the *termites*, or white ants, are worse still. Think of an army of puny insects sweeping away every relic of a village, or reducing a monarch of the forest to the thickness of brown paper; or, more audacious still, threatening the gorgeous palace of the governor-general of India with ruin! We may well join, then, with Mr Lyell, while wondering at the vast and often suddenly-created powers of the insect world, in saying, 'If, for the sake of employing on different but rare occasions a power of 200 horses, we were under the necessity of feeding all these animals at great cost in the intervals, we should greatly admire the invention of such a machine as the steam-engine, which was capable at any moment of exerting the same degree of strength without any consumption of food during the periods of inaction. The same kind of admiration is excited when we contemplate the powers of insect life, in the creation of which the Author of Nature has been so prodigal. A scanty number of minute individuals, to be detected only by careful research, are ready in a few days, weeks, or months, to give birth to myriads; but no sooner has the destroying commission been executed, than the gigantic power becomes dormant.'

Our final illustrations may be taken from the kingdom of inorganic nature. Our endeavour is to show the vast energies of the expansive force of such an insignificant thing as a drop of frozen water, or a foot of heated rock. Whoever has read Scoresby's interesting and valuable work on the arctic regions, must have been struck with the account he gives of the broken state of the rocks in Spitzbergen. On landing, he ascended the beach towards several hills of some elevation; but he found that climbing was almost impossible, in consequence of the excessively loose state of the stones on the surface. It was in vain to attempt to walk, as the feet lost their hold, and the traveller came down in a shower of stones. The only pace to be adopted was that of a sort of jumping run,

which proved inordinately fatiguing. 'These rocks,' he writes, 'appear solid in the distance, but on examination, they were found to be full of fractures in every direction, so that it was with difficulty that a specimen of *five or six pounds* in a solid mass could be obtained. The least movement sent floods of stones down the rock. Cliffs of a thousand feet were found fissured in every direction; and toward the sea-edge, stones weighing more than two or three ounces each could not be obtained. Darwin makes the same observation on Terra del Fuego and within the Andes. Here, he says, he often observed that where the rock was covered with snow, its surface was shivered in an extraordinary manner into small angular fragments. On the Cordilleras, the rock crumbles in great quantities, and masses of detritus slide down every spring like great avalanches. There can be no doubt that this enormous destruction of rock is due to a very simple cause. Many of our public buildings suffer in a similar manner; and in the severe winters of Quebec, the most serious damage is done to the granite piers by the same force. Yet the power which thus levels the great mountains by degrees, and brings them to communion with the dust of the lowly earth, is but the expansion of water, which, becoming infiltrated into their substance, or dropping into crevices, rends them asunder, when it is in the act of freezing, with a force nothing can resist. How important an agent this is in the work of renewing the earth we need scarcely say.

From certain experiments made in America by a gentleman of practical scientific research, it appears that it is impossible, in countries having a variation of more than 90 degrees Fahrenheit annual temperature, to construct a coping of stones five feet long in which the joints will be water-tight. Mr Lyell, proceeding on the calculations arrived at in these experiments, states that if we can suppose a mass of sandstone a mile in thickness to have its temperature raised 200 degrees Fahrenheit, it would lift a superincumbent layer of rock to the height of ten feet. 'But suppose a part of the earth's crust 100 miles thick, and equally expandable, the temperature of which was raised 600 or 700 degrees. This might produce an elevation of between 2000 and 3000 feet. The cooling of the same mass, again, might afterwards cause the overlying rocks to sink down again, and resume their original position. By such agency we might explain the gradual rise of Scandinavia.' Calculations have been made by geologists which appear to account for the elevation of land in Sweden by a rise of only 3 degrees temperature (Reaumur), supposing the stratum to be 140,000 feet thick. Upon a similar supposition, the rise and fall of the waters of the Caspian Sea might be explained, supposing its bed subject to alternate elevations and depressions of temperature. Again, if the strata were principally clay, as it is well known that that substance contracts when heated, we might account for the subsidence of land on the supposition that the clay strata were contracting under the influence of heat. No one at all acquainted with the enormous, the, in truth, immeasurable force of contraction and expansion under the influence of caloric, will feel a doubt that the cause assigned is at least adequate to the effects produced. Yet how insignificant a thing an icicle! how apparently inappreciable the amount of increase in a heat-expanded stone!

When all creation inculcates the same truth, it would be manifestly easy to multiply examples by rambling over many other equally interesting fields of study. But to give a complete view of the subject is neither within the scope, nor is it the legitimate object, of an 'article.' It appears, indeed, as if the wisdom and power of the Creator were in nothing more manifest than in the astonishing force He has committed to the charge, not of the great and mighty of this world of nature, but to the humble and individually feeble insect or animalcule. The remark of Sir John Herschel forms an apposite conclusion to our paper:—'To the

natural philosopher there is no natural object that is unimportant or trifling. From the least of nature's works he may learn the greatest lessons.'

A FRENCH ODDITY.

It was a warm sunny afternoon in the beginning of May, when, leaving my little chamber in the Rue des Beaux Arts, I bethought me of a stroll in the Tuileries Gardens. I sauntered along the quays on my side the Seine, now looking at a print, now stopping at a book-stall, until I came to the Pont Neuf, by which I crossed the water, and then proceeded direct to the gardens. The fountains were showering their bright rain in the sunshine, the parterre had been freshly done up, and the grass was vividly green; even the windows of the palace had all been mended, so as to show no signs of revolutionary violence. Everything looked neat, and beautiful, and pleasant. Above all was the clear crystal air of Paris, the atmosphere of which gives a transparency, and breathes an elasticity, which is preciously peculiar to the fair city of the Seine. I loitered a moment over the few flowers, and then passed on to the sunny dry parts, by the sides of which chairs are placed, and furnished at a sou a piece to those who desire their accommodation. On these were seated a bright array of French mammas, with their exquisite bonnets, and the hues of their dress so chastely chosen; and by them their nurses, in their various provincial costumes, with caps piled up with lace in all grotesquely graceful fashions, and arrayed in colours bright and decided, making the scene quite picturesque and piquant. Around played the children, little bonny brunettes or blushing blondes, full of gay grace or pretty pettishness. I could not, however, help again observing, as I had done the day before, while taking the same walk with my friend Elihu Burritt, the predominance of pugnacious playthings among the boys. Each little lad had a tiny tricolour, or a bit of a drum, or a tin sword by his side, supported duly by scabbard and belt. Many had guns, and some of these had even metal bayonets. French fame and French folly had already entered those little heads. It is a gay and pleasing sight, however—mammas, nurses, and children, in those sunny Tuileries Gardens. I thought of my own 'wee bairnies' and walked on.

I passed into the shade under the splendid chestnut trees—then brightly green in foliage, and beginning to show their groups of snowy-white flowers, delicately tinted with a blushing pink—to the right of the gardens from whence I had entered. I sat down on one of the fixed stone seats, at the foot of a chestnut which had perhaps the biggest bole and the most spreading umbrage of any in the place, and had just perused the third page of the last new revolutionary pamphlet, when my attention was distracted by a buzz and suppressed titter in the nearest path. I looked, and saw all eyes turned upon a strange figure which was strutting down the middle of the pathway. It was that of a young man, with an odd conformation of head, the forehead retreating, and the crown low, hair almost colourless, and without either hat or cap. He was dressed in a bright green coat with gilt buttons; he wore a red neckcloth, with the collar slightly turned over; and in one hand he carried an immense opera-glass, and in the other a switch of a cane, both of which he used in a most ridiculous fashion.

The poor creature was evidently of weak intellect. It was not 'Poor Joe,' down in our woodland village north of the Orwell; but his Sillyness of the Seine, fine in his folly, not *un sot*, but *un simple*, cackling with conceit, a goose of glory. On he promenaded along the path, apparently unaccompanied, except by the glances of the curious. Wishing to study a specimen of the French fool, I rose and followed at a little distance, skirting along the trees, so as to be unobserved by my subject, and thus to avoid the possibility of giving him pain. Rumour ran before him,

and fame followed him. He by no means avoided attraction. Now he grimaced with his hand, smoothing down his hairless chin: now he twirled his little yellow cane in all kinds of curious circles, until it flew from his hand, and he was compelled to the undignified action of stooping to pick it up: now he seemed to be humming a song, sensibly to his own satisfaction. He was in his greatest glory, however, with his opera-glass. Every now and then he applied it to his eye, and took a sweeping survey of everything within sight. As ladies approached, he exhibited himself to perfection. He was evidently fascinated with the fair; and when any appeared within about eight or ten yards of him, he halted, drew himself up in a position in which his two legs were close together, and duly placing his cane under one arm, deliberately levelled the barrel of his glass at the fresh faces which fronted him. Having thus done execution, to the dismay of some, and to the laughter of others, and to his own entire satisfaction, he lowered his glass, and jauntily journeyed on.

Fate, however, follows fame, and glory glides away. Some *gamins*, observing our hero, followed him, evidently having an intelligence among themselves, for some time closely. At length he entered the circular walk at the end of the gardens nearest the Champs Elysées. Here some of the lads continued to follow his steps, while others went round the other way, on purpose to meet him. Our hero had fallen into the trap. He continued his round, and was met, as intended, by the oldest lad, who, touching his cap—for the French are ever polite, even in fun—said, 'I hope monsieur is enjoying his promenade?' 'Yes, yes, monsieur,' was the answer, for the French even say *monsieur* to boys of five or six. A few more words were exchanged, which I did not catch, and then, 'Will you oblige me with your arm?' said the dirty, ragged gamin. It was enough. Our hero was off. In an instant his self-satisfied look was changed to one of the extremest distress. His walk, before so smart, so stylish, or so solemn, was metamorphosed into an exit composed of shuffling, wading, swimming, running, and flying. His opera-glass was plunged into his pocket, his cane held tightly in his hand, and with his arms rowing like awkward wings, his knees knocking together, his head poked out, and his back bent in, he either fled or flew, and I soon lost sight of the French fool amid the chest-nuts. 'Will you oblige me with your arm, monsieur?' said the gamin; but love of fame and vainglory would have nothing to do with such liberty, equality, and fraternity. In walking home, I thought that the poor French fool was, after all, only an exaggerated type of the defects in his national character; and that beneath the fact which had passed before me something of a moral lay concealed—namely, that republican institutions would have considerable difficulty in harmonising with French foolery.

DR CHANNING.

DR CHANNING'S writings have been widely diffused, and have exerted a remarkable influence in this country as well as in America. Our natural desire to know the history of a mind the workings of which have been so powerful, and to see how far the lofty ideal of a writer is embodied in his own life, is gratified by a copious memoir of him just published by his nephew. We shall extract a short account of him from this large work, which is reprinted in England, under the protection of a late copyright law.

William Ellery Channing was born at Newport, Rhode Island, United States, on the 7th of April 1780. His maternal grandfather, William Ellery, was a man of eminence, and at one period a member of Congress. He lived to the age of ninety-three, and his beneficial influence was gratefully acknowledged by his namesake. His father, William Channing (whose grand-

father emigrated from Dorsetshire in 1712), was an able lawyer, and attorney-general of his native state. He was an hospitable, benevolent, and religious man, and had deep horror at profaneness. His son 'owed it to him, that though living in the atmosphere of this vice, no profane word ever passed his lips.' His wife, who lived to the age of eighty-two, and was treated by Dr Channing with great filial reverence, was remarkable for her rectitude and simplicity of character, and for an entire truthfulness too rarely to be found. She exercised a scrupulous thoroughness in her domestic details, and was somewhat rigid in her discipline. William was early remarkable for purity and self-command: he avoided bad company, and was accustomed, in a gentle tone, which removed offence, to rebuke all obscenity and profaneness. He was early actuated by the rule—not to let the left hand know what his right hand did. He had a peculiar regard for the rights and feelings of others; and his tenderness was manifested in his treatment of animals; and he was equally distinguished by noble-heartedness and courage. These features of his character are displayed in interesting anecdotes. His father's death in 1793, which left his family in very reduced circumstances, stimulated his independent energy and foresight for others; but a shade of premature seriousness was given to his temper.

At fourteen, he entered Harvard University, at Cambridge, near Boston, United States. As a boy, he was noted rather for his contemplative habits than for his attainments. He had not been a quick scholar, and his anxiety to understand thoroughly whatever was presented to him gave him the appearance of dulness. It is said that he found the difficulties of acquiring Latin to be insurmountable, until an assistant in his father's office, taking pity on the plodding boy, gave him such assistance as helped him forward. The first step being taken, his progress in the classics was rapid; but his chief taste was philosophy; and with noble aspirations, he possessed an early ardour for freedom. As a student, he was remarkable for the eloquence and beauty of his compositions.

Those who knew him in after-life as a frail, attenuated invalid, would hardly recognise this description of him by his fellow-student Washington Allston, the poet-painter:—'Though small in stature, his person at that time was rather muscular than slender. I should think it was even athletic, from the manner in which he prolonged the contests with heavier antagonists in the wrestling-matches that were then common among the students; and for animal spirits he was no less remarkable than for his intellectual enthusiasm, amounting occasionally to unrestrained hilarity, but never passing the bounds of propriety. I well remember his laugh, which could not have been heartier without being ostreperous.' He records with deep gratitude that he was preserved from the contagion that surrounded him. 'The state of morals among the students was anything but good; but poverty, a dread of debt, well-chosen friends, the pleasures of intellectual improvement, regard to my surviving parent, and an almost instinctive shrinking from gross vice, to which natural timidity and religious principle contributed not a little, proved effectual safeguards. Had the bounds of purity once been broken, I know not that I should ever have returned to virtue.' He and his friend Story (afterwards an eminent judge) declined the use of wine even at convivial entertainments.

His classmates urged him to apply himself to law, as affording the best field for his eloquence; but he writes, 'In my senior year, the prevalence of infidelity, imported from France, led me to inquire into the evidences of Christianity, and then I found for what I was made. My heart embraced its great objects with an interest which has been increasing to this hour.'

After leaving college, at the age of eighteen, he spent part of two years at Richmond, Virginia, as tutor to the

family of Mr Randolph, a gentleman of station. This period exerted an important influence over his whole life. He saw quite a different phase of society, and heard opinions which were new to him. He admired a generosity and frankness which contrasted favourably with the avarice and calculating prudence of the north. He was, however, disgusted by the sensuality that prevailed, and saw that the demoralising influences of slavery, which, however, had not reached their subsequent enormity, extended to the master as well as to his victim.

'Absorbed in the duty of teaching during the day, and living much apart from the family, Mr Channing was prompted by his wish for quick advancement to pass most of the night in study. He usually remained at his desk till two or three in the morning, and often saw the day break before retiring to rest. He had also gained from the Stoics, and from his own pure standard of virtue, ascetic notions of curbing the animal nature, and of hardening himself for difficult duties. For the purpose of overcoming effeminacy, he accustomed himself to sleep on the bare floor, and would spring up at any hour of waking to walk about in the cold.' He suffered from insufficient clothing, as he did not allow himself to use the money sent him from home; and he spent his salary in the purchase of books. He found himself too meanly clad to accept the invitations which would have cheered his spirits. 'This slight experience of poverty sank deep into his memory, and gave him through life most tender compassion for the needy.' He 'passed through intellectual and moral conflicts, through excitements of heart and mind, so absorbing, as often to banish sleep, and to destroy almost wholly the power of digestion.' He 'was worn well-nigh to a skeleton.' From his ignorance of the laws of nature, he sinned against his bodily constitution, and suffered accordingly. In his system were planted the germs of disease, the growth of which overshadowed his whole life, and greatly diminished his powers of usefulness.

On his return from Richmond, a thin and pallid invalid, he remained a year and a half at home, pursuing his theological studies, and instructing one or two pupils. He had access to a valuable public library; and what was of more consequence to one of his susceptible temperament, to a fine sea-coast; which he visited, not like Demosthenes, to make his eloquence audible amidst the waves, but to awaken his soul by the voice of nature. 'No spot on earth,' he says, 'has helped to form me so much as that beach: there I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest: there, softened by beauty, I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions: there, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of the power within: there, struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves: there began a happiness, surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune—the happiness of communing with the works of God.' This delight in nature pervaded his life; and many portions of his biography manifest his enthusiasm for scenery, and his discriminating perception of its peculiar beauties.

In 1808 he resided at Cambridge as regent of the college, an office the duty of which was to exercise a general superintendence over the building in which he lived, and which allowed him ample time for self-improvement. At this period he seems to have read less than he thought and wrote. He thought it better that a few thoughts should be clearly impressed on his mind, than that he should be lost in the chaos of universal knowledge, which had hitherto distracted him. The unsleeping vigilance of conscience which distinguished his moral also pervaded his intellectual nature. He would not rest content in superficial glimpses of a truth, but desired to view it in all its bearings, and listened with the utmost candour to every objection. He had an 'unappeasable desire to obtain such a view of any subject as should have coherent wholeness in itself, and

be at unity with other views which he regarded as established.' When he read, he had his pen in hand, and noted questions, hints, statements, germs of interesting views, &c. which were afterwards accurately classified. And when engaged in thought, he would write down what occurred to him, as a means of gaining clearness and definiteness.

He began to preach in his twenty-third year, and so great was the admiration excited by his genius and devotional spirit, that he at once received invitations to two churches in Boston. Conscious of weak health, he accepted the invitation of the humbler society in Federal Street, which, however, soon rose to importance through his eloquence; for this 'made a sensation such as had been long unknown in Boston, distinguished as many of her ministers justly were'—and in a few years a new and spacious edifice was erected for him. In the most delicate manner he provided for his family, whom he invited to live with him, endeavouring to keep from them the knowledge of his kindness; and he faithfully redeemed the assurance he made his mother, that she should never find the duties of a Christian minister were inconsistent with those of a son. He never saved from an ample income, giving to the poor what his own relatives did not need, and being so narrow in his outlay upon himself, that only his great neatness preserved him from an unbecoming meanness. He selected for his own use the worst rooms in his house, and declined even necessary comforts. Though we cannot but respect the holiness of his motives and his moral heroism, we see that his opposition to nature was injurious. His health continued to suffer; his spirits were affected; and whilst the world admired his success, he often felt such despondency, from a sense of unworthiness, much caused by bodily languor, that he almost resolved to quit his profession. His extreme seriousness repelled many whom he desired to win; but those who were intimate with him were impressed by his devoted love and gentleness.

He devoted himself assiduously to pastoral ministrations, and made as cheerful a sacrifice of the time which he intended for study or pulpit preparation, as he did of his strength or money, when he saw any who needed it; but from the usual error of ministers, in delaying composition till the last, this often constrained him to sit up late on Saturday night, which of course increased the excitement of his Sunday labours. He took a deep interest in the children of his Society, to whom, before Sunday schools were introduced, he gave familiar instruction. The simplicity of his language, and his heart-opening love, made his addresses to them very intelligible and attractive.

It was a source of much distress to him that the intolerance and exclusiveness of the times forced him to engage in controversy. He carried into the field, however, the spirit of justice and true charity; and as soon as he deemed that he had in some measure established the right of private judgment, and fairly displayed the great principles at which he had arrived after faithful inquiry, he gladly retired from polemical theology.

In 1814 he married his cousin, a lady of property, who seems to have been well fitted to promote his happiness. Henceforward his lot was singularly serene. His asceticism was softened, and his greater cheerfulness of spirit rendered the sacrifices which he continued to make more beneficial to others. He had always formed a remarkably high estimate of the female sex, and this was practically shown in a regard for their rights. It was his opinion, on which he always scrupulously acted, that married women ought to have the entire control over the property which they brought with them. Whilst the respect, and love, and comfort which surrounded him made his outward condition prosperous, his constitution was so much impaired by his early struggles, that he was unable to continue his ministerial duties, and he sought health in a visit to Europe. Here he met with Wordsworth, Coleridge, and others, whom he valued for their writings; and the varied scenery and the new phases of society which he

observed, with entire rest from anxious duty, and communion with other minds, seemed to make a new era in his life. Of England he always spoke in terms of respect and affection. 'Nowhere on earth,' he writes, 'will you find a people more high-minded, more jealous of their rights, more bold in expressing their thoughts, more resolute and earnest in putting forth all the powers of human nature.'

It was not till 1824 that he contributed to an American periodical those essays on Milton, Fenelon, and Bonaparte, which procured him such celebrity. He never was anxious for fame, and seemed singularly indifferent to the reception his writings met with, as far as his own celebrity was concerned; though he was eager for their diffusion, on account of the truths he believed them to contain. He was in the habit of avoiding the sight of criticisms on himself, whether eulogistic or the contrary; and he found the task of revising what he had once published an ungenial one. 'I have something,' he says, 'of the nature of the inferior animals in regard to my literary offspring. When once they have taken flight, I cast them off, and have no need of further acquaintance.'

He gradually retired from his pulpit duties, as he found the exertion and excitement extremely injurious; but his concern for human welfare seemed to grow with his years. Peace, temperance, education, and freedom, found him an able and discriminating advocate; though he thought it best to decline all connection with associations, and to utter his voice as an individual. His Lectures on Self-Culture, and on the Elevation of the Labouring Classes, contain the best expression of his principles and aims. A friend deemed these efforts a waste and perversion of his powers! But he felt that it was especially the duty of the spiritually-minded to show how what is divine may mingle with, and be brought out in, common life, and in every condition. These lectures obtained an extensive circulation among the operatives in Great Britain.

In 1830 he went for his health to Santa Cruz (Cuba), and the horrors of slavery which he there witnessed revived his early impressions; and, as he says, he went through a regeneration on this subject. He made preparations for the work which he subsequently published; and he stated some of his feelings from the pulpit when he returned: but the excited state of public feeling, and a reluctance to join the Anti-slavery party, many of whose measures he disapproved, led him to keep it back for some years. In 1834 he had much conversation with the Rev. S. J. May, who took a warm interest in the movement, and expressed his objections to the severity, harshness, and vehemence which he thought the characteristics of the Abolition meetings. Mr May, after listening for some time, very forcibly and warmly urged upon Dr Channing that if the cause of freedom was injured by improper advocacy, those should be the last to complain who were capable of doing the subject justice, yet had allowed themselves to be silent. 'At this point,' says Mr May, 'I bethought me to whom I was administering this earnest rebuke—the man who stood among the highest of our great and good men—the man who had ever treated me with the kindness of a father, and whom, from my childhood, I had been accustomed to revere more perhaps than any one living. I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of my temerity. His countenance showed that he was much moved. I could not suppose that he would receive very graciously all I had said. I awaited in painful expectation the reply he would make. It seemed as if long minutes elapsed before the silence was broken; when, in a very subdued manner, and in his kindest tones of voice, he said—"Brother May, I acknowledge the justice of your reproof; I have been silent too long." I never can forget his words, look, manner. I then saw the beauty, the magnanimity of a humble soul. He was exalted in my esteem more than before.' Dr Channing took opportunities of showing that this increased respect was reciprocated.

In 1835 the work on slavery was published, and this was followed at intervals by other publications bearing on the same subject, among which we may mention his protest against the annexation of Texas. His labours were not confined to the study. When the Rev. E. P. Lovejoy, the editor of an Abolition paper, was shot by a mob, he felt impelled to protest against this violence on the liberty of the press, and headed a requisition for a public meeting. The Boston authorities for a time refused to grant the Faneuil Hall; at length they yielded, and a meeting was held, at which, after a doubtful contest, freedom triumphed. The sacrifice made by Dr Channing was very great: the leading members of his congregation were opposed to him; many of his near and early friends fell away from him. 'The absurd notion was originated at this time that he intended to change his calling for a political one. The coldness toward him which then began to manifest itself was never entirely removed; and suspicions with regard to the purity of his aim were cherished by a few even to the end of his life: they could not understand the depth of his desire to make religion the controlling principle in all human affairs.'

As he advanced in life, he became more social, without being less holy. His youth was one of restraint and reserve, and was deeply tinged with melancholy. It is much to be regretted that false views of duty then led him to an asceticism which weakened his body, and often impaired his mental energy; but this was not unattended with a growth in spiritual strength. The fruit of his discipline was at first crude and uninviting; but by always opening his mind to the perception of the great, good, and beautiful, which was as needful to him as light to the flower, it mellowed and ripened as it grew. Were it not that we trust that some will be induced by this imperfect sketch to study the work itself, we should greatly regret that our limits prevent us from transcribing the beautiful description of his later life, which the last volume contains. One of the most pleasing features in it was his attachment to the young, whom he was fond of having around him. 'A little child during one of these visits threw herself into the arms of an elder friend, and smiling through her tears, exclaimed, "Oh this is Heaven!" so subdued did she feel by the atmosphere of love which he diffused. And a young girl wrote, "He welcomed me with a kindness that took away all fear—a kindness that I felt I might trust for ever, for it was like that which must belong to spirits in eternity. His daily life is illuminated by a holiness which makes his actions as impulsive and peaceful as a child's: it is a happiness to be in his presence.'

His last effort was in behalf of freedom. He desired to commemorate West Indian emancipation, and wrote an address 'under the inspiration of the mountains—which you know are the "holy land" of liberty—which he delivered at Lennox, August 1, 1842. He had not strength to speak the whole of it; but he did not know that he ever spoke with more effect, and felt that he had found his way to the hearts of his hearers. Mrs Sedgwick, who was present, said that "his countenance was full of spiritual beauty; and when he uttered that beautiful invocation towards the close of his address—which would not have been more characteristic or fitting had he known that he should never speak again in public—he looked like one inspired." He was so exhausted, that he was obliged to seclude himself for several days. His subsequent letters display the most beautiful, hopeful, and loving spirit. The time at length came for his release. The description given of his closing days is most touching and elevating. To the last he found the greatest comfort from the Gospel he had preached; he was 'true to all the relations of duty,' and felt the reality of a spiritual life.

It was the evening of Sunday, October 2, 1842, that he gazed for the last time on the valleys and woody summits on which the setting sun had shed its hues of beauty; and then gently, imperceptibly, sank to rest.

Death' had no terrors for him; and when, by a spontaneous impulse, his congregation passed up the middle aisle at his funeral, to gaze on his countenance for the last time, it seemed as of 'one entranced in a dream of glory.' It is not the least touching proof of the affection which his expansive charity nurtured, that the bell of the Catholic cathedral tolled as the sad procession moved from the church. Though connected with a sect, he was in reality a man of no sect or party, his great aim apparently being to infuse the spirit of the Gospel into the daily concerns of the world—not a world standing still or retrograding, but advancing towards the highest aims of civilisation. It is pleasing to add, that objections to the theological tenets of Dr Channing do not prevent our entertaining a high admiration of his general writings; but this admiration rises to a far higher feeling as we study his biography; for we see that, 'singularly lofty as is the spirit which his writings breathe, he was true to them in heart and life;' and we find the secret of his eloquence in the power which elevated ideas and enlarged conceptions of all that is just, pure, true, grand, beautiful, loving, and holy, had in the transformation of his being.

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

DRESDEN—LEIPSIK.

DRESDEN, in which we spent about a week, is a handsomely-built town, with generally spacious streets, and possesses some pleasant environs, including a new town on the right bank of the Elbe, which is here crossed by a long bridge of stone. It appeared to us, however, to be the duller place we had yet visited, though, as respects society, and all the conveniences of life, well spoken of by those English who have made it a place of residence. From the same authority I learn that its educational establishments are excellent. The German of the higher and middle classes is considered to be as pure as is anywhere spoken.

The situation I should suppose too much on a level with the river to be agreeable at all seasons. On the occasion of a sudden thaw after frost, the Elbe comes down in an immensely increased volume, and rising above its banks, overflows a large portion of the town. Laying aside historical associations, Dresden is interesting to tourists alone from its collections of objects of art. First as electors, and afterwards as kings, the Saxon princes have been hoarders of articles of value, and these were saved from injury and spoliation during the occupancy of the city by Napoleon, in consequence of the Saxon sovereign having remained friendly to the French interest. According to the prices usually paid for high-class pictures, jewels, trinkets, and other works of taste, it is believed that the value of the Dresden collections amounts to some millions of pounds sterling. Russel and other travellers present ample accounts of these collections, and to them I beg to refer, as I consider nothing can be more tiresome to general readers than descriptions of what cannot possibly be realised by the imagination. The grand thing to which all rush on their arrival is the Picture Gallery, which occupies a suite of fifteen apartments, large and small, in an old building on one side of the market-place. The rooms being lighted by side windows, the pictures are seen to much disadvantage. To amend this as far as possible, a large number of the smaller works are hung on screens projecting from the wall, while a few of the larger are hinged to the wall at an angle which adapts them to the light. In point of actual value, the collection is greatly beyond the one we had seen at Munich; but the general effect is very far inferior, and a great number of the pictures represent unpleasant subjects. As nearly as possible, each room or set of rooms contains the pictures of a particular school; the richest portion of the collection being the works of Raphael, Corregio, and other Italian masters. In front of these, particularly the far-famed 'Madona di San Sisto' (Virgin soaring to heaven) of Raphael, and 'La

Notte' (Infant Jesus in the manger) of Corregio, there was always a crowd of admirers. Among the smaller gallery pictures, some of which were under glass, we were most pleased with the productions of Van der Werf, Miers, Dietrich, and Dow. To do justice to so vast a collection was impossible, even although we paid it a visit daily, for at every fresh inspection new excellencies made their appearance. We could not but admire the liberality which opened such a collection freely to the public; the more so, that visitors were allowed to sit, walk, or lounge about the rooms without being individually under the suspicious surveillance of a keeper, as is the case in the Pinacothec at Munich. As compared with the numbers we saw at the last-mentioned collection, the visitors of the Dresden gallery were at least fifty to one—a proof of the high esteem in which it is universally held.

In another part of the town we visited the Historical Museum; a collection of articles interesting to some minds, but which, properly speaking, is chiefly a store of old armour, swords, and other warlike accoutrements, along with some antique cabinets, drinking-horns, and the usual materials of an old curiosity-shop. The next thing we were dragged to was a palace-like edifice in the Neustadt across the bridge, that we might see a gallery of ancient sculpture and a collection of porcelain. The spectacle was disappointing; much of the sculpture is very poor, and not a few of the statues are unsightly, from the miserable attempts to restore the heads, legs, and arms they had lost. The collection of porcelain in the suite of cellars beneath was also somewhat unsatisfactory. Dresden, we had always understood, was famous for its china, and so it was before England had attained to improvement in the manufacture of the article. There was here a vast parade of blue dinner-plates, and other common articles, which I am confident may be rivalled, if not surpassed, in any stoneware shop in England. The best articles in the collection were specimens of Sevres and English china, that of Sevres deriving its peculiar value from the high art employed in its embellishment.

After going about to a few other exhibitions, our guide informed us that having made up a party to see the celebrated *Grüne Gewölbe*, or Green Vault, he was now ready to conduct us thither. It is usual to make up a party to see this place, because the fee for entrance is two dollars, and for which sum six persons are admitted. The reason, I believe, is entirely a regard to the value of the articles shown, and the danger of their abstraction. The collection consists of magnificent and precious objects of art pertaining to the royal family, and arranged in a series of vaulted apartments on the ground-floor of the palace of the sovereign. Why they are called Green Vaults is not explained, though they probably derive this name from the walls having at one time been coloured green. At present they are lighted with windows, well stanchioned, and kept in the nicest order; the place resembles a jeweller's shop, disposed with glass-cases, shelves, brackets, and tables, bearing a profusion of little articles in gold, ivory, pearl, bronze, enamel, horn, wood, &c. A most obliging person, who speaks German, French, and English, conducts the party slowly through the rooms, and politely gives the history of the more interesting articles; while from secret peep-holes, and with the aid of mirrors, an attendant, unknown to the visitors, keeps a strict watch on their movements—a precaution not unnecessary, for not long since a 'lady' endeavoured to carry off in her reticule a unique and valuable curiosity from one of the tables, and suffered the humiliation of detection. The origin of the collection dates as far back as the first elector of Saxony, a contemporary of Charles V., from which time each reigning prince added to it the presents he received, and the most magnificent articles he could purchase. The most assiduous and enlightened of those royal collectors was Augustus II., surnamed the Strong (1694-1733), who became king of Poland. This was evidently

the great man of Saxon history, for he is heard of everywhere. His strength seems to have far exceeded that of ordinary mortals. At Munich, a stone of about a couple of hundredweight is shown in the arcade of the old palace; and this he is said to have thrown to a height marked on the wall above. Augustus enriched the collection with works of the illustrious Dinglinger in gold and enamel, the specimens of which excel anything that can be imagined in point of artistic talent. The first room or cabinet is that devoted to bronzes, of which there are 110 groups, statuettes, and figures, principally after the antique. No. 48, 'A Little Dog Scratching Itself,' by Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, is much admired. So likewise is No. 113, 'Charles II. of England as St George killing the Dragon;' it is a small equestrian statue, sculptured from a block of iron by G. Leygebe of Nuremberg, weighs sixty-seven pounds, and required five years in the execution. The second cabinet is devoted to works in ivory, of which there are nearly 500 specimens. Many of these were collected by Augustus I., who appears to have gone about Europe employing ivory-turners and cutters in executing cups, chalices, boxes, figures, and other articles, in the highest style of art. One could linger for hours over some of the objects in this interesting cabinet—such as the 'Saviour after his Resurrection surrounded by Holy Women,' probably a production of the tenth or eleventh century; 'Mary and the Infant Jesus surrounded by Angels;' 'A Crucifixion;' 'The Judgment of Solomon;' 'The Sacrifice of Abraham;' and 'The Descent of Lucifer and the Demons, dragging with them the Souls of the Wicked.' This last group, which consists of eighty-five figures, is a work of an Italian artist, the idea being suggested by the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo; and, like all the others, it required years to finish. The third cabinet contains mosaics, enamels, and works in amber, mother-of-pearls, corals, &c. The fourth is a collection of gold and silver plate, in the form of superb dinner-services, baptismal basins, chalices, &c.; one article is a rich and curious mirror of burnished silver, in the style of the middle ages, before the art of silvering glass was known. The fifth cabinet is entirely occupied with precious stones, not mere jewels, but articles such as vases, busts, statuettes, flagons, and other things formed of agate, jasper, chalcedony, onyx, lapis-lazuli, rock-crystal, &c. Three golden *boques* (bottles or jugs with a narrow neck), enriched with cameos, are considered very fine; one of them is embellished with 176 cameos, among which is the masque of Jupiter in chalcedony. The sixth cabinet contains rough pearls and diamonds; the seventh is devoted chiefly to sculptures on wood; and in the eighth or last is a large collection of regalia, arms, chains, decorations, and bijouteries of all sorts used on state occasions.

The quantity of emeralds, rubies, diamond rings, solitaires, and other brilliants, flashing in all directions on the eye in the last-mentioned apartment, affords a striking idea of human vanity, as well as of the extravagance to which fancies unrestrained by the obligation of labour may be carried. And yet, on quitting the Green Vault, we feel that everything is not a useless toy, which may in any respect tend to improve the arts and refine the general tastes of mankind. During four centuries, the monarchs of Saxony have spent probably two millions of money in rendering the capital attractive in the matter of pictures and other objects on which the highest artistic talent has been exercised, or on which a high conventional value is put. In one sense this may be called a waste of money; but by making Dresden a resort of travellers from all parts of the world, not to speak of the cultivation of local aspirations, the sum might have been much worse spent; and after all, estimated at two millions, it is only equal to four years' expenditure on intoxicating liquors by one of the large cities of Britain. It was our lot to spend a Sunday in Dresden, and the day was kept with the usual quietude of a Protestant city. Nevertheless, even in this fountain, as it may be called, of the reformed

doctrine and observances, the Picture Gallery was open during part of the day to the public, and appeared to be visited by a humble order of persons of both sexes. Dresden is celebrated for the excellence of its opera, which may be attended for a comparatively small sum. The music is of a superior kind, and the musicians on Sundays transfer their services to the Catholic church, which is visited by crowds of tourists merely to listen to the performance.

From Dresden to Leipzig is a run of seventy-two miles by railway; and this, according to the easy plan of German travelling, we performed in three hours. The journey disclosed nothing remarkable in scenery, as the line traverses the level country bordering on the Elbe. As we advance, the great sandy plains of Central and Northern Europe begin to make their appearance, scanty in herbage, but eminently suitable for sheep pasturage. Everybody has heard of Saxony wool, but perhaps few are aware of the peculiar method of sheep-pasturing which leads to its excellence. English and Scotch wool is a produce of sheep chiefly pastured in large flocks on hills or open downs, where they feed, unsheltered from the weather, all the year round. Saxon sheep are not treated in this rough manner; they could not endure the excessive cold of a continental winter; and for the greater part they are housed nightly at all seasons. A Scotch shepherd, with his dog, walks behind his flocks in removing them from one place to another: a Saxon shepherd walks before his sheep; and these instinctively following, are kept together by the dog, which saunters observingly in the rear. This, however, is an almost universal practice in Germany, borrowed most likely from the East, and reminds us of the touching parable of the Good Shepherd:—'He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him.' I never realised from observation the truth of this affecting simile till I saw on the plains of Saxony the shepherd, in his picturesque costume, followed by a handful of docile creatures, which clung to him as to a friend and protector. In this manner much of the Saxon depasturage seems to be conducted on a small, and almost domestic scale; and by the shelter afforded to the sheep at night, the wool is rendered fine, and of high market value. Of the nature and quantity of the article we had an opportunity of judging at Leipzig, which, on our arrival, we found to be in all the bustle of one of those great wool-fairs that have given it celebrity.

By the first glance we had of the streets of Leipzig, we perceived that it greatly exceeded Dresden in the antique and striking character of its houses, as well as in the matter of business. No doubt the fair, to which had been brought a great number of wagons loaded with packs of wool, added materially to the commercial aspect of the place; but the appearances otherwise, and the earnest look of the people, conveyed an impression of substantiality and wealth. In the centre of the town, the houses of the market-place, and the streets which diverge from it, are large and lofty buildings, provided with projecting windows, the stonework of which is finely carved: they have a grand and picturesque effect. The floors, level with the street, are in many cases vaulted; a precaution which may have had its use in times not far distant, when showers of shot fell within the town. In the market-place, beneath the shops on the street-floor, there are usually underground shops of an inferior kind, reached by a stone stair, and having a profusion of articles displayed round the doorway—precisely as was the fashion in the High Street of Edinburgh not many years ago. At the doors of these subterranean places of business, the female keepers may be seen seated in the sun, engaged in the everlasting recreation of knitting, in which I should suppose the women of Leipzig and its neighbourhood excel, for my companion assured me she had nowhere on the conti-

nent seen such beautiful crotchet-work for sale. Some of it which she purchased was almost equal to old lace.

Apocryphal of German women; it would be ungracious not to take an opportunity of speaking of their remarkable spirit of industry, amiability of manner, and domestic accomplishments. French women are as meritoriously industrious; but having no proper idea of domesticity, or of what true cleanliness consists, their houses are disorderly—their hotels, no matter how elegant, universally dirty. In quitting France, and going into Germany, the tourist finds a totally different order of domestic arrangements. Dirt in all its forms no longer tyrannises over the senses; and sleeping or waking, the weary traveller is at peace. It would seem that all nations sprung from a Celto-Roman root are filthy in habits, while those of a Teutonic original are the reverse. The Frenchwoman decks her head, and the general exterior of her person, with a taste and regard for popular approbation which I should very much like to see imitated by the humbler order of females in the large Scotch towns; but beyond this exemplary feature, the German and English women go very far. They possess an inborn love of cleanliness, and grudge neither trouble nor expense to secure stainless purity in their domestic establishments. In other respects, the German women differ from their English sisters. They are, as I think, more natural and unaffected; not that they have more heart, but they allow their feelings to be less bound down by the conventionalities of etiquette. Talking on the subject of English usages to some educated German ladies who had been in London, we found them speak with surprise of the manner in which everything among us seems to be sacrificed to mere fashion. Invited to an evening party, where they expected to be treated with a degree of affection, how much were their unsophisticated German feelings wounded when, on arrival, they were conducted by a footman into a small back room, and there offered a cup of tea, alone and standing! They did not come for food—not they; they came, as they thought, to interchange friendly sentiments under the pleasing excitement of a social meeting. All they got, however, in the first place, was a cup of cold strong tea in a species of pantry; and then, by way of finish, they were treated to an exhibition of ladies and gentlemen sitting freezing on sofas, while one lady banged away on a piano at a piece of Mozart, of the nature of which she seemed to be unconscious. I could only intimate my fear that they had not, in their simplicity, been able to appreciate the high artificialities and enjoyments of *snobbery*—a condition of life in which certain people make themselves very happy, by never being what they really are, but by trying to be what they are not. 'Ah,' said my German friends, 'we hope this thing you call snobbery will never come into our own dear country!'

To return from this digression: Leipzig is noted as the great entrepôt of the German book trade, and in the market-place is seen a handsome edifice, used as an Exchange exclusively by the booksellers, who frequent the great fairs, for the sale of literature and the mutual settlement of accounts for books. A university, attended by large numbers of students, adds to the literary character of the place. In late years, the exterior of the town has been greatly improved by the removal of the ramparts, and the creation in their stead, as at Frankfurt, of beautiful drives and walks, environed by trees, shrubs, and gardens; and further ornamented with new buildings, public and private, in an elegant style of architecture. Going westward out of the main street into the environs, we come immediately to what was at one time a citadel or strong tower of defence at an angle of the walls, but which is now occupied as a barrack for soldiers and as an observatory. Conducted by a long stair to the summit of this point of outlook, we had beneath and before us the wide-spread plain on which the gigantic power of Napoleon was irretrievably broken (October 17, 18, and 19, 1813). The whole field of battle, of which the town was a central and

suffering point, stretches into the remote distance, with little interruption from enclosures, one of the principal landmarks being a small clump of trees, near which Bonaparte took his stand in the heat of the last engagement. On descending from the tower, we proceeded to visit the banks of the small river Elster, which proved so disastrous to the French retreat. It is scarcely wider or more lively than a mill stream; and we cannot comprehend how such a paltry run of water should, by the premature blowing-up of its bridge, have arrested the flying army, and drowned so many fugitives. The death most lamented on this terrible occasion was that of Poniatowski—a Polish nobleman in the French service. In attempting to leap his horse across the miserable stream, he cleared the water, but fell back in climbing the opposite bank, and sank to rise no more. Within a public garden, on the margin of the river, a small monumental stone has been erected at the spot where Poniatowski made the fatal leap; and at a short distance within the same grounds, a handsome mausoleum, in the form of a small chamber or chapel, has been erected over his remains, and bears suitable inscriptions in Polish and Latin. The battle of Leipzig is about as old an event as I can remember; and certainly at the time I did not anticipate that it would ever be my fortune to see these interesting memorials of the great and successful effort which expelled Napoleon from Germany.

EXPERIMENT WITH BOY LABOURERS IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

THE 'Hereford Times' gives an account of a remarkable experiment in boys' labour which is at present in the course of being made by Mr Batson of Kynastone Court in that county. Having been disappointed in an engagement he made with a gang of boys on the usual wage system, 'in consequence of the difficulty in adopting a regular plan of discipline, owing to the want of education and *bad management at home*,' Mr Batson made arrangements for keeping about twenty boys in his own premises, undertaking to give them food, clothing, and education, in exchange for their work, for a term of four years: the ages of the boys are from nine to fourteen. The experiment was begun fifteen months ago, and has been attended with results satisfactory to the experimenter.

The work to which the boys are put is the ordinary farm work, 'more particularly the planting and dibbling of wheat and other corn and root crops, and the hand-hoeing of corn, turnips, &c.' They labour from six till six in summer, with two intervals—namely, half an hour for breakfast, and an hour for dinner; in winter, they work while it is light. Their food consists of bread and milk, or bread and broth for breakfast; bread, meat, and vegetables for dinner; bread and cheese at six o'clock for supper, with the addition of coffee and pudding on Sundays. The evening is devoted to education—reading, writing, and arithmetic, with such religious and other instruction as time and opportunity will admit; in which, as well as in their daily labour, they are superintended by a young man engaged for the purpose, who was four years at the Woburn National School, and six years at the Duke of Bedford's farm, where he also worked in a gang; to which I may add, says Mr Batson, 'that I make it my duty to attend personally each evening to assist.'

Mr Batson gives accounts for clothing and board, from which it appears that the twenty boys have a double suit each, at L.3, 2s. 7d., and food at L.2, 15s. 7d., making a total weekly expense for each of 3s. 11½d.; along with which we must take into consideration that, in supporting them, the farmer is consuming the produce of his own land. Mr Batson then presents a table of the

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF BOYS' LABOUR, WITH PRICES PAID FOR JOB WORK.	
BOYS.	MR. B.
Wheat planting, 6 or 7 boys, at 8d. per acre, 4s. 8d.	Not done in this county.
Wheat hoeing, 6 boys, at 8d. per acre, 4s.	Men per acre, 4s.
Turnip hoeing, 5 boys, at 8d. per acre, 3s. 4d.	Do, do. 6d. to 7s.
Do, second time, 3 boys, at 8d., 2s.	
Mangel-wurzel, 6 boys and 1 man plant 5 acres per day, say 1s. 3d. per acre.	Do, do. 2s.
Cleaning and heaping Swedes, 6 boys, at 8d. per acre, 4s.	Do, do.

The editor of the 'Hereford Times' presents the observations he made during a visit to the scene of this experiment. 'Upon entering the farm, we happened to meet with one of the boys, and were much gratified by the intelligent manner in which he answered the questions put to him, and his healthy contented look. We subsequently saw and questioned closely all the other boys successively, and found no reason to alter the opinion we had formed from that instance. They had altogether a very different manner, indeed, to the disorderly, ragged urchins who cluster upon village roadways, frightening horses, and annoying passers-by with disgusting language, or who wander about breaking down the farmers' hedges in pursuit of birds' nests. It was evident that the intellectual and the moral standard had both been raised.

'After their dinner, the boys were assembled in their common day apartment, where they successively read parts of a chapter of the Bible, taken at random, and replied to various questions put to us and by Mr Batson. They were then in like manner examined in a Catechism, and afterwards in the multiplication and pence tables, &c. In all these departments they showed fair acquirements, having evidently been taught intelligently. We had previously questioned them all as to their opportunities of learning before they came to Kynastone, and found that in all but about half-a-dozen instances out of the twenty, the boys had not been sent to school at all, nor possessed any knowledge beyond that of the letters of the alphabet. In some of those instances the boys stated that before they came they "only knew the big letters—not the little ones," and in others that they "did not know them off the book." In only three instances had the boys been able to read before they joined the establishment.

'The ages of the boys vary from nine or ten up to fifteen years, with one exception—a lad of nineteen. In several instances they were orphans, who had been brought up in the workhouse, until taken by Mr Batson, while the majority of the others were the children of mothers deserted by their husbands, or of a widowed parent. In the case of the workhouse boys, it was highly pleasing to see the hearty readiness with which, when asked if they wished to go back to the workhouse, they replied in the negative. Of all the twenty, but one expressed a wish to return home, and that was the youngest and last comer, who had been but a very short time at Mr Batson's farm. We found but three who had been previously in the habit of working at all, and not one of them whose work had extended beyond "helping the cow-man," or "going with the horses." It was amusing to find—and the circumstance is so far valuable, as it shows the genuineness of the boys' replies—that they all preferred "going with the horses" to the other kinds of labour in which they had been taught to take part.

'In one field we found two boys ploughing; another driving a horse drill, which was tended by a man; a fourth boy driving a horse roller; and a fifth sowing guano; and in all these instances we were struck by the regularity of their mode of working. While we do not profess to be critics of field labour, we have no hesitation in saying that the furrows were cut truly, and the work generally done with evident care and attention.

'Passing to another field, we observed the result of a late competition among the boys for a prize given by Mr Batson for the best workmanship in wheat-hoeing. The prize was 5s. for the boy who hoed half a rood of wheat in the best manner, and in the shortest time. We observed that the work was generally done with care, the land was quite clean from weeds, and the whole of the surface had been moved with the hoe, which is not generally the case when the work is done by the piece. The prize, we understood, had been won by a boy who hoed his half rood in 1 hour and 51 minutes, being at the rate of 3s. per day. The others averaged from 2½ hours to 2½. On the same principle Mr Batson offers other prizes, such as 5s. for the boy who plants half a rood of land with wheat in the shortest time and best manner; a similar sum for the boy who hoes an equal extent of turnips, &c.

'In the school, prizes are given of 3s. and 2s. for the boys who read best in the first class; similar sums for those who spell best, and for the most proficient in writing and arithmetic; and a Bible for the boy who exhibits the most general improvement.

'The gang-work was the most interesting of the out-door operations. Twelve boys, directed by the manager, were engaged in sowing Swedes in a field thirty-three acres in ex-

tent. The field had been sown with mangel-wurzel, but the crop had failed, owing to the unfavourableness of the season. Four boys went first, making holes with their hoes in the ridges at regular distances. These were followed by the same number of boys with small cans full of seed, who put a little into each hole. Behind came four more, who closed up the holes. While there were evident differences in aptitude among the youthful labourers, it was also evident that they all worked cheerfully, intelligently, and with regularity.

'If there were no other benefit resulting from the system than the training of a more skilful class of agricultural labourers, it would be well deserving of general application. But this, important as it is, is only a small part of the actual advantage.

'Of the moral advantage of this system it is impossible to say too much. Most of these boys have been withdrawn from homes where they could have learned little that was good, and would probably have acquired much that was evil. They have been placed where the influence of habit is all in favour of punctuality, order, cleanliness, industry, and propriety of conduct. Whatever evil habits and companionships they may have formed are now necessarily broken off, with no likelihood of ever being renewed. In place of a scanty tuition at school, counteracted by the constant tuition of evil which goes on in an ignorant and vicious family, the boys have regular instruction, with which the daily habits of all around them are in harmony. When their time of servitude at Kynastone expires, they will go forth into the world not only better prepared to earn an honourable subsistence than they otherwise could have been, but they will carry with them habits which will tend to make them good men. Having been accustomed to cleanliness and domestic comfort, they will feel those things to be a necessity, and hence they will never rest contented with the dirt and discomfort so common among their class. The seeds of the good which they are now acquiring will thus be unconsciously sown by them wherever they go. However small the result may be in comparison with the extent and necessities of the class to which these youths belong, it will be at any rate something done towards raising the condition of that class.'

It occurs to us rather forcibly that this experiment of Mr Batson deserves a more cautious, though we would not say less cordial, approval than that given to it in the 'Hereford Times.' We could not, on principle, justify anything like a common practice of taking away boys from the homes of their parents, and keeping them in this way, even although we were sure that their physical and moral wellbeing were to be well attended to. The natural and proper home of the child is his parents' roof, however humble; and it only can be right to remove him thence, if it be quite certain that his course in such circumstances must necessarily be downward. So far as Mr Batson, or others inclined to follow his example, limit themselves to adopting boys decidedly unfortunate in their homes, they will be in the way of doing good, not otherwise. Another condition essential to good results is, that personal care should be devoted to the moral guardianship of the children. If they were merely consigned to a barrack, like the young rural labourers of Scotland (the bothy system), and left there without the infusion of any external moral element—made, in short, only instruments of work, for the service of masters—then it had been infinitely better that they had never been meddled with. We trust that, in any further experiments, these evils will be avoided. Mr Batson's plan might be adopted with much propriety for the hapless class of children lately described by Lord Ashley, provided that persons could be discovered who, like Mr Batson, would take a kindly personal interest in the welfare of the young labourers. Upon that we conceive the success of the experiment wholly depends.

INFLUENCE OF RELIGION.

Men are not held by self-interest only; civil and moral laws are not obeyed from the mere dictates of prudence; and hence lawgivers have usually stamped their codes with a Divine sanction. Religion is the great bond by which men have at all times been held in social union; the introduction of a new religion is a revolution as violent as a military conquest, and it may be centuries before the new framework is strong enough to act as a bond to society.—*Sharpe's History of Egypt.*

CHIMES FOR THE TIMES.

Be ye not jealous over-much,
But hope, and time will make you better:
There is a faith care cannot touch,
Which leaves the soul without a fetter.
Oh it is but a sorry creed
To look for nothing but deceiving,
To meet a kindness in your need
With a smile of misbelieving!
The tide of ill is not so strong;
Man loves not always wrath and wrong.

It cannot be that every heart
Is steeled so much against its neighbour;
Let each with reason play his part,
And fruit will spring from out the labour:
Progressing still life's journey through,
Be just and kind towards your fellow,
Remembering, whate'er you do,
That duty spreads the smoothest pillow;
And ne'er the hand of friendship spurn,
But trust, and man will trust in turn.

Some men there be who deem it good
In trade to overreach a brother;
And some who would not, though they could,
Upraise a hand to help another:
They deem not, though convulsions wide
May show the earth by danger shaken,
That still of hearts unjust through pride
A dark and true account is taken:
Kingdoms may quake, and thrones may fall,
But God is looking over all.

Oh join not then the strifes of men,
But hourly show, by waxing kinder,
That ye have reached the moment when
Reason no more is growing blinder!
And though ye hope that time should yield
A change for each benighted nation,
Seek not at first so wide a field
To fling the seeds of reformation;
But sow them first in hearts at home,
Then trust in God, and fruit will come.

Annfield Pottery, Glasgow.

WM. LYLE.

LEAP-FROG.

I must relate the circumstances of my first introduction to the learned professor Cramer, since they were truly original. He had a country-house in the suburbs, and when I called to pay my respects, I was told I should find him in his garden. I heard the sound of laughter and merry voices as I approached, and saw an elderly gentleman bent forwards in the middle of a walk, while several boys were playing leap-frog over him; a lady who stood by him said, as soon as she perceived me, 'Cramer, Steffens is there.' 'Well,' he said, without moving, 'leap, then.' I was delighted with the new mode of introduction to a man of science, took my leap clean over him, and then turned round to make my bow and compliments. He was delighted, and as my good leap also won the hearts of the young people, I was at once admitted as an acquaintance in the happy circle. Notwithstanding this quaint reception, Cramer was a man of deep reflection, with all the quiet manner of a true philosopher.—*Steffens' Adventures.*

EFFECT OF SLIGHT DEVIATIONS.

'Tis strange to imagine, says the Earl of Shaftesbury, that war, which of all things appears the most savage, should be the passion of the most heroic spirits. By a small misguidance of the affections, a lover of mankind becomes a ravager, a hero and deliverer becomes an oppressor and destroyer. This is the vice, and this is the misguidance, which a large proportion of the writers of every civilised country are continually occasioning and promoting; and thus, without perhaps any purpose of mischief, they contribute more to the destruction of mankind than rapine or ambition. A writer thinks, perhaps, that it is not much harm to applaud bravery. The divergency from virtue may indeed be small in its beginning, but the effect of his applause proceeds in the line of obliquity, until it conducts at last to every excess of outrage, to every variety of crime, to every mode of human destruction.

OBLIGATION TO BRUTES.

Brutes are sensitive beings, capable of, probably, as great degrees of physical pleasure and pain as ourselves. They are endowed with instinct, which is probably a form of intellect inferior to our own, but which, being generically unlike to ours, we are unable to understand. They differ from us chiefly in being destitute of any moral faculty. We do not stand to them in the relation of equality. Our right is paramount, and must extinguish theirs. We have therefore a right to use them, to promote our comfort, and may innocently take their life, if our necessities demand it. This right over them is given to us by the revealed will of God. But inasmuch as they, like ourselves, are the creatures of God, we have no right to use them in any other manner than that which God has permitted. They, as much as ourselves, are under His protection. We may therefore use them, 1st, for our necessities. We are designed to subsist partly upon animal food; and we may innocently slay them for this purpose. 2d, We may use them for labour, or for innocent physical recreation, as when we employ the horse for draught or for the saddle. 3d, But while we so use them, we are bound to treat them kindly, to furnish them with sufficient food and with convenient shelter. He who cannot feed a brute well, ought not to own one. And when we put them to death, it should be with the least possible pain. 4th, We are forbidden to treat them unkindly on any pretence, or for any reason. There can be no clearer indication of a degraded and ferocious temper than cruelty to animals. Hunting, in many cases, and horse-racing, seem to me liable to censure in this respect. Why should a man, for the sake of showing his skill as a marksman, shoot down a poor animal, which he does not need for food? Why should not the brute, that is harming no living thing, be permitted to enjoy the happiness of its physical nature unmolested? 'There they are privileged; and he who hurts or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong.' 5th, Hence all amusements which consist in inflicting pain upon animals, such as bull-baiting, cock-fighting, &c. are purely wicked. God never gave us power over animals for such purposes. I can scarcely conceive of a more revolting exhibition of human nature than that which is seen when men assemble to witness the misery which brutes inflict upon each other. Surely nothing can tend more directly to harden men in worse than brutal ferocity?—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

STEAM CRADLE.

An ingenious mechanic, in one of the southern cities, say the American papers, has made a small engine to rock his child's cradle. The length of the engine and boiler is 18½ inches. It is about two woman power, and is a great curiosity.

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ENEMIES.

Men are continually heard talking of their enemies. It seems to be universally understood that everybody has enemies. We hear of such and such a person being ill-spoken of; but then he has many enemies. We hear of some one having been extremely unfortunate—he had made himself many enemies. I believe there is a great fallacy in all this, and that scarcely any one has enemies worthy of the name, much less that any one is ever seriously injured by them. People are in general too much engrossed, each by his own affairs, to make any very active war against each other. Jealous, envious, rancorous they often are, but to wage positive hostilities, they are for the most part too indifferent. Though it were otherwise, society is not now constituted in such a way as to admit of one man being to any serious extent hurtful to another. When I hear, therefore, of any man attributing his non-success in business, the invariably severe treatment of his books in the reviews, or the rejection of his pictures at the exhibition, to enemies, I feel that a cause inadequate to the effect has been cited, and, while listening politely, do not believe, though I daresay *he* does.

The fact is, this proneness to attribute our mischances to enemies is merely one of the refuges of our self-love. Admitting possible exceptions, it may be said emphatically that we are none of us anybody's enemy but our own. We are all, however, our own enemies. The same is true of corporations and institutions. Hence it is the merchant who effects his own ruin; it is the author who writes himself down. Dynasties, ministries, parties, die not but by suicide. And it is the friends of great causes and venerable systems who are most apt to be the obstructors of the one and the destroyers of the other.

We see this principle hold good in a signal manner in the proceedings of party politicians. The French proclaim a republic. Before it has had a three months' trial, behold a sort of military dictator presiding over it. Whose blame is this? None but that of the men who were most republican. For anything that appears, the moderate people would have sat quiet under the purely democratic rule of the National Assembly, and the very appearance of a soldier might have been dispensed with. But the ardent lovers of democracy contrive to frighten the mass of the community, who consequently are fain to abandon liberty for the sake of personal safety. In the same manner, in England, let a town muster a few hundred people desirous of state reforms, their sentiments and voice are made of no avail, because of there chancing to be perhaps four or five people in the same place who are so much more zealous in the cause, that they would not scruple to use violence in advancing it. It almost would appear to be the final cause of an

extrême gauche, to raise a salutary terror, and by that means prevent changes being made with inconvenient rapidity. On the other hand, is any institution challenged as no longer consonant with the opinions or favourable to the interest of mankind, we always see that the attacks of those who long for its reformation or removal do it little harm, in comparison with the conduct of its own most zealous supporters. Often we see these act with a folly that makes us say, that if the enemy had their choice of means for ruining the institution, they could select none so likely to be effectual. It seems to be sufficient to summon the fortress, and the garrison immediately act so desperately ill amongst themselves, as almost to insure a speedy surrender, without stroke of sword.

Thirty years ago, a captive prince of singular fortune lived on the island of St Helena, in the Atlantic Ocean. He had risen to the summit of human greatness, and to all appearance had founded a new dynasty more illustrious than that of Charlemagne. He had enemies external to himself, but their petty efforts against him only served to increase his greatness. Napoleon, however, had one enemy truly formidable—he had himself. Through the machinations of this deadly foe was accomplished a ruin which all Europe had vainly conspired to bring about.

The labouring people of this country have a notion that the rest of the community are their enemies. Any one who mingles with the rest of the community must see that these are full of good-feeling towards the labourers, are constantly speculating about the means of benefiting them, and in reality spend largely in their behalf. *They* are not the enemies of the working-classes; but it is not difficult to see who are. It is the working-classes themselves, who, arrogating the privilege of dispensing with forethought and self-denial, and throwing on others the blame of all mischances, subject themselves to such bitter woe in consequence, that if one-tenth of it were really visited on any one set of people by another, the world would ring with it for ever. What should we think, for instance, of a government which should force its industrious millions to spend each a large portion of his gains on indulgences alike injurious to health and morals? Yet this, we know, is done by the working-classes themselves. What should we think of a master who permitted no new entrant into his work without a sum of money being paid to make a feast with, however difficult it might be to raise such a sum? Yet exclusions of this kind are common among the men themselves. A few years ago, in a work in the west of Scotland, each new apprentice paid his fellows about seven pounds for 'leave to toil!' and when six or seven such sums had been amassed, there was a debauch which lasted a fortnight, involving the whole district in vice and wretchedness. There is a

story of a master sailcloth-maker recommending a widow's son into his own work, with an intreaty that the boy might be spared the usual payment. He thought he had been successful; but the youth was from the first subjected to so much persecution, that, being wholly unable to raise the money by any common means, he found it necessary to go to a distance each evening in disguise, and there stand for an hour or two begging from the passers-by. In this strange way he at length obtained the means of purchasing a license to live by his industry.* The whole system of *finés* for the admission of new hands into trades presents a striking view of a class acting as its own enemy.

Some men are said to have a turn for making enemies, while to others is awarded the praise of having none. But though there is such a thing as enemy-making, it amounts to little, such enemies being seldom able to do any harm. The more narrowly we examine our position, and the things which affect us in the world, the more we shall be convinced that our only formidable enemies are ourselves. The tongue that truly detracts from our credit and glory is our own tongue: the hand that most mercilessly despoils us of our property is our own hand. All the real murders in this world—that is, apart from the mere commonplace killings of men and women—are self-murders. Conceit tells us a different tale, and we are too ready to lay on the flattering unction. But all great successes, all the grander triumphs, will be in proportion to our seeing the truth as it really stands; namely, that the hardest obstacles, the most real dangers, lie in the perverse impulses of our own nature.

THE BUFFALO-HUNTERS.

AFTER wandering for several months in the deserts of Sonora, I felt reluctant to return to the restraints of city life without first visiting the Presidio of Tubac. While preparing for this journey, with its perils and fatigues, I felt a sort of regret that my frequent peregrinations had destroyed all the charm of novelty in travelling in this region; there was nothing new to be learned. But I was mistaken: there were certain phases of border life, of the struggle between civilisation and barbarism, with which I was yet to become acquainted.

I journeyed to the Presidio in company with two hunters, who were going on an expedition into the prairies: we were two days on the road, and I afterwards attended them to the San-Pedro, a river a short distance from Tubac, forming the boundary of the vast plains which stretched away on the other side, in endless undulations, to the remotest horizon, only limited by the far-distant Missouri. When the hunters disappeared from my view in the tall grass, I stood for a time gazing on the landscape. A small lake lay just in front, swarming with slimy and hideous reptiles, the sight of which attracted numbers of cranes, that flew from side to side over the muddy waters: long trains and groups of buffaloes were crossing the silent prairie beyond; others, lying down on the slopes, seemed to be overlooking their boundless territories. As if the scene could not be complete without the presence of man, a party of Indian hunters were at the moment descending the San-Pedro on rafts made of bundles of reeds supported by empty calabashes, while in the distance a long line of mules, laden with silver ingots, was seen slowly advancing under the conduct of their guides. The sight of this *conducta*, with only a sufficient number of men to load and unload

the animals, was a proof of our being in a primitive district: in the other provinces, a regiment of soldiers would have been required to protect the precious burden; and I turned to retrace my steps, thinking over the changes to take place in this part of the country, becoming as it is the refuge of criminals from the pursuit of the law.

After riding a few hours, I perceived that the sun was near its setting, and felt surprised at not having reached the Presidio. In a short time, however, the terrible fact could no longer be doubted: deceived by the interminable succession and sameness of green slopes, I had completely wandered from the right path. I mounted the highest eminence near me, but as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but immense savannas without tree, house, or shelter; the river, which would have served me as a guide, was hidden by the undulating ground; and two shots which I fired produced neither echo nor reply. I was thus condemned to pass the night in these plains, over which, during the darkness, roamed objects that might well inspire terror. The anticipation was anything but cheering: all at once, however, I caught sight of a little gray cloud depicted on the fading purple of the horizon. It seemed to touch the earth, and expand as it rose: it was surely the smoke from a fire on the prairie. I rode hastily towards it, deliberating as to what would be the result. Was it an encampment of hunters, Indian braves, or muleteers? As the day fell, the cloud disappeared; but after a few minutes of painful uncertainty, the glare of the fire became visible through the increasing darkness, and enabled me to continue my route.

The circle of light widened as I advanced, and at last I descried the dark outline of two men seated near a wood-fire. Two enormous dogs, that rushed towards me with furious bayings, prevented my making a longer examination. Fortunately they were called off by a rude voice; yet notwithstanding this pacific demonstration, the aspect of my future entertainers was far from encouraging. The most agreeable physiognomy derives a certain air of menace from the reflection of a wood-fire, and the savage countenances of the two strangers were by no means softened by the sinister light. Their white canvas garments were literally stiffened by a thick crust of blood: however, as I approached the light, one of them bade me welcome, requesting me at the same time to dismount, as the dogs had been trained to regard us enemies only those on horseback.

I apologised for my intrusion, and inquired my way to the Presidio, which could not be far off, and to my astonishment heard that it was at least six leagues distant. Noticing my surprise, the speaker guessed that I had lost my way, and invited me to pass the night near the fire, promising me a slice of broiled buffalo for supper.

This last offer decided me, for I had fasted since the morning, and I gladly accepted the modest hospitality, whose value was increased by the time and circumstances. After satisfying my most pressing wants, I had leisure to look about me, and became aware of the presence of a third individual, apparently asleep, on the grass where the light of the fire did not reach him; his horse, attached by a thong to a post, was grazing at his side. He, however, obeyed the summons to supper with alacrity; and as we fell into conversation, it came out that he was a fugitive from justice, charged with an assassination of which he was innocent, and converted, by the relentless pursuit of the law, from a peaceful citizen into a *salleador* or highwayman. When I spoke of the conducta that had passed in the morning he became doubly attentive, and remarked that his name would one day be known from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and then it would be the law's turn to tremble. While we were speaking, the sudden barking of the dogs interrupted our discourse; the furious animals rushed across the prairie, and in a few minutes we heard exclamations of distress.

'Holy Mary!' said the voice; 'am I to be devoured by dogs, and but just escaped from the claws of a bear?'

* See Dunlop's *Drinking Usages*, pp. 16, 197, 198.

'Dismount! dismount! or you are a dead man!' cried one of the hunters, at the same time calling in vain to the dogs, which, without paying attention to the newcomer, leaped farther into the darkness. During this time the stranger came up, pale and trembling, and murmuring paternosters: the horse seemed even more terrified than his rider. Concluding some danger to be imminent, we all rose, and seized our arms: this seemed to reanimate the last comer, for, pointing with one hand, he stammered out in a choked voice, 'Look yonder! good saints, deliver us!'

One glance in the direction indicated sufficed to explain the cause of alarm: a little beyond the circle of light a fearful form was swaying itself from left to right with a low growl, aggravated by a formidable grating of teeth. Kept at bay in the obscurity by the dogs, its dimensions appeared colossal. It was a grisly bear, the terror of the prairies.

'On horseback, every one!' said one of the hunters in a low tone. We were not long in obeying. The gigantic quadruped, intimidated by the light of the fire and our numbers, remained stationary; and while we stood undecided whether to attack or retreat, the stranger informed us that, being obliged to overtake a conducta halting for the night at a league beyond Tubac, he had persevered in spite of the darkness, and had been savagely pursued by the bear for the last two hours; and that his horse, owing to the weight of a bag of gold attached to the saddle, was nearly exhausted, when fortunately he reached our bivouac. Meantime the animal was becoming furious, and vented his impatience by tearing out large strips of turf. After a short debate, it was agreed that five men ought not to stand motionless before a beast, however fierce he might be; and we were preparing to fire, when one of the hunters proposed that as the carcass of the buffalo from which our supper had been cut had attracted the bear, it should be dragged away, and by this means rid us of the unwelcome intruder. The expedient was adopted, a lasso was passed round the dead animal, which soon disappeared in the tall grass. When the hunters rejoined us, the stranger whom I have first described, seizing a lighted brand, charged full tilt upon the bear, which, after a show of resistance, took to flight, first making the tour of our camp. We remained silent a few minutes, listening to the crushing of the grass, and heard a growl of satisfaction, followed by the noise of a heavy body dragged slowly away. The bear had found the carcass, and carried it off to his retreat to devour it at his ease. To our great contentment all danger was past.

The two strangers made preparations to depart: the one who had arrived last insisted so strongly on accompanying the other, that at last, but with evident reluctance, and a singular expression of pity in his look, he consented. As they rode off into the dark and silent prairie, after bidding us farewell, one of the hunters remarked in a solemn and mysterious tone, 'The tiger and the lamb, not for long do they travel together!'

After this all was quiet, and we passed the remainder of the night sleeping with our feet towards the fire. Scarcely had the dawn appeared, and our morning meal terminated, than the hunters proceeded to observe the disposition of the herds of buffalo grazing on the plains. As if conscious that their safety lay in keeping together, not a straggler was to be seen out of the ranks, greatly to the vexation of my companions, whose only chance of a capture was in separating one or two from the main body. After watching for some time, in hopes of a favourable change, one of the hunters, after a knowing inspection of my horse, exclaimed, 'Caramba! that broad breast, slender legs, open nostrils, and long flanks, bespeak a runner above the common.'

'My horse,' I replied with the pride of an owner, 'will defy the deer for agility, the mule for fatigue'—

'And the bison for speed,' interrupted the hunter. Well, senior, to come to the proof: you can render me a signal service!'

'Speak.'

'You see that troop of *cibolos* (buffaloes) yonder, which

seems to avoid us! Since you have such a fast horse, gallop boldly down to the timid fellows, and fire a shot or two at them, point-blank, if possible: you will wound one at least, and the whole herd will set off after you: but you will easily keep a-head of them; the most active only will continue to follow you, and with them it will be our turn.'

'Are you speaking seriously?' I asked. The hunter looked at me with astonishment. 'And if my horse were to fall!'

'But he won't.'

'But after all, if he did!'

'Then it is certain that you would have but little chance of escape. However, if you fall so gloriously, I promise to slaughter a host of *cibolos* in your honour.'

I thanked the hunter for his intended favour, but declined, on the ground of having seen enough of adventures, and offered to lend him my horse.

This, it appeared, was all he wanted. He immediately commenced operations by unsaddling the animal; and folding his blanket cloak in four, attached it to the back of the horse by a long Chinese scarf. He then took off his *calzoneras* (loose trousers) and deer-skin boots, and with naked feet, and in his shirt-sleeves, was equipped for the course.

After suspending a sort of rapier, keen and pointed, to the blanket, the hunter leaped into his seat, and tested the strength of the scarf which was to serve at need as stirrups, and bear the whole weight of his body; then, with the lasso in his left hand, he went through a short run on the plain with the speed of an arrow. It must be confessed that in the hands of so able a rider my horse appeared altogether a different animal: I begged him, however, to be careful of the bison's horns.

He then set off at the top of his speed for the distant herd, whose bellows were brought down to us by the wind. He made a long circuit, the horse seeming to fly rather than to run, and neighing joyously, and disappeared behind a distant hill. Meantime his companion had attached a red handkerchief to the top of a willow stick, which he planted upright in the ground, on the slope where we had taken up our position. I inquired if it was a signal for his comrade.

'No,' he replied: 'buffaloes are like bulls—red irritates them. If Joaquin diverts one or two, the handkerchief will certainly draw them hither, and we shall kill them close home: you must be careful to aim at their muzzle just as they are going to spring upon us!'

I did not feel altogether at my ease with this information; but as the hunter ceased to speak, we remarked a sudden movement in the herd grazing on the lower slopes of the hill behind which Joaquin had disappeared. The adventurous rider had just surmounted the height on the opposite side, when, with loud cries, he rushed down from the summit with the impetuosity of a falling rock, and disappeared in the midst of the dense forest of horns and shaggy black manes. The troop felt the shock, and broke up into groups, running in all directions. We then saw Joaquin again galloping safe and sound through the openings which he had made. Two buffaloes of enormous size appeared to be leaders of one of the detached columns, and it was towards these that he directed his attack. Hovering on the flanks of the column, he came and went, flew hither and thither, with wonderful audacity: the two leaders, however, could not be separated from their companions. At last there was a little opening, and, rapid as lightning, Joaquin rushed at it; but whether he had presumed too much upon the agility of the horse, or whether it was a ruse on the part of his fierce antagonists, I saw with inexpressible anguish that the living wave, an instant disjoined, came together again, and the unhappy hunter was caught as in a closing chasm. I forgot the horse, to think of the man, and exchanged a look with my companion. His swarthy cheeks were pale as death, and with carbine in hand, he was rushing to the rescue of his comrade, when he checked himself with a cry of joy. Rudely squeezed between the horns of the two buffaloes which had at last advanced beyond the column in their rear, Joaquin was standing

upon his horse, whose sides were protected by the woollen covering passed round its body. While the compressed group thus advanced in our direction, the hunter drew his rapier, and placing one foot upon the woolly shoulders of the bison, plunged the murderous point in at a joint of the neck, and at the instant that the animal made a last effort not to die unavenged, leapt hurriedly to the ground. It was time, for at the same moment my poor horse was lifted on the bull's head and tumbled over. This, however, saved him, as it released him from both his enemies: he rose immediately and galloped off, followed by the two buffaloes. As for Joaquin, he ran parallel with the horse, still retaining his hold of the leathern thong; and gradually approaching nearer and nearer, caught hold of the mane, and sprang from the ground into his seat with a hurra of triumph.

'Our turn now!' said the hunter with whom I had remained, taking his post in sight of the two bison, which, raging in pursuit of the horse and his rider, advanced towards us with unequal steps, while the troop, deprived of their leaders, fled to the hills. We lay flat down on the inner slope, and waited for the animals, which, somewhat disconcerted, paused for an instant, tearing up the ground with their horns. The hunter agitated the red flag, when, with ferocious joy, they again rushed forwards. Joaquin had retired to one side: his part was played. It would be difficult to form an idea of the terrific aspect of the furious and wounded bison: at every movement streams of blood flowed right and left, dyeing red the black tangle of his mane; a scarlet foam covered his nostrils, whose formidable snort came every moment nearer. The other buffalo preceded him, glaring with his fierce and heavy eyes on the handkerchief, now shaken alone by the wind; for the hunter and myself waited with carbine in hand. A minute more, and we should have had to defend ourselves against two infuriated beasts; but happily the wounded bison fell heavily, and expired. 'Fire!' cried the hunter. With three balls in his head, the other buffalo stood still, and falling over, struck the ground close to the top of the slope which protected us. Joaquin came up at a short trot, fresh and smiling as a cavalier who has just been exhibiting the qualities of his horse in a riding-school. He stopped to examine the bison last fallen.

'Well,' he said, 'you have lodged two balls in his head, and that is pretty well for a beginner. As for me, in future I will hunt buffaloes only on horseback.'

'Not with mine, I hope,' I replied quickly; 'for it is a miracle that the poor animal has escaped from the horns of the others.'

The hunter was saying something in answer, when all at once he exclaimed, 'My wishes are granted: here is a horse coming for me already saddled and bridled!'

We saw, in fact, a horse thus equipped galloping towards the river, as though he was pursued by a troop of bison, and urged to greater speed by the large wooden stirrups beating against his flanks. Judging from the sweat and foam in which he was bathed, his flight had continued some time. We recognised it as the animal belonging to the stranger who had announced the bear's visit to us the previous evening; and Joaquin, with my permission, galloping off, soon secured the fugitive with his lasso. An ugly scratch down the poor animal's side, as though made by the rider's spur in falling, and the fact that the leathern thongs which held the bag of gold to the saddle were cut, were suspicious indications as to the fate of the owner.

The two hunters shook their heads; and after conversing for a short time, Joaquin, who wished to examine a little into the mystery, offered to ride with me to Tubac. I willingly closed with the proposal; and after washing the stains from my horse's sides, we set off, accompanied by the two dogs. We had ridden for about an hour, when the two animals began to bark, and hurried to the bottom of the little valley which we were then crossing. A sad spectacle met our eyes: in the middle of a pool of blood, his face to the earth, lay the poor traveller whom we had seen depart the previous night in company with the saltador.

On investigation, however, Joaquin acquitted the latter of the murder. From the marks about the place, it was apparent that several persons had been engaged in the assault, and that the saltador had exerted himself to defend his companion. Doubtless the unfortunate traveller had fallen a victim to the rapacity of the same gang which, as I heard an hour later on entering Tubac, had attacked and plundered the conducta.

CHEVALIER ON THE PLANS OF LOUIS BLANC.

SOME weeks ago we presented a familiar exposition of the great scheme of social regeneration as proposed by Louis Blanc in his work, 'The Organisation of Labour'; and now proceed to notice the arguments of his able antagonist, M. Michel Chevalier, an author of repute, and, until recent events, professor of political economy.

M. Chevalier fearlessly denounces the views of Louis Blanc as radically fallacious, although captivating to the imagination. In his tract, the 'Question des Travailleurs'—(the 'Working-Men's Question')—first published in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' he begins by declaring his attachment to the Republic as an unavoidable necessity, but states his conviction that many of the measures of the revolutionary chiefs, while apparently originating in the best intentions, have been absurd, dangerous, and suicidal. 'On the part,' he says, 'of the Parisian workmen, the organisation of labour was demanded, with this commentary attached, that immediately wages ought to be raised, and the time of labour shortened; also that *marchandage* should be abolished—that is to say, that the employment of sub-contractors or middle-men should be interdicted. They demanded likewise the abolition of piecework, and lastly, the expulsion of all English workmen. At this moment an organisation of labour was in progress, under the care of a committee presided over by one of the members of the Provisional Government, author of a *brochure* that has excited much attention, under this very title of "Organisation of Labour." As regards *marchandage*, a decree of the Provisional Government has now interdicted it as being a system of destruction for the labourer. The duration of labour was the object of a special decree, which fixed it at ten hours a-day for Paris, and eleven for the departments. Yet in Paris, in some large establishments, the time is, in practice, only nine hours; and in many of these same establishments piecework is prohibited, although the decree of the Provisional Government permitted it. As regards the increase of wages, many masters have complied with the demand.'

'Let us inquire,' says M. Chevalier, 'what an impartial observer, placed out of the vortex, would reasonably think of this movement, and let us speak it with sincerity. In order to appreciate the means by which popular progress can go on, it is useful to throw a glance backward, and to consider how the workmen of our towns and in our fields have arrived at their present condition; which, if it leaves infinitely much to be desired still, is yet at least a hundred times preferable to that in which the same classes were in ancient times. At the outset of civilisation, among most peoples, the man by whom the father of a family is assisted in his labour is a slave, who possesses nothing of his own, not even his own person, and who lives in a condition of destitution of which the poor themselves have in these days no idea. The immense majority of men are in this state of things, crushed down by labour, and are allowed no enjoyment. Labour is disagreeable, because man has not yet at his service the inventions which make modern industry so effective—tools, machines, roads, &c. Labour produces infinitely little for the slave, because it produces little for the master. The slave lives consequently in a state of abject misery—a thing as regards his body; a brute as regards his mind. How is this? Is it that, in antiquity, masters were tyrants, who, for pleasure, and through selfishness, trampled on all the rights of humanity? Possible; though this was

only true of some. That, however, which is true on the other hand, is this—that *society then wanted capital*. This was the real cause of the evil.

'Tools,' continues M. Chevalier, 'machines, apparatus of any kind that assists labour, are capital: the forces of nature, once appropriated, caught in engines, and subjected to the will of man—the wind on the sails of a mill, the fall of water on a hydraulic wheel, the steam in the cylinder of a fire-engine, are capital: the large resources for fabrication on the large scale are capital: the skill of the workman himself, the result of preceding instruction, or of apprenticeship, or of great acquired experience, and which multiplies production, is in like manner capital. Thus the formation and increase of capital constitute the first condition of popular progress. When capital hardly exists, the most numerous class is in a state of abject distress. Without capital, all that men can produce by labour is a coarse subsistence for themselves. If luxury exists, and even in ancient societies it did in a striking degree, it is an exception in behalf of a minority so small, that if the substance of their feasts and pageants were distributed among the entire multitude, the condition of the latter could not thereby be visibly altered. It is only when capital has increased that human labour produces enough to render the life of a large number happy.'

'This fundamental notion, that it is in consequence of the creation of capital that the masses are elevated from the condition of slavery, was anticipated by the great philosopher of antiquity, Aristotle, who expressed it in an original form. "If the shuttle and the chisel," said he, "could go alone, slavery would no longer be necessary." Well, since the human species have had capital, the shuttle and the chisel have gone alone. A great progress has begun, and it has been possible for slavery to disappear. According as human societies possess, in proportion to the population, a large mass of capital, the material, intellectual, and moral privations of the minority of men may be diminished, or rather will infallibly become diminished; for the force which pushes forward the majority, and which tends to make them profit by all discoveries, is invincible. For popular progress, therefore, the accumulation of capital is an absolute condition; not the only condition, certainly, but one of the conditions. And thus fall, as castles of cards, all the systems that are founded on a pretended hostility between the interests of labour and those of capital. That there have been, and are, greedy capitalists, that rich men have profited by opportunities for oppressing the poor, I do not deny; but it will not be denied, on the other hand, that the poor have more than once taken their revenge. The fact in question does not invalidate the conclusion at which we have arrived—that capital is the auxiliary of labour; that it is by the preservation and accumulation of capital that hunger and rags disappear from our cities. The amelioration of the condition of society translates itself, in the eyes of him who analyses the facts, into this simple formula—to increase capital, to develop all kinds of capital; comprising, be it observed, those which consist in the skill of men, their activity, and their taste for work; so to arrange, in short, that relatively to the number of the population, capital of all kinds may be as great as possible.' This formula, M. Chevalier says, it is essential that every one should carry in his head, never at any moment forgetting it.

Proceeding now to the application to present contingencies of the general theorem that he has been laying down, M. Chevalier examines first the plan, so popular among the revolutionists, of forcibly ameliorating the condition of the labouring-classes by shortening the hours of work, and raising the standard of wages. On this point his deliverance is distinct and unhesitating. 'Every increase of wages,' he says, 'not accompanied by an increase of capital proportional to the population, will be ephemeral. All laws for regulating wages and making them constant are absurd. If they operate for a while, it will be by the effect of terror; but con-

formity will soon cease. Fraud is the answer given by the governed to those orders of their governors that decree the impossible. It is as impracticable to fix, by the decree of authority, the price of labour, as it is to fix that of bread, or meat, or iron.' The proposition in political economy on which M. Chevalier founds these assertions is that which assigns the law according to which wages rise or fall. 'What,' he asks, 'is the law according to which wages are regulated in every country where labour is free? It is by the abundance of capital, as compared with the number of labourers requiring employment. A manufacturer has only capital enough to employ a hundred workmen, at the rate of four francs a day each. Two hundred workmen present themselves. If he must employ them all, he can give them only two francs a day each: there is no alternative. The more, therefore, population increases relatively to capital, the lower wages will fall.' Seeing this truth so clearly, and seeing at the same time the blindness of his neighbours to it, no wonder that M. Chevalier becomes excited. 'Tribunes, philanthropists, preachers,' he exclaims, 'rack your brains; you will find no other solution than this—frightful misery when there are many labourers and little capital!' It will be said the state will give work to the superfluous hands. 'Very good; but for these workshops capital is required: where do you get it? People don't get it as Pompey was to get his soldiers—by stamping on the earth. That the state may have the necessary capital for its workshops, it must take or borrow it from private industry; but then this latter, having less capital, will be obliged to discharge other labourers. While, on the one hand, you put labourers on, on the other you pull an equal number off, who in their turn will come asking for work. Where will you end? It is Ixion's wheel—always turning.' In a similar manner M. Chevalier pursues his investigation through a variety of other considerations, all tending to show the folly of the measures proposed by those who, designating men like M. Chevalier as the disciples of a 'political economy without bowels,' might themselves be designated the dupes of a philanthropy without brains.

After discussing such special measures, M. Chevalier passes to the general subject of the 'organisation of labour,' as schemed by M. Louis Blanc; the essential parts of which, as our readers have been informed in a previous article, were to be—1st, The suppression of the system of competition; 2d, The absolute equality of conditions for all, irrespective of ability or activity; 3d, The abolition of all profit on capital above the legal interest; and 4th, The election of masters and foremen by their inferiors. On these points we cannot follow M. Chevalier, excepting to give a few of his remarks. 'Peoples or individuals,' he says, 'let no one flatter himself with the idea of ever having on this earth a tent laid out for slumber, and haunted by laughing visions. We are here below to struggle, to undergo probation, and progress is the fruit of trials and of struggle. It is necessary not only for the advancement of society, but for its very subsistence, that the social system conform to the fundamental laws of human nature—the system of M. Louis Blanc misconceives it; that it respect equity—his system violates it. Under the régime of liberty and of competition it is the contrary. It remains only to see whether it is not possible to limit the amount of evil with which it is certainly true that in our days liberty and competition are accompanied. And here at last I am on a field where I can expatiate along with the Socialists, and perhaps with M. Louis Blanc himself. I have insisted on the necessity of maintaining competition, even for the sake of the future good of the working-classes themselves; but because a principle is good and excellent, this is no reason for following it indefinitely to its last results, without looking round one. As the principle of political liberty must be wedded to the principle of order, if the results are to be wholesome, so the most notable inconveniences of competition may be remedied by the intelligent application

of a principle justly celebrated with enthusiasm by all schools of Socialists—the principle of association. M. Blanc is right in recommending to workmen, for the enjoyment of the fruits of their labour, the system of life in common; the club-system applied to consumption gives rise to a very remarkable economy, and thus allows an increase of comfort and of pleasure to all singly out of the same quantity of resources. What in isolation would be misery, may, by association, become a passable existence. Association is even possible, too, in production to a certain extent.' Having made these admissions, and having confessed that this principle of association offers a powerful beginning towards the desired organisation of labour, M. Chevalier continues—'I perceive nowhere as yet a plan for the organisation of labour that can be adopted with confidence. We shall not arrive at this discovery otherwise than as Columbus discovered the new world: after long waiting—that is, for the navigator—and after a long and perilous voyage. The task is a hard one, and to accomplish it, will require several successive generations.' Still, on all the experiments and speculations even of his opponents, M. Chevalier looks with hope, as being part of the process by which the task will shape itself towards fulfilment. Meanwhile, it is essential that people should clear up their conception of what is meant by the organisation of labour. 'The organisation of labour,' he says, 'taken in its largest sense, ought to consist in a collection of institutions which should offer to the labourer an efficacious assistance in all the situations through which he must pass, from the moment that he is born, to that in which he takes flight into a better world. It is no longer a mere institution for the single purpose of securing him an equitable remuneration for his labour in the workshop; it includes all that is necessary to protect his infancy, to form his youth, to encourage his riper years, and to shelter his old age. And modern society, which dates from 1789, offers numerous elements for supplying this vast demand. For infancy, we have asylums and schools; for youth, schools and regulations of apprenticeship. Mature age engaged in activity has a great variety of assistance and supports. First of all, let us name with respect the savings' bank. This institution has an admirable effect on morality. From the moment that the workman has made a deposit in the savings' bank he acquires steadiness, he knows what foresight means; the future obtains a real significance in his eyes. Besides the savings' bank, there are also friendly societies. For old age, also, there are similar provisions. And lastly, the revolution of February has brought out into relief the idea of the division of profits among the *employés* of an establishment.' With regard to this last idea for the amelioration of the condition of the labouring-classes, M. Chevalier declares himself favourably. Alluding to M. Leclaire's experiment, and to the fact, that the company of the Orleans Railway had, under the conduct of the director M. F. Bartholomey, carried on their business with great satisfaction for the last few years on the same co-operative principle, he anticipates very happy results from the gradual extension of the principle into various departments of industry. The advantages would be partly pecuniary; but chiefly, he appears to think, moral. 'The plan,' he says, 'would give the labourers a dignity, a love of order, and a regularity they cannot attain otherwise; and unseemly quarrels between masters and men would be avoided.' This, it is unnecessary to add, is very high authority in favour of the idea in question, which, however, can only as yet be considered as in a very speculative state.

Some admirable remarks are appended by M. Chevalier to the body of his pamphlet, under the title of 'Measures Calculated to Accelerate Popular Progress.' These measures, for the sake of clearness, we shall enumerate, and present in the shape of definite propositions, applicable, according to the intention of their author, to France, but applicable also, at least most of them, to our own country. 1st, A revision of the

taxation of France, with a view to the abolition of such taxes as are prejudicial to industry. 'A tax,' he says, 'is an abstraction from the fruits of labour. It is a deduction from what individuals are able to spare; probably from what they do spare, in order to make capital. When a nation pays a milliard of taxes, one may safely affirm that if the treasury had not taken this sum from the pockets of the citizens, seven or eight-tenths of it would have gone to increase the national capital; the remaining two or three-tenths would have gone to satisfy imperative wants, preventing the people from suffering the hunger or cold they have suffered, or would have augmented the sum expended in pleasures. Yet on the other hand, there is a part of the taxes that goes to enlighten the nation, to elevate public sentiment, or even to give to labour the facilities that result from good means of communication. This portion, therefore, of the budget, subtracted from the national capital, returns to it; for instruction, education, means of transport, all are capital. To capital also may be assimilated the portion of the public expenses strictly necessary for the administration of justice, for the intelligent conduct of the political interests of the country, and for the security of dealings and property. But this immense military apparatus with which all governments gird themselves, in order to intimidate each other, or hold their populations in check (and how they succeed we all know), all that goes to form and maintain this is turned aside from the national capital, is lost for the nation. The military budget of states is—three-fourths or five-sixths of it—a sterile expense; a criminal destruction of capital, the material instrument of social progress. It is thus that the governments of Europe have hitherto devoured the substance of nations; so that, after several centuries consecrated to labour with much ardour and considerable intelligence, after eighteen centuries of Christian culture, Europe is still poor. Let us repair as soon as possible the time lost. If, as we will hope, the various powers respond, by pacific testimonies, to the eloquent words which M. de Lamartine has addressed to them, it will be essential, in the name of popular progress, to diminish as much as possible the unproductive expenses of the state, and above all, to reduce greatly the budget of the ministers of war and marine.' 2d, A reform of the administrative system in France. 'Our administrative system,' says M. Chevalier, 'among other defects, has that of being overcrowded with regulations (*règlementaire à l'infini*). With pretensions to liberty, we are the most regulation-ridden, and, by consequence, I do not fear to say it, the least free people in Europe in our enterprises. A compact despotism subsists in France by means of administrative red tape. We must render an account to government of all our projects, demand permission for every individual act we do. Some years ago there was published the series of the formalities necessary to authorise a proprietor to place a boat on the stream that flowed past his estate: no less than forty or fifty despatches are necessary for the purpose—a process that would last as long as the siege of Troy. This monstrous abuse of centralisation and the spirit of regulation causes great public damage.' Accordingly, says M. Chevalier, to diminish it, ought to be one of the aims of all French patriots. He probably means that France would be the better of an infusion of the local or municipal system, and the spirit of individual freedom that characterise England and Germany. Of England, indeed, it may be said that it has too little of that very spirit of centralisation of which France has too much; hence M. Chevalier's remarks on this head scarcely apply to England. 3d, A tariff more conformable to the principles of free trade. 'In the United States,' says M. Chevalier, 'the head of the legislature would let his hand wither ere he would sign a law that would tend, on any pretext, to make bread or meat dear.' He wishes the same were the case in France. 4th, The establishment of schools for instruction in the various professions, and generally an enormous enlargement of the system of national education.

That these or any other useful reforms may have a chance of being carried, it is, above all, necessary, says M. Chevalier, that all classes co-operate cordially. 'Reforms can only be carried in circumstances well-defined. They are like those beautiful crystallisations, in the form of prisms and double pyramids, which can only form themselves when there is calm, and for which the slightest agitation would substitute a heap of powder or a confused mass.' Let there, therefore, be quiet, and with all activity, much patience. Canaan was reached after forty years of wandering in the wilderness. Let the apostles of an instantaneous millennium not be believed; but rather let the words of Franklin be kept in mind, 'If any one tells you that you can grow rich otherwise than by labour and economy, do not listen to him; he is a poisoner.'

THE FOOTPRINTS OF GENIUS.

In the busy haunts of crowded cities it is often refreshing to the mind to withdraw its thoughts from the actual and present, and to recall the memories of those men of genius whose lives have been connected with the particular locality. The hurry of business, and the perpetual flowing of the stream of human life, are there, however, a powerful interruption to such contemplations. In the quietude of rural scenery we trace more uninterruptedly and agreeably the footprints of genius, live again in old memories, and realise and luxuriate in the past. This was strikingly experienced by a little party who, on a calm autumn day last year, set out from the quiet old town of Abingdon for a ramble of a few miles into the adjacent country.

Neither Abingdon nor its neighbourhood boasts any marvellous beauty; indeed the professed connoisseur (not *lover*—that is a different character) of the picturesque would pass the locality altogether as uninteresting. Abingdon is a genuine old town, with many genuine old defects—such as narrow streets ill-drained, and inconvenient houses ill-ventilated. However wise in their generation the monks of the rich abbey that gave its name to the town might have been in selecting for their dwelling a sweeping valley abounding in rich pastures, watered by the silver Thames (really a silver stream here), yet the position was not very good for a town, inasmuch as damp and dirt for many months of every year are the consequence of the low situation, and fever and ague necessarily the frequent result. The country round, though often under water for some weeks of autumn and spring, is, when the weather proves propitious, luxuriant and lovely. No marvels of nature are displayed; but the calm, tranquil, rural beauty of fields, richly fertile, amply compensates for the absence of the wild and wonderful. Certain it is that our rambling party, when looking on those pleasant undulations, covered by fine pastures and graceful clumps of trees in their autumn decoration of the 'kindling, not the fading leaf,' did not complain of the absence of lofty hills and gorgeous forests. They adopted the sound practical philosophy of placing its full value on the scene around them.

A gentle eminence, a little more than three miles from Abingdon, ushered the party into a straggling and most secluded village. Many of the houses looked nearly coeval with the ancient church, whose gray massive turret rose in the midst like the hoary head of a venerable patriarch surrounded by his kindred.

'This is Cumnor,' said an old gentleman, the leader of our party.

'Cumnor!' exclaimed the delighted voices of the younger folks.

Then came thoughts of Sir Walter Scott, and of those personages who were cold rigid forms in the statue gallery of history, until, touched by the Promethean

fire of his genius, they started into vitality, and became living men and women connected with our intellect and sympathies for ever.

'This, then, is Cumnor! the place once belonging to the Abbey of Abingdon, given at the Reformation to the Dudley family, and the ill-fated residence of poor Amy Robsart. At all events, if we cannot trace the remains of any of the characters Sir Walter Scott introduced into his beautiful novel of *Kenilworth*, yet we can plainly discern the footprints of his genius here.'

'Yes,' said our aged friend with kindling enthusiasm; 'look! there swings the sign of Giles Gosling's hostel, where the story opens.'

And sure enough there was the rude portraiture of the Bear and Ragged Staff—the cognisance of the Dudleys—on the signboard before us. Much to the advantage of the village inn must it have been that the great master of fiction should so accurately have attended to local details. Many a party of Oxford students and others have startled the solitudes of Cumnor with their visits since genius stamped its mark there. Leaving our conveyance at the ancient hostel, we explored all that remained of the dismal dwelling of Cumnor Place. Every vestige of the house is gone, and the mere outlines of the grounds adjoining the church are all that remain to satisfy the curiosity of the visitor. The church was our next object of attention. Some fears were entertained that we must depart without entering it, as the clerk or sexton could not be found. But after lingering for a while in the churchyard, looking at some fine old trees, whose branches might perchance have cast their shade over the head of the lovely lady, the unloved neglected wife, who had really dwelt and mysteriously died in their neighbourhood,* we entered the ancient village sanctuary. A single aisle and chancel comprise its extent. The object of peculiar interest to visitors is a tomb within the altar rails at the side of the communion table, with the name of Anthony Foster inscribed thereon. We approached the spot with something of mingled surprise and loathing; but imagination received a wholesome check when brought into communion with the actual. Effigies of Anthony Foster, his wife, and three children, are in good preservation on the tomb. By the inscription, we learned that Anthony Foster was the younger son of a noble family, and that he married the daughter of Reginald Williams, whose tomb was pointed out on the pavement of the altar. There is no circumstance whatever to show that he was the wretch which the novelist makes him.

It is possible that the feelings of our party may not be shared by others; for with all our veneration for Scott, the sentiment of dissatisfaction was spontaneous and general after visiting this tomb. We seemed at once agreed that Sir Walter had exceeded the license, and outstepped the prerogative, of fiction, in attaching such a character as he has done to the name of the individual whose monument was before us. Every fact seemed distinctly to contrast with the fiction, except the fact of name. 'Tony Fire-the-fagot,' who is represented as having applied the torch to the pyre that consumed Latimer and Ridley; 'Tony,' the father of one sweet daughter, who disclaimed his nature; 'Tony the hypocrite and murderer; 'Tony dying by the fearful judgment of Heaven—all combined, form one of the most powerful and painful portraits of unredeemed villainy which the genius of Scott has depicted. Here, in this Christian sanctuary, was a man of apparently fair fame, a husband and father of a

* In Mr Craik's new work, '*Romance of the Peerage*,' there are five letters referring to the sudden death of Lady Leicester by a fall down stairs. T. Blount, the distant kinsman and retainer of Lord Leicester, went to Cumnor to superintend the funeral, &c.; and in the letters of the noble lord, though there is much perplexity and annoyance expressed, together with manifest dread of public rumour and opinion, yet there is not one word indicating pity for the fate, or affection for the person, of the unfortunate lady.

family, held up for ever to execration as a monster of iniquity! To exaggerate the good qualities of departed historical characters may mislead, though it cannot greatly injure; but if we connect such ideas as those called up by 'Tony Foster's name with an actual tomb, in order to give an appearance of local exactness and accuracy of detail, it is surely an outrage upon the dead from which the conscientious mind must recoil.

We left the tomb and church of Cumnor, saying, 'Certainly the monumental brass that has so well preserved Anthony Foster's name has been, by its durability, an injurious memento. Had his name been carved on humble freestone, it would have wasted away from men's eyes as his life did from their memories, and no mighty seer had then dragged his name from obscurity to stamp it with indelible infamy.'

The name of Lambourne is familiar in Cumnor now; a representative of that appellation being still alive, to attest Scott's attention to local distinctness.

The day was yet young when our party had made their survey of Cumnor, and it was agreed to prolong the ramble a few miles in search of another locality where we might trace the footprints of genius. So, accordingly, entering our old-fashioned spacious conveyance, and giving a parting glance at the Bear and Ragged Staff, we resumed our ride along well-kept roads, shaded by overarching trees, and flanked by verdant meadows, through which we could trace the winding of the Isis, until we came to Bablock Hythe Ferry. As we approached this spot, it was pleasant to see from the distance the old flat-bottomed ferry-boat conveying three cows across the river. The clearness of the deep, though narrow stream, its serpentine course, the pastures of brightest green stretching away on both sides, the willows on the banks bending in the gentle breeze, and at every rustling of their foliage, showing the silver tint of the under-side of their pensile leaf, and here and there a majestic weeping-willow dipping its pendent branches in the stream—all these, with the pearly gray of the calm autumn sky, the gliding motion of the boat, and the tranquil gaze of the patient animals comprising its freight, presented a combination of quiet rural beauty worthy of the pencil of a Cuypp or Paul Potter. By the time the boat had unloaded its cargo and returned, it was our turn to cross, which we did without alighting from our vehicle. The horse was accustomed to the ferry-boat, and so remained perfectly still after entering; our passage being enlivened by one of the party relating a piece of romantic village gossip in reference to this same ferry. The story chronicled by the few residents of Bablock Hythe runs thus:—A certain maiden, who bore the unromantic name of Rudge, used to row the ferry-boat; her charms were noted by the quick eyes of the Oxford students, yet the maiden, heedless of their praises and temptations, kept to her lowly occupation, till a certain nobleman, fascinated by her loveliness, and honouring the integrity which bespoke a pure and noble mind, paid honest court to her, bestowed fitting instruction on her, and made her his wife. How the water-flower flourished when transplanted to so different a scene, the village historian could not tell! But though the younger members of our party were delighted to have such a romance connected with the spot, the elders shook their heads gravely, and doubted whether the poor girl had really 'bettered her condition' when her boat was exchanged for a mansion, and her homely maiden name for a title.

We had scarcely finished smiling and sighing, as our several fancies led, over this village episode of the fair maid of the ferry, when we drew up at the door of an old-fashioned, spacious-looking farm-house, with a lofty but strange building adjoining it. To our inquiry what that ancient building was, with its thick high walls and conical wooden roof, our venerable conductor answered: 'Oh, this is Stanton Harcourt, the remains of a fine old seat of the Earls of Harcourt; and that is the fine old kitchen, as great a curiosity in its way as

any in the kingdom.' The hospitable farmer who now resides on the premises permitted us with frank good-nature to view the place; and with him we entered the spacious kitchen, and speedily realised the idea of the old baronial times, and the vast housekeeping inseparable from the then mode of providing for the wants of a numerous establishment. The lofty square walls supported an octagon roof of solid woodwork. The kitchen had been built long before chimneys were used, as the blackened rafters far above sufficiently attested. The smoke, however, could not have been so great a nuisance as might at first be supposed. An opening entirely round the basement of the roof permitted it free egress whichever way the wind blew. Vast ovens, and drying room over, for salted provisions, occupied one side of the kitchen, while opposite, there was a mighty copper, still used for brewing, and a fireplace ten feet wide, with a solid buttress of brickwork at the side, to protect the turnspit from being roasted himself while superintending the cookery. A shallow pit in the centre was pointed out as the place over which a gridiron six feet by four was placed, for the purpose of grilling a whole sheep, divided down the back, and laid open on its bars; while in every direction on the walls and roof a multitude of hooks, enough to have supplied a whole market, were placed, as evidences of the good store once hanging in this old baronial kitchen. The total alteration in modes of living came forcibly upon our minds when noting this relic of the household arrangements of former times. However extensive may be the good cheer in a nobleman's kitchen in modern days, it will bear no comparison with the rude abundance of the past. When towns were few, and shops poor and uncertain—when the stated market and annual fair were the only places for obtaining a supply of the minor multifarious necessities for a family—room for abundant store was needed. And when we recollect that it was not the ancient custom to keep stall-fed cattle through the winter, but that at Martinmas they killed, salted, and dried meat for the consumption of many months, it explains the necessity for good ovens, drying-rooms, and *chèvres de frise* of meat-hooks in all directions.

A door from this curious old kitchen led us to a fine turret, perfectly square, that had once formed part of the mansion, and is still entire, and in good preservation. The ground-floor of the turret contains what was once a beautiful private Roman Catholic chapel, now used for the very different purpose of receiving a clothes mangle and other household lumber. The roof and walls still exhibit traces of rich gilding and elaborate decoration. A door at the right-hand side of the altar opened on a winding turret-stair, that led into a little upper room, having the appearance of a confessional. From this the staircase conducted to a square convenient room, that might appropriately have belonged to the priest who officiated in the chapel; and still ascending to the third and highest storey, we entered a handsome square lofty room, richly paneled with polished oak. On one side was the small ancient fireplace, on the other three sides were casement windows, commanding extensive and varied views of the adjacent country. 'This room is called Pope's study,' said our aged conductor: 'here he finished the *Odyssey*.' A more appropriate room for a poet's study could not be imagined than this lovely turret chamber. From the window opposite the fireplace, where it may be supposed Pope generally sat, there is a fine view of the immediately adjoining parish church; and the tops of the trees wave their foliage directly beneath the windows of this lofty room. Here, far removed from vulgar noise or casual intrusion, the country, with its meadows, streams, and groves, spread out like a vast map far beneath the church tower, for a next-door neighbour; the winds, as they swept over the trees, for minstrels; and the clouds for an ever-varying moving panorama—well might the poet hold high converse with the mighty dead, and realise the visions, and invoke the spirit, of

the father of poetry!* To leave this room, with its interesting associations, was in every sense a descent.

The same kind courtesy that had permitted us to view the turret enabled us to enter the church, where the principal object of attraction was the private chapel over the vault of the Harcourt family. The tombs and monuments were richly gilded and emblazoned; but, we thought, with more of splendour than of taste. Full-sized marble effigies of the Earls of Harcourt, in their robes and coronets—the figures painted and gilded, to represent the costume—made a showy, but not very impressive spectacle. Two exquisite busts by Koubiliac contrasted favourably in beauty, purity, and simplicity, with the gorgeously-painted monuments.

It happened that the vault of the Harcourt and Vernon family was open, the funeral of the Archbishop of York being fixed to take place on the following day. To descend from viewing the splendours of the gariish monuments to witness the solemn secrets of the charnel-house, afforded a salutary lesson. Sixteen large coffins were visible, many of them much dilapidated; rotting wood, faded velvet, and tarnished brass, all proclaiming that no matter what the outward trappings, 'decay's effacing finger' cares nothing for human distinctions. A broad shelf was erected round this vault for the Vernon family, which, by inter-marriages, had become closely united with the Harcourts. The late archbishop was the first who, on the morrow, was to take possession of this compartment of the vault.

Ascending to the church, it was a relief to wander into the adjoining burial-ground, and view the turret and windows of Pope's study from that quiet place. Near the door of the church there is an interesting tablet erected by the poet's friend, Lord Harcourt, to the memory of two lovers killed by lightning. Pope, at the request of Lord Harcourt, wrote the following epitaph:—

'Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well-pleased,
And snatched them in celestial fire.
Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtuous to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball!'

This incident probably furnished Thomson with the hint for his beautiful tale of Celadon and Amelia.

Feeling that our ride had been as much diversified with records of the past, enjoyment of the present, and visits to the dwellings of the living and the dead, as could well be within the limits of one morning's ramble, we returned to Abingdon (passing on our way the house that had once been that of Elwes the miser), and admiring the stately old market-place, which stands in the centre of the ancient town. After a brief time spent in rest and refreshment, we went forth again in the evening to witness a modern appropriation of an ancient building. The gateway of the venerable Abbey of Abingdon is yet entire; and every school-boy in the town feels some pride as he recalls the fact, that the most learned of our Anglo-Norman princes, Henry Beauclerc, was educated in that old monastic school. Over the gateway there are some fine old vaulted chambers, one of which is now the lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institution; and whatever may be said of modern improvements, a more commodious, well-ventilated room, better constructed for speaking

and hearing, it would be difficult to find than this old council-chamber over the abbey gate; and not less highly honoured is that ancient place in its present use than it was in days of yore. Education is a glorious privilege, the birthright not merely of England's princes and peers, but of her people and her peasants.

HISTORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

A work under the above title has just come before the reading public. It contains matter to interest the philosophical and scientific inquirer, the antiquary, and the historian, and is free from an objection that too often applies to historical publications—that of skimming the surface of events only, and leaving the under-current altogether disregarded. The book now before us* is professedly written to give us a private as well as public history of the venerable body whose doings it records; and this circumstance, we think, will enable us to present a *résumé* acceptable to the general reader.

The origin of scientific societies and academies on the continent dates from the fifteenth century. Bacon proposed a philosophical college on a magnificent plan in his 'Instauratio of the Sciences.' The first learned society, however, in this country appears to have been antiquarian: it was founded in 1572 by Archbishop Parker, for the preservation of ancient documents, but was dissolved by King James. An unsuccessful attempt was made in the reign of Charles I. to establish 'Minerva's Museum,' a collegiate institution, the proposed site of which was Covent Garden, where not only all the then known sciences and languages, but riding, fencing, music, and singing were to be taught. Perhaps it failed in not being sufficiently popular, as no one who could not produce armorial bearings was to be admitted. Another scheme was proposed by Sir W. Petty in 1648, for a *gymnasium mechanicum*, or college of tradesmen, in which the mechanical arts were to be cultivated. The civil commotion, in fact, gave rise to a host of similar projects, of which, in quieter times, nothing remained but the name.

In common with many other associations, the Royal Society grew out of the occasional meeting of a few individuals, either at their own houses or elsewhere, for the discussion of natural philosophy. These meetings commenced probably about the year 1600, sometimes in London, at others in Oxford, according to circumstances. When in the metropolis, the Bull's Head Tavern, Cheap-side, was frequently the place of reunion, or Gresham College. Certain of these gentlemen, among whom was the illustrious Boyle, formed a party known as the 'Invisible College'; and there is scarcely an eminent name of the age—Evelyn, Hooke, Cowley, Wilkins, Hartlib, &c.—which we do not find connected with some proposal for a regularly-constituted society. Such men as these were glad to have an intellectual resource against the distractions of the civil war, and studied science for its own sake. At one time they were dispossessed of Gresham College, to make way for soldiers, who, while quartered in the building, made it a scene of havoc, filth, and abomination, as feelingly recorded by Dr Sprat, whose philosophical sympathies led him to visit the place where he and his colleagues had pursued their investigations. In 1660, however, the meetings were resumed at the college, when a list of forty-one names was drawn up of persons actually or likely to become associated members. From so small a beginning sprang a society whose reputation is co-extensive with the limits of science.

The record of the early meetings presents a singular mixture of large philosophical views, with the most absurd and superstitious notions respecting many things now clear and familiar to us as household words. One cannot fail, however, to be impressed by the earnestness

* Pope, in a letter to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, says—'I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat: any one that sees it, will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead!'

* A History of the Royal Society, with Memoirs of the Presidents; Compiled from Authentic Documents. By C. R. Weld, Esq. Barrister-at-Law, Assistant Secretary and Librarian to the Royal Society. In 2 vols. London: J. W. Parker.

of purpose by which the proceedings of these pioneers of knowledge are characterised. We must remember that they were two centuries nearer to what are called 'the dark ages' than it is our fortune to be. It was the age of Galileo, Milton, and many others whose names will long be famous. Glimmerings of great truths were beginning to force their way into men's minds; but prejudice and error were yet powerful. Milton himself wrote doubtingly of the Copernican theory. We must remember, also, that whatever their defects, the individuals here brought under notice were the connecting links between the master minds of a former and later period. Some of them were not far from realising and anticipating Newton's transcendent discoveries. Looking, in short, at the whole spirit and circumstances of the times, we find ample reason to regard the labours of our embryo society with reverence as well as indulgence.

We shall thus be prepared to learn that our philosophers were believers in witchcraft, in the virtues of May-dew and the divining-rod, and among other charms, that of touching for the 'evil.' In many instances philosophical questions were mooted which still occupy the attention of naturalists: thus we have pendulum experiments by Wren, and Boyle's air-pump, the germ of the present more perfect instrument: inquiries were propounded for the use of voyagers going to Teneriffe, varying but little from the instructions issued for recent exploring expeditions; the weight and temperature of the atmosphere at different levels were to be ascertained; the effect of air on metals; the rate of a clock at the top of the mountain; and whether birds flew as briskly, and flame burnt as brightly, at that height as in the valleys. The Society was incorporated by royal charter in July 1662, but without any other endowment than the award of certain Irish estates. It was worth while for the newly-restored court to conciliate men of station and learning, who might become influential agitators; yet the award turned out to be merely nominal: in the struggle for confiscated lands in Ireland, political partisans found no difficulty in setting aside the claims of philosophers. Chelsea College was afterwards granted to the Society as a place of meeting, and residence for their officers; but here, again, obstacles arose which prevented them from taking possession. The want of a suitable place in which to meet and conduct their affairs often led the 'Fellows' to project a building for themselves; but the design always fell to the ground, through want of funds and other causes.

The practical utility of the Society appears to have been greater in the first century of its establishment than in later times. This may be accounted for in various ways: there was a law commanding that all new inventions, mechanical or otherwise, should be approved by the Society before a patent was granted to the inventors. At that period, too, the Royal Society was the only body to which a scientific question could be referred; while in the present day scarcely a science but has its *locus*, its official staff, and band of followers. Thus new discoveries are at once carried to the quarter where they will be best understood and appreciated, while the Royal Society assumes to itself the privilege of deciding in higher and more abstruse questions, but which, as portions of truth, have an indirect practical tendency.

The Society paid much attention to the collecting of information and specimens of natural objects both at home and abroad. Persons were employed to travel with this view, and it seems that nothing came amiss to them: with specimens of natural history, they picked up the wildest notions and conceits respecting natural phenomena, all of which were duly jotted down for the edification of their employers. These specimens, however, formed the nucleus of a museum, of which the 'Fellows' were justly proud, so renowned did it become for its 'rarities.' This interesting collection was eventually made over to the British Museum, where it still remains. The 'Philosophical Transactions' were first

published in 1664-5, under the superintendence of the Society's indefatigable secretary, Oldenburg. The contents of the first number are eminently characteristic of the period. First there are queries and descriptions concerning philosophical and physical subjects, followed by 'improvement of optick glasses at Rome;' observations on Jupiter; endeavours towards a history of cold; to find the longitude by means of clock machinery; and among the rest, 'a relation of a very odd monstrous calf.' Nature was so freakish in those days, or rather such was the belief entertained of her powers, that the most childish and irrelevant circumstances were regarded with a sort of reverent wonder. This important series of works was commenced in numbers—one to appear occasionally, as matter came to hand. Frequent interruptions took place at first in the publication—sometimes it was want of funds; then came the Plague; and afterwards the 'great fire.' The seventh and eighth numbers were printed at Oxford, owing to the difficulty of getting the work done in London. A large quantity were burnt in the vaults of St Faith's, under St Paul's, where they had been stored by the book-sellers. Sometimes the secretary was put to his shifts for material for a number: the Fellows seem to have entertained a notion that there was little or nothing left for them to learn or to write about. Discouraging of natural philosophy in the preface to the seventeenth volume, he says, 'it may seem as if the subject were almost exhausted.' This was in 1693. From that time the publication of the 'Transactions' has gone on with regularity; at the present time, the general rule is to publish two parts every year, at intervals of six months: every Fellow of the Society is entitled to a copy on demand; besides which, the annual volumes are presented to numerous scientific institutions at home and abroad. The knowledge of profound scientific and philosophical subjects is thus periodically transmitted throughout Europe and the United States.

Under the date June 1665-6, we have a curious account of an experimental transfusion of blood from one living animal to another. The idea was derived from similar operations made in Paris a short time previously, which had excited great interest. The most important results, in fact, were anticipated from the experiments upon the human animal. According to some, 'the alchemical reveries of an elixir of life and immortality' were about to be realised. The first trial was proposed to be made on some lunatics; but Dr Allen, physician to Bedlam, refused to give up patients for the purpose. At length, in 1667, Arthur Coga, a poor Cambridge student, of eccentric habits, offered to undergo the experiment of transfusion for a guinea. It was performed at Arundel House, at which place the Society then met; a quantity of sheep's blood was passed into the patient's arm, some of his own having been first taken away. After the operation, we are informed, 'the patient was well and merry, and drank a glass or two of canary, and took a pipe of tobacco, in the presence of forty or more persons; he then went home, and continued well all day, his pulse being stronger and fuller than before.' The experiment was repeated about a month later; eight ounces of blood being drawn from the man's arm, and fourteen ounces of sheep's blood passed in, with similar results. The transfusion of blood, however, failed of accomplishing what had been anticipated: old men were not to be made young again on such easy terms. An eminent living philosopher has expressed his satisfaction at the failure: had it been otherwise, he observes, tyrants would have perpetuated themselves through all generations.

Leaving these details, we must now go rapidly over the leading events in the history of the Society. Between 1665-70 we have the building of the Greenwich Observatory and the appointment of Flamsteed as first astronomer-royal. There is perhaps no scientific institution in the kingdom the duties of which have been more efficiently or advantageously performed than in this, which originated with the Royal Society, and with which they

have ever since been officially connected. In this period, too, Newton's name occurs; he was elected a Fellow at the age of twenty-nine, being then professor of mathematics at Cambridge. One of his earliest communications to the Society contained a description of his reflecting telescope, the first ever constructed, which he presented to the Society, in whose possession it still remains. Soon afterwards we come to Papin's famous experiments and 'bone-digesters.' The latter, as is generally known, were close vessels for the preparation of food: to test their efficiency, Papin invited a number of the Fellows to a supper, of which all the dishes were cooked in digesters. Evelyn, who was among the guests, says, 'the hardest bones of beef itself, and mutton, were made as soft as cheese, without water or other liquor, and with less than eight ounces of coals, producing an incredible quantity of gravy.' Could some adaptation of Papin's method be applied to cookery at the present day, a great social and economical advantage would accrue where large masses are to be fed on limited supplies. In 1683, Dr Lister suggested the colouring of maps to represent different strata, thus originating what are now known as geological maps. Two years later, Charles II. died: he never paid a visit to the Society, of which he was founder; and beyond sending them a few presents and recipes, appears to have done nothing for them: in his case, philosophers were not enervated by royal patronage. In 1686, the first book, in manuscript, of Newton's 'Principia' was presented to the Society. Halley undertook the charge of printing it at his own expense, and it was published in 1687 at twelve shillings a copy. The first and second editions were speedily exhausted. In June 1699, Savery exhibited a model of his steam-engine at a meeting of the Society; the rude germ of what has since become the greatest of mechanical achievements. It is very laconically recorded in the minutes of the meeting:—'Mr Savery,' observes the writer, 'entertained the Society with showing his engine to raise water by the force of fire. He was thanked for showing the experiment, which succeeded according to expectation, and was approved.' This was followed by the publication of Papin's schemes: he also proposed the agency of steam for the defence of towns, for drainage, and for moving ships.

In 1710, the Society, who had long felt the inconvenience of not having a building of their own, purchased a house in Crane Court, Fleet Street, and removed from Gresham College. The new domicile was, for that day, conveniently situated for the attendance of Fellows at the meetings; the museum was arranged in one of the rooms; and for a period of seventy years, this building was the head-quarters of science. Since then, it has been fitted up as the Scottish Hospital, and is now about to be pulled down. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century we have the introduction of inoculation, discovery of nutation, and the aberration of light by Bradley. The chief facts worthy of notice in the next twenty-five years are the invention of chronometers, for which the Society's Copley medal was awarded to Harrison; and the attempts made to ventilate ships and other structures by Hales and Pringle—the beginning of experiments to render dwelling-places wholesome, a point which even yet has not been satisfactorily attained.

From 1750 to the accession of George III. comprises an interesting period. Franklin communicated his paper on the electrical kite; he was elected a Fellow of the Society, and served in the Council. Dollond made his valuable optical discoveries in the construction of achromatic lenses, to which we are indebted for the perfection of refracting telescopes. In 1761 occurred the second recorded transit of Venus over the sun's disk; and at the instance of the Royal Society, various observers were appointed to watch the phenomenon. The astronomer-royal Maskelyne was sent to St Helena. In a curious estimate which he drew up of his expenses for the voyage and sojourn on the island for one year, we find thirteen guineas set down for washing; for

board, 109 guineas; for liquors, 141 guineas. Five shillings per day was reckoned as the charge for drink while on the island, and £50 for the same item for the voyage out and home. Maskelyne was a clergyman, but his habits would have ill accorded with our present notions of temperance. Messrs Mason and Dixon were appointed to go to Bencoolen, for the purpose of observing the transit from that place; but the vessel in which they sailed having engaged a French ship of war, the two astronomers were frightened, and returned to port, and it was only on peremptory orders from the Council that they again sailed: owing, however, to the loss of time, they were obliged to land, and make their observations, at the Cape of Good Hope. The occurrence of a third transit of Venus in 1769 led to the fitting out of the expeditions to the South Seas under Captain Cook, towards which the king granted £4000; another expedition sailed at the same time to Hudson's Bay. In 1773, the first attempt was made to discover the north-west passage round the coast of America. This voyage was made by Captain Phipps in the ships *Caracca* and *Racehorse*; and although he returned unsuccessful, a second expedition was fitted out for the same purpose in the following year. The scientific objects of all these expeditions were greatly promoted by the instructions drawn up by the Royal Society. It was during this period that many of Priestley's discoveries on air were made: one of his letters then written contains the earliest notice we have of India-rubber, and of his contemplated project for selling electrical machines in London. Priestley was rewarded by the Copley medal in 1773; a fact whose value is greatly diminished by the alights—to use no harsher term—put upon the persevering and intelligent philosopher. In 1774, the Society commenced their series of observations on the 'barometer, thermometer, rain-gauge, wind-gauge, and hygrometer,' which they kept up steadily until 1843, when the duty of reading and recording these observations devolved upon the Greenwich Observatory: thus an uninterrupted course has been maintained for the greater part of a century. Next we have the experiments for determining the mean density of the earth, which was to be deduced from the attraction of a mountain on a plumb-line. This fact had been noticed by French savans; and Maskelyne drew up a paper on the subject, which led to his undertaking a journey to Perthshire, where he lived four months in a hut at the foot of Schehallien, while performing his experiments on the attraction of the mountain. The Society contributed £800 towards this inquiry, the results of which were tested and corrected a few years since by the late Francis Baily. Between 1770–80, the introduction of lightning-conductors gave rise to the memorable controversy respecting points and knobs: the advocates of the former were presumed to favour American principles and politics. George III. showed which side he was on by ordering knobbed conductors to be fixed in his palace.

In 1780, the Society removed from Crane Court to their present quarters in Somerset House, where they occupy apartments granted by the government, including a meeting-room and library. After this came the discovery of Uranus by Herschel—that of the composition of water by Priestley, Watt, and Cavendish—the trigonometrical survey, commenced in 1784 by General Roy, of which the present Ordnance Survey is a continuation—the Herschel telescope—Galvani's discoveries and the Voltaic pile—Young's researches on the undulatory theory of light—pendulum experiments and standard-measures—Davy and Wollaston's marvellous investigations—the rise and development of geology as a science—and subsequently to 1820, Babbage's calculating machine, for 'calculating and printing mathematical tables,' and solving, in fact, the most complicated mathematical questions. The construction of this extraordinary piece of mechanism was suspended after an expenditure of nearly £20,000 of the public money: it is now in the museum of King's College, London. We

may conclude our long detail by enumerating the Bridgewater treatises among other labours with which the Society was concerned, as the selection of the writers of those works devolved upon their president. From their origin to the present day, the Royal Society may be said to have been occupied in sketching a vast programme of science, the filling up of which will be the labour of centuries.

The present number of Fellows in the Royal Society is 828, including sixty foreign and honorary. An entrance fee of £1.10, and an annual subscription of £1.4, or a composition, is required from each member on his election. By a recent change in the statutes, a power is given to the Council of the Society to select fifteen from the number offering themselves as candidates for membership. This, we presume, is done to check the indiscriminate admission of persons whose acquirements are undeserving the honour, or who aspire to it for the mere sake of the suffix F.R.S. to their names. The public prints often hint at the necessity of reforms in the venerable institution. But in this, as in most other cases, the reform most required is rather individual than collective.

Our *résumé* conveys but a very brief outline of the varied contents of the work under examination: there is as much to inform the general as the scientific reader, with an occasional sprinkling of anecdote. Notwithstanding the tenor of Mr Weld's concluding observations, we incline to think that he attaches a little too much importance to royal or government patronage. Medals and decorations may be very good things in their way, and annual money grants may tend to diminish anxieties, and increase comforts; but where the real *vis vita* is lacking, these will not supply it; and we believe that a time will come when the consciousness of talents beneficially employed will be an ampler reward to the philosopher than even 'the smile of kings.'

With respect to the actual public value of the Royal Society, it is almost unnecessary to say that the utility of the institution has diminished in proportion as scientific societies for specific purposes have sprung into existence, and more particularly as the press has extended its operations and influence. Reviews, magazines, and even such papers as our own, not to speak of newspapers, now discuss and verify facts in natural science with a promptitude which is constantly leaving the Royal and other societies behind, and lessening their relative importance. Still, these societies have their value, if only as retreats for enlightened opinion, and as presenting points of resistance against the perpetual impelling of the narrow-minded towards the indifference and prejudices of a past age.

FEMALE HEROISM.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, an effort of the most interesting kind was made by an Englishwoman to introduce female education into India. The lady who, in a spirit of Christian chivalry, voluntarily devoted herself to this difficult task was Miss Cook, afterwards Mrs Wilson, who arrived in Calcutta in 1821. Up till this time, the education of natives had been confined to boys, for whom a number of schools had been opened; and as no attempt at conversion was allowed, there was no prejudice against them. One of the most benevolent founders of schools for boys in Calcutta was David Hare, a person who, having amassed a considerable fortune in that city, determined to spend it there instead of his native land; and not only did he spend his money, but his life, in benefiting the city where he had so long resided. These attempts, as we have said, met with no opposition on the part of the natives; on the contrary, they warmly seconded them, and the schools were crowded with boys willing to learn after the English fashion instead of their own; but the prejudices against educating females were not to be so easily overcome. For the woman, no education of any kind but such as related to making a curry or a pillau had ever been deemed necessary. As long as infancy and child-

hood lasted, she was the pet and plaything of the family; and when, with girlhood, came the domestic duties of the wife, she entered on them unprepared by any previous moral training. All intellectual acquirements were out of place for one who was not the companion, but the drudge and slave of her husband; and the more ignorant she was, the less intolerable would be the confinement and monotony of her life. In India, all females above the very lowest ranks, and of respectable character, are kept in seclusion after betrothment; and after marriage, none of any rank, except the very highest, are exempt from those duties which we should consider menial, though not really so when kept in due bounds. A wife can never be degraded by preparing her husband's repast; but it is humiliating to be considered unworthy to partake of it with him, and not even to be permitted to enliven it with her conversation. Those females, again, whose station is not high enough to warrant the privileges of seclusion, present a picture painful to contemplate: the blessing of liberty cannot make up for the incessant toil and drudgery to which they are invariably condemned; and the alternations of the climate, added to the exposure, render the woman in the prime of life a withered crone, either depressed into an idiot or irritated into a virago. Though in the present day something has been effected in the way of elevating the social position of the Hindoo female, thirty years ago, even that little was considered unattainable. It was evident that while one entire sex remained so utterly uncared for, the instruction of the other would fail to produce the desired effects; and that if India was to be regenerated, her female as well as her male population must be instructed. The task was difficult; for whilst the government was indifferent, the natives of India were all strongly opposed to any measures for ameliorating the condition, social or intellectual, of their women. 'One zealous friend, however, devoted herself to the task. The work was to be done, and Mrs Wilson did it.

Animated with a determination to spare no personal exertion, she had herself trained to the business of general instruction, and did not fear the effects of an Indian climate. Physically, morally, and intellectually, she was fitted for her task. Her health was excellent; her spirit elastic; her temper even; her mind clear, quick, and shrewd; her manners most engaging, though dignified; and her will indomitable. On arriving in India, her first efforts were devoted to acquiring a knowledge of Bengalee, the language of the natives of Calcutta; and as soon as she could make herself understood by those around her, she took up her abode in the midst of the native population, and courted and encouraged pupils. Slowly and suspiciously they came in, attracted by a small gratuity each received as a reward for daily attendance. In time others followed their example; and a school, which could scarcely be said to aspire to the dignity of ragged, being literally a naked one, was established. The premises occupied by Mrs Wilson were so confined, that when the *puce*, not the learning, attracted more pupils, she was obliged to open classes in various parts of the bazaar, and go from one to the other. This occasioned much loss of time; and none but those of the very lowest rank could be enticed even by a fee to attend the school. Any one less earnest would have lost heart, and been disgusted to find that all her efforts were to be so confined. But Miss Cook hoped, and trusted, and determined to remedy what appeared remediable. She was convinced that a large house, in a more respectable part of the native town, would be one means of attracting pupils of rather a higher caste; and she determined to secure this. A rajah, who at that time was anxious to pay court to the government, presented the 'Ladies' Society for Promoting Native Female Education' with a piece of ground in a very eligible situation; a European gentleman furnished the plan, and kindly superintended the erection of the buildings; and in about five years after her first arrival in Calcutta, Mrs Wilson took possession of the Central School, a large, airy, and handsome abode. Five years had accustomed the natives to the anomaly of teaching girls, and a somewhat better class than had at first

attended were now to be seen congregated round their energetic teacher, seated cross-legged on the floor, tracing their crabbed characters on a slate; reading in sonorous voices the translations of the parables and miracles; or even chanting hymns, also translated. Still none came, unless brought by the women who were employed to go the rounds of the bazaar in the morning, and who received so much for each child: bribery alone insured attendance; and none of the pupils remained more than two or three years at most. As for the natives of the upper class, all attempts to gain a footing amongst them proved total failures. The examinations of the school were attended by all the native gentlemen of rank who professed to take an interest in education; but none of them favoured it sufficiently to desire its benefits for his own daughters, though Mrs Wilson offered to attend them *privately*, when not engaged in the duties of the school. At length the same rajah who had given the ground informed her that his young wife insisted on learning English. She had already learned to read and write Bengalee; but as this did not satisfy her, he requested Mrs Wilson's services, which were immediately given; and she found her pupil a very apt scholar, eager for information of all kinds. In the course of a few weeks, the lady succeeded in obtaining her husband's permission to visit Mrs Wilson at the Central School, and to be introduced to some more English ladies. It was not without much persuasion that this boon was granted; and even when we were all seated expecting her arrival (for the writer of this was present), we scarcely believed that anything so contrary to etiquette would be permitted. At length, however, the rapid tread of many feet was heard, a closed palanquin, surrounded by *chappasseys*, entered the veranda, and panting after it were two old crones. The vehicle was set down in the inner veranda, or, as it would be called here, lobby, from which all the male servants were then excluded, and the doors closed; and then a figure enveloped in a large muslin sheet was taken out of the conveyance, and guided up stairs by the duennas. As soon as she was in the sitting-room, the envelop was removed, and disclosed a very pretty young creature, dressed in a pink muslin *saharee* and white muslin jacket, both spotted with silver, slippers richly embroidered, and her thick plait of dark glossy hair fastened by a richly-ornamented pin. She had gold bangles on her neck and arms; but no display of jewellery, though her husband was reputed very wealthy.

I may mention that the *saharee* is all the clothing of the Hindoo female. It is about seven yards long and one wide, the width forming the length of the garment. It is wound round the figure as often as convenient, and the remainder brought over the head as a veil. The boddice is an occasional addition, never adopted by the lower classes, and their *saharees* are scanty and coarse. It is but an ungraceful costume, as there are no folds. Our visitor's countenance was very animated, and her extreme youth—for she was not more than sixteen—gave a charm to features not distinguished for regularity. Secluded as her life had been, the young creature was far from being timid. She was quite at her ease, and ready to enter into conversation with any one who understood Bengalee. She could not converse in English; but was proud of displaying her acquirements in reading and spelling, and told us that she had prevailed on the rajah to hear her repeat her lessons every evening.

Of course our dresses excited her curiosity, for she had never seen any of European make, except Mrs Wilson's widow's garb. She made many inquiries about our children, but would have considered it indelicate even to name our husbands. After replying to all our queries, she became so familiar that she offered to sing to us, regretting that she had not her instrument (a very simple sort of guitar) to accompany her voice. The melody was simple, and her voice very sweet. All this time the old women who had accompanied their lady were crouched down in one corner of the room, watching her intently; and at last, as if they thought her freedom had lasted long enough, they rose, and told her it was the maharajah's orders she should go. She unwillingly complied,

and left us to our great regret; for there was a confiding naïveté about her which was very winning. In a few weeks the lessons were discontinued: her husband fell into well-merited disgrace; and this was the first and last pupil Mrs Wilson had in the highest ranks. This disappointment, however, was more than compensated by the accomplishment of another scheme, perhaps more important, for the amelioration of the native female character.

I have said that the attendance of the day-scholars seldom exceeded three years; and much as Mrs Wilson desired to believe that the bread cast upon the waters would not be lost, no well-authenticated evidence ever reached her that the brief school-days produced any permanently beneficial effects, sufficient to counteract the superstition and ignorance with which her pupils were necessarily surrounded. Feeling the impossibility with day-schools of obviating infection from such sources, she had always cherished the idea of rearing some children from their very infancy, uncontaminated by the evil examples of a native home; but it was not till just before she moved into the Central School that she had an opportunity of carrying her plan into execution. Her durzie (tailor) feeling himself dying, sent for her, and implored her to take charge of his only child: he said he could not be a Christian himself, but he wished her to be one; and that if Mrs Wilson would promise to keep her, he would, in the presence of his relatives, make over the little girl to that lady. The assurance was as readily given as her task was conscientiously fulfilled; and no first-fruits could have been more promising, or could have ripened more satisfactorily; no commencement could have been followed by more complete success. In a very few weeks another orphan, totally destitute, was thrown in Mrs Wilson's way; and much about the same time she was requested to receive as a boarder a little slave girl, the charge of whom had, by very peculiar circumstances, devolved on a lady whose health and position prevented her training the poor castaway satisfactorily. 'That there needs only a beginning,' was never more fully verified than in the case of the Orphan Asylum. That which for several years had been the chief wish of Mrs Wilson's heart was accomplished in a few months; and before she had a home to shelter them, she found herself surrounded by twenty-five dependent little creatures. The orphans were entirely and exclusively Mrs Wilson's own charge; the Ladies' Committee had no control over them. From the first, the pupils were trained to contribute by their labour to their own support; and she was never without large orders for worsted work, which paid well. She was assisted in all her labours, but more particularly in this department, by a young lady who had joined her from England; and before this very interesting person fell a victim to the climate, some of the elder girls under her tuition had become so expert in the use of the needle (another innovation on the privileges of the male sex), that they were able to copy fancy-work of all kinds, from the sale of which a considerable sum was realised yearly. All the orphans, however, were not entirely dependent on Mrs Wilson; many of them were boarded with her by individuals who were only too thankful to find such a refuge for any poor stray sheep thrown upon their charity. Indeed, considering the frequency of such cases, it seems wonderful that so many years were required to carry out a plan so beneficial to so many. Thus one girl was the child of a wretched woman executed for a most inhuman murder; the benevolence of the judge's wife rescued the unfortunate child from starvation, and supported her in the Orphan Refuge: another boarder was a girl from the Goomaur country, whose limbs for months retained the marks of the ligatures with which she had been bound previous to sacrifice: another was a fine handsome New Zealand girl, who was found in the streets of Calcutta, having been concealed on board the vessel that had brought her till its departure, and then left to live or die, as might happen. There was also one boarder of quite another class; she was the wife of a young Hindoo, who, whilst studying at Bishop's College after his conversion,

was anxious to rescue his young wife from heathenism, and placed her with Mrs Wilson, to be educated as a Christian. He died early, and I am not aware of the fate of his wife.

The building in which Mrs Wilson resided was admirably calculated for day-schools, as it was in the centre of the native population. This proximity was essential to secure day-scholars, who might be seen, just returned from their bath in the not very distant Hoogly, as early as six in the morning beginning their studies, which continued till ten. The situation, however, that was the best for day-scholars was the worst for those whom it was desirable to wean from their old paths—to obliterate all they knew already that was demoralising—and, if possible, to present nothing but what was pure and lovely for their imitation. As long as the orphans were in daily contact with the out-pupils, these objects could not be obtained; and it became evident a separation must be made, or that the day-schools, as being of minor importance, should be sacrificed, and the Central School converted into an Orphan Refuge. It seemed hopeless to attempt carrying on both from funds collected on the spot. For all that had in the first instance been raised in Britain and India for the purposes of native female education, and placed at the disposal of the Ladies' Committee, had been swallowed up in the ruin of one of the large houses of agency in which they had been placed by the treasurer; and the expenses attendant on the day-schools had since been defrayed by subscriptions and donations from the benevolent in Calcutta, which, however liberal, sometimes left the secretary without a rupee in hand. Mrs Wilson at once negatived the plan of sacrificing the one scheme for the other; she said both should be accomplished; and what seemed impracticable to all consulted on the matter, was effected by the strong will and determined energy of one woman. She individually raised money to purchase ground at Agiparah, a retired spot on the banks of the Hoogly, about fourteen miles from Calcutta, which she obtained on very advantageous terms. She immediately commenced the erection of suitable, but simple buildings, within three walls so high as to exclude all the outer world, and with the river for the other boundary. Just at the time the ground was obtained, one of those dreadful inundations which sometimes depopulate Cuttack occurred, and boat-loads of half-drowned women and children arrived off Calcutta. Mrs Wilson gave a home to all who would take it; and although many came only to die, her numbers in a few weeks amounted to one hundred likely to live. Many of those past youth were unwilling to conform to the rules; those that remained were generally very young—some mere infants. When all this large accession of numbers was thus suddenly thrown upon her, Mrs Wilson was still in Calcutta, and was obliged to erect temporary buildings for shelter, and to make a great effort to feed such a host of famishing creatures. Her energies were equal to the emergency, and funds were never wanting.

As soon as the buildings at Agiparah were completed, Mrs Wilson removed thither with her large orphan family, and discontinued her attendance at the day-schools, and almost her connection with the outer world. All within the precincts of the establishment professed Christianity; and no more enticing example to follow its precepts could have been afforded than Mrs Wilson's conduct displayed. Her great aim and object in educating the native girl was to elevate the native woman; not merely to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, the use of the needle, &c., but to purify the mind, to subdue the temper, to raise her in the scale of being, to render her the companion and helpmate of her husband, instead of his slave and drudge. Many of the European patronesses of distinction, as soon as they heard of the plan of an Orphan Refuge, hailed it as a most admirable one for rearing a much better class of ladies—maids or ayahs than was generally to be found in Calcutta, and who could speak English withal; but they little comprehended Mrs Wilson's scheme. She did not educate for the benefit of the European, but of the native. A few of the most intelligent were taught to read and write Eng-

lish, but all knowledge was conveyed through the medium of their own language; and none were allowed to quit the Refuge until they were sought in marriage by suitable native Christians, or till their services were required to assist in forming other Orphan retreats. As soon as the dwellings were finished, a place of worship was erected, and steps taken to induce a missionary and his wife to proceed to India to preside over this singular establishment. For all these undertakings funds were never wanting; and though their avowed purpose was to spread Christianity, many rich and influential natives contributed to them; and one Brahmin of high caste, when bequeathing a handsome sum, said he did so under the conviction that their originator was more than human. Before all Mrs Wilson's plans were brought to maturity, many had gone and done likewise; and influential societies of various denominations were formed to promote female education in the East. There are now several Orphan Refuges in Calcutta, and one in almost every large station in India. It is not my purpose to speak of these: I wished only to record whence they all sprung, and who led the way in the good and great work. Mrs Wilson is no longer with her lambs, but her deeds do follow her; and wherever the despised and outcast native female child may hereafter find a Christian home, and receive a Christian training, she should be taught to bless the name of Mrs Wilson, as the first originator of the philanthropic scheme.

'THE BABES IN THE WOOD.'

A SHETLAND TALE.

It was in the month of March, in the year lately past, that a group of little children of one family were abroad enjoying the cheerful sights and sounds of spring. The scenery was bleak and bare: there were no trees, for it was in one of the lonely Shetland isles; but there were green fields, and the glorious sunshine, and the ever-varying magnificent ocean. The cottagers were all engaged with their field-labours: the ploughman was guiding the light plough, drawn by two staid, sagacious oxen; flocks of the sea-mew (or herring-gull) attended the labourers, either to pick up the worms that the newly-turned earth brought to light, or the seeds which the harrow had left on the surface; a young calf and a pet-lamb were gambolling with the children, occasionally bleating at one little girl of the number, who was accustomed to give them their mid-day draught of new milk; yet when Mary told them their softly and soothingly that 'the cows were not milked yet,' they only licked their lips and butted against her more obstreperously than ever.

Two of the children were very fond of all sorts of animals, and we like not to see a child who is not. Their papa and elder brothers had taught them how to mark the flight and recognise the note of all the birds they saw, and thus they knew more of ornithology than most young persons of their years. Having run about till they were tired, they threw themselves beside baby on the soft grass, and began to pick for her the early daisies.

'Oh look, Mary!' cried David, who was six years old, 'there is the eagle again! Oh my chickens!'

'No, no, David,' answered his sister (she was eleven), 'it is not the eagle, but it is a very large bird indeed; there are more than one: a flock of swans, I do believe! Is it not, mamma?'

Mamma. Yes, my dear, and a beautiful sight it is. They come nearer. Hark to their cheerful inspiring cry!

David. Where are they going? How fast and high they fly!

Mamma. They are winging their way over the trackless ocean to the lakes of the icy north, for the purpose of bringing forth their young in those unmolested solitudes.

Charles. How can they find their way?

Mamma. Can you tell, Mary?

Mary. 'The God of nature is their secret guide,' as I learned a few days ago.

Mamma. Very true, my love. It is all the answer a child, a Christian, a poet, or a philosopher can give; and it is sufficient. Yes, it is delightful to think that those magnificent birds, already disappearing from our gaze, are under the guidance and protection of their Almighty Maker during their long and apparently pathless journey, and will ere long be engaged in the interesting and so

doubt grateful occupation of rearing their progeny, with whom in autumn they will retrace their way to the genial climate from whence they have now come.

The swans were now no longer to be seen; but the sound of the lark suddenly broke on the children's ears. It was the first of the season, and Mary joyfully exclaimed, 'The lark! the lark!—she will seldom allow us to see her; but how sweet her song!'

'You like the lark because papa likes it best,' slyly observed David.

Mary. And why not, Davie? It is so sweet and innocent a creature, and sings so cheerfully.

David. Well, now, of all birds, I like one we seldom see here—the Robin Redbreast.

Mary. And why may that be, Davie?

David (after an emphatic pause). Have you forgot the babes in the wood?

Mary. No, I have not; but what then?

David. What then! Why, did not the robins cover the poor little children, so that the vile hideous ravens might not pick their flesh?

Mary. And what harm now could that have done them? They could not know or feel it when they were dead.

Now was little Davie fairly nonplussed; but he never liked to be defeated in argument, and he thought a while ere he could consent to give it up. Yet could he do no better than manfully hold to his point. 'Still I think the robins the very best of all birds, and the ravens the worst.'

Mamma here interposed. 'Now tell me, David,' she said, 'why you dislike the ravens?'

Master David was eloquent enough now. 'Don't they carry off my chickens? How many goslings did they take last year? Did not they attack papa's poor old pony in the field, and pick out his eyes, so that he had to be shot; and only think of the one that fought with the black hen, and tore the piece from her breast, while she defended her chickens.'

Mamma. All these are serious charges, my boy, and I don't wonder you are a little resentful; but let us consider the matter a very little. The raven, like many other creatures, was intended by the Creator to live, not upon fruits and seeds, but on the flesh of animals; they are therefore called beasts of prey.

David. But why did God make them so?

Mamma. We have no right to ask such questions. It ought to be enough for us to know that the Maker and 'Judge of all the earth cannot but do right.' And yet we can see one reason, which is, that some tribes of animals would multiply too fast, and become so numerous, that the earth could not bring forth herb sufficient for all. I may just tell you further, David, that the raven, when tamed, as he easily is when young, is exceedingly sagacious, affectionate, and gentle, as I have proved myself; and therefore we must not dislike or despise him because he follows, when wild, only the propensities with which the Author and Giver of all good has endowed him.

Charles. But it cannot be *wrong* surely, mamma, for Davie to prefer the robin to the raven?

Mamma. Not wrong certainly. It is rather an amiable feeling which has caused young readers of 'the Babes in the Wood' to contract so great a favour for the robin. Some have doubted if it was possible for these babes, supposing the incident were true, to be preserved while dead from the attacks of the wild animals which abound in all woods and other lonely situations; but I can tell an anecdote of actual life which shows that such things occasionally happen, though we cannot well say how.

'Pray tell it to us, dear mamma,' cried all the children.

Mamma. Not now, my dears: the calf must now be fed, Mary, and baby has been out long enough; but if you will remind me in the evening, I will relate it.

After tea, accordingly (that sweet snug hour of domestic enjoyment, which none prize more than the retired Shetland families), the young group gathered around their mother. Ere the words were spoken, she understood the pleading expectant looks, and related the following anecdote:—

'It is now a good many years ago, though perfectly within my recollection, that a number of persons, fifteen or twenty, I think, went to Lerwick in a large boat from this island to exchange, as you know is usual, their hose, butter, feathers, &c. for other articles they stood in need of. There were a bride and bridegroom, who went to purchase necessities for their approaching wedding; there were also husbands and wives, and several young women,

besides the boatmen. Having finished their business in the town, they were about to return, when a man and his wife, with several children, who had been long absent, asked, and obtained permission to share their passage. They left Lerwick on a fine winter day; Christmas was near at hand; and they were all anxious to reach their homes, that they might 'make merry and be glad' with their friends on the fruits of their honest industry. The boat was heavily laden, but the sea was smooth, and the light wind favourable.

'One of the men had a fiddle, and they beguiled their ten hours' sail with music and innocent mirth: so at least was it reported. Evening came; they had reached the shores of the island they were bound for, and had only to turn one point of land ere they would be in the snug harbour they sought. Alas, alas, my children, they never reached that harbour! *Not one* appeared to tell the sad tale!

'Their friends were under no apprehensions at their non-appearance for several days, so fine was the weather. They supposed that something had occurred to detain them; but by the arrival of some other persons, it was found that they had left the town early on the morning of the fatal day. Then some individuals (who lived near to the shore the boat had to pass) recollected that about eight o'clock that evening they heard, as it were, distant cries, but had no suspicion at the time whence they came; nor, if they had, could they have rendered any assistance from that lonely spot.

'There was—there is—a dangerous sunken rock on the coast, and search was made along the beach in that direction, when they found some pieces of the boat, and light trunks and packages, which too truly told the fate of the hapless little bark. But what farther was found do you suppose? *Not* a body washed on shore; for the wind had since blown off the land, and carried all out to sea except a very few light articles the tide had at first wafted in. But there *was* found above the high-water mark, seated on a stone, leaning up along the overhanging rock, a little child of three years old! Its head rested on its hand; a piece of bread was in the other, which lay in its lap. It was comfortably wrapped up, and its countenance placid as asleep; but of course it was dead! How came it there? Did it linger long, or were its sufferings short? Oh! who can tell? But it was conjectured that as the father was an excellent swimmer, when the accident happened, he had gained the shore with this his favourite child (who, when they left the town, had been seated on his knee), and having placed it, as he deemed, in safety, he had returned to try to save some more of his family, and had *perished with them all!*

'Oh what pangs must have rent that poor parent's heart!—oh how thrilling the fate of that innocent child! Imagination lingers to ask—Did it die of cold and wet, or terror? or did it fall gently asleep, as most probably it was, in its father's arms, when the rude shock and rushing waters awaked it, but for once more? There it was, however, after an interval of five or six days, uninjured by wild animals, as if it had been watched by the eye of Omnipotence, until it should evoke from us the feeling due to so piteous a tragedy.'

When mamma had concluded, the attentive young auditors were too deeply affected to ask any questions or make any remarks. They were not, however, without that chastisement of the spirit which is derived from such incidents.

EMIGRATION.

THE following view of emigration statistics is given in a late number of the 'Globe' newspaper, from the accounts just laid before parliament by the Colonial and Land Emigration Commissioners:—

'It appears that the total number of persons who emigrated from the United Kingdom during the year 1847 was 258,270. The number is remarkable, as it is about twice as great as that of any previous year. Of the twenty years immediately preceding 1847, the four which were marked by the largest emigration were 1832, when the number was 103,140; 1841, 118,500; 1842, 128,300; and 1846, 129,850. The season of 1841-2, like that of 1846-7, was one of severe pressure upon the means of the labourer and the small capitalist, arising, in both instances, from want of employment and high prices of food; and the spring of 1831 came

at the close of a period of three years, during which trade was also restricted, and the prices of food unusually high.

The average annual number for the ten years ending with 1837 was about 63,000; and for the ten years ending with 1847, about 104,000. Thus the emigration of 1847 exceeded the decennial average in the proportion of five to two; while that of 1832 exceeded it only as about five to three.

As to the direction of this stream of emigration—during the last twenty years, about half the emigrants of each year have gone to the United States; and of late years, the number moving in that direction has increased. A large proportion also of those landed at the ports of the British North American colonies, especially the mere labourers, find their way to the States within the first year or two. Deducting an average of seven or eight per cent. for all other places, the remainder go to our North American colonies.

In the four years 1838–41 there was a considerable increase of the emigration to Australia and New Zealand. In 1841 the number reached 32,000; but since that year, the annual average has not exceeded 3000 or 4000.

Of the emigrants of 1847, about three-fifths (153,900) sailed from English ports, and 95,700 from Irish, and 8600 from Scottish ports. But these numbers do not show the proportions proceeding from each division of the kingdom. In the first place, we have to deduct the foreign emigrants, chiefly German, who embarked from London. These were 10,300 in number. They therefore reduce the total to about 248,000, and the apparently English section of it to about 143,000. Further, the number embarked at Liverpool was no less than 102,600; and of these there is reason to believe that four-fifths (say 80,000) were persons who had come immediately or recently from Ireland. This further reduces the English contribution to the total, properly so called, to about 63,000. And further, as of the whole 8600 embarked in Scottish ports, no less than 5600 were from Glasgow, which has a proportion of Irish-born population quite equal to that of Liverpool, and offers similar facilities for the embarkation of Irish emigrants, we may perhaps safely add 3000 more to the Irish section, deducting from that given to Scotland.

The British emigration of the year will then, in round numbers, stand thus:—

From England,	63,000
From Scotland,	5,000
From Ireland,	179,400
	248,000

The total number of cabin passengers was only 6810; of these 577 were foreigners. Thus the proportion due to the British emigration would be 6233, or considerably less than three per cent. But this proportion was evidently very unequally divided. The 95,700 emigrants who embarked at Irish ports had among them only 611 cabin passengers, or less than one in the hundred; while the 8600 embarked at Scottish ports had 709, or about eight in the hundred. The English account is disturbed by the large proportion of Irish embarked at Liverpool. But taking these, as before, at 80,000, and allowing them, out of the 4713 cabin passengers (not foreigners) going from England, the proportion of one per cent., as indicated by the emigration from Irish ports, we have about 4000 cabin passengers to a total of 63,000 English emigrants, giving about six in the hundred.

Whence we may infer that the proportion of cabin passengers among the 70,000 English and Scottish emigrants was six or seven times as great as among the 180,000 Irish.

It may also be worth while to observe the proportion of each age and sex. The accounts before us being framed under a law which recognises only one distinction of age—that marked by the age of 14—the division cannot be otherwise than roughly made. We have no means of ascertaining the various ages of those returned as “adults,” or how large a proportion of them were more or less than 30 years beyond the age of 14, and so advancing towards an age unfitting them for the exertions of a new settlement. The cabin passengers are also excluded from this part of the inquiry. The remaining 251,460 (including about 9300 foreigners) were thus divided:—

	Above 14.	Under 14.	Total.
Males,	100,119	38,503	138,622
Females,	70,662	36,186	112,838

Thus the whole number of children under 14 was nearly

equal to the number of females over that age; and if distributed in the proportion commonly assumed as the average of three to each married couple, the number of couples so provided would be only 24,890, leaving about 51,700 of the females over 14 without children. Many, however, were no doubt unmarried, though above that age; and some, particularly among the large proportion of Irish peasantry, who do not willingly part from their elderly relatives, must have been aged. Generally, the proportion of the sexes is as favourable as could be expected, and is perhaps as nearly equal as is desirable with reference to the first arduous labours of a new settlement. It is remarkable that the proportion of adult females is considerably larger among the emigrants to Canada than among those to the United States. This is probably attributable to the wider and more various field of exertion and enterprise offered by the States to young unmarried men.

One or two features of the returns remain to be noticed. The Australian emigration seems to be furnished almost entirely by England; by far the greater part of it from Plymouth, and nearly all the rest from London. Scotland sends nearly as many to the West Indies (168) as England (195), notwithstanding the difference of six to one in the population. The Cape, like Australia, has scarcely any British emigrants, except from Plymouth and London. All who embarked from Irish ports went to North America, excepting two, who went to the West Indies; and the foreigners who embarked at London, like the Irish, also all went to North America—8651 to the United States, and 1667 to Canada. Hence it would appear that the new fields of colonisation are chiefly occupied by the English; that the Scotch have nearly an equal share with them in the emigration to the West Indies and other places in the west, exclusive of North America; and that the whole region absorbs all the emigration from Ireland—which is quite in accordance with the relative distribution of capital, skill, and enterprise in the three divisions of the kingdom.

‘POOR MARY-ANN.’

How well I can remember when I was a happy child,
The spoiled and fondly tended one, the wayward and the wild!
I often loved to sport alone, and rear a pipsey home,
And in the garden's silent depths at evening time to roam,
Where hung laburnum's golden boughs amid the lilac trees;
A forest to my fancy they—a storm each passing breeze.

It was so sweet to hasten back to warmth, and love, and light,
To hear the old familiar songs beside the warm hearth bright.
The truant clasped to tender hearts, and fondly clinging there—
A young bird in its parent nest, unknowing fear or care!
And yet unbidden tears would come, with feelings ~~agoing and~~ dim,
When I knelt down each night to say the evening prayer and hymn.

I feared lest God should call them home, to leave the little child,
Who often vexed and grieved them so by naughty ways and wild;
And then from out the snowy couch I stealthily would creep
To win another mother's smile ere I might sink in sleep—
Another blessing softly breathed—all wayward deeds forgiven—
And something sweetly whispered too about our going to heaven.

They sang a song in those past times—‘Poor Mary-Ann’ by name:
‘Be good,’ they said, ‘or your sad fate will one day be the same.’
Her loved ones died, and Mary-Ann would cry in anguish sore,
‘Oh! will they not return?—and shall I see them here no more?’
Too keen such agony to bear, with wallings loud and dread,
I clung within the circling arms, and hid my throbbing head.

Prophetic visions, fancies dim, prophetic loves and fears—
The trembling child—the weeping child—anticipating years:
That sheltering nest is scattered now, the love-birds flown away,
Yet distant notes can fancy trace at hush and close of day:
Within each lonely wild wood glen, beneath the azure heaven,
The dead—the lost—are with me still—the suppliant kneel forgiven.

C. A. M. W.

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THE TUBE BRIDGE.

THERE are men who are in raptures with the engineering skill which reared the Pyramids, built Baalbec, and adorned Petra, but turn with a smile of pity to the 'puny efforts,' as they call them, of modern times. If the eye of such persons rests upon this page, let them accompany us while we describe one of the most surprising and stupendous efforts of modern engineering enterprise—the Tube Bridge—and they will become acquainted with a work which Egypt and the ancients might have been proud of, but could never have executed. Conway and the Menai Straits have already become celebrated by the elegant and romantically-placed suspension bridges which have long been their great attraction to tourists. At the latter position, indeed, a work of almost unparalleled magnitude and formidable difficulty existed—a vast monument to the talent and perseverance of one of our greatest engineers—the Menai Bridge. And the Suspension Bridge at Conway, though less in point of size, yet presents us with a work of constructive skill certainly not inferior to its more vast competitor, and deriving a peculiar charm from its points of support being portions of the old and massive ruins of Conway Castle. Both these places are destined to receive a new attraction, and to become the scenes of a fresh and more memorable triumph of mind over matter, of human skill over natural obstacles. Although the preparations for the greatest of these undertakings—the Britannia Tubular Bridge—are far advanced, and large portions of it are already completed—there being no doubt that the whole structure will be at no distant period fixed, and in full work—yet as the Conway Tube is the only one which is perfected as yet, and upon which actual working has commenced, we shall confine our account to this alone. But it may be mentioned that both of these tubular bridges—although the one at Conway is inferior in proportions and in weight to the Britannia—are constructed on similar principles, and are in other respects alike, both in their object and form, and in the mechanical adjustment by means of which they are placed *in situ*.

The idea of a tube bridge is one of those original conceptions which are the birth, not of an individual's life, but of an era. It is one of those truly unique and rare productions—a new and valuable fact. No one appears to have dreamed of such a thing before. Ingenious people, who take an unkind pleasure in pulling down the high fame of others, have found, as they imagine, the originals of suspension bridges in the rude contrivances of American Indians to cross a gully; but no one can point to a tube bridge as the invention of any time or country but our own. If, therefore, it can be truly shown that not only has a novel system been discovered, but also that it possesses such advantages

in an engineering point of view as are possessed by none other previously discovered, Mr Stephenson the engineer may be fairly pointed to as one of those illustrious men in whom a happy union of originality of talent, with indomitable patience in working out its conceptions, has largely added to the resources of science, and, by necessary consequence, largely benefited the human race. All sorts of forebodings, and these, as indeed is only too commonly the case, from men of pre-eminent practical skill and scientific attainments, foretold certain failure to the daring enterprise which proposed to cast a huge tube over a strait, that men might travel in security through its interior. The proposition also to construct this great aerial tunnel of wrought iron was entirely novel, and it remained for time, experience, and experiment, to show its applicability to the purpose in question.

From what we have been able to gather, it appears that Mr Robert Stephenson at first conceived the idea that a tube bridge of the circular form would be the strongest; but being unable, in consequence of numerous professional avocations, to undertake personally to carry out the requisite experiments, he committed this important task to the able hands of Mr Fairbairn of Manchester, under his own immediate inspection. Much credit is due to this distinguished mechanist for the experiments which he instituted with a view to ascertaining the proper principles on which to compose such a structure, particularly with respect to the two grand conditions of strength and lightness.* Having so far satisfied himself on these points, he constructed a model tube on a large scale, containing nearly all the features of the proposed bridge. The form of a circular tube was found defective in many respects, and the idea of constructing the bridge of that form was soon abandoned. Tubes were also constructed of elliptical and rectangular forms, with various results. Eventually a square tube was decided upon; and the investigations were now continued, to evolve the principles upon which this form might be rendered of sufficient strength to resist vertical and lateral violence. At first, Mr Fairbairn conceived that the strongest form would be one in which the top and bottom of the tube consisted of a series of pipes arranged in a hollow compartment, covered above and below by iron plates rivetted together, and having a parallel direction to the long axis of the tube. By this means great rigidity would be communicated to the top, to resist the immense compression it would necessarily endure; and the bottom would be equally strong, to resist the tension which it would be subject to. And this form would probably have been

* Some claims have been made for Mr Fairbairn with regard to the invention of the Tube Bridge. We feel it to be our duty merely to intimate the fact.—Ed.

adopted, but for several serious practical difficulties which presented themselves to its construction, and to its repair, if accidentally damaged.

The model tube, the form of which was to be adopted in the large scale, was finally formed of a square shape, with longitudinal cellular compartments, also square, at the top and bottom. The scale was exactly one-sixth of the bridge across one of the spans of the Menai Straits; it was also one-sixth of the depth, one-sixth of the width, and, as nearly as possible, one-sixth of the thickness of the iron plates. Thus it was 80 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches deep, 2 feet 8 inches wide, and rested on two supports, the distance between which was 75 feet. The entire weight of this large model was between 4 and 5 tons. It was now subjected to the severe experiments which were to test its strength. The weight was attached to its centre, and increased ton by ton, the deflection being carefully noted, together with the entire weight of the load. After three experiments, in which various defects were discovered, the conclusion arrived at of the extreme point of resistance of the model tube placed it at about 56 tons; in other words, its breaking weight was 56·3 tons. This result proved highly satisfactory, and exhibits in a remarkable manner the extraordinary resistance offered by a tube of this construction to a load more than eleven times its own weight. Mr Fairbairn adds, that it is probably not overrating the resisting powers of this tube to state that hollow beams of wrought iron, constructed on the same principle, will be found, whether used for bridges or for buildings, about *three times stronger* than any other description of girders. The principles for the construction of the great bridge were thus satisfactorily determined, and the accuracy of the engineer's conjectures as to this method of bridge-building was fully established.

In the early part of 1847, the Conway Tube Bridge was commenced. Those who are familiar with the picturesque scenery of the river Conway will readily remember the romantic position of the Suspension Bridge. The site for the new bridge is very near it, the one end abutting against the foot of the venerable ruin, whose time-defying towers rear themselves above it; the other resting on an artificial structure, of a castellated aspect, on the opposite side of the river, from whence the railway shoots into the interior of the country. The site of the bridge was not, however, convenient for the purpose of constructing the tube; and advantage was consequently taken of a less precipitous part of the river's bank, about a hundred yards or so from the permanent position of the bridge. There, upon a piece of level ground projecting some distance into the river, workshops and a steam-engine were erected, and an immense platform constructed on piles driven into the ground, and partly into the bed of the river, and forming a temporary pier. At high water, the tide was nearly level with the bottom of the tube. Altogether, about twelve months were occupied in the construction of the tube. When completed, and resting on its massive platform, with the crowds of busy workmen, the clattering of hammers, the hum of the workshop, the fuming chimney, the vast pontoons, all contributed to make the scene one of the most interesting and anomalous that was ever witnessed; especially when the peculiarity of the situation is remembered—the calm river floating idly by, and the old castle, the work of hands long since crumbled to dust, and of instruments long since eaten to rust, looking, as it were, in astonishment on the whole; while a crowd of Welsh peasants incessantly gaped with amazement at the idea of putting a long iron chest over their ancient river.

The tube was at length complete; and now remained the Herculean undertaking of dragging it to its position,

and lifting it up to its proper elevation. This was the most anxious and arduous task of all. What if the cumbrous mechanism contained some hidden defects? What if, when being lifted, something were to give way, and the vast structure come down, and crush itself and everything before it into a heap of ruins? Not only fame, but life and property, hung upon the skill of one or two men. On Monday, March 6, 1848, the great experiment was made. The tube had been made to rest upon two temporary stone piers, by the removal of some of the piles supporting the platform on which it was built. Six immense pontoons, 100 feet long, and of proportionable breadth and height, were then hauled up to the platform, and floated, three at each end of the tube underneath it: they were properly lashed together, and secured. High tide served a little after eleven in the forenoon; all things were therefore got ready to take full advantage of this circumstance. As the tide ran higher and higher, the feverish anxiety of the spectators and parties concerned rose in geometric progression. The great pontoons rose too, until they touched the bottom of the tube, and began to bear up its tremendous weight. The favourable moment having arrived, the pumps were set to work, and the pontoons emptied of a large volume of water purposely introduced into them. As this water was discharged, they rose higher and higher, until at length, to the vast relief of a crowd of spectators, the immense mass floated clear off the platform on which it had rested for a whole year. It was still some distance from its resting-place; but the sides being properly shoved up, the whole structure—with the chief, the assistant, and the resident engineers standing together, with two or three other gentlemen, in a sort of triumphal position upon its summit—was set in motion by means of strong hawsers worked by capstans, and attached to different places. It was guided in its slow career by chains connected with buoys placed at intervals in its route. At length it was dragged to its proper position; and resting under the reeving influence of the tide upon two stone beds prepared for its reception on each side, it now appeared as a great unwieldy box crossing the transparent waters of the river, and offering a barrier to navigation. All this momentous operation was the work of a few hours, and was conducted with the most complete success, its happy termination being the signal for three uproarious cheers. In the natural enthusiasm of the moment, we are told that one of the leading directors of the movements of the fabric smashed his speaking-trumpet, and flung it as a useless instrument into the wondering Conway!

Having accompanied the tube thus far on its progress, we may now pause before proceeding to relate the method of its elevation, and detail a few necessary particulars as to its construction. The tube is formed of wrought-iron plates from 4 to 8 feet long, and 2 feet wide. The thickness of those plates which enter into the formation of the sides is toward the extremities diminished to five-eighths of an inch. These plates are rivetted firmly together to T-angle iron ribs on both sides of the joints. The beautiful regularity of the rivets gives the tube somewhat the character of a regular ornament. We have been informed that this appearance is due to the ingenious manner in which the plates were punched. The number of holes necessary to be made in so enormous a surface must of course be very great, and it became therefore expedient to devise some means of punching them, which would at once insure regularity of position and expedition in execution. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the ingenious Jacquard machine. Messrs Roberts adopted the principle of this contrivance, and succeeded in perfecting a most powerful punching-engine, which performed its work with incomparable accuracy and despatch. By its means the enormous number of plates composing this structure have been perforated with a precision and speed themselves an engineering marvel. The ceiling of the tube is composed of eight cellular

tubes, each of which is about 20 inches in width, and 21 high; these cells are likewise formed of wrought-iron plates, which are three-quarters of an inch thick in the middle, and half an inch towards the ends of the tube. The joints of these plates are strengthened like the others. The floor of the tube contains six cellular tubes, about 27 inches in width, and 21 high, formed as above, with the addition of a covering plate of iron over every joint on the under-side of the tube. The sides are united to the ceiling and floor by double angle irons within and without. The entire length of this great tunnel of iron is 412 feet: it is 14 feet in extreme width; it is also a little higher in the middle than at each end, being 22 feet 3 inches high at the ends, and 25 feet in the middle; this, however, includes the diameter of the cells top and bottom. Each end of the tube, where it rests upon the masonry, is strengthened by cast-iron frames to the extent of about 8 feet of the floor. The entire weight of this stupendous piece of iron-work is about 1300 tons! The sensitiveness of such a mass of metal to alterations in atmospheric temperature must be very great, and unless especially provided against, would, slight as the cause may appear, soon produce the most destructive effects upon the solidity of the whole structure. Some who read this account may not be able to form a proper estimate of the power exerted by metal expanding or contracting under changes of temperature; but in illustration, it may be mentioned that hot-water pipes incautiously placed so as to abut against a wall at each end, have on more than one occasion almost pushed the wall down; so soon as the circulation of hot water was established in them. The expansions and contractions of so long and large a metallic mass must necessarily be very considerable, and they were provided for by a very ingenious and simple contrivance. The ends of the tube rest upon twenty-four pairs of iron rollers, connected together by a wrought-iron frame. The tube is also partly suspended to six cast-iron beams, underneath the extremities of which are twelve gun-metal balls six inches in diameter. These contrivances act like castors to the ponderous machine, and facilitate its contractions or expansions as they severally may occur. We have a fancy that this great tube might be made to serve the purpose of a huge thermometer, by attaching some simple leverage and dial-plates to its extremities; and we are sure that important practical results might be attained by the adoption of our suggestion as to the expansibility of large masses of iron exposed to the vicissitudes of our climate—results, the grand scale of which would render them available for all similar undertakings in future.

The iron colossus is in its place; but by what gigantic upheaving power is it to be lifted 20 or 24 feet high into the air, and held there until its permanent bed is all ready to receive it? The mass to be lifted is upwards of 400 feet long, and weighs about 1300 tons! Can it be done? is the very natural question which presents itself to the mind. At each end of the tube is the iron answer—in a couple of steam-engines and two hydraulic rams. It appears that the task of elevating this vast fabric was intrusted by Mr Stephenson to the talented hydraulic engineers Messrs Easton and Amos. At each pier, resting upon massive bearing-girders of cast-iron, solidly imbedded in the masonry, was placed a large hydraulic ram. This machine consisted of a cylinder 3 feet in diameter to the outside, with a cylindrical cavity of about a foot and a half in diameter, so that the actual thickness of this powerful cylinder was nine inches of solid iron all round! In it was the 'ram,' a cylindrical mass of solid iron 18 inches or so in diameter, so that it did not fit the cylinder quite accurately, but left a vacancy for the passage of water to the bottom. Attached to the top of this ram is a transverse piece of metal called a 'cross-head,' 2 square feet thick, with two square apertures, through which the great chains which are to lift the mass are passed and secured. The chains consisted of flat bars of wrought-iron about 6 feet in length, 1½ inch thick, and 7 inches wide. Each

ram lifted two chains composed of nine links, containing eight bars in the upper links, but four only in the lower. The stroke of the ram was 6 feet—that is, it lifted the tube 6 feet in its full range. In the recess where the fellow-tube is to be placed, a steam-engine of peculiar construction was erected, to whose obedient toils the mighty work of raising the tube at each end was committed. These steam-engines were on the high-pressure principle, the cylinder being placed horizontally, and the piston-rod running completely through the cylinder at both ends, where it was connected with fly-wheels and the plungers of the force-pumps. The length of the stroke was 16 inches. At the summit of the cylinder of the hydraulic press was a small tube, the internal cavity of which was only three-eighths of an inch diameter. This tube was connected with the force-pumps. Regarded in itself, this little tube was the least imposing portion of the whole mechanism; and no one who looked at it by the side of the vastly-proportioned instrument it was attached to, would have believed that that tiny cylinder was the channel of a force equalling 700 or 800 tons! Could it be possible that this vast work was to be lifted by the direct instrumentality of two tubes with a bore the size of a quill barrel? Such are the wonderful results which the laws of hydraulic science have placed within our reach, bringing to our aid a power of such vast proportions as it never entered Eastern imagination to endow a genii or an afrit with.

All things being now ready, the lift-chains firmly secured to both ends of the tube, the steam up, and the workmen at their posts, the great operation commenced. The steam-engines acting simultaneously, and with equal velocity and power at each pier, the mighty structure began to rise. This was indeed an anxious moment, as the whole iron structure hung suspended by the hydraulic engines at each end. The engines worked with a will, as the saying is; and amid the buzz of voices, the rapid puff-puffs of the escape-pipe, the muffled sound of clacking valves, and the hurrying to and fro of swarthy mechanics, the Tube Bridge rose majestically, but with great slowness, into the air. At every rise of 6 feet the engines were stopped, and the chains readjusted to the head of the ram, and the top links removed. By a succession of such rises, the tube finally reached the desired elevation of about 24 feet, and there dangled in the air, as though a mere plaything in the hands of the two hydraulic giants. It was then allowed to take its permanent position on the massive masonry prepared for it; the anxiety of its erection was at an end; and the Tube Bridge lay across the river, a monument of the combined skill of British engineers of the nineteenth century.

Its sustaining power still remained to be tested. Carriages, heavily laden to the amount of many hundred tons, were placed in its centre, and allowed to remain there for two or three days; but the deflection did not, we believe, exceed an inch and a half, and disappeared on the removal of the weight, thus demonstrating its resistance and its elasticity. Since then, it has been constantly worked; and the vast hollow, which a few months ago resounded with the deafening clatter of the riveters' hammers, now roars with the rush of carriages, and re-echoes in a voice like thunder the hoarse and impetuous expirations of the flying locomotive. The mathematicians still nurse their forebodings; but may God forbid that a work of so much skill and ingenuity, and the destruction of which would inevitably involve so fearful a loss of life, should become a mass of ruins! We do not share these fears; experiment has long since settled the question; and we believe that nothing but some anomalous and unforeseen class of circumstances could injure the security of the Tube Bridge. The Tube Bridge is pre-eminently a work of our own era: it is one of those vast and complicated efforts of skill which no previous period of the world's history could command. Whether we consider the mass of metal employed for these structures in the positions

above stated, or the cost of the undertaking, or the difficulties of its construction, elevation, and location, or the novelty of the principle, we are presented with a theme of admiration and astonishment which posterity will not exhaust.

THE DEATH OF MURAT.

THE sun was gilding with his last rays the calm surface of the Mediterranean on the evening of the 22d August 1815, as two persons emerged from a rocky path which leads down to a small bay about five miles from Toulon. One was apparently a provincial lawyer of some substance; but the rank of his companion was less easy to discover. Though clothed in far more homely attire than the other, his commanding figure, his noble and military carriage, belied the poverty of his habiliments, while a brilliant smile playing around his lips seemed to mock the evident trepidation of his friend. Looking round to see that they were unobserved, the lawyer clambered up a slight eminence, and discharged a pistol. In a few moments more a boat, hitherto concealed by a jutting rock, suddenly swept round, and entered the bay, which was, however, so shallow, that she grounded some ten or twelve yards from the dry shingle. The instant she did so, three young men jumped out of her, and wading through the water, hastened towards the persons we have described.

After brief salutations—supported by Donadieu, Langlade, and Blancard, three of the most promising young officers in the French navy, and followed by his late host the lawyer to the little bark that was to convey him away—Murat, for the noble-looking traveller was no less a personage, left the shores of his native kingdom never to return.

Once on board, he gave a letter to the worthy lawyer to despatch to his wife, who had secured a retreat in Austria; then fixing his eyes on the receding land, he continued in a standing position to gaze on the loved shores of France till night shut out the view.

'Would to Heaven we had more wind!' grumbled Langlade; 'we might then pass the line of cruisers before daylight.' And he began in true sailor-like style to whistle for a breeze.

'We shall have enough of it, and more than enough, before midnight,' replied Donadieu.

'You are right,' said Blancard, a more experienced sailor than either of the other two. 'And if my advice were taken, his majesty would allow us to put back, and remain in the bay till the tempest is over.'

For a time, however, the wind began obviously to fall off, and the boat scarcely moved through the waters. Murat, who felt no dread at the idea of a tempest, had scarcely moral courage enough to bear up against the horrors of a calm, and to hide his annoyance, affected to sleep. Believing his slumbers to be real, his companions entered into conversation on the impossibility of such a vessel outliving the storm which, to their experienced senses, was now obviously brewing.

'Haul down!' cried Donadieu suddenly; and in the next instant the sail was lowered, together with the yard to which it was attached.

'What are you doing?' exclaimed the deposed monarch, starting up, and speaking in the voice of one accustomed to implicit obedience. 'Do you forget that I am a king, and that I command you to proceed?'

'Sire,' replied Donadieu in a firm, yet respectful manner, 'there is a Sovereign more powerful than your majesty, whose voice will soon be heard in the coming blast. Permit us, then, if yet within our power, to save your life.'

At this moment a flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the heavens, and a loud clap of thunder seemed to shake the very firmament. A slight foam quickly appeared on the surface of the ocean, and the little bark trembled like a thing of life. Murat at once saw the coming danger. He was now in his glory. He threw

off his hat, and shaking back his long black locks, smiled as he stood up, and seemed to court the approaching war of the elements.

The storm rapidly burst out in all its fury. The howling wind, the flashing lightning, the thunder that seemed to rend the clouds immediately above their heads, would have inspired terror in any breast less brave than that of the exiled king. Donadieu for an instant put the helm up, and the boat, freed from restraint, like a wild animal shaking off its trammels, flew madly before the blast. In less than five minutes, however, the squall had passed away, and a lull succeeded.

'Is it over?' asked Murat, surprised at the short duration of the tempest.

'No, sire; this is but a skirmish with the advanced guard; the main body will come up to us presently.'

In the next instant the prediction of the well-practised sailor was fulfilled. Before her head could be put to wind, the boat shipped a sea which half filled her.

'Bale away, bale away: now is the time when your majesty can assist us.'

Blancard, Langlade, and Murat, instantly set about the task. A more miserable group than the four persons in the boat presented could not be imagined. During three hours, they continued, with little advantage, their arduous labour; and though the wind rather died away at daybreak, the sea continued rough and boisterous. Hunger also began to add its horrors to the scene. The provisions were entirely spoilt by salt water; the wine alone remained intact. This they eagerly swallowed out of the bottle after one another. Langlade had fortunately some chocolate cakes in his pocket: Murat divided these into equal shares, and insisted on his companions taking their portions. They now steered for Corsica, but with little hope of being able to reach it.

Alarmed lest a sudden squall should dismast them, they only ventured to set the jib during the day; and as night again set in, accompanied by torrents of rain, they found they had only got over about thirty miles. Murat, now fairly knocked up, threw himself on one of the benches and fell fast asleep, while the three intrepid sailors kept alternate watch during his slumbers, unwilling to confess even to each other their conviction that the frail boat must founder if no assistance arrived within four-and-twenty hours.

As day slowly broke, Donadieu perceived a vessel within a few miles, and in his delight cried out with such energy, that the ex-king of Naples started up from his slumbers. The helm was instantly put down; every sail was set; and the boat quickly bore up for the stranger, who evidently was a small merchant brig en route from Corsica to Toulon. Langlade, in the meantime, affixing the king's cloak to the end of a boat-hook, kept waving it, in order to attract the notice of the people on board the brig. In this he succeeded; and in less than half an hour the two vessels lay within fifty yards of each other. The captain appeared on the deck. Murat hailed him, and offered him a considerable sum if he would receive himself and his three companions on board, and convey them to Corsica. The commander seemed to listen attentively to the proposal; then turning to one of his officers, he gave an order, which Donadieu could not overhear; but probably guessing his intentions from his gestures, he desired Langlade and Blancard to keep the boat off. This they did; which, being perfectly incomprehensible to Murat, he petulantly exclaimed, 'What are you about? What are you doing? Don't you see they are coming up to us?'

'Yes, I see it plainly enough,' replied Donadieu. 'Quick, quick, Langlade, Blancard! Yes, she's coming with a vengeance! That's it; steady now;' and he suddenly seized the tiller and put it down. The boat spun round in a new direction. A wave carried her off just as the brig, suddenly tacking, drove past her within a few yards of her stern.

'Traitor!' furiously called out the king, now perceiving the wicked intention of the captain; 'receive your reward;' and would have fired at him, but the powder having become wet during the night, the pistol refused to go off.

'The rascal has taken us for pirates, and would have run us down,' said Donadieu. 'Alas! what is to be done?' The water now began to gain upon them very fast; the last exertion had still more opened the planks of the unfortunate bark; and during the next ten hours, the crew were forced to keep baling out with their hats.

Towards evening another sail was descried. Every stitch of canvas was set, and the little boat made for her. It now became a matter of time. The water was pouring in each moment with increased power. Whether they could reach the vessel before the frail bark foundered, became now an object of great doubt. Donadieu recognised, in the felucca they were approaching a post-office packet plying between Toulon and Bastia. Langlade, being acquainted with the commander, instantly hailed him; and though the distance was far beyond the ordinary reach of the human voice, yet impelled by fear of instant death, his hail was so shrill, as to be clearly heard on board the packet. The water was now rising fast; the king was already up to his knees; the boat began to roll about, unable to advance. She had become water-logged, when two or three strong cords were thrown from the vessel. One of these fortunately fell in the little craft; the king caught hold of it, and was dragged into the packet; Blancard and Langlade followed his example: Donadieu remained the last: as he snatched the rope thrown to him, and rose up, the wretched boat gave one lurch, and disappeared for ever! Five minutes later, and these four men must have foundered with her.

Murat had scarcely reached the deck, when a man, suddenly bursting from his companions, came and threw himself at his feet. It was a Mameluke that he had brought with him from Egypt. Presently the Senator Casabianca, Captain Oletta, a nephew of the Prince Baciocchi, Boerco, and others, crowded round him, addressing him by the style of 'your Majesty.' Murat thus found himself suddenly surrounded by a little court. His sorrows, his exile, seemed to have been engulfed with the little boat, and he now began to believe himself again Joachim I., king of Naples.

Uncertain, however, of his reception in Corsica, Murat assumed the title of Count Campo Mello, and under this name landed at Bastia on the 25th of August. The precaution, however, was useless. In less than three days every one was aware of his presence; and so great was the enthusiasm, that the ex-king left the town, fearful his appearance amongst them might cause public commotion.

Having removed to Viscovato with his three friends and the Mameluke, he immediately sought out one of his old officers, General Franceschetti, whose house became his residence. As soon as the king's arrival was generally known, numbers both of officers and men, who had already served under him, flocked to his standard, and in a few days Murat found himself at the head of nine hundred men. The three sailors, Langlade, Blancard, and Donadieu, now took leave of him, and returned to France, in spite of his intreaties to the contrary. They had clung to the unhappy exile—they refused to follow the steps of the exulting king.

On the 28th, the expected answers to his despatches arrived. They were brought over by a Calabrese named Luigi, who stated himself to have been sent by the Arab Othello, who from illness was unable to return. These letters, sent by the minister of police in Naples, strongly advised him to make a descent on Salerno, and urged his instant adoption of this measure. Deceived by their apparent truth and candour, Murat set sail with three vessels for that port, where Ferdinand had already posted three thousand Austrian troops, as he feared to trust the native troops in an attack on a sovereign

Off the island of Capri a storm overtook them, which drove them as far as Paola, a little bay about thirty miles from Cosenza. Here they remained at anchor till the 6th of October, but on the 7th, Murat received clear intimation that no reliance was to be placed on his allies in the other vessels.

General Franceschetti took advantage of this momentary overshadowing of his bright visions to advise him to give up his perilous enterprise, and accept the asylum offered by the emperor of Austria, in whose dominions his wife had already found shelter. The ex-king listened with attention. At this moment the general perceived a sailor sleeping in a corner of the deck close to them; and fearful they had been overheard, they went up to him: it was Luigi. Crouched on a coil of rope, he seemed to slumber soundly. The interrupted conversation went on, and ended by Murat consenting to the proposition of the general. It was agreed that they should pass through the Straits of Messina, double Cape Spartivento, and enter the Adriatic. This settled, they separated for the night.

On the following morning (the 8th October) the king desired the commander, Barbara, to steer for Messina. Barbara replied that he was ready to obey his majesty, but that, being in want of provisions and water, it would be advisable to go and fetch them. The king acceded, but refused to give certain passports and safeguards which he had in his possession, and which Barbara demanded as an authority, and without which he positively refused to proceed. Murat commanded him. He continued obstinate; when the ex-king, impatient at his disobedience, and unaccustomed to be thwarted, threatened to strike him; but on a sudden altering his determination, he ordered his troops to get under arms, and desired the commander to lay to.

Murat jumped into the boat, accompanied by twenty-eight individuals, amongst whom was Luigi, and rowed towards the shore. Arrived there, General Franceschetti was about to spring out of the boat, when Murat stopped him, crying, 'I will be the first to tread the soil of my dominions;' and passing the general, he leaped on shore.

He was dressed in the full uniform of a general officer. He wore white pantaloons and top-boots; a belt, in which he had placed a pair of magnificent pistols; and a cocked hat, richly embroidered, the cockade being affixed to it by a knot of nine splendid brilliants. In his right hand he bore his own ensign. The clock of Pizzo struck ten as he disembarked.

Murat proceeded straight to the town, which was only about a hundred yards off. Here he found, it being Sunday, the whole population assembled in the market-place. No one recognised him. They stood in mute astonishment, gazing at the brilliant uniforms that approached them. The ex-king, however, espied an old sergeant whom he remembered as having served in his guard at Naples. He walked straight up to him, and placing his hand on his shoulder, demanded, 'Tavella, do you know me?' Receiving no reply, he added, 'I am Joachim Murat! I am your king! Be yours the honour of first shouting Long live Joachim!' The king's suite instantly took up the cry, and shouted it loudly forth. But the Calabrese, amongst whom there seemed a growing feeling of discontent, remained perfectly mute. The king seeing this foretold an approaching conflict, and turning again to Tavella, said, 'Well, then, if you wont cry long life to me, at least find me a horse, and I will instantly make you a captain.' Tavella immediately turned away. He entered his cottage, and did not appear again that day.

Every moment fresh crowds of peasants poured in; but not a single demonstration of sympathy could Murat elicit from them. A bold push now could alone save him. 'On, on to Monteleoni!' cried he; and placing himself at the head of his little band, he rushed towards the road which leads to that town. The people drew aside, to allow him to pass.

the mob began to recover from their stupor; and a young man named George Pellegrino suddenly appeared armed with a musket, and began shouting, 'To arms, to arms!' The crowd echoed the cry; and in another moment every one sought his dwelling, and armed himself as best he could. On the arrival of Captain Trenta Capelli of the gendarmerie of Cosenza, who happened to be in Pizzo, and whom Pellegrino had gone in search of, he found two hundred persons in the market square bearing different weapons, who, on his placing himself at their head, immediately gave chase to their ex-king.

Murat, seeing them coming, ordered a halt, and prepared to meet them at a spot where a bridge now exists bearing his name. Seeing Trenta Capelli advance towards him, he instantly cried, 'Will you exchange your captain's epaulettes for those of a general officer? If so, cry Long live Joachim! and follow me with your brave band to Monteleone.'

'Sire,' quickly replied the other, 'we are the faithful subjects of King Ferdinand. We come to seize, not to accompany you. Surrender yourself, therefore, and prevent an unnecessary effusion of blood.'

At this moment a pistol was discharged by the opposite party, and seeing no hope of conciliation, General Franceschetti ordered his men to fire. In an instant the discharge was returned, and the combat began, not, however, with the slightest chance of success on the side of the exiled king, who could only offer about twenty-five men to oppose five hundred. Presently several fell on both sides, and the peasants, headed by Trenta Capelli, pressed on. To cut through this mass was impossible, while in the rear of the little body retreat was rendered utterly impracticable by a precipice of about thirty-five feet. Murat did not hesitate: he threw himself down this acclivity, and fortunately falling on the sand beneath, arose unhurt, and plunged into a little wood which skirted the shore. General Franceschetti and his aid-de-camp Campana were equally fortunate.

The instant the trio emerged from the cover of the trees, they were saluted by a volley from above, but happily without effect. On reaching the shore, they found that the boat which had brought them to land had again put to sea, and had rejoined the three vessels, which, far from coming to his aid, had set every sail, and were making off as rapidly as possible. The Maltese Barbara had repaid the monarch's threat by now betraying him. He carried off with him not only all the fortune of the exiled king, but in thus abandoning him, crushed his last hope.

A fisherman's bark was lying high and dry on the land: it became Murat's only chance of escape. If they could only get it afloat, they might yet be saved, for none dared to leap the precipice in pursuit, and the regular descent was some distance round. The three fugitives used their every exertion to push the boat into the water. The agony of despair gave them increased strength, and they had nearly succeeded, when a sudden shout caused them to look round. The populace, headed by Trenta Capelli and Pellegrino, were within fifty paces of them. Exhausted by their efforts, Campana and Franceschetti sank to the ground: a general discharge followed: a ball entered the heart of Campana. Franceschetti, however, escaped, and seeing the boat floating close to him, instantly sprang into it, and pushed off. Murat would have followed him, but one of his spurs catching in the fishing-net spread out on the beach, he fell, and before he could rise, the people had seized him. They tore off his epaulettes, and dragged from him the flag he held, and would doubtless have murdered him on the spot, had not Trenta Capelli and Pellegrino come to his rescue. These, supporting him between them, defended him from the attacks of the savage peasantry.

He now returned a prisoner over the same ground he so lately had hoped to tread as a king, and was thrust into the common jail amongst assassins, thieves,

and other malefactors, who, unaware of his rank, assailed him on his entrance with every sort of abuse.

Half an hour after this, the commandant, Mattei, entered, and struck with the still dignified air of the captive, rendered him the same homage he would have offered to him had he still been on the throne of Naples.

'Commandant,' said Murat, 'look around you: is this a fitting prison for a king?'

Extraordinary to relate, the moment he announced his rank, the daring captives, who had insulted him immediately before, instantly ceased their revilings, and retiring in orderly silence to the other end of the prison, seemed to pay a just tribute of pity and respect to the misfortunes of their former sovereign. The commandant, after making some excuse, requested Murat to follow him to a more fitting place of confinement. The ex-king, previous to doing this, threw a handful of gold which he found in his pocket to the people, exclaiming, 'Here, take this: never be it said that you have received the visit of a monarch, though captive and dethroned as he is, without obtaining *largesse* from him.'

'Long live Joachim!' shouted they.

Murat smiled bitterly. The same cries on the public Place, half an hour before, would have made him king of Naples.

The ex-monarch now followed Mattei to the little room allotted to him as his future prison, where he busied himself in giving minute orders respecting dress and other unimportant matters.

At nearly the same time General Nunziante arrived from Santo Tropea with 3000 men. Murat was delighted at again seeing an old brother officer; but he instantly perceived, from the cold manner of the other, that he was before a judge, and that the general's visit was not one of friendship, but to obtain information. Murat confined himself to saying that he was on his way from Corsica to Trieste, to accept the invitation of the emperor of Austria, when he was driven into Pizzo by stress of weather, and compelled to land to procure water and provisions. To all other questions he refused to give an answer, and closed the conversation by asking the general if he could lend him a suit of clothes to appear in on quitting the bath. The general took the hint, and left him. In ten minutes afterwards Murat received a complete uniform, in which he dressed himself, and ordering pen and paper, wrote an account of his capture and detention to the Austrian general in Naples, the British ambassador, and his wife. Tired by the task, he approached the window, threw it open, and looked out. It afforded him a view of the spot where he had been captured. Two men were busily engaged in digging a hole in the sand. Presently they entered a cottage hard by, and returned, bearing with them a dead body. The king in an instant (though the corpse was perfectly naked) recognised the handsome features of the young aid-de-camp Campana. The scene, viewed from a prison window by the fast-closing shades of evening, the thoughts of the captive as he saw one so young, who had died to serve him, thus ignobly buried, the ceremony unhalloved by the rites of religion, far from his home and all dear to him, so much overcame the beholder, that he burst into tears. In this state General Nunziante found him. His look expressed his astonishment, when Murat hastily exclaimed, 'Yes, I am in tears: I am not ashamed of them. They are shed for one young, ardent, and generous, whose mother committed him to my care, and who now lies yonder buried like a dog.' The general came to summon his prisoner to dinner. Murat followed to another room where the meal had been prepared. He, however, could touch nothing: the scene he had just witnessed had completely overcome the heart of him who had viewed thousands perish around him, without a sigh, on the plains of Aboukir, Eylau, and Moscow.

Leaving the meal untasted, Murat returned to his room. A sort of fascination seemed to draw him to

the window, which overlooked the burial-place of his young friend. Though for a while he had not moral courage to throw open the casement, yet at length, overcoming his repugnance, he did so. Two dogs were busily scraping up the sand from the grave where the body lay: they actually reached it. The ex-king could bear no more: he threw himself on his bed in his clothes; but about daybreak again rose, and undressed himself, and returned to his couch, fearful lest his enemies might attribute his agitation to fear for his own fate.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 13th of October Captain Stratti entered the king's prison. He found him in his bed asleep, and desirous not to awake him, was quitting the room, when he upset a chair. The noise disturbed Murat, who started up, and demanded the captain's business. Stratti was so overcome, however, that he was unable to reply. The ex-king therefore proceeded—'You have received orders from Naples: is it not so?'

'Yes, sire,' murmured Stratti.

'What do they contain?'

'Orders for your majesty's trial.'

'And who are to be my judges, if you please? Where can they find my equals to sit in judgment on me? If they look upon me as a king, I must be tried by my brother sovereigns; if as a marshal of France, my fate can only be decided on by officers of that rank; if even as a mere general, none less than a general can sit on the bench of my judges.'

'As a public enemy, sire, you may be tried by an ordinary court-martial. All rebels, without respect to rank, may be brought before such a tribunal. The law was framed by yourself.'

'Yes, against brigands; not, sir, against crowned heads. However, I am ready: they may assassinate me as soon as they like.'

'Would you not wish to hear the names of the members?'

'Yes, it is as well: it must be a curious list. Read on: I'm all attention.'

When he had done, the king, turning to him with a bitter smile, merely observed, 'It is well: they seem to have taken every precaution.'

'How so, sire?'

'Can't you perceive that every member named, with the exception of Francesco Froio, owes his rank to me? Naturally they will fear being accused of partiality if they decide in my favour.'

'Sire, why not appear personally before them, and plead your own cause?'

'Silence, sir—silence! Such a court, I still maintain, is incompetent: I should consider myself degraded if I pleaded before it. I am aware that I cannot save my life: at least, then, allow me to save the dignity of my crown.'

At this moment Francesco Froio entered. He interrogated him. His first question was touching his name, his age, his country? Murat suddenly starting up, cried with all the stern dignity he was capable of assuming, 'I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the Two Sicilies; and I command you instantly to leave the room.' The abashed inquisitor immediately retired.

Murat now rose, and putting on his pantaloons, sat down and wrote a most affectionate letter to his wife; left his children his dying blessing; and cutting off a lock of his hair, enclosed it in his letter.

Nunziante now entered. 'Swear to me, general, as a husband and a father,' cried Murat, as he folded up the epistle, 'that you will faithfully forward this letter.'

'By my honour!' said the general, deeply overcome.

'Come, general, bear up,' resumed Murat in a lively tone; 'we are soldiers, and used to death. I ask but one favour: allow me to give the word of command to the execution party.' The general instantly assented. Froio now returned, bearing with him the sentence of the court. 'Read it,' said Murat coldly, well divining

sent. The ex-king had correctly foreseen his fate. With the exception of a single voice, the court had unanimously adjudged him worthy of death.

When it was concluded, he turned to Nunziante—'General, believe me, I clearly distinguish between the author of my fate and the mere instruments. I could never have believed Ferdinand capable of allowing me to be shot like a dog. But enough of this. At what hour is my execution to take place?'

'Fix it yourself, sire,' replied the general.

Murat pulled out his watch; but, by accident, the back presented itself instead of the face. On it was painted a superb miniature of the ex-queen.

'Ah, look here!' said Murat, addressing Nunziante; 'look at this picture of my wife. You knew her: is it not like?' He kissed it, and replaced the watch in his fob.

'At what hour?' demanded Froio.

'Ah, by the by, I had forgotten,' said Murat, cheerfully smiling. 'I had forgotten why I had pulled out my watch; but the likeness of Caroline chased away all other ideas,' and he looked at it. 'It is now past three o'clock: will four suit you? I only ask fifty minutes. Have you any objection?'

Froio bowed, and left the room. Nunziante was following him—

'Stay, my friend; shall I not see you again?'

'My orders are, that I should be present at your execution, sire; but I feel I have not courage to obey them.'

'Well, then, do not distress your feelings: do not be present. Still, I should like to embrace you once more before I die.'

'I will meet you on the road.'

'Thank you. Now leave me to my meditations.'

After seeing the priests, to whom he gave a written certificate that he died in the Christian faith, Murat threw himself on his bed, and for about a quarter of an hour remained meditating, doubtlessly reviewing his past life from the moment when he quitted the alehouse in which he was born, to the period when he entered a palace as its sovereign. Suddenly starting up, he seemed to shake off his gloomy thoughts, and approaching a mirror, began to arrange his hair. Wedded to death from his infancy, he seemed anxious to deck himself in the most becoming manner now that he was about to meet it.

Four o'clock struck. Murat himself opened the door. General Nunziante was waiting outside.

'Thank you,' said the ex-king; 'you have kept your word. God bless you; good-by. You need follow me no further.'

The general threw himself sobbing into his arms.

'Come, come, do not thus give way to your feelings. Take example from me: I am perfectly calm.'

This coolness on the part of the victim so overcame Nunziante, that, starting from his embrace, the general rushed from the house, flying along the shore like a madman.

The king now proceeded to the courtyard, where every preparation for his execution had been made. Nine men and a corporal were ranged close to the door of the council chamber. In front of them was a wall twelve feet high. Three yards from this wall there was a single raised step. Murat instantly perceived its purpose, and placed himself on it, thus towering about one foot above the soldiers who were to shoot him. Once there, he took out his handkerchief, kissed the picture of his wife, and fixing his eyes steadily on the party, desired them to load. When he gave the order to fire, five only of the nine obeyed. Murat remained untouched. The soldiers had purposely fired over his head.

It was at this moment that the lion courage of the hero showed itself—that intrepid coolness for which he had ever been famed. Not a single feature was disturbed. He stood perfectly steady and unmoved, as with a smile of melancholy gratitude he addressed

'Thanks, my friends—a thousand thanks; but as, sooner or later, you will be compelled to aim directly at me, do not prolong my agony. All I ask of you is, to fire straight at my heart, and avoid, if possible, wounding me in the face. Come, let us begin again;' and once more he went through every word of command. At the word 'fire,' he fell pierced by eight balls, without a struggle, without a sigh, without letting the watch fall that he held in his left hand.

The soldiers took up the corpse, and laid it on the same bed in which he had lain down in health and strength some ten minutes before. A captain's guard was placed on the door.

That night a stranger presented himself, and demanded admittance to the room. The sentinel refused. He desired to speak with the commandant. To him he showed an order for his free entry. The commandant, as he read it, shuddered with disgust, and expressed great surprise. The perusal, however, over, he conducted the man to the door of the death-chamber.

'Allow Signor Luigi to pass,' said he to the sentinel. The soldier presented arms to the commandant. Luigi entered.

Ten minutes afterwards, Luigi came out, carrying some object in a pocket-handkerchief stained with blood. What it was the sentinel could not distinguish.

An hour afterwards, the undertaker entered, bearing the coffin intended for the king's remains. No sooner had the man, however, crossed the threshold, than in an accent of indescribable horror he called out to the soldier, who rushed in to learn the cause of his terror. The man, unable to speak, pointed to a headless corpse.

On the death of Ferdinand, in a private closet in his bedroom this head was discovered, preserved in spirits of wine. The reason was thus explained by General T—:—

'As Murat was put to death in an obscure corner of Calabria, Ferdinand continually feared some impostor would spring up, and assuming his name and appearance, raise the standard of rebellion. The real head was therefore always preserved to confront and confound any false pretender to the throne, by proving the death of Joachim Murat.'

Eight days after the execution at Pizzo, each man concerned in it received his reward. Trenta Capelli was made colonel, General Nunziente was created a marquis, and Luigi died of poison!

BLOCKADE OF AFRICA.

If any one will take the trouble of turning up the map of Africa, and cast his eye along the outline from the Pillars of Hercules in the Mediterranean to the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb in the Red Sea, he will trace one of the most vast and varied seaboard in the world, broken by rivers and headlands, and indented with innumerable bays and creeks. At some fourteen or fifteen degrees distance to the north of this great continent, he will observe a couple of little islands, looking like fragments of one of the African promontories broken off and thrown into the sea. These are the British islands, whose ships, sailing to and from all parts of the earth, cover the neighbouring channel.

Now if, for any purpose, these little islands wanted to blockade the African continent, the attempt would be considered ridiculous with such slender means as they possess—powerful as their fleets comparatively are, and enjoying, as the islands do, both in reputation and reality, the distinction of being the first naval state in the world. But what should we say if this attempt were really made, and continued gravely year after year, at a great expense to the country—not with the naval force of Great Britain, but with an inconsiderable fraction of it? What should we say if this plan were persevered in, after its inefficiency (which no sane person should have doubted from the outset) had been practically demonstrated over and over again?

This is the precise position of England and Africa:

but the question, unfortunately, is mystified by considerations of national generosity and humanity; and the very attempt, unavailing as it is, to prevent the exportation of slaves from the benighted continent, is regarded as meritorious. If this were all, it would be merely a matter for financial consideration. If the nation could afford the amusement of playing at the blockade of a continent with a few ships, and chose to enjoy it, well and good. But unluckily, the interference of Great Britain, in the way she chooses to conduct it, is not merely useless: it aggravates the horrors it is intended to prevent. The obstacles she interposes, being found in practice surmountable, merely enhance the price of slaves in the foreign markets, and the penalty she annexes to the traffic in human life dyes the ocean with human blood. On a recent occasion, as we find by a journal before us, the crew of a slaver, hard pushed, made their escape, leaving their captives, to the number of 420, fastened down under hatches with spike nails, to be drowned or smothered in the deserted vessel as chance might decree. 'Never,' says the relator, 'was there a more dreadful attempt at cool, deliberate, and wholesale murder: and yet there is no means of punishing the perpetrators; no judge nor magistrate residing at Mozambique, and the judge at Quillimane being a coloured man, formerly a gentleman's servant, and one of the greatest slave-dealers in the place.'*

This author's experience lies in the channel between Madagascar and the African main; and the picture he gives of the traffic there is as hopeless as it is revolting. The governor of the Portuguese settlement of Quillimane is sent out to make his fortune in any way he thinks proper, his sovereign giving him the nominal salary of a thousand dollars. In general, he connives, as a matter of course, at the only flourishing trade of the settlement; but between whiles makes no scruple of betraying his friends to the British. Even this little inconsistency, however, does not appear to affect much the estimation in which he is held; for the interference of our preventive force has turned the traffic in slaves into a grand game of chance and skill, in which the players only blame their own imprudence or misfortune. The slave-dealers and the preventive officers are on very good terms as individuals. Each looks to his business, and both look to the governor, who looks to his own interest. Thus the affair goes on. Sometimes vessels are seized; sometimes they get clear off: it matters not which to the trade, for there are always plenty of ships at hand, and plenty of slaves waiting in chains for an opportunity of shipment.

The only ray of hope we can discover in the volume is contained in the following paragraph:—'A company has been formed at Lisbon to carry on the trade on the east coast of Africa, and they have already a capital of one million; but as yet, they have not been able to acquire the requisite privileges from their government. They want to have the power of buying sixty vessels, and not to be restricted to Portuguese bottoms, and to be able to nominate and pay their own governors. This indeed would be a blow to the slave-trade, as it would open new sources of commerce, and produce new interests; and the poor wretches who are now driven from the interior like herds of cattle, would be employed carrying gum-copal, ivory, gold dust, and various other articles with which Africa abounds. During the floods occasioned by the rainy season, coals might be got from Tete in any quantity; and the mighty power of steam be employed in sowing the seeds of civilisation, which can never be done whilst the merchants, agents, and their governors find it, or think it, their interest to keep the blacks in such a degraded and ignorant state, that they look upon slavery as a blessing, and voluntarily sell themselves and families for three pieces of cloth.' The French, besides, have entered into an

* A Three Years' Cruise in the Mozambique Channel, for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade. By Lieutenant Barnard, R.N. London: Bentley, 1843. Digitized by Google

arrangement with the imaum of Muscat, by which they are authorised to hire his subjects for a term of years as labourers in Bourbon; so that the degraded negroes may eventually return to their own country with money and a trade. The capabilities of the natives may be seen from the following account of their industry:—Some of the men are very intelligent, and work in gold, silver, and iron, with tools and apparatus of the most primitive description. The bellows are made of deer-skins, with two pieces of bamboo at the mouth, which is opened and closed with the finger and thumb as it is moved up or pressed down, one being in each hand, and the nozles being introduced into a piece of brickwork on the ground, communicating by two holes with a charcoal fire. The blacksmith sits on his haunches, and for an anvil generally has a pig of ballast. With these rough implements they make even pintles and gudgeons for large vessels, hinges for doors, slave shackles, and chains. The workers in gold use a blow-pipe, and draw the wire through a bit of lead bored with holes, gradually diminishing in size; and I have seen some very handsome ornaments made by them. These clever and industrious people are all in the condition of slavery; and their wives and daughters may be seen on occasions strung together with heavy chains, supported by an iron ring round the throat, and digging the ground with hoes. But bad as slavery is, freedom, it seems, in this unhappy country is still worse. 'About Quillimane and Luabo, and indeed in all the Portuguese possessions on the coast, are numbers of Colonos, or free blacks, who hire themselves out as woodcutters, machila-bearers, or labourers; and such is the degraded state of society, that these men are taunted by the slaves as having no white man to look after them, and see them righted when oppressed. They are kept in subjection by a very severe and separate code of laws; and if they break or injure anything which they cannot pay for, they become slaves. After the death of Moraes, Azvedo's father-in-law, who was a very severe master, no less than eighty slaves, who had deserted, and escaped into the interior, returned to the estate, and resumed their work, preferring slavery to the iron rule of the chiefs of their own colour: others come frequently to sell themselves, and to buy them is the greatest boon a good master can bestow; and their price is from three to five pieces of clouty or dungaree.'

The volume is varied with an account of a visit to a Portuguese gentleman named Morgado, whose estate, situated a little way in the interior, is as large as all Portugal! His great complaint was, that the natives came up the river into his property, and carried off his blacks—an aggression which it was but little in his power to prevent, inasmuch as it would take thirty days to visit all the stations on his estate, travelling at the rate of nine miles a-day. His dependants amounted to 30,000; and the estate produced yearly 280 arobas of ivory; together with such quantities of iron, copper, and the precious metals, as he had the means to collect. Coal likewise is abundant and good, and would be available for steam navigation during the floods, when the principal river is navigable for a distance of 260 leagues. What might not be done with a country like this! The residence of Senior Morgado is thus described. 'About four P.M. we came in sight of the establishment, situated in the midst of a great number of immense ant-hills, from twenty to thirty feet high, and fifty to sixty in circumference at the bottom, with trees growing out of the sides and top. The scene was a most novel one; and when about a quarter of a mile off, we all got into our machilas, and were met by two drums and a fife, the performers on which marched before us with the greatest gravity, playing a row-dedow up to the gates of a large white building, where the Portuguese flag was flying. We now entered a vast square, in the midst of which was a large neat pigeon-house, and we were all struck with the good order and regularity of the whole place. On the left was a nice-looking dwelling-house; on the right a large

storehouse, the walls of which were loopholed, and about two feet thick. Opposite the gate was a comfortable building for the working slaves; and here and there, in good order, were several pieces of cannon, which had formerly belonged to the American corvette Concorde. Morgado told us that he intended to wall and loophole the place all round, as a protection against independent tribes of blacks and wild beasts. At sunset the drums beat, the people are mustered, and the colours hauled down, and the gates are closed. The married blacks live in huts outside, which are barricaded all round with stakes and branches, to protect them from lions, which are very numerous, and constantly prowling about, walking off now and then with a stray woman or child.'

After a sumptuous dinner, the guests would have gone out to take a walk, but were warned to keep within the candle-light, lest some prowling lion might make a dinner of them. The only occupation described here by our author—who appears to have seen surprisingly little for a man with two eyes in his head—is that of brickmaking: an essential business in a country where there is not a single stone, even of the smallest size, to be found.

Such works as this cannot fail, we think, to suggest the idea, that if England would spend, in developing the commercial resources of Africa, the money she throws away in a vain attempt to put down the slave-trade, her liberality would be much more conducive to the interests of humanity and civilisation. But unluckily this would have no *present* show: there would be nothing in it to arouse the attention and flatter the self-esteem of the people. Yet nature is slow and gradual in her processes; and history exhibits no instances of great changes being effected without a long course of indirect preparation. Would it not be wise to attempt to govern even our generous impulses by such analogies, and instead of wasting our resources in battling against the abuses of a bad system, to wage a slower and less brilliant, but surer war against the system itself?

NOTES TOWARDS A HISTORY OF THE BANK OF SCOTLAND.

HAVING presented an *abrége* of Mr Francis's history of the Bank of England, it has occurred to us that a few notes regarding the history of the Bank of Scotland might very properly follow. In banking, Scotland enjoys some reputation, because it is a business which she has conducted with remarkable prudence and success. It may therefore gratify more than a local curiosity to learn the particulars of the early career of the first national establishment of this kind. We can pretend to few extraordinary means of gratifying such a curiosity; but we chance to possess a rare pamphlet, in which the affairs of the Bank of Scotland for the first thirty years are traced, and from this we may cull some passages likely to be read with interest.

The pamphlet (our copy wants the title) appears to have been published in 1727, with the immediate view of supporting the establishment against a rival then set up under the appellation of the Royal Bank of Scotland. It is probably partial in its views, and upon this we have no check; but perhaps the fact is not of much importance. According to our anonymous author, the Bank 'has obtained a very universal and good reputation among all ranks, though the nation in general knows little about it, except the bare name, and that the Company lends money, and has public notes running, which are paid on demand.' This is a modest enough statement, which we can to some extent avouch, for we lately had in our possession an original letter written by James Drummond of Blair Drummond, May 26, 1720, to Mr David Drummond, treasurer of the Bank, in which the following passage occurs:—'I'm heartily glad the Bank holds out so well. Ther's great pains taken in the country to raise evil reports upon it. I had occasion to find so in a pretty numerous company

the other day; yet *I did not find any willing to part with your notes at the least discount.*' As to the comparatively little notoriety of the establishment, we can fully believe the remark. It seems to have been long before the full uses of a bank were recognised in Scotland. As an illustration: in November 1707, John Strachan of Craigcrook was robbed of one thousand pounds sterling in coin, which he kept in a chest in his study, within his lodging in Edinburgh. This seems to show that for some years after the Bank was established, gentlemen continued to keep large sums of money in their own houses, instead of banking it.

The Bank of Scotland is usually said to have been established by William Paterson, the Scotchman who projected the Bank of England. But whatever may have been Paterson's secret concern in the matter, our author takes no notice of it, but distinctly says that 'the Bank was first projected at London by an English gentleman, John Holland, with whom,' he adds, 'eleven other Scots gentlemen, some residing at Edinburgh, and some at London, did join.' They procured in July 1695 an act of the Scotch parliament organising the Bank. The stock, now £1,000,000 sterling (generally bearing a premium of about sixty-three per cent.), was originally £100,000; which, however, was described with the grandeur of the Scotch denomination as £1,200,000. The £800,000 Scots set aside for parties residing in Scotland was subscribed for in the course of the months of November and December, 'the Marquis of Tweeddale, his Majesty's High Commissioner to that parliament, and Lord Chancellor at the time, and his son my Lord Yester, being the first subscribers.' The remaining third of the stock was subscribed in London in one day, a great part being taken by Scotchmen residing there. The first arrangement of officials gave the half of the direction and the appointment of governor to the English adventurers; but in a few years, when the number of English shareholders sank below thirteen, this was necessarily changed; and from that time the Bank was wholly in the management of natives.

The history of Scotland having been up to this time a tissue of warlike incident and religious contention, it is interesting now to trace the first dawns of the commercial spirit, and to observe the smallness of the transactions which our people could then compass. Only one-tenth of the stock being paid in, it is actually a fact that the first bank in Scotland commenced business with no more than £10,000! After twenty-six years, we find that only another tenth of the stock had been paid, making the active capital but £20,000. The Bank set up in no imposing edifice, such as those which now adorn the streets of modern Edinburgh and Glasgow, but in a *flat*, or floor of a house, in the Parliament Square, from which, unluckily, they were burnt out in 1700, but without any loss besides the furniture. The directors met some trouble soon after starting from an attempt at rivalry by the African Company, during which it was found necessary to call up the second £10,000 from the shareholders; but this was soon overpast, and the *extra capital returned as superfluous*. The Bank issued £100, £50, £20, £10, and £5 notes, which got into such good circulation, that the directors were encouraged to lend money freely on various kinds of security, heritable and movable. They also commenced an exchange trade. To support this, and favour the circulation of their notes, they opened branches at Glasgow, Aberdeen, Montrose, and Dundee; but this turned out ill, 'the expense far exceeding the advantage and convenience arising therefrom: for though the Company would willingly have been at some moderate charge to keep them up, if they could thereby have effectuated an answerable circulation of bank-notes about these places for accommodating the lieges in their affairs, yet they found that those offices did contribute to neither of those ends; for the money that was once lodged at any of those places, by the cashiers issuing bills payable at Edinburgh, could not be redrawn thence by bills from

Edinburgh: so the directors were obliged to give up those offices (after having been at considerable charges in the experiment), and to bring their money to *Edinburgh by horse-carriage*.' We find it stated by Dr Cleland that this attempt was made in Glasgow in 1696, and abandoned in the ensuing year. He says it was renewed in 1731, but again given up in 1733, for the same reason of want of business. It was not till 1749 that banking fairly took root in the commercial emporium of the west.*

One-pound notes, an article which has since been remarkably *watermarked* in Scotland, were first issued by the Bank of Scotland in January 1699. The anonymous historian of the Bank says, they 'are found to be very convenient, not only in the country, but also in the city of Edinburgh, though there is scarce any hopes that they can obtain a currency, to any considerable value, in our public markets and fairs, as some have thought, for nothing answers there among the common people but silver money, even gold being little known among them.' This passage will amuse those who reflect on the now inveterate attachment of Scotland to one-pound notes; a cause in which Sir Walter Scott had almost made her draw the claymore in 1836, and which would even now be a stumblingblock in any general measure for making our currency more metallic. The allusion to the prevalence of silver money in the seventeenth century shows the sense of the general term for money still used in Scotland—*silver*.

In 1704, there was a scarcity of cash all over the kingdom, and a rumour arose that the privy-council designed by proclamation 'to raise the value of the several current species.' This caused a run of twenty days' continuance on the Bank, which at length, being exhausted of cash, was obliged to stop payment. At the request of the directors, the privy-council inquired into the state of its affairs, which being found satisfactory, a memorial was published, by which public confidence was restored. The Bank made all easy by announcing its design to allow interest on its notes until they should be called in for payment. It was at this crisis that the second £10,000 was permanently raised from the shareholders. In the midst of the trouble, a teller named Pringle was detected as having embezzled £425, 10s.; no small loss, considering the diminutive capital of the Company, and that its affairs were then in the hands of creditors.†

When it became necessary at the Union to draw in the Scottish coin, and replace it with British, the Bank of Scotland undertook the business, and accomplished it without fee or reward. The directors expected some favour in consequence from the government; but owing to the confusions following on the death of Queen Anne, no actual recognition of their service had been rendered by the government up to the time when our author wrote. It is curious, in our cool and regular times, to look back on the somewhat romantic troubles to which banking was exposed in the days of a disputed succession. 'The Pretender' appeared with a fleet off the mouth of the Firth of Forth in March 1708, when the Bank of Scotland had a large sum lying in ingots in the Mint at Edinburgh, besides a considerable sum in its own office, being coin brought in to be recoined; 'all of which could not well have been carried off or concealed.' But fortunately the dreaded expedition did not land. A similar danger arose at the breaking out of the rebellion of 1715. A run then taking place, and the directors having paid out all the specie of their own which they had in hand, it was found necessary, on the 19th September, to stop payment, and order the notes to bear interest from that date. About £30,000 of public money, which they had in charge, was at the same time deposited for safety in the castle of Edinburgh. At the conclusion of the insurrection next spring, these notes were called in, and business recom-

* New Statistical Account of Scotland, vi. 220.

† MacLaurin's Criminal Cases, p. 20.

menced with its usual regularity. It would appear that these temporary suspensions were justly estimated by the public, and that the credit of the Bank was in no degree seriously injured by them.

In fact the Bank of Scotland was now in something like the repute of a well-dowered lass—apt to be a little troubled by the impetuosity of her wooers. A company of adventurers had advanced £250,000 in the way of a stock, to be employed for the benefit of Scotland, as an *equivalent* for the share she took at the Union in the taxes occasioned by the national debt of England. These gentlemen, not content with the four per cent. which they were allowed on their debentures, wished to draw banking profits from their stock; and for this purpose they proposed a union with the Bank of Scotland, on a footing which would have been something like the result of the intrusion of a cuckoo into a sparrow's nest. The Bank, like a modest, judicious young lady, gave a civil refusal to the over-ardent addresses of the 'equivalent'; at which the suitor became very sulky. No sooner was this negotiation at an end, than a similar one came upon the tapis. A mutual-assurance society against losses by fire had been formed in Edinburgh under the name of the Friendly Society, and as it met with good encouragement, it was immediately rivalled by a company professing the same objects, but contemplating a profit to themselves from the business. This latter body, styling themselves the Edinburgh Society, did not meet with success, and they therefore turned their thoughts to banking. They soon let it be understood that they must either be received into the Bank of Scotland, or they would do what was in their power to ruin it. Being disregarded, they collected notes of the Bank to the amount of £8400, and taking an opportunity when the South Sea Scheme had drawn much specie away from Scotland, brought those all at once forward for payment. One cannot but smile at the expectations founded on a sum which must now represent so trifling a part of the daily business of the establishment. The plan failed, and there was no run in consequence. The disappointed Society was so mean, after all, as to offer a union of stocks, which was civilly declined. A few months afterwards it perished ignominiously, amidst the many other bubbles of the South Sea period.

Soon after, a similar proposal came from the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, and was dealt with in like manner. The clamours of these various courtships are, however, proof that many men felt themselves and their capital to be unjustly excluded from a share of the banking business of Scotland. It was not to be expected that the whole of that business could be long conducted upon twenty or thirty thousand pounds, with the possessors of other thousands standing round, all anxious to be at work in the same field. Accordingly, in 1727, a determined effort was made by the shareholders of the 'equivalent' to obtain the necessary sanction of the government for setting up a rival bank. Our pamphleteer gives full details of the struggle thereanent, and a fierce one it seems to have been. One insinuation made use of against the Bank of Scotland was, that its management was ill affected to the government; to which our author gives a decided contradiction. We know not how far the contradiction was valid; but we have seen some evidences of Mr David Drummond, who was treasurer (that is, manager) for many years, having been what was commonly called a Jacobite. In Balthayock House, in Perthshire, there are preserved many curious papers of this gentleman, including a series of friendly letters to him from the exiled Earl of Perth, the most hated of the ex-ministers of the Stuarts in Scotland. There is also a subscription list for a fund to provide sustenance and legal counsel to the many Scottish gentlemen confined at Carlisle for their share in the insurrection of 1715. If we are to regard this, as seems not unreasonable, in the character of a muster-roll of those who were friendly to the cause of the Stuarts, it may well surprise us, from the number and

character of the subscribers, there being in it the names of nineteen Scottish nobles (Errol, Haddington, Roseberry, Morton, Hopetoun, Dundonald, Moray, Rutherglen, Cassillis, Elhbank, Colville, Blantyre, Coupar, Traquair, March, Galloway, Kinnoul, Deskford, and Eglintoun), the Commissioners of Excise, the Merchant Company and three of the incorporated trades of Edinburgh, the magistrates of Haddington, the Society of Periwigmakers in Edinburgh, &c. Above all, the subscription was under the charge of Mr Drummond, treasurer of the Bank of Scotland! Whatever truth there might be in the charge of Jacobitism, as against the management of the Bank generally, certain it is that the gentlemen of the 'equivalent' gained their point, and were enabled in the same year to set a-going with their capital the 'Royal Bank of Scotland,' which has ever since maintained an honourable rivalry with its great original.

Since then, in the course of time, several other chartered banks have been started in Scotland, besides many private joint-stock concerns, most of which have been successful in their career. Amongst them all, the primitive concern of 1695—long affectionately distinguished as the *AULD BANK*—still rears its venerable head in the Old Town of Edinburgh, with a capital enlarged to a million, and thirty-one branches scattered throughout the provinces. Time may give a sentimental interest even to a bank. One cannot think quite unmoved of such an institution going on from the days when the soul of Scotland was still thrilling with the Solemn League and Covenant, all through the times of the romantic expeditions of the Highlanders for the House of Stuart, and down through the more wonderful events which marked the conclusion of the last and beginning of the present century, with a credit which has not once been interrupted for 133 years, and a regularity of routine which nothing during that time has broken, but the necessity of sending the cash for a short time to the castle in 1745, to be out of the way of Prince Charlie. Such things are not only curious historically; they raise our ideas of human probity, and seem to show that the affairs of mortals are not wholly of the inconstant and fitful character which commonplace remark assigns to them.

THE NUTHATCH.

'Thus the Richmond river!' I exclaimed; 'Oh, impossible!' It was narrow, deep, and clear, winding amid rich pasture-land, and with superb banks of wood beginning to rise on one side; while here and there the chalky cliffs, in fantastic and jagged forms, broke through the dense screen of the rich green amphitheatre. Then came a cottage by the side of the lock, tastefully ornamented, and with a profusion of roses twining around the pillars of the open veranda; while the flowers on the garden banks hung over, kissing the limpid waters. This was succeeded by a weir, and a picturesque mill, or a fishing summer-house perched on the opposite elevation. Then suddenly the road branched off, and we lost sight of this sweet scene, and in a few minutes more we were driving through the straggling village of C—. Here we saw thatched cottages with gable-ends, and vines trained up the fronts, half hiding the latticed windows; and our conveyance at length stopped at a very old and dilapidated-looking house of entertainment, certainly not reaching to the dignity of an inn: *this* was certainly 'the Nuthatch.' There could be no mistake, for the announcement was written up in plain terms. On alighting, we were ushered into a large uncarpeted room, hung round with pictures so faded and mouldy, that it was impossible at a first glance to discover the subjects they were intended to represent. The walls of this apartment were discoloured from damp; and though the oak table and quaintly-carved arm-chairs were scrupulously clean, as well as the shining floor, yet altogether it presented an untempting aspect. The sleeping apartments were the

same general appearance—the huge open chimneys, bare boards, and antique furniture: yet clean and comfortable beds, with drapery of snowy whiteness, determined us on staying for that night at least. The hostess, a mild, respectable-looking matron, in a widow's dress, did not appear solicitous for our stay; but she spoke kindly on seeing our pale and exhausted looks, and assured us of well-aired beds, &c.

After doing ample justice to sweet and wholesome country fare, we got up with renovated strength, and strolled forth to look around us. The twilight was fast fading, but the round yellow moon just began to show itself above the tree-tops. We sought the bridge which had lately been thrown across the river from the village, doing away with the ancient ferry-boat, now only used to carry the barge horses over to another point, which diverged from the same spot. The magnificent banks of wood arose opposite to where we stood; several 'back waters' here met the main stream, forming a miniature lake, on whose deep transparent bosom slumbered a fairylike island; while the soothing murmurs of an adjacent waterfall alone disturbed the repose of the scene. We turned to the other side of the bridge: the boat-house lay half-hidden in deep shadows, with the array of boats moored around; the ivied spire of the old gray church stood out in bold relief against the clear sky; and the churchyard, with its grassy hillocks, sloped to the water's edge. Then came rich pasture-fields, fenced in by gently-rising hills; and the river stretched away for miles in nearly a straight line, looking like a silver thread, and lost behind projecting dusky headlands.

It seemed impossible that we had left London only a few hours ago, and that *this* was the same identical river running on towards London Bridge, Woolwich, and so on to Gravesend—that emporium of dirt, mud, and shrimps!

A charming surprise awaited our return to the Nuthatch: in the parlour a blazing wood fire shed its cheerful influence around; a square of bright carpeting occupied a portion of the floor; while close by the hearth-side stood a capacious sofa, covered with clean dimity, and effectually secured from draughts by a folding screen. To complete the pleasant metamorphosis, a pretty tea equipage was in readiness, with beautiful bouquets of freshly-gathered garden flowers by its side. Nor must I omit to mention the many exquisitely-stuffed British birds which now filled every available shelf and side-table. The latter we found were the property of the only son of our hostess, who was a clever ornithologist, and had produced from his sanctum these specimens of skill (killed and stuffed by himself) to ornament the room. The sleeping apartment, by a little kind management, was rendered equally comfortable; and there I found a noble fire in the huge grate, and such a toilet-table and looking-glass!

But I will not betray the domestic secrets of the old Nuthatch. Many of the articles, my hostess informed me, had once graced Windsor Castle. Their high antiquity was indubitable, particularly as regarded the pictures and the sofa: one of the former being an admirable full-length of King Charles II.; and the latter, beneath its dimity covering, displaying the rarest green satin brocade—faded and tarnished, it is true—but the carved work, of peculiar delicacy and extraordinary devices, was in excellent preservation. Doubtless many a lovely form had rested on this sofa in days of yore—Nell Gwynn perhaps, or why not royalty itself?

Suffice it to say here that we sojourned for three weeks at the Nuthatch; and that for some years afterwards we regularly paid it an annual visit—a correspondence being kept up between my companion and the ornithologist respecting divers weighty sporting matters, not forgetting mutual kind wishes, remembrances, and 'respectful duties,' between the worthy hostess and myself.

A boat was hired by the week, which we usually took possession of directly after breakfast; carrying

with us books, sketching materials, and proper fishing apparatus: but for the first week we did little in that way. It was delightful enough to let the boat drift idly along, to hear the water gently rippling on her bows, and dreamingly to gaze on the home-views of English pastoral loveliness.

Sometimes we rested beneath the shade of spreading trees, plucking from the banks handfuls of wild flowers; and then, as it drew towards evening, the note of the tender cushat-dove sounded mournfully over the waters, and reminded us that it was time to row back to C—, 'our village,' from whence we could faintly hear, as we approached, the chimes of the clock in the ivied tower, warning the rovers that it was 'too late for dinner!'

At length one morning the ornithologist descended on the wonderful feats which were in the course of daily performance by some of the anglers in the neighbourhood, and whose punts we had seen in requisition for some days past, moored across the stream in all the favourite 'pitches' of the vicinity; this being the local term for those spots most favourable for 'bottom fishing,' and to which the fish are attracted by constant baiting. I confess that fishing from a punt seemed to me an inglorious kind of amusement, after witnessing, as I had done, the elegant accomplishment of throwing a fly carried to perfection; and then to angle for simple little gudgeon, after capturing the lovely speckled trout, was such a falling off, that I felt careless about engaging in it.

However, a punt was engaged, with Elder the fisherman to accompany us. The day proved most propitious for our sport: the air was soft and balmy, with a gentle breeze just curling the surface of the water now, and then—

'Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever'—

a sky not cloudless, but with sunshine not too often or too long obscured.

Lights and shadows fell in quick succession as we punted down the river through the lock, and fell across the stream opposite to 'the Springs.' The river here narrows and deepens for a long stretch; and the woods, rising on a high and almost precipitous bank directly from the water, cast their shadows entirely athwart the stream; while on the opposite side silver birches and drooping willows fringe emerald lawns nearly on a level with it. Adjoining 'the Springs,' a small trench garden occupies a flat piece of ground between the woods and the river; a tasteful fishing-house stands in the midst, and the variegated hues of clumps of brilliant flowers contrast enchantingly with the dark background; which from miniature rocks, amid which a tiny basin is hidden a few yards from the margin of the Thames, numberless rills of limpid water, designated as 'the Springs,' gush gently down their flowery channels, and mingle with the current flowing ever onwards towards the ocean. I landed as a trespasser to view the fairy-like basin: it was so perfectly transparent and still, that I knelt down to convince myself there really was water by dipping my hand in. Only once before had I seen water so marvellously clear, or felt it so painfully cold, and that was in an old arched well called 'St Kenwyn's Well,' with a curious legend attached to it, in the far west of England. Here we moored the punt close to the bank, and partook of the viands we had provided, dipping our glasses into the lovely fountain, and quaffing draughts of nectar.

Previous to this, I alone had captured five dozen finny victims, much to the delight of old Elder, who prognosticated that I should prove a famous sporting character; but my fame once achieved, I left the remaining feats of the day to be performed by my companions, feeling no desire to pursue the sport, for it was absolute enjoyment to rest lazily in my easy-chair in that steady boat, and with a book (unread perhaps) to indulge in the dreamy reveries of past, present, and future, all tinged and coloured with the hues of the atmosphere around.

'Here,' said old Elder, 'in this here "stretch" the most wonderful barbel have lived for years. My father and grandfather knowed them well; but they are such cunning fellows, nobody can deceive them: there they be a-lolling at bottom, and hardly moving as the punt shoves by 'em.'

But it required a more experienced eye than mine to discern these monsters of the deep, of whose age, instinct, and strength, wonderful tales were related by the fisherman. Near this spot grew the cinnamon flag, and within many miles only two roots of it were to be found. Elder presented me with a small piece, which he broke off in passing; and when bruised, it gave forth an odoriferous spicy scent: it is broader and thicker than the common river flag, and Elder assured me that it is an infallible specific for all kinds of rheumatic complaints. He knew the secret of its preparation, and his own faith in its efficacy was invulnerable, having repeatedly tested its powers.

We returned to the Nuthatch laden with spoil: the fish were carefully packed in nettles, and sent off express to London; those of my especial catching being placed alone, and marked as such. Partial friends afterwards assured me they were charmed fish, and far more delicious than white bait in the height of the season. I could only tell them they came from an enchanted spot, and that enhanced their flavour!

I was sometimes attended by a niece of our hostess, a young woman of about eighteen years of age; the touching, thoughtful melancholy of whose countenance greatly interested and excited my curiosity as to its cause.

I soon perceived that there existed between Mr Thomas and Cousin Kate a kindness somewhat more than mere cousinly friendship; but although nothing could be farther removed than caprice or flirtation on Kate's part, even of the most demure and Quaker-like kind, yet there was something quite mysterious and inexplicable in the little scenes I once or twice witnessed unseen; for when Thomas approached Kate, and offered her any pleasant affectionate attentions—practical cousinly gallantries of course—she repulsed him in so decided, yet in so sad and touching a way, that I became much interested in this rural courtship. Yet Kate lauded her good cousin to the skies when speaking of him to me; for I must confess to have introduced the subject, and with womanly tact 'drawn out' Kate, as the saying runs, and learned her secret too, which was no less than that she loved Thomas quite as well as Thomas loved her, but that she dared not think of marrying. Alas! 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' but this case seemed incomprehensible. Thomas was an only child; the inheritance of the Nuthatch was a goodly one; and our hostess was anxious to lose the title of 'aunt' in that of 'mother;' and, unlike most mothers-in-law, to act a real mother's tender part towards the fair orphan girl.

By degrees I found that Kate's mind was of a stamp very far superior to her station; that she had read a good deal, and thought more; and though this craving after knowledge had not tended to produce a healthful tone of mind, so far as I could judge, yet the morbid and despondent feelings which so evidently mastered her sweetest and purest affections must have resulted from some cause in which imagination had no share.

It so happened that on a hushed and balmy summer evening (my companion being absent on a sporting expedition) I much desired to explore a lonely wooded walk along the river banks, where I had not yet been; but afraid to venture forth alone in the deepening twilight, I requested Kate to accompany me, which she did with alacrity. But when the poor girl observed the way to which my footsteps were tending, she hung back, and faintly said, 'Oh, not that way, ma'am—any way but that. I have never passed the spot since—and at this hour too!' So saying, she burst into tears: we turned the contrary way; and I then listened to the following recital, intermingled,

indeed, with many sobs and tears, broken and disjointed, but still in substance the same. Three years had elapsed since a young widowed lady came to reside in the village of C—, unknown to any of the inhabitants, and bringing with her a little girl of six years of age. The stranger had evidently known far 'better days'—those touching words, how much they express! She occupied two rooms in the fisherman's pretty cottage, and apparently supported herself and her child by teaching the small farmers' daughters and others in the vicinity, who could not benefit by more regular schooling.

She was a mild, pious, though broken-down creature. Many storms, it might plainly be seen, had beat over her; but all the neighbours soon learned to respect and esteem the Widow Milner, while her little girl was the 'pride of the village,' and 'beautiful as Bessy Milner' became a byword. And in truth never did widowed mother's heart rest on a fairer rose-bud than this winning and gentle little Bessy—so good, docile, and affectionate. The Widow Milner soon received Kate as one of her most promising pupils, and a friendship sprung up between them, notwithstanding the difference in their ages; Bessy, too, loved Kate—the kind, blooming Kate—far better than any of her own childish companions: and together they rambled in the woods by the river side, culling wild flowers and dainty mosses. Kate was so studious, steady, and careful a girl, that Mrs Milner never scrupled to intrust the sole earthly treasure she possessed to her care; only cautioning them not to approach too near the treacherous stream in quest of lilies or forget-me-not: and Bessy promised to obey Kate, and only gazed with longing eyes on the watery treasures, unless indeed they accidentally met Mr Thomas, when he would reach forth a helping hand, and pluck the coveted beauties from their pellicud beds. There was a shady nook formed by a deeply-indented miniature bay, where the water was very deep, still, and transparent; where wan lilies floated and rushes waved beneath the unseen current's undulations, surrounded here and there by patches of flag, while dense beds of forget-me-not, and many other wild flowers, covered the overhanging banks. To this spot Kate would often bring her books. It was only half a mile from the village, and Bessy usually accompanied her; diving into the surrounding woods and dells, the fairy queen of that sylvan scene, and returning home laden with woodland trophies. If she ventured too near the water side, it was ever, 'Come away, Bessy—come away: remember what your mother said!' and though Bessy loved to look on the sparkling stream, she would skip away from it nevertheless.

Late one summer afternoon they sought this favourite nook as usual; evening drew on unawares, for Kate had had a volume of poetry lent to her, with which she was entirely engrossed, and by degrees saw and noticed nothing around her. The dangerous and fascinating spell enthralled her, when she was startled from her dream by hearing a faint cry, which sounded not far off. She called on Bessy; but Bessy came not: she ran into the woods and called again; but no answer came—all was still: she rushed, not knowing what she did, along the river banks, still calling on Bessy; but the waters were sleeping, and there was not a ripple to disturb the gossamer leaves: in a terror and agony which no words can ever approach, Kate flew back to the village, inwardly hoping that the truant might have left her, childlike, and found the way to her mother. No one had seen her: she was not there. Poor Kate! poor mother!

Many of the inhabitants speedily returned with her to the quiet bay, scoured the woods, calling on Bessy: but strange to say, no one thought of exploring the water; that seemed impossible—there would be some vestige, some clue, to show if she had fallen in! Night closed around, dark and clouded, and scarcely one inhabitant of the village of C— sought repose: that the excellent clergyman and his daughter were with

the unhappy mother, all knew, and none others ventured to intrude on the fearful privacy of the scene. From the very first tidings of alarm the poor widow had been paralysed and helpless, but the silent agonies she endured that night added untold years to her appearance.

With the early morning light the remains of sweet little Bessy Milner were brought into the village: they were with some difficulty recovered from their watery bed, where the under-current had drawn them down, half-hidden and buried, amid the tangled weeds and rushes. That one faint cry, and all was over; how, or where it happened, who may tell? It was one of those sudden, mysterious, and unaccountable calamities which puzzle the wisest and most calculating heads.

The grassy mound was pointed out to me in C—— churchyard which marks the spot where rest the remains of mother and child, for the widow did not survive her loss quite six months. All was now, indeed, explained. For many weeks poor Kate had hovered betwixt life and death; her self-reproaches were terrific and overwhelming; and when at length a naturally good constitution overcame the ravages of disease and sorrow, the settled melancholy of her aspect spoke the tale of past suffering and remorse. Could *she* listen to a love tale? Could *she* dare to become a happy wife? Would not just Heaven strike her dead if she dared to forget her crime of carelessness and neglect, whereby two human lives were sacrificed? So tender, too, as all the villagers were; the gentry so kind and encouraging; would this be so were she to bury her contrition beneath bridal raiment and a smiling countenance?

Though poor Kate thus argued, yet I had earnest hopes of 'better things' in store for her; when the balm should no longer be rejected which alone can heal a wound such as hers, and the mind so crushed and prostrated regain its healthful elasticity. This was effected in the course of time; and with real pleasure and gratitude we received an invitation from our humble friends to attend the rural festivities at C——, in honour of the nuptials of sweet Kate of the Nut-hatch and her cousin Mr Thomas the ornithologist.

THE ECONOMIC VIEW OF TEMPERANCE.

It is to be feared that the mere lecturing and abusing of those thoughtless and unhappy persons who pay too little regard to the rules of temperance, has not been attended with any remarkable degree of success. A melancholy waste of zeal, and an idle misdirection of indignation, have been displayed, and a maximum of wrath has been followed with a pitiable minimum of conversion. There is room for suspicion, indeed, that but little is to be done in this way for erring brother man. The denunciations hurled from tract, periodical, and platform against the poor frail lovers of a glass too much, might almost as hopefully have been launched at the mute and passive barrels, graybeards, and bottles which in vast array open their mouths and throats throughout this bibulous land for the reception of the varied preparations of malt, whether brown foaming ale or limpid gurgling alcohol. To make the drunkard—that sad object of pity—the despised and detested butt of holy wrath and virtuous indignation, is hardly more reasonable than to exhaust ourselves in vituperative abuse of the indolence of the man unable to walk by reason of a broken limb. He in whose mind a sense of duty controls not the indulgence of base propensities, will rarely be either lectured, or scolded, or sneered into becoming behaviour. There are very many conclusive and unexceptionable reasons why rational beings should not darken their reason, and waste their means, and destroy their health, by the improper use of strong drink. But the problem is, how to bring such reasons to impinge with sufficient force on the understandings of certain classes of men, so as to lead them to the exercise of a wise self-denial. One fact is cheering, that the class which was drunken in our fathers' days

is now, generally speaking, sober. The wretched vice of habitual drunkenness is no longer respectable, and, let us hope, is gradually percolating down through society; so that the time may come when it will be little discernible even in the lowest stratifications of the social state.

There is one view of the matter which might probably make an impression on some of a naturally conscientious disposition of mind, and which has not certainly been hitherto very frequently pressed upon the notice of those whose interests are most deeply implicated. It is this; that frequent indulgence in wine or malt, and spirituous liquors, is a luxury which the man of limited income cannot afford, and is therefore one which he has no right to purchase. What title have I, with weekly wages of twelve or twenty shillings, to lay out a sixth or a tenth part of that sum to buy for myself one mere luxury? Some one with a yearly income of three or four hundred pounds has a passionate liking for fine horses, and would fain treat himself to a few handsome hunters, with their concomitant grooms. But what title has he to indulge in such a luxury? *He cannot afford it*; and no other reason is necessary to lead him to the exercise of self-denial. Another, perhaps a retired officer with a limited income and an unlimited family, has a perfect craze for growing the rarer sorts of exotics. Is he entitled to shut his eyes to an accumulating butcher's bill, and manifold frocks and jackets past and to come, and to 'pooh, pooh' at sternly-returning quarter-days, and coolly to set about building up acres of glass in his garden, for which he knows he cannot pay without injury to his family? Is he entitled thus to bring himself into difficulties for the sake of indulging even his innocent and commendable taste? No; *he cannot afford it*: and the eloquence of Demosthenes could not more effectually than this simple consideration constrain him to exercise self-denial. One instance more. Look at that pale-faced, somewhat attenuated, but thoughtful and benevolent-looking individual, who is *shyly* glancing over the magnificently tall copies of his devotedly-admired authors, which the rapid hammer of the auctioneer is consigning to fortunate and wealthy purchasers. Oh if some one, eccentric in their kindness, desired to awaken the purest gratitude of the human heart, twenty or thirty pounds were now well bestowed! But such romantic benevolence is never or rarely exercised. As it is, the book-worshipper cannot afford the price of his idols, and he sees the envied treasures transferred to the hands of others only with a sigh. Does he madly determine to gratify his taste, although his children should go without bread? No; self-denial checks the longing thought, and constrains his tongue to silence.

We desire, therefore, to know what title any working or other man has to indulge his selfish desire for a luxury which costs more money than he can spare? If a man has low tastes, and an empty and coarse mind, perhaps a few hours' riotous drinking with others of like nature may be deemed a very necessary and gratifying indulgence. It is far from being so: but though it were, the question remains, Has he any right to buy for himself such an indulgence? *He cannot afford it*; and that ought to settle the whole matter. Let him ridicule and defy the benevolent efforts of those who seek to win him to the ways of sobriety; let him despise all advocates of temperate habits as weak, though well-meaning visionaries and enthusiasts; let him claim to be the master of his own actions, and the judge of his own conduct; but if he continue to buy weekly a certain quantity of liquor, the price of which forms a large proportion of his wages, he is guilty of the meanness of buying a pure luxury which he cannot afford. Broiled salmon, a roast joint of lamb with asparagus, and a bottle of champagne, would be rather an absurd entertainment for the poor old man who, propped on his wooden-leg, and glaring awfully through his eye-protecting mask of black wire-gauze, breaks stones all day by the wayside at so much per square yard. But not

a bit more absurd would it be than the Saturday night's libation of thousands who selfishly and shamelessly buy a luxury which they cannot afford, and therefore in which they have no right to indulge. It is the virtuous self-denial which is exercised in a thousand ways by the respectable classes that mainly keeps the wheels of society, in their complicate infinitude, going sweetly. Suppose all were to rush to the purchase of their favourite luxuries, as the tippler remorselessly rushes to his oft-returning debauch, and how could society be saved from universal bankruptcy and ruin? Will the time ever come when the hard-working classes will seek their enjoyments and their comforts apart from the senseless noise and the wretched coarseness of the tavern, and when their conscientiousness will always be placed watchfully on the alert, and will always be rendered triumphant over inclination, by the simple reflection—I can't afford it?

HONOURS OF LITERATURE.

HUME, in his history of the reign of James I., justly observes that 'such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess above every other occupation, that even he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common and vulgar professions.' In France, the mere title of 'homme de lettres' is as indicative of a distinct and honourable profession as those of 'militaire,' 'juris-consulte,' or 'médecin;' and it forms, as they do, an unobjectionable passport with all the upper classes. Till lately, in England it was a common complaint that men of learning and artists, who had not parliamentary interest, or could not give a *quid pro quo*, were defrauded of their fair share of state honours. It is hoped, however, that a change is about to take place, if it is not now in the course of operation; and the less that is said upon the subject the better. Some have contended for titles for men of letters; but genius is itself a sufficient distinction for all who possess, and abuse it not. Raleigh, Sidney, Newton, and a thousand other names of nature's noblemen, are familiar in our mouths as 'household words;' and the 'Sirs' which were added to these words, so big with meaning, so fraught with high remembrances, are never thought of when we think of the men. 'Sir Charles' adds nothing to the lustre of Linnæus; and who ever thought that the names of Shakespeare or Milton would receive additional dignity or value if 'Sir William' or 'Lord John' were prefixed to them?

We believe that at no time had good literature more solid consideration than at present; at no time were its representatives, according to their respective personal claims, more freely accepted on a footing of equality with the highest. 'But,' to use the words of a recent reviewer, 'to the honour of humanity be it said, conduct goes far in regulating the author's position in society; and there is little risk of a scampish Aretine meeting with toleration or fellowship. If, indeed, there still remains any cause for complaint respecting the position of literary men, it must be attributed to their desire for high associations being mixed with such parasitic toadyisms as are incompatible with self-respect. If literature be a distinction, if genius be nature's own aristocracy, and if philosophy be a benefactress to mankind, why should their representatives voluntarily take their place below the salt, and look up where they should look down?' To the same effect are the remarks of Mr Dunlop, who, in an address to the New York Academy, says, 'It is in vain to look for honour from others, if we do not honour ourselves. It is for authors and artists to teach mankind the true estimation in which they must be held. And first, they must esteem themselves so far as to avoid all that is low, all that is servile, all that is false. Can there be anything so contemptible as a sycophant who debases the talent he possesses? Sycophancy is incompatible with true genius. We often see it united to mediocrity in the arts.

If you see a man bowing to the rich or influential for patronage and good dinners, flattering power for recommendation and protection, becoming a thing of bows, smiles, and honied words, be assured that he lacks mind as much as he lacks self-respect. The bowing, smiling sycophant is as opposite to the polite man as possible; for politeness, the desire to exchange both civilities and services, belongs to the independent man of genius. Genius is modest, but never suffers itself to be trampled upon. It feels that it belongs to nature's aristocracy, and despises the aristocracy of mere wealth. The aristocracy of nature is composed of the nobles who are stamped such by their Maker, and are, in principle and practice, true democrats—lovers of their fellow-men, and supporters of the equal rights of all.'

Many very praiseworthy examples are on record of the reverence which even monarchs have shown towards genius. When Beethoven formed a part of the household of the Elector of Cologne, the prince, a true worshipper of talent, ordered that if both required attendance at the same time, the great composer should be waited on first. This precedence was no doubt gratifying to Beethoven, who says correctly enough, 'Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy councillors, and bedeck them with titles and orders; but they cannot make great men—spirits that rise above the world's rubbish: these they must not attempt to create; and therefore must these be held in honour. When two such come together as I and Goëthe, these great lords must note what it is that passes for greatness with such as we. Yesterday, as we were returning homewards, we met the whole imperial family: we saw them coming at some distance, whereupon Goëthe disengaged himself from my arm, in order that he might stand aside; in spite of all I could say, I could not bring him a step forwards. I pulled my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my top-coat, and walked, with my arms folded behind me, right through the thickest of the crowd. Princes and officials made a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat; the empress saluted me the first: these great people know me! It was the greatest fun in the world to see the procession file past Goëthe, who stood aside, with his hat off, bending his head as low as possible. For this I afterwards called him over the coals properly and without mercy.'

A nobleman having called on Holbein while he was engaged in drawing a figure from life, was told that he could not see him, but must call another day. Foolishly taking this answer as an affront, he very rudely rushed up stairs to the painter's studio. Hearing a noise, Holbein opened his door, and feeling enraged at his lordship's assumption and intrusion, he pushed him backwards from the top of the stairs to the bottom. However, reflecting immediately on what he had done, he repaired to the king. The nobleman, who pretended to be very much hurt, was there soon after him, and having stated his complaint, would be satisfied with nothing less than the artist's life; upon which the king firmly replied, 'My lord, you have not now to do with Holbein, but with me; whatever punishment you may contrive by way of revenge against him, shall assuredly be inflicted upon yourself. Remember, pray, my lord, that I can, whenever I please, make seven lords of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven lords.'

Edgar Quinet, the young German poet, repaired one day to the Château des Tuilleries to visit one of the queen's maids of honour, and was on this occasion more than usually melancholy. Suddenly, while he was conversing with her, a young person entered, so fair, so naturally elegant, that our poet would immediately have recognised her, had he not been so absorbed in his grief that he could see nothing. However, the new-comer took pity on his sufferings, and with much elegance and feeling began to talk to him of his new poem 'Prometheus,' telling him that it was an excellent work, perhaps the best he had ever written.

and she even knew by heart several of the rustic verses, extemporised as bards extemporised before the mead. Imagine the delight of the poet at hearing her thus speak! Seeing that it pleased him, she poured the healing balm, drop by drop, upon his wounded heart. She gradually and carefully proceeded from the poem in verse to the poem in prose: she passed from 'Prometheus' to the touching story of 'Ahasuerus,' that masterpiece of poetical legends. 'Follow me,' said she to Quinet, 'and you will see whether I love this poem.' The two ladies immediately arose and conducted him to a Gothic studio, filled with drawings and sketches. What was the joy of the poet when four admirable bas-reliefs, taken from his poem, were pointed out to him! Yes, his heroes themselves, in the very attitude, and exhibiting the very passions which his poetry had given them! It would be quite impossible to describe his feelings when the fair young artist said to him, in her sweet voice, 'This is your work, take it with you,' and when he read at the bottom of these exquisite bas-reliefs the royal name Marie d'Orléans. We have heard of a great prince who held the ladder for Albert Durer; of a powerful monarch who picked up the pencils of Titian; we know that the sister of a king of France kissed the lips of Alain Chartier while he slept; but this great surprise, given to a poet—this unhopedor and consolatory gift—the infinite grace of the young girl, the princess, the great artist—cannot be too much admired.

The Duchess of Orleans having ordered a medal of her late husband to be cast, sent a letter to Jasmin, the barber poet, informing him that, as a mark of honour, he should receive the first that was struck, adding also the agreeable news of the king having granted him a pension of a thousand francs. Pope Alexander VIII. was so much pleased with some of Jacob Balde's poetry, as to send him a gold medal—a very considerable mark of regard from one who was himself a good Latin poet.

M. d'Abbadie, writing of the Abyssinians, says that 'the Gojam scholars well remember the single verse spoken in Axum by a mendicant, and which so much delighted a native prince, that he stuffed the ragged poet's mouth with gold dust, and seated him on his throne.'

The best poet that Sweden ever produced was Esaias Tegner, bishop of Wexio. In his first poem, entitled 'Axel,' recounting the adventures of one of Charles XII.'s pages, who were sworn to remain single, he has created great interest by plunging his hero in love, and painting the conflict between his passion and his reverence for his oath of celibacy. A German literary gentleman was so delighted with the version of it in his own language, that he actually studied Swedish for the sole purpose of reading the original. A compliment like this has rarely been paid, as the poem does not contain more than about a thousand lines.

Reverence for genius is displayed not merely by the high and educated classes, but this feeling prevails amongst even the poor and untaught, and sometimes forms a redeeming virtue among the cruel and abandoned. The wife of a Silesian peasant being obliged to go on foot to Saxony, and hearing that she had travelled more than half the distance to Goethe's residence, whose works she had read with the liveliest interest, continued her journey to Weimar for the sake of seeing him. Goethe gave her his portrait, and declared that the true character of his works had never been better understood than by this poor woman. At the close of the coronation of George IV., Sir Walter Scott received a mark of homage to his genius which delighted him. Missing his carriage, he had to return home on foot from Westminster after the banquet—that is to say, between two and three o'clock in the morning—when he and a young friend found themselves locked in the crowd somewhere near Whitehall. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the

open space in the middle of the street. The man answered shortly that his orders were strict, that it could not be suffered. While he was endeavouring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind, and his companion exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Take care, Sir Walter Scott; take care!' The stalwart dragon, on hearing the name, said, 'What! Sir Walter Scott! He shall get through anyhow!' He then addressed the soldiers near him—'Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!' The men answered, 'Sir Walter Scott! God bless him!' and in a moment he was within the guarded line of safety. Tasso, on one of his journeys between Rome and Naples, fell into the hands of banditti, who immediately proceeded to plunder him and his fellow-travellers. But no sooner did the captain of the band hear the poet's name, than, with tokens of admiration and respect, he set him at liberty; nor would he permit his gang to plunder Tasso's companions. A prince of royal birth confined the poet in a madhouse for more than seven years—the great and wealthy left him to a precarious life, which was often a life of absolute want—the servile writers of the day loaded him with abusive and most unjust criticism—but a mountain robber, by the roadside, protected him, and kissed the hand of the author of 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

THE HAPPY DREAM.

[The following lines were suggested by a jesting remark that the authoress's daughter would be *perfection*, like the old saying of 'bachelors' wives and maids' children:—]

I WANDERED in a happy dream,
Beside a river clear and wide;
With nature's ways alone no more—
A fair young girl was by my side.

The rapture of a mother's love
Thrilled o'er my heart with anxious pain;
Ah, would I had slept calmly on,
Nor known reality again!

In the first spring of womanhood
She glided forth, a light gossamer;
Aërial grace around her form,
Wrathing its soft enchanting spell.

High intellect impressed her brow;
While deep the thoughts of sacred love
Dwelt in her eyes of sleeping blue—
The tender, modest, shrinking dove!

Like to the women of olden time,
Of Judah's grand and stately race,
The purity of spotless truth
Beamed over on her gracious face.

In chaste and classical attire,
Not for the empty world's display,
She moved like Grecian vestal, draped
For some rejoicing festal day.

And I had moulded every thought,
With careful tending, from her birth;
And knew 'twere vain to seek her like
Upon the vast and varied earth.

And with this dream a memory came—
A memory of sorrows past—
Shadows that clung around me still,
While scalding tears fell thick and fast.

And then she clasped me to her heart—
Her innocent and spotless heart—
Trying to win me from my grief
With playful wiles and guileless art.

She called me by the blessed name
'Twas then for me earth held none other;
Much marvelling that grief should touch
Her own beloved—her darling 'Mother.'

And so I rested in her arms,
Clinging to her sweet faithful love;
But trembling, for I knew her lent—
An angel from the Heaven above.

C. A. M. W.

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'GET THEE OUT OF THY COUNTRY.'

It was a circumstance likely to tell most significantly on the mind of the poor immigrant at Sydney, when, as he himself said, after his first morning walk along the streets, 'I have passed twenty-six houses, and heard the hissing of the frying-pan at seventeen.' The proportion of 'meat breakfasts' is somewhat different at home. The emigration question is primarily a bread-and-cheese question. We are concerned to know by what means a sufficiency of the first necessities of life may be best secured for those able and willing to work. Emigration is advocated also as a means of diminishing certain social evils which exist in the mother country; but here, it appears to us, that we are on less firm ground. The addition of a thousand a-day to the population, if it be an evil at all, is evidently one which could only be remedied by an efflux to the same amount—which no one has ever pretended to think practicable for a continuance. Neither has it ever been shown that, in the case of a great emigration, the missing numbers would not be replaced quite as rapidly as they were taken away. After all, it may be gravely doubted if the present rapid increase of the population would take place (looking merely to human motives and conditions) if it really were such an evil as to demand such a remedy. We can believe, however, that there may be an increasing population not unjustified by the circumstances of the country; and yet it may be well for many individuals, and for many large classes of the people, to be continually draining off into other lands—lands where, from the greater facility of raising food, and the infantine state of competition, it is more easy for averagely-constituted persons to live. Let it be regarded as merely a matter of choice, whether one is to struggle on here for moderate results, and always with something of a difficulty, or to try to plant himself in a scene where nature, having fewer to supply, has more to give to each, and emigration may still be recommended as an important principle in domestic economics, even though it should promise nothing like political benefits.

Emigration, after a lull of some years, has of late come into new notice and discussion, in consequence of the temporary difficulties of the mother country. There is now some prospect, if not of the establishment of a systematic plan under the care of government, at least of arrangements of a comprehensive nature, in which companies, and perhaps colonial governments, will be concerned, for allowing a stream of population to pass from this to other lands under the most favourable circumstances. Already, through the favour of private enterprise alone, an unprecedented emigration is going on, the number who left the United Kingdom last year being no less than 280,000; a fact which powerfully

shows the inclination of the masses to cut the Gordian knot of our many social and political questions by starting in an entirely new field of enterprise. There is no reason—there cannot for many years be any reason—why the inclination should not have free way, but rather the reverse; for the exodus is better at once for those who go and those who remain. All that is required is, that we consider which is the best receptacle for our departing brethren, and which are the best arrangements for facilitating their departure, their passage, and their new settlement.

On the first of these points there is fortunately little room for doubt; Australia presents itself as the only one of the colonies where there is now a positive craving or demand for fresh population. Canada has the advantage of nearness, allowing of a brief and cheap passage; but the multitudes lately propelled upon its shores—chiefly poor Irish—are stated to have been found an inconvenience, and many have never got beyond the hospitals and workhouses raised for their reception. We observe that measures are in the course of being taken for carrying backward and settling such emigrants as hereafter may land in Canada. Still, Canada cannot compete with Australia as a field for emigrants, either with regard to existing circumstances, or the absolute respective merits of the two countries. All accounts testify to the extraordinary salubrity of the latter region, its qualities as a field for pastoral farming, and its mineral treasures. There cannot now, we believe, be any sort of doubt that the settlers are realising excellent returns for their wool, of which the annual importation into England amounts to 21,000,000 lbs. They lead a rough, but cheerful life, apparently little sensible to any inconvenience but that of wanting a sufficiency of hands to tend and manage their numerous flocks. There is something astounding in the abundance of food in proportion to population in Australia. In New South Wales, where the people number 180,000, the cattle are two, and the sheep eight millions, being at the rate of thirteen head of oxen and fifty sheep for each person! Such facts recall the patriarchal times, when having a large family was that which enabled a man boldly to meet his enemy in the gates. It was calculated that, in 1847, while the wool was gathered and sent away, 64,000,000 lbs. of meat would be wasted for want of mouths to eat it, being probably more than is consumed annually by the whole mass of the working-people of Scotland! Well has it been observed in a recent publication,* 'There meat is wasted—here men are wasting. Human skeletons pine here for what fattened dogs reject there.' The same writer adds—'In Ireland, a scanty meal at 2d.

* Competence in a Colony, &c.—A Memorial to Lord John Russell. London: Murray. 1848. 

or 2½d. per day was doled out [during the famine] to sustain life. In New South Wales, the unskilled labourer, full fed with ample rations, supplied with a dwelling and garden, found in tea, sugar, milk, and tobacco, disdains to work under 2s. 6d. a-day besides. The common wages of sheep-shearers in Australia are, or were lately, 12s. 6d. a-day; of reapers, 10s.; whilst shepherds and ordinary labourers receive from L.25 to L.30 per annum; besides lodging and rations much above any style of living known by the same class in this country. The whole facts concur to paint Australia as the paradise of the poor immigrant.

Undoubtedly, while Australia remains in this condition, it were a pity to prefer Canada, merely for the saving of a month or two of voyaging, and of a few pounds of passage-money. The government contract price of passage to New South Wales for a grown person was last year L.12, 10s.; while the usual passage to Canada may be about L.5. This is a difference which a fortnight's wages in the former country would suffice to extinguish. But merely to state the comparative expense of the voyage is not enough. We must remember that to land in Canada is only to accomplish a part of the migration necessary before arriving at a field of profitable usefulness in that direction. A long journey is necessary besides, and, after all, some time may elapse before remunerative labour can be commenced. In Australia such drawbacks exist, if at all, in a very much less degree.

We have not merely to look to the class of emigrants who propose to pay their own way, but to schemes for gratuitous emigration, which many are now regarding as important to the welfare of the mother country. Here, emigration being in some degree under the care of enlightened intellects, it is possible to adjust it according to certain approved principles, and to give it a direction and a character subservient to highly important ends. In viewing the matter, we would point out, in the first place, that emigration is only a step in the larger concern of colonisation. What is to be done is to form a new society as complete as possible in all its parts in another land. Men of capital and men of labour ought to go in just proportions. While, on the one hand, it were an injustice to the home country to drain away only the young and vigorous, it were, on the other, a fatal policy towards the new country to pour in upon it hordes of people inferiorly constituted, and not likely to adapt themselves to its rough work. Not only is it wrong to send a multitude of the criminal class, insuring to the new society a low moral stamp, but some caution should be exercised regarding even those who are only paupers; because it is, in the main, the feebler portion of every community who fall into that state, and the chances are against their children being equal to those of individuals who have maintained their independence. It is necessary to be explicit on this point; because parish authorities have been called upon for draughts from the workhouses to be sent to the colonies. There must of course be many resting on parish assistance who would make good colonists; but let care be taken that such are selected. Persons of a firm, enterprising, and independent character, not refined, but strictly moral, are those who should emigrate. We cannot see any reason why members of the nobility and landed gentry, following the illustrious examples of Raleigh, Penn, and Lord Baltimore, should not gracefully put themselves at the head of schemes of colonisation, and superintend their execution. By the personal attention of parties superior to mean jobbing views, an

ample guarantee would be afforded to individuals, even to those who give no immediate payment for their own transport, that they would be treated with humanity on their passage, and not left desolate on their arrival in the new country. At present, the poor emigrants proceeding to Canada are subject to intolerable misery during the voyage; and when they land, it is but as a chance, and as a matter of charity, that any care is taken of them. In the Australian vessels, which are under the orders of government, things are better ordered, which is an argument in favour of this business not being entirely left to private enterprise.

There have been various suggestions as to the best means of promoting emigration on a large and national scale. It has been proposed, for instance, to have a body of disciplined pioneers in Canada, four thousand strong, who, while serving as a military force to protect the country, should be steadily employed in preparing clearings and house-accommodation for immigrants; the expenses to be defrayed by payments from the settlers, after they should have begun to prosper. This is, we believe, the idea of the benevolent naturalist, Mr William Spence; and when we remember what wooden General Wade performed with the soldiery in the Highlands during the last century, we feel inclined to think that even the ordinary military force in Canada might serve such a purpose without materially interfering with their other duties. Mr Spence calculates that, if government war-steamers were employed, poor families could be removed to Canada at the rate of L.3 for each person. He allows L.5 for seed and potatoes and the few articles of furniture required, and L.10 more for food to serve from spring till the crop could be got in, and arrives at the conclusion that L.45 is the utmost that need be advanced to place a destitute family in a position to provide amply for its support. At three per cent, this outlay would only infer a burden of L.1, 7s. 6d. per annum on the settler, until he should have realised enough to pay off the debt. We feel at a loss to pronounce on such plans; but though entertaining a general distrust of arrangements which go so far to supersede individual energy, we shall quote another which the 'Spectator,' in publishing it, describes as suggested by 'a gentleman of great intelligence and experience, who is practically acquainted with some of our most important colonies,' while 'his high position enables him to take a commanding survey, and his post is of a nature to elevate him above partial interests.' 'The New South Wales Act (stat. 9 Geo. IV. c. 83) authorises agreements to be entered into, in this country, with persons desirous to emigrate to that colony. If, then, government would empower the agent for New South Wales, by himself, or any others duly authorised by him (such authority to be evidenced by the agent's signature to the contract), to agree with those desirous to emigrate, but who have not the means, on behalf of the Governor and Legislative Council of New South Wales for the time being, to provide such persons with a passage, and on their arrival with employment, at the wages say of L.25 per annum and rations, for three years, on the one hand; and that the emigrant, on the other, should bind himself to render all due service, &c. and to permit, say L.5 in each year during the above period, to be deducted from his wages, for the payment of his passage-money; the cost of removal would be fully reimbursed, and the labourer still be in a much better position than he could have been had he remained at home. Instructions might be given by the colonial minister for the issue of debentures, charged on

all the colonial revenues, and payable in three years (bearing interest), to discharge the passage-money; and also for the local legislature to enact all necessary laws for the employment and regulation of such emigrants, either in private service, or in default of it, in improving waste lands about to be sold (and thus increasing their value), or in public works. But whether the emigrant be engaged in private or in public service, the local government should pay weekly to the emigrant his stipulated wages (subject to a proportionate deduction for the repayment of his passage-money); and in case of the emigrant being in private service, the local government should look to his employer for reimbursement; thus freeing the emigrant from all risk.' Our only objection to any arrangement of this nature is, the possibility that emigrants would fail to work out their engagements. Seized with a fit of caprice, they might leave the colony for some new field of enterprise, unless prevented by certain legal restrictions, which it would be difficult and unpopular to enforce. If this practical, and, as we think, serious impediment be got over, the plan is eminently worthy of support.

With regard to all general organisations for emigration, the public should be prepared to make allowances for possible failures, and even for the occurrence of many cases of individual suffering. Some years ago, a benevolent body, called the Children's Friend Society, busied itself in taking waif and destitute children off the streets, educating and reforming them, and then sending them out to serve the colonists at the Cape of Good Hope. A runaway boy came back to London, and stated that he had been ill-treated by his master. Instantly the newspapers raised a howl of indignation against the whole practice of the Society, which broke it up; and thus an admirable charity, the forerunner of our Ragged Schools, was extinguished. This is a specimen of rash blame by no means uncommon. The responsible party may have saved an immense quantity of misery which formerly existed, and only failed in such amounts of exception as belong to all great rules. Those who could view the entire misery unmoved, and have taken no interest in seeing it reduced, now storm at the little failures of those who have removed it, merely because they have a party standing in the relation of a cause, however remotely, on which to vent their wrath. So there would be a tendency to howl at every misgiving of any systematic colonisation; while the horrible wretchedness inflicted on passengers in private emigrant vessels, and the many hardships unavoidably incurred by independent emigrants in the first years of their settlement, attract scarcely any notice. Such outcries are very irrational, and a judicious public should be superior to them.

To emigrate is a most important step for man or woman. It should not be set about rashly, or without a full view of the sacrifices which it involves, in order that an ultimate good may be attained. When the legitimate object of a new home (not a fortune) is sought, every one must hear of failure with regret; but we may know well beforehand that some persons are so constituted that disappointment is unavoidable. For those who, having given themselves a fair trial in their native country, and found they could make no progress, and for all those active and bounding spirits which submit with pain to the habits of old society, emigration may prove a most advantageous step, if they only will bear in mind that there is no regular or certain means of benefiting themselves anywhere but by hard work and prudence. Hardships and privations there must be in a new settlement, and these the immigrant must be prepared to meet with fortitude. Some men are apt to overlook them in their calculations. Others, it is quite as true, entertain exaggerated notions of them. We thoroughly believe in their existence; but we feel

equally sure that, once embarked in his career, the excitement of novelty and constant progress, and the happy assurance that every suffering and every exertion is for a final good to himself, render the settler's early years far from the ordeal of misery which we who 'live at home at ease' would suppose.

AN EDITOR'S COUNTRY VISIT.

MY DEAR FRANK—As you expressed a wish to hear the particulars of my journey, and of my reception in the country, I sit down to gratify you. In accepting of Mr Segrave's invitation, I did not feel that I was going to a stranger, for I had heard my father so often speak of him as one of the companions of his youth, that I almost felt as if I knew him; and the kindness which prompted him to request my company, when he heard that I had been recommended country air, and a relaxation from the labours of the desk, made me feel at once that he was a good-natured man—an impression which certainly has not been disappointed. Mr Bankes was so good as to relieve me from all anxiety on account of the editorship of the 'Magazine,' as he had found a person to take my place during my absence, which we fixed should be for six weeks.

It was a lovely morning when I left the city. When but a few miles distant from it, I felt myself quite renovated by the balmy air and refreshing green of the country. My way, for the most part, was through pleasant roads, which were often skirted by fine demesnes, whose spreading trees afforded a delightful shade as we passed along. As I looked out upon the deep woods, I often wished to wander among them, and still more intensely to stray by the margin of the broad waters, or the deep rills that wound their way through the pleasant lands. I thought of the many hours we had passed together by such, and watched the speckled trout—our greatest ambition then to be expert anglers.

Though I was not a little fatigued by a long day's journey (which the languor left by my late indisposition made me feel more than I should have done some months since, when I was well and strong as you are), I was not too much tired to admire the place where I was about to be domesticated. As I approached it, through retired green lanes, the perfume of the early spring flowers was on the evening breeze; the house commanded a view of gentle slopes and wide pasture-lands, where the cattle were peacefully browsing; clumps of trees were scattered through the lawns, and a gentle stream appeared to mark the boundaries of the place; the whole scene gave me the most perfect idea of repose, and I felt that here I should forget for a while all the toil of preparing for the Magazine. Mr Segrave welcomed me at the door with all the cordiality of an old friend, and called me by my Christian name, and introduced me to the different members of his family, as if he intended that we should be friends. Feeling that all this was for the sake of my father did not make it the less gratifying.

I found that the most hospitable preparations had been made for my reception. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth; the shutters were closed, and the curtains drawn; the lights were set upon the round table; and 'the bubbling and loud hissing urn' summoned us round the board. The family consisted of Mr and Mrs Segrave, two sons, and three daughters; and as I looked round, I thought I had seldom seen such a true picture of comfort, and felt that I was indeed far removed from the din of cities, and a denizen of the woods and fields. In a short time Mr Segrave turned the conversation to the Magazine. Alas! I found it was his favourite theme; and the various articles which had appeared in its pages for several years were treasured in his too retentive memory. When I would fain have invoked the sylvan deities, he conjured up disastrous visions of proof-sheets, unreadable articles, and unmanageable contributions. As I underwent a strict examination, I am pretty sure that I utterly disgraced myself. I could give

my host no information as to the author of the papers signed B. B.; I could not tell the name of the person who had written the article on the 'Aboriginal Settlers in Macronia, and the Cause of its having been Deserted;' nor yet who had furnished the article on 'Balloons, with Hints on Flying;' nor who had supplied the interesting treatise on the 'Construction of Nests.' I was completely posed when he asked me whether I really believed, as it asserted, that the heron had two entrances into its nest. I was obliged to plead guilty to ignorance; but from the significant looks which passed between the young people, I could perceive that they thought I was affecting mystery; an impression which evidently became stronger, when I declared I could not tell who had written 'The Chaplet of Lilies,' or who signed herself 'Arimenta,' when questioned and cross-questioned by Miss Louisa and her elder sister on these points. The fire was hot; I was fatigued, and far from being strong; and the conversation on the Magazine, which I had wished to dismiss from my mind for the present, were too much for me, so that I began to feel sufficiently sleepy to have a strong desire to retire for the night.

'Come, Lucy,' said Mr Segrave, addressing his youngest daughter, a pert little creature of about ten years old—'come, Lucy, bring your story of the "Miller and his Dog;" I'm sure our friend here would like to hear it; and who knows, if it pleases him, but that he might find a little nook in the Magazine into which to pop it.'

Lucy relieved me from this worrying affair; for she replied, 'Indeed I can't, papa; for it's so blotted, that I can never read it by candle-light.'

'How can you be so disobliging, Lucy?' said her mother. 'Louisa will read it aloud, if you give it to her.'

'No indeed, mamma; for Louisa finds it very hard to make out her own poems till they're fairly copied.'

To my dismay I found myself in the midst of a family of geniuses, and all, as I soon discovered, anxious to immortalise themselves in the Magazine. A pause for a moment gave me an opportunity of addressing a word or two on the scenery about the house to Mr Frederick Segrave, the second son; partly, I do confess, in the almost forlorn-hope of changing the conversation. Mr Frederick Segrave has dark eyes, and they seem ever to penetrate into some object of profound interest unseen by vulgar eyes. His long dark locks were all dishevelled, and were no doubt scared from their propriety by the wild and grand conceptions which flitted through the brain beneath them. My observation on the scenery was doomed to meet with a stern repulse.

'Tame, sir,' said he, as with an expressive motion of the hand he seemed to wish to cast me into the distance—'tame, sir,' said he, as he again waved his hand, taking in the circumference of the room, and then with a sudden, impatient, and jerking motion, showing that he wished the surrounding scenery far away. He then burst out into such a torrent of eulogium on Alpine scenery, that the Falls of Niagara were nothing to compare to it. 'Switzerland—Switzerland, sir,' said he, out of breath with enthusiastic and fine feeling—'Switzerland, sir, is the country!' He paused for a moment, while he regarded me sternly, and as if he would have looked me through and through.

'You have been in Switzerland?' said I.

'I have not been there in person, but I am always there in imagination.'

It was at once evident to me that Frederick was a poet, and of the *Salvator Rosa* cast. The beseeching eyes, the long glossy ringlets, and the pensive countenance of his fair sister Louisa, formed a striking contrast to his wild appearance and impassioned bearing. Her taste lay in the gentle path, by gushing rills and banks of wild flowers; and I was not slow in perceiving that she was bent on dragging 'the pale primrose' and modest violet from their quiet retreat among the mosses and the ferns, to bask in the full glare of the Magazine.

'Louisa, my dear,' said Mrs Segrave, 'I am really quite ashamed of Lucy. Mr Harlowe must think her so disobliging. You are always ready to do what you can to please and amuse, so read one of your little poems: I am sure you have some of them in your work-box. I think, Mr Harlowe, you will like what you are going to hear: indeed I am certain you will think it ought to be published.'

'Shall I read the one to the "Sloe Blossom," or the one to the "Butterfly," mamma?'

'The one to the butterfly is my great favourite,' returned her mother: 'read it first.'

After a few modest hems, Miss Louisa read the following lines, a copy of which she generously bestowed on me the next morning, or my faithless memory would not have enabled me to transmit them to you:—

'Twas summer, all was bright and gay,
I turned among the flowers to stray;
All rich were they with varied hue
Of yellow, purple, pink, and blue.
But lo! a white and spangled thing
Was sporting there on tiny wing:
In haste from flower to flower it flew,
And sucked from each the honied dew.
I stood admiring all the while,
And to myself I said, with smile,
"Oh, butterfly! be mine thy power
To cull the sweets from every flower."
But as I spoke, I saw it fly,
Then said, with moralising sigh,
"A lesson may I learn from thee,
From pleasure's dangerous haunts to flee!"
Its wings it spread, it sped on high,
And gushing tears then dimmed mine eye;
Ah! may it thus to me be given
To soar on rapid wing to Heaven!'

The looks of the parents were fixed upon me as the young lady read; tears stood in their eyes the while: indeed not a few trickled down Mrs Segrave's cheeks.

'Very pretty indeed, Miss Louisa,' said I, as my conscience gave me rather a severe twinge; 'very pretty indeed.'

'A pretty leetle thing indeed,' said Mr Frederick, in a tone which expressed his opinion of its insignificance, and how far it was below his mark. 'Really a pretty leetle thing.'

'That is a creature of feeling,' said Mrs Segrave as she wiped away her tears, addressing me in an undertone—'a creature of very deep feeling, as you may see by that little specimen. But what pleases me more than the beautiful poetry, is the fine tone of morality and religion with which the poem closes: I am proud of my Louisa!' and another tear fell.

'Martha, my dear, you must let Mr Harlowe see your "Rambles of a Rover" and your "Moonlight Musings" to-morrow. We have our prose in the morning, Mr Harlowe, and our poetry in the evening.'

It was evident that the family were doing what they thought would please me most, and that they conceived no subject could be so interesting to me as the Magazine. The only one of them with whom I felt any sympathy was the elder son, who had leant back on the sofa, and was enjoying a quiet sleep. Mr Segrave, I suppose, perceiving that I was on the verge of the same happy state, asked if I would wish to go to bed. I joyfully availed myself of his considerate suggestion; and having wished good-night, left the room, attended by Frederick, who came to show me to my chamber. As we were parting, he said, 'If you will allow me, I will read my "Rhapsody on Switzerland" for you to-morrow.'

'I shall be happy to hear it,' said I, feeling very miserable.

'It will be a great matter,' resumed he, 'to have your opinion. The criticism of a literary friend is worth anything. I have seen some very able critiques in the Magazine—that signed Crito had much merit. You recollect the passage where he compares Byron and Moore, showing the points in which they assimilate, and those in which they differ so immeasurably, that it seems strange that they should have agreed at all!

The Magazine is below, I'll just run for it, and show the passage.

How heartily I wished that Byron and Moore had never agreed in anything! I, however, declined making myself master of the subject at that moment; and having bade good-night, I closed the door, and blessed my stars that I was shut up for the night in the privacy of my comfortable bedroom: the bed looked most inviting, and I longed to stretch my weary limbs upon it, and to forget on its downy pillow the Magazine with all its articles. I had merely to take out of my trunk such clothes as I required for the morning: having arranged them, I proceeded to undress; and just as I had laid my coat on the back of a chair, I heard a tap at the door, and called to whoever it might be who was outside to come in, expecting to see the servant. The door opened, and—Frederick stood before me! I felt myself shudder as I perceived a large roll of paper in his hand: he stepped forward and laid his candle on the table.

'I hope I don't disturb you?' said he in a most provokingly gracious manner.

'Indeed you do,' I mentally ejaculated; 'and if you were not your father's son, I would take you by the shoulder and put you out.' Dear Frank, you will excuse this internal escape of temper, when you recollect that I was in the state of a poor child whose sleep has been put astray. 'Indeed you do disturb me,' I continued to asseverate to myself in the hidden recesses of my heart. 'Oh no, not in the least,' said I aloud, with far more regard to politeness, but with far less to veracity. 'Oh, not in the least; I am not in bed yet.'

'I see you are not; indeed I knew you could not be; so I have brought it.' I felt a cold perspiration bedew my forehead: he had disencumbered himself of his coat, waistcoat, and cravat—he was in a long dressing-gown, which made him appear unnaturally tall, for his height was remarkably above the middle size: the collar of his shirt was laid down, so as to leave his neck quite bare; and his hair had got an additional dishevelled—in fact he was every inch a poet. 'I have brought it,' said he with an air of triumph, as he unfolded the roll. I felt my blood run cold. 'I have brought my "Rhapsody on Switzerland,"' said he, with a tone of increased triumph, as he drew chairs, one for himself, and one for me, doomed to be his unfortunate audience.

'I think I should hear it to more advantage to-morrow,' said I.

'Oh no!' said he; 'I have been thinking over it: the "Rhapsody" should be read at night; it has a thousand times more effect. I believe you fancy it much later than it really is: it wants a full quarter to eleven,' added he, as he presented his watch in proof.

'But, my dear sir, I fear my being so sleepy will prevent my doing your poem any kind of justice.'

'You are just in the state I would wish you to be,' said he. 'I am really anxious to test its startling effect; and if it thoroughly rouses you, which I am pretty sure it will, it will be a great encouragement to me. My friends, my partial friends,' added he with a kind of smile, which at once implied that he thought them the quintessence of impartiality—'my partial friends are urging me to publish. A critique in the Magazine from a person of your acknowledged judgment, of your experience and taste, may be of use—I mean as to calling the attention of the public to what you may think worthy of notice.'

I found all measures to avert my doom unavailing. I thought I could perceive a fiend-like twinkle of pleasure in his eye for having conquered me: such a look as we may suppose some fierce beast of prey casts upon the unhappy victim already within his grasp, and on whom he is about to make the last onslaught. Every objection which I made to hearing him that night being overruled, he snuffed the candles, and seated himself opposite to me, and having cleared his voice, began the 'Rhapsody.' He had not read more than a few lines,

expressive of his wish to live and die in Switzerland, when he came to the following:—

'Oh! be it mine to take my long, last rest
Where meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest!'

'That is a quotation,' I observed, being still sufficiently awake to perceive it.

'A what, sir?' said he.

'A quotation,' I repeated.

'No, sir,' interrupted he; 'it is all o—riginal.'

'That last line is in Goldsmith's *Traveller*,' said I; not altogether free from a sensation of malicious pleasure.

'I think you are mistaken,' returned he, going to the book-shelf and taking down a volume. After having cast his eye over the poem, he exclaimed, 'I protest you are right—here is the line—the very line: "but meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest." However, I am not sorry. It is no disgrace to hit upon the same mode of expression with Goldsmith. I am, in fact, very glad; for Goldsmith was in Switzerland, and I never was. It shows the truth of the picture presented to my imagination.'

He then resumed the 'Rhapsody,' while it was with the utmost difficulty I kept my eyes open. Sometimes, I acknowledge, they would not be controlled by me, but would shut whether I would or not. However, a timely nod, followed by a start, and then they opened wide, and stared full in the face of the rhapsodist, as much as to say, see how wide awake we are! After wandering some time among Alpine scenery, exposing his hero to every danger which it so obligingly afforded—now furnishing a steep precipice, to whose very brink he was brought in all his wild impetuosity; or presenting a yawning gulf, over which he hung in enthusiastic ecstasy, at the imminent risk of destruction; or now delightfully situating him under a sublime avalanche, about to fall on his devoted head: but all would not do—the hero was proof against everything, and went on his way in a state of happy excitement. The scene was changed, and he plunged into the depths of a German forest, where mine author indulged himself with an episode. This forest he peopled with banditti. Some of them noble souls, but all intent on mischief; while here and there he suffered pale spectres to glide about, conveying mysterious hints by solemn gestures, and a random word, uttered in a sepulchral tone, while hobgoblins flitted about with the utmost sang-froid. With every line the poet became more excited, and soon became so thoroughly identified with his *dramatis personæ*, that he seemed impelled by them in every action. I was several times roused from an encroaching slumber by feeling myself firmly grasped in the gripe of a ferocious bandit. Then his chair was slid to a greater distance from me, while the flickering blaze of the candles fitfully lit up his countenance, and added effect to the grotesque gestures and grimaces with which he personified the hobgoblins; while ever and anon he crooked his long fingers, and, as a spectre, beckoned me on to some dark cavern or gloomy recess. Then he would address me in mysterious low whispers for the ghosts, or startle me with discordant laughter from the hobgoblins, or uproarious shouts from the banditti, or hiss for the fiends, who were in the distance. I felt actually bewildered—perhaps like one under the influence of mesmerism—as it were unable to move: the extravagant actions, aided by the uncertain light and the lethargic state in which I was, produced the strangest effect. His figure appeared to extend itself towards the ceiling, till it appeared to me that his head almost touched it: the light and shade fell so oddly on his face, as to represent strange contortions. I felt my senses as it were benumbed amidst such horrors: all became more indistinct; the lights waxed dimmer; the wild bearing and fantastic antics of my companion were like the uncouth representations of a magic lantern; every moment it appeared more unreal, like some strange mockery of fancy; the impressive beckonings

of the spectres every instant appeared more distant, and to lead to greater remoteness and more 'intolerable glooms'; and the sharp humorous pinches of the hobgoblins seemed as the bite of some venomous creature, and the hard grasp of the murderous bandit as the gripe of an iron vice. I became every moment more oppressed: methought piles of magazines were pelted at me, and at length almost buried me alive: I found myself incapable of moving: rhapsodists were laughing around me: I could make no effort to disengage myself: I could scarcely breathe: the words I strove to utter stuck in my throat, and nearly choked me. How long I might have remained in this pitiable state there is no saying, had I not by some stupendous exertion uttered a piercing shriek. A vague consciousness followed, and then a great commotion, and persons running from all parts of the house, and asking in tones of trepidation at the door, 'What was the matter?' The spectres, hobgoblins, and banditti, and even the last grim form by whom I had been assailed—the nightmare—were all gone, and of all my tormentors the rhapsodist alone remained. Triumph was in his eye and in every line of his countenance as he shook me by the hand, and thanked me for the wrapt attention with which I had listened to his poem, and the unequivocal proof I had given of having thoroughly entered into his feelings and appreciated his conceptions; and having bidden me good-night, I heard him say, as he closed my door, 'Now I am de-termined to publish.'

Whatever awkwardness I might have felt the next morning in meeting the family to whom I had given such an alarm, was soon dispelled by every one of its members. Their bearing towards the rhapsodist was marked by a deference so deep as nearly to approach veneration: it was such, indeed, as we may suppose was paid to the fortunate poet who had just been awarded the laurel crown; and as to me, I was looked upon as he might have been who had the honour of placing it on the brow of genius; and the exclamation—yes, the exclamation of inarticulate horror, which had gathered all the family from every corner of the house about my door in utter dismay and terror—was construed into the exhilarating sound of 'this is the reward of merit!' Now, my dear Frank, having given you a full and true account of my first hours at Mr Segrave's house, I will for the present bid you farewell. Yours as ever,

JOHN HARLOWE.

CHEMISTRY OF AUTUMN.

In the 'Chemistry of Summer,'* we illustrated the power of the earth to absorb heat; and in resuming our survey of the seasons, we shall commence by showing how it returns the excess of this acquisition to the radiant skies.

The process by which the return is made is called radiation, the heat being emitted in rays as if from a centre; but it is curious to observe that there is little analogy in this respect between solar and artificial heat. A fire, for instance, warms pretty nearly alike all surfaces of the same mechanical texture; while the heat of the sun is modified by the colour of the object. A dark surface absorbs and radiates more rapidly than a light one. Thus a white dress is cooler than a black one; and men, acting upon perhaps unconscious experience, prefer the former in summer and the latter in winter.

Why, then, have the natives of higher latitudes dark or black skins, since these must absorb more heat than lighter skins? That such is the fact, the chemist demonstrates by experiment. He places the backs of both his hands in the sunshine on an intensely hot day; the one bare, and the other covered with a black cloth; the former having the bulb of a thermometer resting on it, and the other having the bulb underneath the cloth. In such circumstances, the exposed ther-

mometer indicates 85 degrees. In another trial, grees, and the latter 106. A curious thing is, that the scorched and blistered, and receives no injury! Thus the science cannot explain the protected from injury by the its absorption of heat.

The radiation of heat is beautiful and interesting in beautiful and interesting in autumnal months. At less, the glowing earth parts to the air; the directly in thus becomes much warmer which it rests. The conserved vapour always present in when it approaches the earth drops which sparkle like ge If the dew fell like rain, it w garden alike; but we find saturated, while the gravel-v it is nearly dry; and in like hollyhock are dripping di laurel are free of moisture. is the difference in the radiat objects; some of which give and becoming cold, induce a from the air; while others, t so warm, that the aqueous around them unchanged.

Extending our view farther barren soils in the condition the more fertile parts of the plot. The compact structure unfits it both for absorbing a tically; while the reverse is t spots, where the soil is of a This affords a beautiful ex nature in bestowing dew onl answer a beneficial purpose. abundance would be hurtful; when the sky is clear, and the that the phenomenon occurs i which protect the earth from

screens to arrest a too profuse radiation at night; and sending back their own heat, they keep up by the interchange an equable temperature. On this principle a gardener hangs a thin mat over tender plants, to protect them from cold. A cambric handkerchief would answer the same purpose; for all that is wanted is to prevent the radiation of heat. A handkerchief of this kind was extended tightly, in the manner of a roof, on the tops of four little sticks stuck in a grass-plot, and forming a square. One night the grass thus sheltered was only three degrees colder than the air, while the grass outside the square was eleven degrees colder.

At this season we may frequently observe at sunrise a white mist, several feet high, covering a field of grass or corn; and if we walk through it, we may feel the humidity on the lower part of our person, while our head is bright and dry in the beams of the early sun. This 'earth-cloud' is the aqueous vapour, drawn suddenly during the night from the lower part of the atmosphere by the rapid radiation of heat from the earth. The cloud prevented further radiation, and has therefore remained itself in *statu quo*; but presently the sun will reconvert it into invisible vapour, and diffuse it throughout the atmosphere.

The red appearance of the sky at sunrise predicts foul weather, and the same phenomenon at sunset fine weather; the rationale of which is explained by science, although not so clearly as to tempt us to enter into the subject. The husbandman, however, knows the fact by experience, and corroborates it by observations drawn from other circumstances. In the morning, if the cattle low more than usual, stretch forth their

in Edin
Country
1834

snuff the air with extended nostrils, it is a
ing rain; but if the chickweed remain open,
efoil and birdweed raise their heads boldly,
o unusual 'hydration' in the atmosphere.
ordinary hydration, or presence of the watery
have mentioned, that is indispensable to
h of plants and animals.

r we breathe thus require to be mixed with
e water in which aquatic plants or animals
a to be mixed with air. Expel the air from
by boiling, and after suffering it to cool in a
bottle, pour it gently out into a finger-glass.
roduce a small fish into this pure water, it
signs of distress by gasping at the surface,
soon die if kept immersed; but if, before
the fish, you pour the water for a few
m one vessel into another, you fit it, by the
of air, for the support of animal life. The
at the respiratory organs of fishes withdraw
from the water, but from the air which it
f we place a fish even in properly aerated
hen secure the mouth of the vessel with an
ver, the creature will die when the oxygen
is consumed. Fishes require a constant
erated water, just as land animals require
upply of hydrated air.

is a still more curious analogy between
and animals; for in confined places, the for-
he latter, may be poisoned by their own
ey exhale carbonic acid; and unless there
g plants at hand, stimulated by solar light,
se this mephitic vapour—respiring the
l emitting the oxygen—the consequence is
kness, and death. This is why it is neces-
life of fishes in glass globes either to change
requently, or introduce some aquatic plants
e the results of their respiration. But the
ore than this: they protect the fishes from
he sun. Light-coloured, or silver-fish, more
e liable to be scorched by the solar heat;
ch became discoloured after the removal of
his habitation was examined by a naturalist,
ced to be fairly sunburnt.

living plants emit oxygen, they are sup-
they die and decay in stagnant water, to
of the air-bubbles we see at this season
bursting on the surface. The vapour contained in
such bubbles is composed not of oxygen, but of carbon
and hydrogen, and resembles the common coal gas. It
is identical with the fire-damp of mines, and receives
from the chemist the name of carburetted hydrogen.
This is the *ignis fatuus* (kindled by some unknown
agency) which we now observe in the evening dancing
over the surface of marshy soils, and which popular
superstition has personified in Jack-o'-Lantern and
Will-o'-the-Wisp.

There is another phenomenon of the season which
chemistry has to a certain extent explained. The arti-
ficial conversion of water into vapour, the chemist finds,
is always attended by the development of electricity,
sometimes with the concomitants of light, heat, and
sound. He supposes, therefore, that the thunder-storm
is the consequence of the natural process of this con-
version constantly going on in every aqueous portion of
the globe. Electricity, he discovers, so far resembles
heat, that it desires to communicate its redundancy to
objects that are deficient; and, like heat, it is opposed,
facilitated, or arrested in this effort by various sub-
stances, according as they are good or bad conductors.
'Anhydrous air,' to use the words of Mr Griffiths, 'is a
non-conductor, earthy substances are bad conductors,
water and metallic ores are better conductors, and
purer metals the best conductors of imponderable elec-
tricity.' Now when the atmosphere approaches the
anhydrous state, or is greatly desiccated, as at this sea-
son, it is a very imperfect conductor; and the clouds,
therefore, or aqueous volumes floating in its upper
region, remain for a time highly charged, notwithstand-

ing their efforts at deliverance, with accumulations of
electricity. When these become excessive, the struggle
is at an end. The imprisoned lightning bursts forth,
and rushes down to the earth and the waters, rending
the unwilling air, the violent collapse of which, instan-
taneously succeeding the passage of the extraneous
body, produces the roar we term thunder. The time
taken by light to travel is so short (192,000 miles in
a second), as to be inappreciable by the senses; but
sound moves at the rate of only about 380 yards in the
second. The apparent interval, therefore, between the
two—although they are really simultaneous—enables us
easily to guess at the distance of the electricity; for we
have only to multiply the 380 yards by the number of
seconds which elapse between the lightning and the
thunder.

The comparative slowness with which sound moves
produces a curious effect; for when the lightning is
long, irregular, and ragged, betraying its distant origin,
we hear the thunder first, it may be from the top of a
tree near which we are standing, then far beyond this,
then from a still more remote point, and ultimately
from the cloud whence the lightning first issued. Thus
the thunder is a loud rumbling noise, instead of the
single terrible crack which indicates the propinquity of
the electricity. As for the bright and mute flashes we
see sometimes in the evening at this time of the year,
it is supposed that they are so distant, that the sound
of the thunder has been lost in its passage.

The identity of lightning and electricity was only
slowly understood; but at length the question was de-
finitively settled by Franklin by means of a common
kite. It being early known that the electric fluid was
attracted by points, it was determined to ascertain
whether lightning—so similar in other respects—ac-
knowledgeed the same influence. A pointed wire, there-
fore, was attached to the stick of a kite; which, on
being carried up into the air during a thunder-storm,
attracted electricity from the clouds; and this, on the
machine reaching the ground, was discharged with
vivid sparks and sharp reports, and a merely probable
analogy thus converted into a distinct proof of identity.
This gave rise to the invention of the metallic rod,
placed for the protection of dwellings, in deep connec-
tion with the humid earth; and so presenting a harmless
path for the flash of natural electric fire. Electricity,
however, is not, like heat, conducted progressively by
metals, but instantaneously: an extraordinary example
of which we see in the most wonderful discovery of this
wonderful age—the electric telegraph.

A thunder-storm is frequently attended by heavy
showers of rain or hail; but these secrets of the clouds
have hitherto defied the researches of chemistry. All
we know with certainty is, that rain-drops, as we men-
tioned in our former article, are hollow spheres; and that
'hail-stones' are exquisitely-shaped crystals, forming a
short six-sided prism, with a six-sided pyramid at both
ends, but one of them truncated, or cut off, as if to
enable the figure to stand. For this form to be observ-
able, it is of course necessary for the hail to be received
on a soft yielding surface.

But the most interesting spectacle presented by this
season is the corn waving before the breeze, and
offering for the necessities of man a food, the nourish-
ment of which has been abstracted in so extraordi-
nary a manner from air, earth, and water. This food
science can analyse, but by no synthetical process imi-
tate. In vain it compounds the elements oxygen, hydro-
gen, nitrogen, and carbon, in the exact proportions of
the grain: no inorganic substance will support human
life. The chemist cannot make food, even with all its
materials at his command; his art is confined to ascer-
taining the nature and properties of that which has
been subjected to the mysterious laws of vitality,
whether in the animal or vegetable creation. And yet
science, weak as it may seem in this respect, is able to
stimulate and assist nature in her processes for man's
own benefit. Grain-bearing vegetables are all in this

sense 'artificial;' wheat, barley, oats, maize, rye, rice, millet, beans, and peas, having never been discovered in a wild or natural state of growth.

In this hot weather the appetite for food is not so keen as in cold weather; and chemistry, through her high-priest, Liebig, informs us of the reason. The source of heat within the human body is the combination—the combustion, so to speak—of the carbon of the food with the oxygen of the atmosphere. 'The animal body is a heated mass, which bears the same relation to surrounding objects as any other heated mass;' receiving heat when these are hotter, and losing heat when these are colder than itself. The blood, notwithstanding, of an inhabitant of the arctic circle has a temperature as high as that of a native of the south; and this shows that 'the heat given off to the surrounding medium is restored within the body with great rapidity'—a compensation which must take place more rapidly in winter than in summer. 'Now in different climates the quantity of oxygen introduced into the system by respiration varies according to the temperature of the external air; the quantity of inspired oxygen increases with the loss of heat by external cooling, and the quantity of carbon or hydrogen necessary to combine with this oxygen must be increased in the same ratio. If we were to go naked, like certain savage tribes, or if, in hunting or fishing, we were exposed to the same degree of cold as the Samoyedes, we should be able with ease to consume ten pounds of flesh, and perhaps a dozen of tallow candles into the bargain, daily, as warmly-clad travellers have related with astonishment of these people. We should then also be able to take the same quantity of brandy or train-oil without bad effects, because the carbon and hydrogen of these substances would only suffice to keep up the equilibrium between the external temperature and that of our bodies.'

The quantity of food is affected likewise by the number of our respirations. In oppressively-hot weather, this number is limited by our inability to take exercise, and consequently we do not imbibe enough of oxygen to consume our usual quantity of carbon. If we enable ourselves for a time to keep up this quantity, or, in other words, to eat our usual quantity of food, by the use of stimulating condiments, our health soon fails. 'The cooling of the body, by whatever cause it may be produced, increases the amount of food necessary. The mere exposure to the open air, in a carriage or on the deck of a ship, by increasing radiation and vaporisation, increases the loss of heat, and compels us to eat more than usual. The same is true of those who are accustomed to drink large quantities of cold water, which is given off at the temperature of the body, 98°5'. It increases the appetite, and persons of weak constitution find it necessary, by continued exercise, to supply to the system the oxygen required to restore the heat abstracted by the cold water. Loud and long-continued speaking, the crying of infants, moist air, all exert a decided and appreciable influence on the amount of food which is taken.'

It has been discovered that lignin, or the solid part of wood, affords edible matter; and that when properly prepared, it may be baked into loaves of bread more palatable than those that are made in times of scarcity from bran and husks of corn. This woody fibre forms the chief bulk of vegetables, from the slight network which contains the pulp and juice of fruits, up to the substantial body of forest timber. In all, the actual proximate principle is of the same density; but in some it is closely, and in others loosely compacted, the latter involving amongst its pores a considerable volume of air. Thus ebony and lignum vitæ sink in water like stones, while oak and pine float with great buoyancy; but if you expel the air from the two latter, by boiling or otherwise, they will sink like the two former.

By and by the sun will decline in heat and splendour, and the leaves of trees and plants assume for a little while those autumnal tints which steep the season in

beauty. The different colours are supposed to depend upon certain acid matters now formed in the withering leaf, which produce a reflection of red and yellow light, with various other intermixtures. All this glory, however, of the vegetable world is only a prelude to its decay. Soon come the chill winds, with power to lay the forest bare; and these beautiful leaves, scattered upon the ground, mingle gradually with its substance, and undergoing new changes, become nutriment for the stems on which they grew. When the grass meadows begin to lose their colour, we see here and there a ring of brighter green, in which we love to fancy that the elfin people are accustomed to dance during the night. But science conjectures that these circles—increasing annually in size, and sometimes presenting a very extraordinary appearance—are rather the production of a fungus, which, on dying away every year, leaves a rich soil for the more luxuriant growth of grass. Towards the close of the season, when slight frosts become common, the meadow presents a still stranger phenomenon, which formerly occasioned not mere poetical excitement, like the fairy rings, but superstitious dread. This is the print of footsteps, which appear to have scorched the grass like heated iron. And they are footsteps, and human footsteps; which, falling on the grass when it is crimp with frost, break it completely down and destroy it. When the sun has thawed away the hoary covering from the meadow, its grass appears rich and green—all but these mystic prints, where the footsteps scorched, like guilt, as they passed!

SUMMER EXCURSION IN GERMANY.

BERLIN—POTSDAM—HAMBURG.

FROM Leipsic we proceeded to Berlin, by way of Cothen, a journey by railway which occupied the greater part of a day, and over a level tract of country that seemed to become more sandy and barren as we advanced northwards. In the midst of this desert, which in some places is as destitute of herbage as the sands of the seashore, Berlin has been built: some centuries of cultivation, however, have deprived the environs of the original barren aspect, and now the city seems to be as well surrounded with gardens and pleasure-grounds as any other capital. Through the centre of the town flows the Spree, a dull canal-like river, which is navigable for barges, and by means of dams, is made serviceable in turning various mills.

Driving into Berlin through a suburb of handsome houses, the effect was exceedingly pleasing. To enjoy the delicious summer weather, the inmates of numerous villas had thrown doors and windows open, and either within their dwellings, or in the alips of pleasure-ground in front, they were seen in hilarious family parties. Passing these evidences of a comparatively simple state of manners, we come to the Brandenburg gate, a stupendous portal, surmounted by a car of victory of some historical note; for, with its prancing bronze steeds, it was carried off to Paris by Napoleon, and was not restored till the day of general restitution of national property in 1815. Entering by this elegant gateway, we have before us, looking eastwards, the main street of Berlin—the Unter-den-Linden (or Under-the-Lime-Trees)—a thoroughfare more spacious than any of the Parisian boulevards. Correctly described, the Linden, which is upwards of half a mile in length, is a great broad street, with a stretch of promenading ground in the middle thickly lined with tall lime-trees. From morning till night, the promenade and the seats beneath the trees are occupied with numerous saunterers—citizens of all classes, women, children, and soldiers—the whole forming a pleasing scene of half-rural half-urban gaiety. In proceeding towards the heart of the

city, along one side of this stretch of pleasure-ground, we see at a glance that Berlin is worthy of the commendations that travellers usually bestow upon it. The houses, though chiefly of brick, are plastered and painted, so as to have a cleanly effect, and the style of architecture is tasteful. Parisian buildings have been adopted as a model, but for the greater part those of Berlin are not above half the height, and this greatly mars the effect on the eye. Going from street to street, we observe that nearly the whole town consists of lines of thoroughfares lying parallel to, and crossing each other at right angles, with little variety as to building: the monotony, therefore, is so extreme, as to partake of military precision; and in truth the city is the creation of a mind which thought only of encampments and military discipline. To Frederick the Great, Berlin owes its rise from a small town to a great capital. Lines of street were prescribed on a uniform plan, the main object being to cover a certain space of ground with houses of a particular appearance; and the ground was covered accordingly. In building and laying out his capital city, Frederick does not seem to have had any idea of conduits, or of the necessity for any machinery to carry away and dispose of the domestic refuse of a large population. Every stranger, therefore, is not long in discovering that the gutters which run along the Linden, and all the other thoroughfares, present no unsuitable field for the investigations of a Sanitary Commission. Whether the Berliners have ever troubled themselves on the score of this surface-drainage, or, more properly, exhalation, I am unable to say. All I can tell is, that after a lapse of nearly a century, their city remains destitute of what is elsewhere one of the most significant engines of civilisation.

Notwithstanding this defect, Berlin is a fine city. Spreading over a flat plain, without regard to waste of ground, there seems nothing like huddling of dwellings into close alleys, or piling them one on another. About the centre, overhanging the dull waters of the Spree, stands the palace; and this seems to cut off the older and less regular part of the town on the east from the more fashionable portion on the west. From the palace to the Brandenburg gate, environing the Linden, is the great scene of attraction. But it is only around and near the open space at the palace that the principal public buildings are situated; and on this account a visitor can see all that is worth seeing in one or two days. We spent a week in our rambles and visits—the Chamber of Arts, the Museum or Picture Gallery, and other public institutions occupying our attention; but we had now seen so many things of this kind, that they afforded us comparatively little pleasure. Of the vast variety of objects which were presented, I can remember only that we saw a pewter drinking-cup which had been used by the unfortunate Baron Trenck in his long confinement at Magdeburg. It was covered with poetry, inscribed with a nail or some other rude instrument. The arsenal is a handsome edifice; so also is the university, to one of whose professors—the venerable Zumpt—I was indebted for some personal attentions. Introduced by this gentleman to one of the directors of the elementary town schools, I had the pleasure of being made acquainted with the practical working of the Prussian system of education. As is well known, this system is compulsory; every child in good health being compelled, as a matter of law, to attend the school selected by its parents, or provided by the public authorities; and all parents neglecting the regulations being subject to punishment. By this means, which I allow is despotic, every child in Prussia is elementarily instructed. No idle and disorderly children are seen in the streets. Conducted to a large town-school, in two departments, one for boys, and the other for girls, I spent a couple of hours in the different class-rooms, and had reason to feel satisfied that the education was on a liberal footing, and apparently under correct management. Curious on

the subject of compulsion, I asked one of the teachers how this part of the business was arranged. He mentioned in reply that it cost him no trouble. The town is divided into numerous small wards, each having an inspector, who takes account of all the children in his district. Should any child fail in attendance, the inspector is informed of the circumstance, and he makes all suitable inquiries. If the parent is to blame, the offence is punishable. Practically, however, little compulsion is employed, and the law may only be said to act in *terrorem*. With all proper respect for public liberty, it could be wished that we had in this country the means of frightening worthless parents into the practice of sending their children habitually to school. A little Prussian despotism on this point, many will allow, would not be a bad thing.

Berlin has the reputation of being one of the most intellectual cities in Germany. Its population is very mixed, as respects race and sect, and the general tone of society, improved by the concentration of men of high art and learning, is of a superior kind. At the same time something is lost in point of simplicity and purity. There is much frivolity and idleness, and the town ranks low with regard to temperance. The recent outbreaks likewise demonstrate the slight regard for public order among certain portions of the population. At the period of my visit, Berlin seemed to be fully occupied with soldiers; uniforms of various kinds were seen in all quarters, and bayonets gleamed in front of every public edifice. That the populace should have actually taken possession of the town, and humbled the reigning monarch, in despite of the large garrison employed to preserve order, is one of the many curiosities in government which are at present puzzling Europe, and of the results of which no one can safely venture a prediction.

Within a short distance of Berlin there are many agreeable places of holiday resort. Beyond the Brandenburg gate is an extensive wood, intersected with walks and drives, open to the public; further on are Kroll's gardens, a species of Vauxhall, with a number of entertainments. Two or three miles beyond, in the same direction, is Charlottenburg, a royal residence, with extensive grounds, forming what may be called the Hampton Court of Berlin. This is a quiet and very charming place of resort. The palace contains some good pictures; but it is less an object of interest than the mausoleum of Louisa, queen of Prussia. Louisa, it will be recollected, was queen during the desperate struggles which the country underwent at the time of its occupation by the French invaders, and was almost the only personage who from the first perceived the necessity for Prussia holding Napoleon at defiance. Perhaps never was the death of a queen so deeply lamented as that of this amiable and accomplished woman. The king her husband was inconsolable, and spared no expense in commemorating the deceased with all the aids of sculpture. The mausoleum at Charlottenburg, which is in the form of a temple, with a spacious interior chamber, into which a chastened light is admitted, is an object of attraction to all strangers; and I frankly confess it was the finest thing we saw during our whole journey. In the middle of the inner apartment is placed the figure of Louisa in a reclining posture on a sarcophagus, the whole formed of white marble by Rauch, one of the most eminent sculptors of Germany. Calm and tranquil in spiritual beauty lies this admirable figure, whose sleep in the silent mansion we almost feel afraid to disturb. Rauch is stated to have entertained a strong and loyal regard for this estimable princess; so much so, that she had become his inspiring divinity in art. With the most exalted enthusiasm, he devoted himself to a commemoration of her beauty and modest deportment; and the figure at Charlottenburg, and one equally beautiful at Potsdam, executed to the order of the king, attest his success. Latterly, a companion figure of the king, executed after his death, has been added by the present sovereign.

Potsdam is distant twenty miles from Berlin, in the same direction as Charlottenburg, and is now easily reached by railway. We spent a day in admiring the beauties of this famed retreat of the great Frederick. The town, which is formal and dull, is situated on the Havel, a small river which is here expanded into a pretty lake. The country around is rich, green, and picturesque. Immediately north from the town is a well-wooded hill, and it is on the southern face of this eminence, and the low grounds at its base, that we find the various palaces for which Potsdam is celebrated. Wandering through pleasure-grounds, laid out in the style of those at Versailles, we come first to the palace of Sans Souci, which occupies a commanding situation, with a fine prospect to the south. Immediately in front is a terrace with parterres of flowers, where Frederick in his latter days was fond of sunning himself, and where he wished to be buried near his favourite dogs—a wish, however, not attended to. At a short distance from the palace, farther up the hill, stands the windmill which Frederick in vain tried to remove by a suit at law with its owner. It is still, I believe, in the family of the miller who so undauntedly defended his rights against royal aggression. From Sans Souci we proceeded to visit the New Palace—a very grand, but apparently a most unnecessary building, in which we saw the apartments where Frederick for some time resided. They are small, little larger than closets, and in one his library is still preserved. It is a collection of works in French, chiefly dramatic, in faded bindings.

Besides these, we visited some other palaces, an account of which I shall not inflict on the reader, and finally, in the town, looked into a church in which Frederick was entombed. Here, in a zinc sarcophagus, within a whitewashed vault below the pulpit, are encased the remains of the old warrior. Napoleon, according to his usual policy of spoliation, carried off the sword which had been placed over the tomb of the monarch. It has never been restored; but the front of the gallery of the church is hung with flags taken by the Prussians from the French, by which we may infer that the nation has more than avenged the insult.

Talking on the subject of the French occupation of Prussia to a private family in Berlin, they referred to it even at this distance of time with something like a feeling of horror; but also with a degree of pride that the people had not shrunk from their duty in so terrible a period of adversity. So enormous were the exactions of the French, that all the current coin of the realm was absorbed; and when the money was exhausted, it became necessary to appease the demands of the conqueror by a universal sacrifice of plate, jewels, rings, and trinkets of all sorts. Every family unhesitatingly rendered up its articles of value to the public treasury; and trinkets formed of the fancy iron manufacture of Berlin were given in return. The possession of any of these acknowledgments is now much prized. They bear on them the inscription in German, 'I gave gold for iron.' An iron ring of this kind is now worth more than its weight in the more precious metal. The Berlin manufacture of fancy iron articles is said to have been much improved by the impetus given to it by the popular contributions; but it is still inferior to the Swiss manufacture, which in iron may be said to rival the finest lace.

The journey from Berlin to Hamburg is usually spoken of by travellers as an unpleasant and tedious jumble in a diligence across a sandy tract of country. Thanks to steam, things are greatly changed for the better. There is now a railway from Berlin to Hamburg, and by this line of route, crossing part of Mecklenburg, we made the journey in about six hours. During the latter part of the excursion, the odious sandy wastes disappear, and are succeeded by the low-lying green plains which border on the Baltic. Although wearisome to the eye, and the detestation of the artist, the level country is geologically interesting. In

various places are seen lying on the surface of the ground large and small boulders, belonging to a formation nowhere found in the district. The most common notion is, that these stones have been transported hither by the Deluge; but they can be reasonably accounted for otherwise. The whole district—Holstein, Mecklenburg, and part of Prussia—was probably at one time covered by the waters of the Baltic or North Sea; and the boulders, floated away from their native region on icebergs, have been dropped to the bottom when the ice was dissolved. At the present moment, icebergs are depositing foreign rocks in the bosom of the North Atlantic; and in progress of ages these masses may be discovered on the surface of dry land, rounded by the abrasion which they have encountered at the bottom of the sea.

We entered Hamburg at night, and were deposited at Streits's Hotel, on the Jungfernstieg. Never did so magnificent a spectacle of town scenery meet our eye as on the following morning, when we opened the jalousies of our window. Before us lay, in placid beauty, a quadrangular sheet of water, measuring probably a third of a mile on each side. On the southern side opposite, the lake was bounded by a causeway with trees, which cut it off from an irregular piece of water beyond. The other three sides of this water square were environed with houses of elegant architecture; but between them and the lake was a thoroughfare for carriages and foot-passengers. The lake, which is an expanded portion of the river Alster, communicating with the Elbe by locks, is surrounded with a substantial quay, but contains no vessels except small pleasure-boats; and these sailing about in the bright sunshine, and a number of swans, which here and there dotted the surface, imparted a lively and pleasing effect to the scene. Apropos of the swans: I was informed that they have money in the funds, and are tended as carefully as the bears of Bern. An old lady, it seems, bequeathed them and their successors a fortune, and the trustees of the property of course take care to preserve and perpetuate the race.

The Jungfernstieg is certainly a fine thing; but much of its beauty is owing to the great fire of 1842, which burnt the better part of the town. This fire has made Hamburg one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. In place of closely-built and inconvenient streets of antique houses, there have sprung up rows of the most handsome edifices, rivaling the newer parts of Paris. The environs also have been much beautified; and the only portion of the town in the condition of former days is that which is connected with the shipping.

We greatly enjoyed Hamburg during the few days we were able to spend in it, and could not sufficiently admire the air of industry, blended with rational recreation, which distinguished its inhabitants. Only one thing I had great reason to find fault with: this is the extraordinary fact, that there is no distinct single post-office. Instead of one office to which all letters should come, there are several offices, each acting independently of the others. Thus there is an English post-office, whence are delivered all English letters by a distinct set of postmen; a Prussian post-office; a Hanoverian post-office; a Swedish post-office; and so on in perplexing confusion. Expecting letters from various countries, I had occasion to visit their respective post-offices every morning, at different parts of the town. Nothing more absurd than this multiplication of post-offices, each an independent centre of operations, is to be found in any part of the world; and how it should be tolerated by the people of Hamburg is beyond my comprehension. Does it arise from the town authorities declining to charge themselves with the receipt, delivery, and despatch of letters?

Before quitting Hamburg, we visited, at the distance of three miles from the town, the establishment at Horn, designed for reclaiming and educating evil-disposed youths; but as I am accused, perhaps justly, of harping too much on the subject of education, I pass over what we saw here without present remark.

Not to inflict another article on the reader, it will be sufficient to state, that from Hamburg we crossed the Elbe to the dominions of Hanover, and were thence carried by railway to the banks of the Rhine at Cologne; from which we found our way home to England. And so ends a Summer Excursion in Germany.

W. C.

JOSEPH LANCASTER.

JOSEPH LANCASTER, whose name must ever have an honourable place in the history of education, was born November 27, 1778, in Kent Street, Borough Road, London. His parents were respectable, worthy people, but far from wealthy. In his early years Joseph was remarkable for thoughtfulness and intelligence, and he was generally to be seen in some corner of the room with a book in his hand. When about fourteen he read Clarkson's writings on the slave-trade, which were just then issuing from the press, and they made such an impression on his mind, that he formed the singular resolve to go to Jamaica and teach the poor blacks to read the Bible. It was a wild scheme, and one that he knew his parents would oppose; he therefore determined to leave home without their knowledge. He started on his perilous enterprise with only a pocket Bible, a volume of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and a few shillings in his purse. The first night he spent beneath a hedge, and the next he slept under a haystack. His money was soon expended; but happily he fell in with a working man going the same road, who generously shared his provisions with him. None would have thought, had they seen the poor boy enter the city of Bristol, penniless, and almost shoeless, that he would one day become a powerful instrument in diffusing the glorious light of knowledge among benighted thousands. On offering himself as a volunteer, he was accepted, and the following morning was sent to Milford-Haven. On board the vessel he became an object of ridicule, and went by the appellation of the parson. One day when the captain was away, an officer in derision asked him to preach a sermon to them; and Joseph acceded to the request, on condition that he was allowed half an hour for meditation. At the time appointed he came on deck, where he found all the ship's company waiting to listen to him. Having mounted a cask, he began to speak of the sin of drunkenness and profane swearing—sins to which sailors are particularly addicted. His companions at first laughed heartily; but conviction at length fastened on their minds, and they hung down their heads, and one after another wept off. The sermon had at least one good effect, for during the remainder of the voyage he was treated with the greatest kindness.

Joseph's return home was brought about in a singular manner. A clergyman, stepping into Mr Lancaster's shop to make a purchase, found Mrs Lancaster weeping, and kindly inquired the cause of her distress. She told him that her son had left his home, and the reasons she had for supposing he had gone to the West Indies. 'Oh come, my good woman,' he said encouragingly, 'take comfort; I am intimate with the captain of the Port Admiral's ship at Plymouth. I live at Clapham. Should you hear of your son, let me know.' Three weeks after, a letter was received from the runaway, and information was immediately sent to their new friend. The promised interest was used in his behalf, and Joseph was ere long sent back, with a new suit of clothes, and money to pay all his expenses.

Joseph Lancaster's benevolent and energetic mind soon, however, found a fresh field for its exercise. He saw the ignorance prevailing among the poor of his own land; and though he could not anticipate the extensive good which ultimately crowned his labours, yet he determined to use his individual efforts for its removal.

Having time at his own disposal, he requested his father to give him the use of a room in his house, which would enable him, he said, to open a school on very low terms for the poor of the neighbourhood. Mr Lancaster readily complied, and Joseph set about the necessary prepara-

tions. He purchased some old boards, and manufactured them into desks and forms; the workmanship, it is true, was rather rough, but they answered all the intents and purposes for which they were designed. When completed, he reckoned that the outlay amounted to twenty-five shillings. The school was opened January 1798.

Mr Lancaster found that many parents were unable to pay even the small sum he asked, and he generously offered to instruct boys so circumstanced gratuitously. This greatly increased his school; and not being able to afford ushers, he felt it necessary to form some plan in which one boy could instruct another. This suggested the system of having monitors, which afterwards was so generally adopted. With Lancaster it was entirely a new idea, though it was subsequently found to have been previously practised by the celebrated Dr Bell at Madras.

The room in his father's house was soon found to be too small; one place after another was hired; but the school became so large, that Mr Lancaster at length had a suitable building erected at his own expense. It is said that he had no less than a thousand pupils—eight hundred boys, and two hundred girls. The following notice was placed on the outside of the building:—'All that will, may send their children, and have them educated freely; and those that do not wish to have education for nothing, may pay for it if they please.'

The disinterested kindness of the young schoolmaster won the affection of his pupils, and they looked up to him as their counsellor and friend. During the hours of recreation he joined in their sports, often taking two, three, and on one occasion five hundred of them into the country. Then on the Sunday evenings he was in the habit of inviting a large number of them to tea at his house, where, after familiar and instructive intercourse, he closed the day with devotional exercises. About this time he joined the Society of Friends. We cannot pass over a circumstance which shows the benevolent regard Mr Lancaster felt for the young under his charge. One season the scarcity and dearth of provision had reduced the poor to a sad state of want: he was not able from his own purse to relieve the distress from which many of his boys were suffering; he therefore made a subscription amongst his friends, and was by this means enabled to provide a good dinner daily for sixty or eighty of the most needy.

Constant association with the youths for whom he was labouring gave Mr Lancaster an insight into character, and thus qualified him for the task of forming a system for their instruction.

The novel plan on which the school was conducted excited much curiosity and interest. Persons of distinguished rank visited it, and expressed themselves much pleased with its operations. Some of Joseph Lancaster's friends spoke favourably of him to George III., and his majesty intimated a desire to see the young schoolmaster.

'Lancaster, I have sent for you to give me an account of your system of education,' the king said, as he entered the royal presence. 'I hear you have met with opposition. One master teach five hundred children at the same time! How do you keep them in order!'

'Please thy majesty, by the same principle thy majesty's army is kept in order—by the word of command.'

'Good, good,' returned the king: 'it does not require an aged general to give the command—one of younger years can do it.'

Lancaster then proceeded to explain his plan. The king listened with attention, and when he had concluded, said, 'I highly approve of your system; and it is my wish that every poor child in my dominions should be taught to read the Bible. I will do anything you wish to promote this object.'

'Please thy majesty,' Lancaster replied, 'if the system meets thy majesty's approbation, I can go through the country and lecture on the system; and I have no doubt but in a few months I shall be able to give thy majesty an account where ten thousand poor children are being educated.'

The king then promptly engaged to subscribe £100

annually; and turning to the queen, he said, 'Charlotte, you shall subscribe L.50, and the princesses L.25 each;' adding, 'you may have the money directly.'

'Please thy majesty, that will be setting thy nobles a good example.' This latter remark called forth a smile from the courtly train.

From this time Joseph Lancaster became a public lecturer on education. He travelled from one town to another, and in most instances was successful in overruling the prejudices and moving the hearts of the inhabitants, so far as to get them to assist in establishing free schools for the poor. These lectures led also to a more general investigation of the subject. On the 20th of February 1807, Mr Whitbread, in the House of Commons, said, 'I believe the greatest reform that could take place in this kingdom would be to impart instruction to every man in it. A system of education has lately been formed, so simple, so cheap, and so effective, that the discovery of it is a great benefit to the world at large, and the discoverer, Mr Joseph Lancaster, is entitled to very considerable praise.' He went on to say that he was aware that prejudice and bigotry had united against him, but that he was convinced that his principles were true; that they would ultimately prevail; and that, by establishing similar schools, education would be conducted at less than one-third the expense which it at that present time demanded.

The necessary outlay in the establishment of the plan was so great, that notwithstanding the pecuniary support Mr Lancaster received, he found himself involved in debts to a large amount; and in the summer of 1807 he was arrested. He wrote to several friends on the occasion, but all were afraid to involve themselves in the affair. One, however, Mr W. Corston,* left home with the intention of becoming bail for him; but his generous impulse was checked by the thought that other writs might be immediately issued. He felt that if he carried out his purpose, it would risk the interests of his wife and children, yet to desert a friend in the hour of need was distressing in the highest degree. He determined, however, to go on and make Mr Lancaster acquainted with his feelings: this he did. When he had explained all, Mr Lancaster, taking him by the hand, exclaimed, 'My dear friend, I see thou art not to assist me this time. Compose thyself; this will never make a breach of friendship between thee and me.' Strange to say, the sheriff's officer who conducted him to the King's Bench conceived such a high esteem for him that he became bail, saying he was sure he was an honest man.

In March 1808, a committee consisting of six gentlemen was formed, who held themselves responsible for the debts of the Society, and things went on more prosperously.

The following are a few brief extracts from some highly interesting letters he wrote to his friends during his tours:—*Woburn, 23d of eleventh month, 1807.*—I am now at Woburn Abbey, and dine to-day with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and the Duke of Manchester. I am to hold a public lecture here, and he [the duke] has promised to attend it. I trust some good is likely to occur before we go. The day after to-morrow is my birthday: I am nine-and-twenty. I wish all my children [his scholars] to have a plumpudding and roast beef; do order it for them, and spend a happy hour in the evening with them, as thou didst this time last year in my absence in Ireland. Perhaps thou wilt have a plum-cake or tart for my little unprotected infant on my birthday. *'Free School, Borough Road, 26th of second month, 1808.*—The last number of the Edinburgh Review notices my plan of education very favourably, and complimented the king by saying—"His majesty's goodness will be remembered, and his name have the blessing of many a poor ragged boy, long after it is forgotten by every lord of the bedchamber, and every clerk of the closet." This same review says my publications have a little of

the "Obadiah flavour" about them; but they, the reviewers, think that is all fair, and that Quakers ought not to be expected to write and speak as other people. So I forewarn thee that thou may possibly expect a little of that Obadiah flavour, and not be disappointed.'

He goes on to give some details of his proceedings in Bristol, where he met with opposition from the very men from whom he had reason to expect the most cordiality. They predicted a riot if he publicly lectured there; and he gives the following ludicrous account of the effect this had upon him:—"The mortification of being worried, goaded, and even insulted by my own friends (and there were some among the deputation I highly esteemed and loved), was such as put me into a pickle, and gave me a fit of the bile. I was to go to a gentleman's to tea previous to the lecture. The visit from the deputation of Friends had made me very ill and low, so in haste and perturbation I went out without being shaved, and without a clean neckcloth. When at tea, I found I had come out and forgot to leave my beard behind me—I requested my friend to let me be shaved; for knowing I was a Friend or Quaker, I did not wish people to take me for a Jew. The important work of *shavation* once accomplished, tea over, and being furnished with a clean neckcloth, I unthinkingly put the dirty one in my pocket, and deliberately walked off to the lecture-room. The room was crowded, and the lecture attended with much success; but finding myself annoyed by the heat of the place when mounted on my rostrum, I felt for my pocket-handkerchief, and twice did I take out my dirty neckcloth to wipe my face with, to my small diversion ever since, and probably of my auditors. Next day I waited on my friends, told them there was no riot, but a loyal and attentive auditory, and that their act, though only the act of individuals, and not of the body, was a stretch of ecclesiastical authority I did not expect, and to which I would not submit. But I had another cause of complaint against them—their unwarrantable interference had given me the bile; now I had a great work, and the bile was only an impediment which I wished to get rid of. As they had given it me when I had no business with it, I therefore begged they would take it again, and divide it among themselves, as they were many, and I only one. Such a division would make it light to them, and I should get rid of a heavy burden at an easy rate; but they did not accept my proposition—they only laughed merrily at it; and after all we parted in good-humour.'

* * * "On returning from Canterbury, I went to Woburn Abbey, and there spent my birthday, where I had an opportunity of being introduced to the Duke of Manchester, whose Christian liberality was very gratifying to me. I gave a lecture at Woburn; and while lecturing, an impudent little black dog wanted to eat my pulpit. The Duke of Bedford had appointed a man to make all things ready for my lecture in the Market-House. Just as I was going to begin, he says, "Sir, you want something to stand on?" I said, "Yes. What shall I get?" "Oh, the first thing that comes to hand will do." So what does he do but bring two or three squares of greaves or oil-cake for me to stand on. There might be some fear of my pulpit melting under my feet; but I did not much dread that, though it proved a little slippery, for I had stood in slippery places before without falling. However, when speaking, and the whole audience as well as myself deeply attentive to the subject, out came the dog, and began to nibble the corners of the pulpit, and certainly would have devoured some part of it, if a gentleman had not driven him away. I kept my countenance during this risible scene with the usual gravity; for if my muscles had relaxed ever so little, the audience would have soon been convulsed with laughter. Things once put in a train for a school at Woburn, I took leave of my kind friends, and travelled down to Bristol. My former lectures had been so well received, that the committee there intreated me immediately to give some more, and planned out four in succession. The Guildhall, the Assembly Room, and the Merchant Taylors' Hall proving too small, the committee thought

* Mr William Corston published a life of Joseph Lancaster in 1840, with the benevolent view of calling public attention to the pecuniary wants of the bereaved family. To this life the writer is indebted for the information in the above sketch.

the best and only thing to accommodate the people, as a *broad hat* could not find its way into the church, was to take the large Methodist meeting-house, and here we had above four thousand persons! A *Methodist* meeting-house, a *Friend* lecturer, and two *chaplains of the Duke of Kent* holding the plates at the door, and forty guineas in small money in the plates, and myself telling them "that fifteen years ago I came into this great city poor and needy, without a shilling or a friend! Now, after this long interval, I came to plead for such as I was (want of education excepted)—to remind them of their duty as Christians, not to leave one poor child, male or female, unable to read their Bibles now and for ever—and come with a plan of education that had stood the test of experiment, and had the patronage of the wise and good of all denominations."

In 1818, Mr Lancaster went over to America to propagate his system there. He seemed to live but for one grand object—to impart knowledge to the ignorant; and no obstacle was suffered to obstruct his course. His motto was *love*; and he did not confine the heavenly principle within a narrow sect, nor permit it to be bounded by national ties. His labours across the Atlantic were equally successful, and he won many a young American heart. He says, "When they see me, they shout, 'Here comes our father!'"

Unhappily, Mr Lancaster met with a sudden and disastrous death. He was run over in the streets of New York, when two of his ribs were broken, and his head was much lacerated. He was not killed on the spot, but died soon after, October 23, 1838. The disinterestedness of his motives are evident from the fact that he lived and died poor. He found the only reward he sought in the approval of his own heart, and in the satisfaction arising from doing good.

THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.*

THE title of this book is calculated to mislead many persons. 'The Romance of the Peerage' is not a romantic history; that is, a fictitious or partly imaginary history of the British peerage. There is no romance, in that sense, about the book. It is strictly and historically true, as far as the author knows. Its materials are carefully collected from a variety of authentic sources, and any deficiency is never eked out by invention. By the term *Romance of the Peerage*, is meant such remarkable and interesting events in the real history of that class as partake of the nature of romance, and contain the elements of the poetic, the heroic, the terrible, or the affecting.

'It is rather strange,' says Mr Craik in his preface, 'that family history should have been so much neglected as it has been by literature. While it stands between history, commonly so called, or national history, and the history of individuals, or biography, it is as distinct from both as these are from one another; and with something of the peculiar character of each, it has no want of attractions of its own. It supplies many illustrations both of the political, the biographical, and the literary history of past ages. But, in particular, it would seem to be mostly in family history that we are to find the history of society, which indeed means, in the main, the history of domestic life.'

The present volume contains two main subjects: namely, the 'History of Lettice Knollys, her Marriages, and her Descendants,' and the 'Earldom of Banbury.' From these two spring a number of incidental narratives and anecdotes. The account of the contest concerning the Banbury peerage will be of importance in the eyes of lawyers, because it contains valuable legal information on the laws regarding heirship, marriage, and legitimacy of descent. To the general reader, this portion of the work, though full of curious facts, will be far less interesting than the preceding one, devoted to Lettice Knollys. This remarkable personage was distinguished

for her birth, beauty, longevity, and strange eventful history. She was first cousin to Queen Elizabeth; she was born in the reign of Henry VIII., and lived till the beginning of the troublous times of Charles I.'s reign, dying at the age of ninety-four. Her first husband was Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex; and her eldest son was Robert Devereux, the second and more famous Earl of Essex, the queen's favourite. Her first husband is supposed to have been poisoned by the celebrated Earl of Leicester, who had for some time an acquaintance with the fair but unprincipled Lettice, and who subsequently married her. Thus she was the wife of Elizabeth's first, and the mother of her last favourite. In this part of the narrative Mr Craik touches upon the disregard to historic truth in the brilliant novel 'Kenilworth.' The story of Amy Robsart is shown to be very different from that given by the great king of modern fiction. Appended to the volume are five letters between Lord Robert Dudley and his servant Blount, hitherto unpublished, relating to the murder of that unhappy lady. Mr Craik discovered them in the Pepysian Library. They are undoubtedly genuine, and had been lent by Evelyn to Pepya, who apparently never returned them. They go far to convict Lord Robert Dudley of the murder of his wife, who was not *Countess of Leicester*, for her death took place before he was made an earl. After his marriage with the Countess of Essex, Leicester seems to have been much influenced by her, and to have been sincerely attached to her. But his crimes were avenged in a signal manner; for there is reason to believe that he was himself poisoned by Lettice and Sir Christopher Blount, his master of the horse, whom she married within a year after Leicester's death. This Blount was a very different person from the man who was Leicester's emissary in the matter of poor Amy's murder.

This third husband of Lettice was involved in her son's conspiracy, and suffered with him on the scaffold. He was a man of vile character, and half ruined the countess, and in all probability led her a miserable life; which we, for our own part, do not in the least regret, as she deserved a more severe punishment for her crimes. This more severe punishment came upon her in the downfall and death of her son, the pride and glory of her old age. Yet her elastic spirit recovered this blow; and she lived to see another great calamity in her family. Her grandson, the son of that darling Robert whom Elizabeth sentenced to death, was divorced from his beautiful fiend of a wife, Frances Howard, whom he loved, that she might marry Carr, Earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I.; and to add to his unhappiness, she was soon after tried, with Somerset, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, convicted, and only escaped execution through the unjust lenity of James. The second marriage of this young Earl of Essex was also unfortunate. He was afterwards the Parliamentary general in the great Civil War; and we may hope that he found in the stormy elements of politics and war a refuge from the painful memories of his domestic life. It is very common for biographers to fall in love with their hero or heroine, or we should be surprised at the gentleness of Mr Craik's censure of Lettice. He gives the following imaginary sketch of her in her extreme old age:—

'It is impossible not to have a considerable respect for her, think of some things what we may. One can imagine her, with attenuated, but still erect frame, and face that has lost its bloom, but not all its grace either of expression or of form, neither its natural liveliness nor its courtly elegance, slowly taking her regular morning walk with staff in hand, while every villager or villager's child she meets makes humblest obeisance to the ancient lady, and has a kind word in return. It is like the middle of the preceding century come back again, an apparition of the early Elizabethan time in an advanced condition of quite another state of things. One thinks, as she passes on, with how many realities of old splendour, or at least pictures of such taken from the life, that memory must be hung, which ~~no other~~ ~~was~~

* *Curiosities of Family History*. By George Little Craik. Vol. I. See *Chambers and Hall*.

esses, which no other ever will possess. She has seen what others can only fancy: she has breathed the actual air of that foreign land, one might say of that extinct world, of which others can only attain a comparatively faint, possibly a very false, conception from report. What to us are but guesses, dreams, ingenious fabrications, are certainties to her. She is to us like one who has been down among the dead. Think of her calling to mind sometimes the days when the first Essex, then the young Viscount Hereford, won her heart and hand, not far from fourscore years ago! It must seem to herself like looking back upon a previous state of existence, when she might almost doubt if she was the same being that she is now. Her descendant, it will be observed, says very little in his poetical tribute of her first husband, and nothing at all of her third; indeed he all but blinks Essex, though his own great-grandfather, as completely as Blount; for the queen's favourite, for whom she is said to have quitted the queen's favour, must be understood to be Leicester. The verses, however, paint her old age as having been much what we should fancy it would be. Her kindness to the poor, which is so strongly dwelt upon, is an interesting feature in the delineation, and one which all that is known of her would especially lead us to expect to find in it. What is said about the "better sort" being in the habit of repairing to her "as to an holy court," may be thought a little more difficult to understand.

One of the most interesting portions of the book is devoted to the history of the eldest daughter of Lettice, the Lady Penelope Devereux, afterwards Lady Rich. She inherited her mother's marvellous beauty. She was the Stella of Sidney's 'Astrophel and Stella,' and the object of his sincere passion. Her life is full of strange events and shifting fortunes.

Such are the chief matters elucidated in the volume before us. The diligent research and careful accuracy throughout are equal to the skill displayed in the arrangement of the complicated story, and the good taste and judgment of the general remarks. The work, when completed, will be in all probability an indispensable commentary on the history of England for all real students, since it will be an authentic collection of all ascertainable facts regarding the private history of some of the most distinguished families in the country. The student of history who would obtain more than the dry bones of that science, must be a philosopher and a profound observer of human nature. Such a one will know how to value, as a commentary on the political annals of our country, 'The Romance of the Peerage.' He will be aware that the 'Curiosities of Family History' often throw a light upon the darkness, and explain the otherwise inexplicable curiosities of the national history.

SEBASTIAN LECLERC.

ONE fine midsummer morning, in the year 1665, the exciseman who had the care of the Porte St Denis, one of the chief entrances to the city of Paris, was accosted by an aged man, who, with his long hair, bald forehead, and beard fashioned in the style of Henry IV.'s time, had a somewhat singular aspect. He courteously saluted the officer on guard, and inquired of him in a strong Alsatian dialect, 'Can you tell me whereabouts Sebastian Leclerc lives?'

At this question the exciseman, a stupid-looking ninny, opened his mouth wide, and stared with a bewildered look at his interrogator. 'Sebastian Leclerc?' he repeated. 'Is he a clerk of the Excise? I don't know any one of that name in our company.'

'A clerk of the Excise!' exclaimed the old man in a voice which insensibly betrayed somewhat of contempt for the office. 'Assuredly not. Sebastian Leclerc is my son.'

'In what quarter of the town does he reside?'

'If I knew it myself, I need not ask you!' replied the

stranger, with the twofold susceptibility of an old man and a provincial.

The clerk burst into a fit of laughter, and called out to his companions, who were within the office, 'Hollo! there! Do any of you know Sebastian Leclerc, who lives in Paris?'

'Sebastian Leclerc?'

'Yes, this old fellow is his father, and has been inquiring for him.'

One of the party, wishing to play off his wit on the stranger, put his hand to his forehead with an air of mock gravity, and said, 'He lives in the Rue St Jacques.'

'Not so,' said another; 'near the convent of the Capucins.'

'I have an idea,' interrupted a third, 'that he lodges in the faubourg St Antoine.'

'On the Pont Neuf.'

'On the towers of Nôtre-Dame.'

The traveller listened to all this foolish jesting with apparent calmness, and then gravely said, 'I cannot understand what pleasure you find in making game of an old man who has never before seen Paris, and is a stranger to its customs. It is very possible that my question may be ridiculous, but the respect due to my age might, methinks, have exempted me from your raillery. Here is a bourgeois listening to us. I have little doubt he will show himself more courteous and better taught than you seem to be.'

As he thus spoke, he turned towards a man, apparently about forty years of age, who stood a few paces off, wrapped in his cloak, and silently observing the whole scene. 'My good man,' remarked the new-comer, 'Paris is not a town in which one can point out a person's abode without having some clue to his residence. What is your son's occupation? Possibly the knowledge of his profession might enable me to guess the quarter in which he would most probably reside.'

'Sir,' replied the old man, 'my son is employed as a designer in the Royal Manufactory of Gobelins.'

'In that case, there can be no difficulty in finding him, for he must be an inmate of the factory itself. You see,' said he, turning to the exciseman, 'if, instead of passing your jokes upon this old man, you had asked him the same question I have done, you would have been able at once to give him the information he required.'

The clerk looked insolently at the person who thus addressed him, and taking him by the shoulder, said, 'Perhaps you have a mind to try what kind of place a prison is, sir; you seem so well inclined to preach your homilies to the clerks of the Excise?'

'Hold your tongue, and prepare yourself to obey my orders.'

'Capital! this is being grand indeed! Hollo! comrades, come here all of you, hat in hand, to receive the orders of a citizen who is about to issue his commands to the officers of Excise.'

'Silence! if you please. Conduct this old man directly to the Gobelins, and do not quit him till he has found his son.'

'Well, this is better still! Do your commissions yourself, if you please, my good sir.'

The stranger turned towards another of the clerks, and desired him to call the supervisor. The tone in which he gave this order bespoke so much the habit of command, that the clerk obeyed directly. In a few moments the supervisor made his appearance. No sooner did he perceive the supposed bourgeois, than he respectfully took off his hat, and bowing almost to the ground, exclaimed, 'Monseigneur le Surintendant!'

'Sir,' said Colbert with a tone of severity, 'I had requested you and your colleagues to choose for the office of excisemen people who knew how to discharge their duties with gentleness and courtesy. How does it then happen that I find amongst them a fool who amuses himself at the expense of the passers-by?' The poor clerk looked terrified.

'I shall dismiss the man at once,' replied the head official.

'My lord,' interrupted the old man in a pleading tone, 'I would not for the world, merely on account of a joke, occasion the ruin of an honest man, who is perhaps the father of a family.'

'I pardon him, then, at your request,' replied the intendant: 'let him, however, make haste to obey my orders.'

The poor clerk, half dead with fright, promptly seized the old man's knapsack, which he placed on his own shoulders, and only seemed anxious to start as quickly as possible.

'Wait a moment, my boy; I must thank monseigneur both for you and for myself; and I will also tell him a thing which may perhaps interest him. Monseigneur, my name is Laurent Leclerc, and to-morrow I shall have completed my hundredth year! It was for the sake of celebrating this anniversary with my son that I set out on foot from the city of Metz, which is my home, and am now entering the streets of Paris.'

'Your hundredth year! You a hundred years old?' exclaimed Colbert.

'Yes, monseigneur, I contracted a second marriage when I was seventy years of age. God blessed this marriage, as he did that of Abraham, and he gave me a son, who has been my joy and pride. For the last ten years he has supported me by his labour, and given me a pension of four hundred livres, which he saves from his salary; and on this his mother and I live happily together. He cannot leave Paris because of his occupation and his family cares; and the other day he wrote to us, saying how it grieved him not to have the comfort of seeing and embracing us once more. "Come, wife," said I to Margaret, "we must set off and see him; we are both, thank God, hale and sound; and in the corner of the cupboard we have a little bag of silver which will pay your seat to Paris. I will start to-morrow; you, eight days hence; and we will all meet together, please God, at Paris, on the hundredth anniversary of my birth, and a happy day it will be!" Margaret joyfully acceded to my proposition. I set off with my knapsack on my back and my staff in my hand—and here I am, after my fifteen days' journey on foot, gay and fresh as when I started, and longing to embrace my son.'

'I thank you, my friend, for these details; they interest me deeply. I am a lover of good men and of dutiful sons. I hope to have it in my power to show you that this rencontre has been a fortunate one for you. Farewell: to-morrow you shall receive my jubilee gift; in the meanwhile, will you favour me by accepting this trifle?' Thus saying, he slipped three gold pieces into the centenarian's hand.

The old man and the clerk of Excise stepped into a hackney-coach, and in the space of half an hour they drove into the courtyard of the Gobelins factory.

It happened to be the hour when the artisans leave the manufactory to go to their dinner, each in his own little apartment in the interior of the establishment.

Suddenly one of their number uttered an exclamation of joy, and threw himself into the arms of the aged Leclerc. 'My father, can it be you? Is it indeed you yourself? Is it possible that, for the sake of giving me this happiness, of allowing me to embrace you once more, you have actually undertaken this long and fatiguing journey?'

'Long it was, but fatiguing it was not,' proudly replied his father. 'I no more feel fatigued by my fifteen days of travel, than I used to do at twenty after a long ramble. Come, my own good Sebastian, my dear son, let us have one more kiss, and then take me to see thy wife and children!'

While he was yet speaking, a second hackney-coach drove into the yard. It was the good Margaret, who had just arrived. When she saw her son and her husband clasped in each other's arms, she was almost overcome by her excess of happiness. Words cannot describe her sensations. She cried, she laughed, she

threw her arms first around one, then around the other: it seemed as if she could never weary of embracing them. 'And are you, too, here, my mother?' said the young man: 'now, then, my happiness is indeed complete! the first and dearest wish of my heart is accomplished. I can at length see all whom I love united together around me.' He took his mother by the hand, drew his father's arm within his own, and led them both to a small lodge, where they found a young and pretty woman engaged in laying the cloth. Four children, the eldest of whom seemed about seven years of age, were assisting her in her domestic labours, whilst three still younger were gambolling joyously around her. 'Two covers more, dear Pauline—two covers more!' exclaimed Sebastian before they had reached the threshold.

At the well-known sound of this welcome voice, she hastened forward to meet him with her children around her; and her husband said in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'Here is my father, Pauline—here is my mother.'

The little children screamed with joy, and strove who should have the first kiss from grandpapa and grandmamma. Their young mother, following the pious usage of those days, knelt to receive the benediction of the aged couple.

Her children imitated her example, and knelt by her side. The aged man, laying his hands with solemnity upon their bended heads, said, 'My God, let thy blessing rest upon these little ones, and upon their mother. Preserve them from all evil under the shadow of thine Almighty wing; and keep them in thy holy ways, that we may all be united hereafter in heaven, as we are, praise be to thy name, to-day on earth.' 'Amen!' was echoed by every voice and from every heart in that little band.

'And now, my children, let us come to dinner. I must have my son at one side and Pauline at the other; and you, my wife, shall sit at the other side of our Sebastian, and take care of the little children.'

I need not add that the repast was a joyous one; nor did the emotion they had experienced prevent any of the party from doing justice to the good dinner which Pauline had provided, for her talents as housekeeper were equal to her comeliness.

The happy party were on the point of rising from table, when the celebrated painter Lebrun, director of the Royal Manufactory of Gobelins, entered with a paper in his hand. 'My dear Sebastian,' said he, 'I come to you as the bearer of good news. Monseigneur, the intendant of finance, has increased your salary from 1200 to 2000 francs a-year; moreover, he has named you sub-director of the Royal Manufactory of Gobelins, an office which he has created expressly for you, on account of the favourable testimony which it has happily been in my power to bear both to your character and talents; and finally, in order that your father may not be obliged to return to Metz, he has obtained for him from his majesty a pension of 600 livres, with reversion to your mother; and has also empowered me to provide them both with apartments in this establishment. Thus you will no longer be under the necessity of separating from them.'

'Thanks, sir—a thousand thanks,' exclaimed Sebastian.

'May God reward M. Colbert for this!' said the aged Laurent.

'Sebastian,' added Lebrun, when the young man was somewhat recovered from his emotion, 'you must profit by the bounty of his majesty and M. Colbert, by becoming a superior artist. Hitherto, poverty has prevented the free exercise of your talents; now, nothing can, nothing ought any longer to stand in the way of your entire success.'

'My noble benefactor,' warmly responded the young man, 'you need not fear but I will do all that in me lies to prove myself worthy of your kindness. The name of Sebastian Leclerc shall not be wholly lost to posterity.'

The young artist kept his word. Six years afterwards, he was known throughout Europe as the most able engraver of the day: the Royal Academy of Sciences received him with joy into her bosom; and he was made professor of perspective.

He afterwards became professor of design in the School of the Gobelins, and united to this title that of engraver for the *Cabinet du Roi*. His aged father was spared yet seven years longer to witness the brilliant career of his son; but at length one day, whilst Sebastian Leclerc, surrounded by his children, his wife, and his parents, was conducting the evening devotions of his household, the old man was heard to utter a gentle sigh, and sunk quietly to the ground. He had quitted earth for heaven, and a happy death had terminated his peaceful life.

His son lived yet many years. His death did not take place until the 25th of October 1714, when he rejoined his father in eternity, leaving behind him the renown of a talented artist, and the still more desirable fame of a man of true worth and excellence.

Sebastian Leclerc left behind him a considerable number of engravings; amongst others, a collection of the divers costumes of the reign of Louis XIV., the battles of Alexander,* the Council of Nice, &c.; and he was also the author of several works on geometry, architecture, &c. which are still held in estimation.

FICHTE'S LECTURE.

Fichte was short and robust in figure, but had a searching, commanding look; he made use of most keenly sharp expressions, while he tried by every imaginable means to make his meaning understood, being fully aware of the slender powers of too many of his hearers. He seemed to claim imperiously a strict obedience of thought, forbidding the suspicion of a doubt. 'Gentlemen,' he began, 'compose yourselves; turn your thoughts inwards: we have nothing to do now with anything external, but simply with ourselves.' The audience so commanded, seemed each to do his best to retreat within himself: some changed their position, and sat bolt upright, some curled themselves up and shut their eyes; all waited breathlessly for the next word. 'Gentlemen, let your thought be—the Wall.' I perceived that the listeners did all they could to possess their minds fully with the wall, and they seemed to succeed. 'Now have you thought—the wall? Now, gentlemen, let your thought be—that which thought the wall.' It was curious to watch the evident perplexity and distress. Many seemed to search about in vain, without the power of forming any idea of 'what had thought the wall,' and I quite understood how many young minds which could so stumble on the threshold of speculative philosophy might be in danger of falling into a most unhealthy state by striving further. Fichte's lecture, however, was most admirable, distinct, and lucid, and I never heard any exposition at all to be compared with it. Fichte made few philosophers, but many powerful reasoners.—*Steffens' Adventures*.

EXEMPLARY ECONOMY.

It is now generally admitted that almost all the poverty among us is occasioned by want of economy in some way or other; and to show how much can be done by good management, I could name a widow still living in this parish [Stobo], whose husband was a ploughman, with an income of only about L.25 a-year, upon which they brought up a delicate family of ten children, living as comfortably as his neighbours, paid all their accounts, and he left her at his death L.60, of which, though she has been a widow for many years, she has scarcely ever spent a shilling; while others, with not half the number of a family, and perhaps double their income, are continually in poverty, and are always ill-clothed, and never have a comfortable meal. Surely there must be something wrong here!—*Peeblesshire Advertiser*.

* In the first impression of the print representing Alexander's entry into Babylon, the head of the hero is delineated in profile. When Leclerc presented this print to Louis XIV., the monarch having observed, 'I should have thought Alexander might have honoured me with a look,' the artist, on the ensuing day, brought to the king a new impression of the print, in which the conqueror's head was so placed as to look his majesty full in the face.

TO ****.

THE world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom Pleasure's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To Nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bowers.

There is a song of sorrow,
The death-dirge of the gay,
That tells, ere dawn of morrow,
These charms may melt away,
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more,
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not: though lonely
Thy evening home may be;
Though Beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer sea;
Though Time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art
The wild-flower wreath of feeling,
The sunbeam of the heart.

—*Fitz-Greene Halleck's Poems*.

SWALLOWS.

These mysterious visitants, creatures of instinct, are by many persons supposed to perform their eccentric gyrations from mere caprice, while, in reality, they are amongst the very best friends of mankind. I would as soon see a man shoot one of my fowls or my ducks, or rather he would steal his hatful of eggs from the hen-roost, as shoot one of these beautiful annual visitants, or destroy one of their nests. My servants think I have a superstitious love, or dread, or fear of them, from the religious regard I pay to their preservation. If it were not for such beautiful and graceful birds, our crops would be totally annihilated. We have no idea of the numbers of such. Take the plant-lice—the British locust. Bonnet, whose researches on it remind us of Huber on the honey bee, isolated an individual of this species, and found that from the 1st to the 22d of June it produced ninety-five young insects, and that there were, in the summer, no less than nine generations. There are both wingless and winged, and Bonnet calculates a single specimen may produce 550,970,489,000,000,000 in a single year, and Dr Richardson very far beyond this! Now when we see the swallow flying high in the air, he is heard every now and then snapping his bill, and swallowing these and similar destroyers. Now, if at this season a swallow destroys some 900 mothers per day on an average, and estimating each of these the parent of one-tenth of the above number, it is beyond all appreciable powers of arithmetic to calculate. If, instead of paying boys for destroying birds and their nests, they would pay their cottagers' children a prize for every nest fledged of swallows, martins, and swifts, they would confer tenfold more benefit on their crops.—*Gardeners' and Farmers' Journal*.

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A WORKING-MAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

My earliest recollections are associated with my father's workshop. In looking back to the youthful period of life, and the years immediately succeeding, it has often occurred to me that some particulars might be revived, which, in the present day, when the great questions of education, food, and work, are occupying the public mind, would assist in exposing a defect or suggesting a remedy. Perhaps one of the most effectual means of arriving at just conclusions on which to base practical remedial measures, would be to get a number of operatives and artisans to make a clean breast of it—to enlighten the world honestly as to their social economy, their ways and means, sayings and doings.

As soon as I could hold a hammer, the workshop was my chief place of resort after school hours and on half holidays. I had a mechanical turn, and was fond of handling tools, and was brought up to consider myself as destined to become a cabinetmaker, and to plod through life at the side of the bench. For more than twenty years I pursued this calling, never dreaming that any other sphere of existence would open before me. I have consequently mingled much with working-men, and had abundant opportunities of becoming acquainted with their prevalent habits and modes of thinking.

The establishment to which the workshop appertained was in a country town within a hundred miles of London; the number of 'hands' employed, including an apprentice or two, varied from six to nine, according to the state of business. The hours of work from March to October were from six in the morning till seven in the evening, and during the other half-year work commenced in the morning at daylight, and ended an hour later at night. Working by candlelight commenced for the season on the 13th of October—why this particular day was selected I never could make out—and ended punctually on the 1st of March. The men had half an hour for their breakfast at eight, an hour for dinner at twelve, and half an hour for tea between four and five in the afternoon: at times, however, instead of going home to the latter meal, they drank a pint of beer in the workshop. They were punctual in their attendance, according to the conventional acceptance of the term; that is, if they reached the shop within five or ten minutes of the exact time, it was considered as being all fair; but the hour of leaving off work presented a singular contrast to the loose and straggling system of arrival; then every one was ready to depart, even before the 'clock was cold.'

The description of the proceedings of one day would suffice, in main points, as an example of what took place year after year. On commencing in the morning, or on returning from a meal several minutes were always

wasted in gossip while each man took off his coat and put on his jacket and apron; then a desultory stroke or two of the saw or plane would be given, interrupted by a few additional snatches of conversation: movement at first seemed irksome, and perhaps a quarter of an hour was lost in getting the shop fairly under way. All at once, after the lapse of an hour or so, some topic of general interest—a prize-fight, murder, or 'radical reform'—would be started; and as cabinetmaking is too noisy a trade to allow of talking and working at the same time, a general suspension of labour ensued. The debate not unfrequently produced a quarrel; and as the excitement increased, the epithets 'fool,' 'liar,' &c. were bandied about without the slightest regard for decorum, or respect for personal feelings. Notwithstanding the heat of disputation on such occasions, there seemed to be a tacit understanding that one eye and ear should be kept on the alert for the master's approach. No sooner was this perceived, or his foot heard on the stair, than the signal was given, and all hands fell to working as busily as bees. While the master remained in the shop, this assumed diligence was kept up, and if any one spoke, it was with suppressed voice. No sooner, however, did the principal disappear, than an immediate slackening followed—every arm seemed suddenly deprived of half its energy, every tongue was loosened.

The disputes were, in the majority of instances, on the most trivial points; and in proportion to the speakers' ignorance of the subject under discussion, so was the vehemence of the debate. The arguments were generally marked by bitter and obstinate prejudices—prejudices of the class. This is a most lamentable and fatal characteristic; but I shall have occasion to advert to it further by and by: as yet, many details remain to be brought forward.

Our sketch so far may be considered as filling up the forenoon: in the afternoon, about four o'clock in summer, or at dusk in winter, a proposition would now and then be made to 'have in some beer,' or purl, or egg-hot, according to the season. It was not what is called a drinking-shop, but the men would drink beer whenever they could get it, and consider themselves ill treated if none were offered to them when they were out at work. On this point much might be said respecting the deficiency of proper independence of character under which such a state of feeling would prevail. As regards drinking, however, a great advance had been made upon the workmen of the preceding half century. An old man who had worked in the shop during a long course of years often related particulars of the scenes he had witnessed. To quote his words, 'a bushel of beer was often drunk in a morning before eleven o'clock,' and all sorts of tricks and subterfuges were had recourse to in order to evade the master's notice. The youngest hand

would generally be posted as sentinel, and when no other mode of escaping observation presented itself, the beer would be drawn up at a back window by a string.

In many workshops an absurd system of fines prevails, the main object of which is to accumulate a fund to be expended for beer: cabinetmakers are no exception. Fines are sometimes levied if the grindstone, or rubbing-down stone, on which plane-irons are sharpened be not used according to certain prescribed regulations: sometimes a point connected with the fire and candle, with the glue-pot or tinder-box, constituted the ground of an imposition. Then there is the 'footing,' or *buck-sheesh*, expected from every new hand engaged to work at the shop. Should the new hand prove refractory, and object to pay his footing, he lays himself open to all sorts of annoyances, the chief of which is taking away and concealing his tools, if he have any. This is called 'setting old Mother Shornie to work,' and as the poor man's tools disappear one by one, the old lady is said to have carried them off. Should he want to use the glue, another will immediately snatch the pot from the fire and keep it on his own bench. The upshot is, that the recusant either pays the fine or quits the shop. Bad luck, too, to the unfortunate wight whose apron was hemmed at the bottom! he immediately rendered himself liable to a fine, as the immemorial custom of the craft requires the apron to be decorated with a fringe made by pulling out a few cross threads at its lower extremity. Among blacksmiths, when a man mounts a new apron, it must be stamped with a quart pot, which it is needless to say is brought in full of beer; and a painter, while at work, becomes 'fineable' if he drop his brush, and it be picked up by a shopmate before he can recover it. Some of these laws were enforced in our workshop: one of the men appointed by the others acted as treasurer. When the time came for drinking the sum collected, it often fell short of anticipation, leaving room to suspect the treasurer's faith. The same fact was also observed with regard to a fund raised by penny a-week subscriptions for the relief of 'tramps': it was never so large as it ought to have been.

There was a difference in morning and afternoon conversation: the former has been described; the latter, especially after beer, was somewhat more boisterous and unseemly. So it went on with little variation year after year. There was no ambition, no aspiration, no notion of daily bettering, of steadily carrying out a fixed purpose, save that of supplying animal wants. This, it may be said, is so pre-eminent a necessity, as to absorb all others; but we are told that,

'Well-earned, the bread of service yet may have
A mounting spirit.'

A hand-to-mouth mode of living had become second nature with all in the shop: their sole recreation, whether married or single, was to pass the evenings in the tap-room of a public-house; such a thing as a walk in the fields, or listening to a lecture at the Mechanics' Institute, was never thought of, or, if thought of, never put in practice. As may be inferred under such circumstances, the moral code was lax; everything was fair, unless you were found out; and if by any chance a defaulter was detected, the general feeling, instead of contrition, was—'More fool he not to have managed it better.' I well remember certain current phrases which were familiar to me before I was old enough to understand their import—'What the master don't miss, comes to the man'; 'What a person does not know, does him no harm'; or, 'It's no use to starve in a cook's shop': all vicious sayings, importing a low tone of morality. Acting on these principles, nails, screws, sand-paper, small pieces of veneer, in fact anything that could be easily secreted, was carried away; and, what is not a little singular, such acts were never looked upon as *stealing*; 'taking it home' was the recognised term. No one scrupled to work on his own private account, using the master's time and materials at any job which he

might have picked up among his own connections; the contraband object being hastily laid aside whenever the employer made his appearance. Among other instances, I have known a man to make a dozen chairs in a shop constantly overlooked by a foreman, and carry them away piecemeal concealed about his person. Small articles inadvertently left in a chest of drawers, writing-desk, or other furniture sent in for repair, were always regarded as lawful prizes, and appropriated accordingly. All this might be set down to an attempt on the part of a subordinate class to indemnify themselves for the absence of privileges enjoyed by others, but, as we have seen in the treasurer's defalcation, they were not true to one another. And it almost invariably happened that the messenger sent out to buy bread, and cheese, and beer, or the materials for concocting egg-hot, made a profit for himself out of the contributions by purchasing deficient or inferior articles. The detail of such facts is a melancholy one: no attempt, however, has been made to overstate the evil; the knowledge of its existence may perhaps lead to measures of melioration.

Occasionally a London hand on tramp was taken in for a short time; his stay generally had the effect of interfusing a little metropolitan slang with the provincial vernacular. One useful result, however, followed: the new-comer furnished us with hints how to work, contrivances for abridging and expediting labour, or a new style of construction, which we could continue after he had left. But our men were very ill-equipped with tools: scarcely one, indeed, who did not avail himself of the most miserable make-shifts; anything to save the outlay of a shilling. With these they would go on for years, unaware perhaps that they were sacrificing time, and producing inferior work, with such imperfect appliances. The better the tools, all other things being equal, the better is a man enabled to work: a few weeks' saving of what was spent at the public-house would have put our men on an efficient footing in this particular. But they were incapable of taking a comprehensive view of their position and prospects; they could never look beyond the next Saturday.

Disheartening as all this may appear, there are one or two redeeming points. As a boy, I was extremely fond of reading, and having a good memory, often repeated in the workshop some of the stirring incidents of travel and adventure which I had perused. On such occasions I had always an admiring and attentive audience. It is true that time was lost while they ceased their work to listen to my recitals; but the conversation that followed showed a capability of being interested by topics out of the ordinary range when presented in a very familiar style. There was a certain *esprit de corps* also among these men, which, under proper management, might become a motive-power of no mean value for moral training and advancement. At times, too, manifestations of loyal attachment and devotion to the employer would appear—glimpses, as it were, of a genuine nature deadened and perverted by mischievous habits. When we consider that men are found to work day after day for mere food and raiment, without an idea of the dignity of labour, or the poetry of life to sustain them, we are impressed with the fact of a latent power in this dogged perseverance, capable of greater things, when once the mental slough can be cast off.

The routine of workshop duty was often interrupted by 'jobbing-work' at customers' houses. Country tradesmen, as is generally known, devote themselves to more numerous branches of trade than the shop-keepers of the metropolis, or what may be termed provincial capitals. Hence the workman's occupation is more varied, and perhaps on that account more interesting, notwithstanding the depreciatory declaration of the real London artisan, that your countryman 'knows a little of everything, and nothing well.' Removing goods, paper-hanging, lifting carpets, taking down and cleaning bedsteads, &c. of such our job mainly consisted. To some houses we paid periodical

visits : at the end of April, the thick worsted hangings and draperies, their winter occupation gone, were to be taken down and replaced by the summer's paraphernalia of chintz and muslin, which in October again gave place to the cozy damask and moreen. These goings out gave us an insight into the domestic arrangements of many families, and we were not backward in drawing inferences. At that time the most favourable estimate was formed of those households in which beer was most freely supplied: the house which kept 'a good tap' might always depend on prompt services. According to the nature of our occupation, we went from storey to storey, from room to room; now catching a glimpse of a fashionable toilette, or a well-furnished wardrobe; then coming suddenly into a noisy nursery, or perhaps a store-closet smelling of soap and candles, ham and onions, jellies and *juniper*. It was the part of Asmodeus without the trouble of taking off the roof: what snatches we caught of *little-town-ism*! In some houses the inmates would carry on their conversation quite regardless of our presence; our social position was too low to cause restraint. Experiences of this kind were amusing, but not improving. It was a great pleasure for me to be sent to an old manor-house; for there, by favour of the housekeeper or servants, I was allowed to spend a little time in the library every evening after the labours of the day. Country work is among the pleasantest of my workshop recollections.

But to return to our main question: the faults of character which I have attempted to signalise, with regard to a certain class of working-men, are not confined to one particular locality; the same defects, or modifications of them, appear in other quarters. A few years' residence in the state of New York gave me opportunity to observe the same want of forethought, of true independence of character, of adapting means to ends, as prevailed in my native district at home. The working-class in America comprises a heterogeneous mixture, of which we have little example in this country, and to this cause many radical defects may perhaps be attributed. There is one favourable point which I must not forget to notice: the English and Americans with whom I came in contact were always ready to lend tools to one another in case of need; not so the French and Germans; they either demurred, or refused altogether, even to their compatriots. The French appeared to be the most unreflecting in their proceedings. I once remonstrated with a Parisian who had chopped up a valuable piece of mahogany to burn under the glue-pot. The reply was, 'Bah! whenever you see von rich man, you see your enemy; the boss is von rich—he is my enemy. It is quite fair; I do vat I like to him.'

From this intensified specimen of perverse morality, some idea may be formed of its wide-spread action in a less positive degree. I often look back to my workshop days with a feeling of regret that I did not make a better use of them, and that I yielded too readily to the influences around me. My latest experiences come down to within the last six years, consequently the conclusions which may arise cannot be said to apply to an obsolete state of things. The workshop was a bad school for me; association in early life with men who had no fixed principles left unwholesome impressions on my mind, which have never been wholly eradicated. Apprentices, on entering a situation, have a double evil to encounter; in some cases they are at the beck and call of the whole shop—their life a very slavery—so much is exacted from them by men who are often loudest in senseless clamour about invasion of rights. This is a physical evil; but the moral one is greater. I say it with inexpressible regret, that as far as my own experiences are concerned, the workmen, acting less as individuals than in the spirit of class, too generally neglect moral considerations; and nothing is more certain than that they are suspicious of each other. Could they have a thorough reliance on each other's integrity, what might they not accomplish? It may be said, indeed, that among the so-called middle

and higher classes there is too much want of conscientious principle; but among these classes, I believe, there is an ever-pervading desire to maintain at least the appearance of respectability of character. A fear of losing caste, by being discovered to have done either a mean or dishonest action, insures that which an uncompromising integrity ought in itself to accomplish.

In my youthful experiences I saw little of pure-souled conscientiousness; the only guiding principle was selfishness injuriously exercised. This was an error springing immediately from what I consider to be a grand defect in the manual labouring-classes. They commit the prodigious mistake of considering themselves to be a class apart, and acting accordingly; whereas they should know that they are members of a varied community, the language, fashions, and feelings of which there is no reason they should not adopt. In their labour there is nothing dishonourable, or which weighs them down; they are depressed mainly by considerations arising out of their feelings and habits. To me it is now obvious that with the exercise of a little forethought, self-denial, and self-respect, a better state of things would prevail. I would not be thought actuated by a desire to deny or undervalue the virtues which we know exist in many struggling families; my wish is, that they should become more general. How many subordinate clerks, with smaller incomes than the yearly earnings of a mechanic, live in comfort and respectability. Why cannot the working-classes do the same? Having but comparatively little requirement for expensive clothing, they might often be more at ease in pecuniary matters than the father of a family obliged to wear a good coat and keep up an appearance.

Every year the multiplication of books and other educational facilities renders the work of progress easier. Education must come from within as well as from without. When this truth becomes better known, we shall perhaps hear that the working-classes have abandoned their 'fixed idea,' and emerged from the groove in which they have so long been travelling in ill-suppressed discontent, and caught the 'mounting spirit.'*

FLOWER HYBRIDS.

THROUGH the kindness of the exhibitor in sending us a card of admission, we had recently the pleasure of going over the Exhibition of American Flowering Plants in Chelsea. The plants are arranged under an immense awning, in two long plots at right angles to one another, and the space of ground thus covered with flowers was very considerable. Standing on an elevated platform at one end, a splendid view is afforded of the collection, and a more brilliant and varied mass of floral beauty can scarcely be conceived. Here, there were rich heaps of purple fading away into its lightest tints; there, were more delicate clusters of pink; and beyond, of yellow, rose, and pure white. But for certain general features indicative of their relationship, one ignorant of botanical science would have supposed them to be all members of different families. Yet, reader, this great assemblage of flowers, these varied and opposite effects, and this surprising dissimilarity of individual aspect, were produced by only two species of plants, and these allied to each other—rhododendrons and azaleas. Thirty years ago, only three or four noticeable varieties of the rhododendrons were known in England. Probably fifty times that number are now growing in luxuriance in our choicest collections. How were these produced? They

* The above article is what it purports to be—the production of a person who only a few years ago laboured as a working-man in an English provincial town. That he has been able to put his ideas thus before the world is, he says, exclusively owing to a persevering course of self-instruction.—ED. C. E. J.

were not imported from abroad. We owe them entirely to the skill and ingenuity of our practical florists; and the art by which this singular effect is attained is the Hybridising or Crossing of Flowers—the real subject of our present article.

The German botanist Kölreuter appears to have been the earliest discoverer of the extraordinary results which may be effected by flower-crossing. The study has been more extensively pursued, and with the care and patience which it demands, together with the power of response to the rather heavy calls it makes upon the pocket, by two deceased British botanists—the Hon. and Rev. W. Herbert, and Mr Thomas A. Knight, the president for many years of the Horticultural Society in our own country. It is well known that in the zoological kingdom—and the fact has been extensively taken advantage of by man, with the most valuable and interesting results—that varieties of animal species might be mingled together, and the production of an entirely new variety would result from the union. Thus have originated our different breeds of horses, cattle, dogs, sheep, fowls, and singing birds. The hybrid thus produced being capable of reproduction, has supplied us with varieties of these domestic creatures of a permanent and immensely important kind. The researches of the experimenters in question solved the same problem in the vegetable kingdom. 'This power of hybridising,' writes Dr Lindley, 'appears to be far more common in plants than in animals; for while only a few animal mules are known, there is scarcely a genus of domesticated plants in which this effect cannot be produced.' The power of producing a hybrid plant, however, is confined to certain limits. Some experimenters have obtained, as they say, a sort of hybrid between a horse-radish and a cabbage; others, between a rose and a black currant; others, between oranges and pomegranates; between the thorn-apple and the tobacco plant; but these are mostly apocryphal cases. The rule appears to be, that the process of hybridisation cannot be generally successful except between species of plants nearly related to one another. Plants so distinct as to be properly ranked under different genera cannot be intermingled. If plants described by botanists as belonging to two genera do intermix, and produce a fertile or even a barren offspring, it appears to be the firm belief of Mr Herbert that the botanists are in the wrong, and that we have thus a sort of natural test by which to prove whether the arbitrary distinctions they adopt have their foundation in the laws of the vegetable scheme. There will doubtless be many opponents to this opinion; but it is more than probable that it will outlive the opposition. We must not, however, venture further on this toughly-contested subject.

The reader who is anxious to produce hybridising effects, will be glad to know that the requisite process is very simple, though it calls for much patience on his part. In the first instance, it consists merely in applying the pollen of the flowers of one variety to those of another of the same species. The strange pollen grain, resting on the stigma of one of the latter flowers, in process of time puts forth a microscopic tubule, and penetrating the tissue of this portion of the flower, it finally reaches the ovule, to which it communicates the principle of life. The ovule finally completed is a seed—in this instance a seed borne by one flower and receiving the vital principle from another. Several precautions are, however, necessary to a successful issue. The flower in which the operation is to be performed must be deprived of its own anthers before the pollen they secrete is matured and fitted for its functions in the vegetable organism. In some flowers, in which the ripening of the pollen takes place before the expansion of the flower, this is almost impossible, as the flower in such cases must be torn open while it is yet unexpanded; in others it may be managed by using a very delicate pair of lady's scissors. Selecting a flower of another variety of the species, the pollen of which is just ripe, or nearly so, it may be removed by a fine camel-hair brush from the anthers, and transferred to the stigma of the first flower. It is then customary among some

cultivators to tie a little bag of fine gauze or muslin over the flower thus treated, to prevent the application of any other farina, by the intervention of insects or the wind, which might interfere with the result. Others are content with simple ticketing, so as to be able at seed-time to distinguish the flower. The usual processes then go on: the flower fades, and in time the seed ripens, when it must be carefully collected and stored up in a marked box. This is the first and most important part of the process of hybridisation. The seeds must then be dealt with *secundum artem*, the seedling plants carefully tended, potted in very rich compost; and when the time of flowering arrives, the experimenter, if he makes the attempt on a sufficient scale, will probably be rewarded with three or four new varieties of his flowers, of the greatest beauty, together with a vast number of other curious but not meritorious plants.

Here, then, is the grand secret of the myriads of new flowers which are annually produced in our exhibitions and flower-markets. Only those who are in some measure acquainted with the system of flower-cultivation can estimate the really enormous number of varieties raised by this means in each year. Some practical florists, whose talent or taste lies in rearing particular kinds of plants, such as geraniums, fuchsias, camellias, or rhododendrons, occasionally clear very large sums of money by the splendour of particular plants created by this art. As is well known, when once a good 'florist's flower' of a perennial plant is obtained, it is capable of becoming the parent of thousands of others by means of slips or cuttings. Some idea of the value of the parent plant may be estimated by the fact, that small plants of a new variety are often sold to wealthy amateurs at five guineas each and upwards, when the plant is making its first *début* in the court of Flora. But it must not be forgotten that out of perhaps four or five hundred seedlings, the care and culture of which necessarily occupies a prolonged time, and is attended with considerable trouble and expense, only three or four really good new varieties will occur, although there may be a number of secondary flowers which appear beautiful in the eyes of the uninitiated, and these are sold at inferior prices; a vast number, however, turn out worthless, and must be thrown away. The magnificent variety of rhododendrons, mentioned in our opening paragraphs, was produced out of a vast number of seedlings, of which only the truly splendid and valuable plants were preserved. That favourite, the auricula, the carnations, and many others, particularly pansies, have yielded under this treatment the most surprising number of varieties conceivable. The 'named' kinds alone are innumerable: the titles 'Napoleons,' 'Princes,' 'Duchesses,' and a number equally grandiose, conveying the idea of the superb beauty of many. But, alas! many of these varieties 'have the great fault of perishing almost as soon as they are obtained, and they serve no other purpose than that of encumbering the minds of science with accounts of so-called species which, from their transitory existence, can never be re-examined.'

It may be asked, In what relation does the hybrid flower stand with respect to its resemblance or difference from those by the intermixture of which it was originated? There is some dispute on the subject, but, as a general rule, it may be stated that the plant or flower is a mean between the two; or, in other words, that it is like neither the one nor the other; but, like both, it possesses some qualities and characteristics of this, modified by opposite ones of that plant. Thus a scarlet flower crossed with a white will probably produce a hybrid plant with a flower of a mixed red and white. Or again, a hardy variety crossed with a tender one will probably produce a half-hardy hybrid. In some of Mr Herbert's experiments on camellias, this mean result was singularly displayed, not merely in regard to external features, but in point of constitution. This was also manifest in the calceolarias. The plants of one variety are shrubby and tender, growing to a considerable height; others are stemless, but very hardy, dying down during the winter, but reappearing in the spring. The resulting hybrid was partly of the one, partly of the other habit, so tender, as

to perish with *extreme* frost, but so hardy, as safely to endure the severity of an ordinary season; and it was a sort of semi-shrubby plant, not absolutely stemless, and not entirely dying down in winter. How valuable the results to which these facts point! They put into the hands of man a modelling power over the organised creation which he may make subservient to his best advantage. Is a valuable esculent too tender for our climate, while it is at the same time an abundantly-productive bearer! these discoveries plainly indicate the cure—let it be hybridised by a hardier plant. When the facility of the means of thus altering the character and constitution of plants is considered, our surprise at a number of different species of the same genus occurring wild in nature will probably cease; and probably it is to the natural hybridisation of plants that the origin of a number of the divisions we designate species is to be ascribed. It is certain that a number of wild flowers have been found which were without doubt hybrid plants, for they were a sort of vegetable epitome of two dissimilar species found in their vicinity. Doubtless in these cases the industrious bee has been the agent of conveyance for the pollen from the one to the other flower. 'It is impossible not to believe that a great proportion of the reputed species of *Rosa rubus*, and other intricate genera, have had a hybrid origin.' With regard to roses, the first cross known in England was brought from America—it was the celebrated Noisette rose, being a hybrid between the musk cluster and the ever-blowing Chinese rose. Are we to reduce all roses back to the wild rose of our hedges, and to ascribe the countless splendid varieties of the queen of flowers, where not the direct result of human intervention, to crossings occurring between one or two accidental varieties of the dog-rose? And may not the same be conjectured in many other instances? These inquiries are both interesting and important; but they are at the same time such as can scarcely receive a definite answer.

While Mr Herbert busied himself with flower hybrids, and was rewarded with an infinite number of valuable results, Mr Knight devoted himself with equal assiduity and success to the improvement of vegetables and fruit by this means. One of his experiments was very curious: he touched the stigma of a smooth cabbage with the mixed pollen of the red and curled varieties, and carefully preserving the seed, it produced a cabbage not only curled, but red also! His experiments on fruit-trees—a series demanding a vast amount of time and expenditure of money—were singularly successful; and we owe it to this distinguished horticulturist, and to this singular power of hybridisation, that our orchards are now enriched with fruits of the greatest value and perfection. Let the reader know that five, six, or seven years were requisite to the completion of some of these experiments; and as he beholds with pleasure his black eagle cherries, or his melons, or his apples, or his improved currants, let him not forget the skill and patience which helped to bring them to their present high condition of perfection. It is not over-sanguine to look for the highest advantages to accrue from the application of the principles sketched in this paper to agriculture; and the time may be confidently anticipated when our agriculturists will have succeeded in obtaining by hybridising different varieties the best species of plants for the nutriment of animals or for the food of man. Such an originally elastic constitution conferred by the Divine Author of nature upon the vegetable kingdom, bearing as it does so importantly upon the wants and condition of man, may well excite our reverential admiration of the forethought which ordained it. As a mere pastime of a harmless and elegant kind, hybrid flower-raising has a high station. Mr Herbert writes—'The cultivator of ornamental plants sees in the several species of each genus that he possesses the materials with which he must work, and he considers in what manner he can blend them to the best advantage, looking to several gifts in which each excels, whether of hardness to endure our seasons, beauty in its colours, of delicacy in its markings, of fragrance, or stature, in profusion of blossom, and he

aspect of the intermediate plant which he is permitted to create, for that term may be figuratively applied to the introduction into the world of a natural form which has probably never before existed in it.'

THE MISSES BLACKADDER.

In going up the High Street of Glasgow, we may remark on the right-hand side one of those antique but elegant buildings which in long bygone times was the residence of a family of no small local distinction. Here, rather more than half a century ago, and on the strength of certain rents of dwellings in the adjoining lanes, three sisters, the Misses Blackadder, had taken up their abode. After the primitive fashion of a former age, these worthy spinsters were respectively known to their friends as Miss Phemie, Miss Beckie, and Miss Nancy. They had all arrived at that indefinite period of life politely designated 'a certain age,' but the exact numbers of their years were subjects of doubt and debate among their acquaintances; and the Misses Blackadder would furnish no information more conclusive than that the intervals between them were comparatively short, and that Phemie was the eldest.

Somewhat inconsistently with this latter fact, however, Miss Phemie was observed to act a secondary part in the household, the control of which might be said to repose in the hands of Miss Beckie and Miss Nancy. The dress of Miss Phemie was also seen to be a shade lower in tone; and whether in the street or the old-fashioned family pew in the cathedral of St Mungo, she appeared with a subduedness of aspect irreconcilable with her seniority. It is our duty to explain the apparent puzzle.

The Misses Blackadder had been left early orphans, with good expectations; their father was an only son, with two uncles, one of whom became a planter in Jamaica, and the other a merchant in Greenock. The spirit of enterprising commerce which had separated those elder branches of his house so widely, promised fair to make them wealthy bachelors. Mr Blackadder devoutly hoped and believed that neither would ever find time to marry; and having done so himself, he sent his eldest daughter Phemie, at the age of ten, to cheer the solitary hours of her Greenock uncle, in compliance with the merchant's request, strengthened by a promise to make her his heiress, and not forget her sisters. Scarcely was this arrangement concluded, when the father was suddenly snatched away in the very noon of life: there was little time to regulate his affairs, and he bequeathed the patrimonial property in the High Street to his wife in trust for their two youngest girls, considering Phemie as already provided for by the promise of his uncle. So thought all concerned; and Phemie lived on with the merchant, who continued to prosper and speculate, while her mother and sisters inhabited the old house in Glasgow; and as the first bitterness of their loss wore off under the mellowing influence of time, they naturally enough began to calculate on the family's interests in their childless relatives.

The uncertainty of prospective advantages was, however, destined to be strangely illustrated in their case. About five years after the death of Mr Blackadder, the old planter in Jamaica, possessed with that intense longing for his native country which is apt to come over such of its people as declining years find alone with fortune in strange lands, sold off his plantation, and left the West Indies, determined to spend the remnant of his days, in all the importance of wealth, among his relations in Scotland. He had always been remarkable for a peculiar prejudice against banks and bank paper; and as it was in some degree justified by the state of the times, which were those of the first French Revolution, he carried the whole purchase-money with him in the form of specie, secured in a strong box. London was his first port; and as his brother in Greenock had some business to transact there about the time of his arrival, it was agreed they should meet if possible, and return together. The latter had at that period in his employment two young men who were said to be natives of Cane Colonv: they had come to Greenock in the

service of the Scottish Indian and African Company, in which Phemie's guardian was a shareholder; but being in inferior capacities, applied for situations in his establishment, and had risen in their employer's estimation through five years' acquaintance, till one of them became his confidential clerk, and the other his principal salesman. The former bore the name of George Crighton, the latter that of Robert Keneday, and but for this circumstance, they would have been considered brothers, from their mutual resemblance. Both were small, dark-complexioned men, with grave, handsome features, very taciturn habits, and more than ordinary steadiness in business. Though rarely seen together in public, they were known to be close companions; and it was remarked that the one never spoke of the other if he could avoid it. Whether owing to their influence, or the state of his affairs, none of the Blackadders could ever learn; but when the merchant set out to meet his brother in London, his clerk accompanied him, and the salesman was consequently left in complete charge of his premises.

Neither journeys nor communications were then so rapidly made as at present; but one letter arrived, which informed the connexions in general, who were now in a fervour of expectation, that the brothers had met at the Silver Swan—an old-fashioned hotel near the West India Docks—and might be expected in the course of a fortnight. The events that followed this news were strange and disastrous. On sitting down to breakfast one morning, the old men missed the clerk, and the planter's suspicions immediately reverted to the ponderous trunk standing close beside his bed, in which his strong box had been enclosed for safety. It was still locked; but on examination, they discovered that the strong box and the clerk were gone together. At first the merchant could scarcely credit the occurrence. The clerk had been esteemed and trusted beyond any of his own relations, and had given such convincing proofs of his devotedness to the interests of the firm, that its most important secrets were confided to him, including that of which he had so unexpectedly availed himself. The alarm was given, informations were sworn, and the machinery of the law put in motion for the delinquent's apprehension; but all in vain. At length he was traced to Liverpool: and in the impatience of deeply-interested men, the two old brothers, by this time worn out with suspense and anxiety, took outside places, as none else could be obtained, on one of the fast stage-coaches of the day, in order to contribute their best endeavours towards his arrest. The 'Flying Eagle,' by which they travelled, proceeded safely till about midway on its journey, when it was overtaken, by coming in contact with a wagon in a dark night. All the passengers escaped uninjured, with the exception of the long-parted brothers, who were at least briefly divided by death—the planter being killed on the spot, and the merchant so much injured, that he died three days after at an inn in the nearest village.

These were terrible events to the Blackadders. Much grief could not be expected, but there was fear among them regarding the long-looked-for legacy. And their terrors were more than realised when, on examination of the merchant's affairs, his whole property was found insufficient to discharge the claims upon it. The salesman delivered up everything into their hands, appeared well pleased to get quit of such unpleasant responsibility, and spoke with indignant astonishment not only at the conduct of his former mercantile associate, as he made a point of styling the confidential clerk, but also at the state in which the accounts of the establishment were left.

On this subject his surprise was shared by both friends and creditors, for they found the accounts in a state of inextricable confusion; receipts and entries of the most important description being in many instances wanting, and bills to a large amount drawn on the firm, of whose existence the proprietor did not seem to have been aware. All these discrepancies were, as a matter of course, placed to the account of the clerk; but the utmost efforts of the legal officers failed to bring him to justice, and it was believed he had escaped to America.

Mr Keneday left the Blackadder employment with increased lustre of character, which assisted him in obtaining a better situation in a mercantile house in Glasgow. He was regarded as a respectable, and at length a prosperous man, whom parents and guardians were apt to point out to the young as an example of honourable prudence; having in a very few years realised from his savings a considerable capital, in right of which he became the junior partner of his employers; and at the period of our story, though still unmarried, he was a decidedly sober and exemplary character—a deacon in the Misses Blackadder's parish church; the intimate friend of the reverend doctor who presided there; and the whispered admirer of Miss Beckie, who had been heard, it was supposed for the first time in her life regarding any mortal, to speak in praise of his quiet deportment, which she averred was not at all forward.

But there was one person to whom the occurrences we have described had been peculiarly adverse; and that was poor Phemie. Her uncle's death had deprived her at once of present support and future prospects; and being unprovided for by her father's will, and left only some few articles of furniture and small valuables, including the portraits of her two uncles by the creditors' generosity, she had no alternative but to return and live with her mother and sisters; and the death of the old lady some time before the commencement of our tale, left the Misses Blackadder in the state therein described.

They were pattern spinsters to the High Street and its vicinity, and their style of housekeeping corresponded with the precision of their dress and manner. The outer door was always locked at nine o'clock at night, and opened at eight in the morning, between which hours there was neither entrance nor egress for any of earthly mould. Their meals were invariably taken an hour later than those of their neighbours, in token of superior rank. They patronised no holidays, considering that to be the custom of common people, except by giving a glass of wine to each of their two servants, accompanied by a quantity of good advice, on the morning of New-Year's Day. They attended highly respectable parties, but never gave any, regarding that as an indecorous proceeding on the part of single gentlemen. Some pleased to place it to the account of stinginess. The only social relaxation permitted in their mansion, was what the two younger ladies particularly delighted to call a nice 'quiet evening.'

Of course Phemie did as she was bid on all occasions; and notwithstanding the ominous propriety which characterised her sisters, she was regarded, want of fortune and other trifles considered, to be the only desperate old maid of the trio, especially after it was known that Mr Keneday had been formally introduced at the house, and warmly recommended by the Rev. Dr Mackay, who, together with his housekeeping sister, was a frequent visitor of the Misses Blackadder. Certain speculations, moreover, had been afloat for some time regarding Miss Nancy's suitability for the office of the doctor's lady, to which it was presumed her loftier aim aspired; but a stranger who had been seen for two successive Sundays walking side by side with Mr Keneday and the sisters to church, attracted the observation of the more vigilant part of their acquaintances, who, with surprising promptitude, marked him down as the doctor's rival.

On the second Sunday of these remarks, when the three Misses Blackadder entered their pew for the forenoon sermon, they were surprised to find that a stranger had taken possession of Phemie's accustomed seat. This was an invasion of family rights which the younger sisters could not tolerate. Miss Nancy cast upon him a frown which she was in the habit of practising; and Miss Beckie looked, as plainly as looks could express, that she thought him extremely forward: but their wrath was suddenly directed to another channel, for Phemie, without giving him the least intimation of the impropriety he had committed, quietly took possession of a vacant seat by the stranger's side. On his part their tokens of disapprobation were utterly unnoticed, except by a look of stern determination to keep his place, which gradually softened as the service proceeded into attention at once to the preacher

and Miss Phemie, for whom he pointed out the text and turned up the psalm. The man seemed unconscious of his iniquity; and as her sisters' glances failed in awaking Phemie to a sense of it, they soothed their wounded honour by wondering who the intruder could be. He was a tall muscular man, approaching forty; his hair was still black and curly, his dress was respectable, and his face still more so, from that expression of fixed gravity and keen intelligence found only in North Britain.

Week-day inquiries furnished the Misses Blackadder with a fund of information concerning him. Dr Mackay advertised them that he had taken a sitting in their pew; his sister informed them that he had lately opened an establishment in the wholesale fishmonger line at the corner of the Candleriggs; and Mr Keneday advised them that he was presumed to be only the manager for a Greenock house. On the following Sunday the pew-opener was commanded to admonish the stranger of his error; and the apology which that functionary reported was such as mollified even Miss Beckie, especially as he had made haste to open the door for them, and comported himself in a most respectful manner, though still attentive to Miss Phemie, to whom he offered a share of his umbrella and the support of his arm homewards in a sudden shower which surprised the scattering congregation, while her sisters were escorted by Mr Keneday and his friend. In short, their good opinion was gained; but while the younger sisters were deliberating whether or not he was a proper acquaintance, he was formally introduced to them at the house of a retired West India captain in the Gorbals—where they sometimes went to tea, on account of his wife being a grandniece of their mother's second cousin—as Mr Mactavish; and Phemie recollected that he strongly resembled a Highland porter formerly in her uncle's employment, and much esteemed for his sound sense and honesty. This disclosure, which poor Phemie would fain have recalled, though made in a moment of confidence, together with some admissions of his own touching the respect he owed to the Blackadder family, wound out the tale that he was the only son of the said porter, whose prudence and industry had done credit to the example and instructions of his father, and raised him to his present position. Having completed the discovery, it was determined by the Misses Beckie and Nancy that he was to be recognised, but never associated with; and many were the remonstrances addressed to their elder sister on the forgetfulness of ancestral dignity which she exhibited in encouraging his attempts at intimacy, even to conversation on the weather and similar topics of general interest, when they happened to meet on the streets, while her sisters passed by with nods of unrelenting patronage.

Such was the state of things when the winter drew on: calculating people said it was just twenty years since the death of the two unfortunate uncles: the noisy illuminations that welcomed the peace were over, and Glasgow had settled down into the quiet of a rather dull November, but the Misses Blackadder resolved to enliven its gloom in their drawing-room with their quarterly indulgence of a 'quiet evening.' Seldom, indeed, did such affairs occur in their household more frequently than four times a year; but then they were excessively genteel, with tea and supper, at which the family china and plate were displayed, and the ladies considered that any individual invited had their respectability definitely insured. On the present occasion, the company consisted of Dr Mackay, his sister, Mr Keneday, and his friend Mr Grey, the gentleman already referred to, who had now been some months on a visit at his lodgings, and who, owing to the high estimation entertained for the former, aided by his own somewhat precise and reverential manner, was unanimously received into that sober circle. He appeared many years older than Mr Keneday, and would have been like him but for a luxuriant crop of light brown hair and bushy whiskers of the same colour, concerning which there was a whisper of their being put on; but the ladies didn't believe it; and his own account of his life was, that the greater part of it had been passed as a

It was a November evening, heavy and cold with that most palpable of all fogs known as a Scotch mist, and still familiar to the Glasgow winter; but the fog was believed in only by report in the Misses Blackadder's drawing-room, where the company were already assembled, with Kensington candles and best china before them. The tea was not yet presented: it and the servant waited at the kitchen fire till the household clock should strike six, previous to which she was instructed no gentleman would drink tea. Miss Beckie and Miss Mackay sat on the sofa hemming lawn handkerchiefs, and conversing with Mr Keneday on the wickedness of Edinburgh, which he had recently visited; Miss Nancy occupied an arm-chair between the doctor and Mr Grey, wondering if the Irish in the Fiddlers' Close weren't wilder heathens than those the latter had converted in Caffreland; and Miss Phemie sat alone by the fire, silently knitting a remarkably fine stocking. Suddenly there was a quick knock at the door—the ladies had always voted bells vulgar—and the next moment their second servant—who, by the way, was new to her complicated duties—ushered in Mr Mactavish of the Candleriggs with 'There's Miss Blackadder herself, sir,' as she directed his attention to Phemie. The unexpected guest bowed; looked round the astonished party, as if in search of a welcome; hoped he saw Miss Beckie and Miss Nancy well, which those ladies could not find breath to answer; and then addressing Phemie, said, 'I trust, madam, I am not too late!'

'Oh not in the least,' said poor Phemie in the midst of her surprise. But the gentleman, growing more flurried as he caught sight of the tea equipage, continued, 'Please to let me know in what manner I can serve you!'

A still broader stare of amazement followed this demand, and Mr Keneday appeared inclined to forget his wonted gravity. The Highland blood flushed dark-red on the stranger's cheek and brow as, sweeping the apartment with a fiery glance, he said, 'Ladies, there is some misunderstanding here. As I was stepping into my own lodgings, about twenty minutes ago, two respectable-looking men walked up to me in the mist. One of them said, "Sir, Miss Phemie Blackadder requires to see you to-night." "Where?" said I. "At the house in the High Street," answered the other in a peremptory tone: "Go immediately, for we have been sent to tell you." This is the cause of my coming, and I must say!'

'Do take a seat, Mr Mactavish,' interrupted Miss Nancy.

'And let us talk of it quietly,' added Miss Beckie.

'I never sent such a message, sir, and am sorry you should have been put to the trouble; but sit down if you please,' chimed in poor Phemie; and down Mactavish sat, though apparently not half pleased. The consciousness that his reception had been beneath his deserts, and an anxious curiosity for full particulars, had wrought a rapid change on the manner of the company, who now gathered round him, pouring in questions and remarks. But though frank and serious, he could give no further explanation of the affair; and the deeper it was investigated, the more he appeared to be puzzled. Mr Keneday supposed it was some low characters taking the liberty of a jest; and the doctor inquired 'if he had ever seen them before!'

'No, sir, they weren't of the lower orders,' said Mactavish with sudden earnestness. 'I saw them distinctly by the lamp-light; and—but it must have been imagination—I thought I had seen the first speaker often enough in my earlier days.' Here the clock struck, and Janet made her entry with the hyson.

'You'll stay and take tea with us, sir?' said Phemie, casting a timidly-imploing look at her sisters. Native hospitality enforced the appeal; they joined in her request; and after what Miss Beckie denominated a proper amount of pressing, Mr Mactavish took his seat at the table. But the unlooked-for addition to their 'quiet evening' continued thoughtful and abstracted, though seated beside Miss Phemie. At length, when the cups were making their last circuit, he inquired, like one awaking, what day of the month it was.

family have sad cause to remember this day: it is the anniversary of papa's last uncle's death: but the will of Providence'—

Mr Grey started at the words, and let fall his cup. 'It's broke!' screamed Miss Nancy. But it wasn't; and the gentleman, whether to divert the company's attention from his sprinkled tea, or to escape a subject of which, from the lady's known habits, he had probably heard more than sufficient, observed that, speaking of the day of the month reminded him of a small Morisco almanac he had bought at the Portuguese settlement in Algæ, which was quite a curiosity. A general wish being expressed to see it, Mr Grey recollected he had it about him in a pocket-book. It was immediately produced; and after considerable searching among loose papers, the little antiquity was brought forth in the form of a stripe of vellum, covered with Arabic characters, and wrapped in the fragment of an old letter, which Mr Grey flung carelessly on the table. The almanac was passed from hand to hand; its owner became busy and eloquent in explaining its use; but Phemie remarked that Mac-tavish had picked up the envelope, and was intently scanning it, evidently believing himself unobserved, and casting stealthy but scrutinising looks at Mr Grey every line he read. By degrees he also joined in the wonder and conversation, but quietly pocketed the morsel of paper; and in a short time none was more earnest in discourse regarding the almanac; though, if the purchaser's face could have given an interpretation of its language, he could not have taken more keen and inquisitive looks at it. Mr Grey himself appeared to feel uncomfortable; but he talked and laughed louder than usual; and the fishmonger at length pulling out his watch, hoped the ladies would excuse him for a few minutes, as a gentleman was to meet him at nine in a neighbouring coffeehouse. Miss Beckie observed it was very proper to keep an appointment, and he departed without further ceremony. His personal appearance, singular statement, and humble origin, were all on the tapis in less than ten minutes; when a sound of confused voices and heavy feet was heard in the hall, and the next moment in burst a police-officer, followed by some half-dozen inferiors, with an announcement that Mr Grey was their prisoner.

Miss Beckie and Miss Nancy screamed in chorus about their respectable house; Mr Keneday turned pale; Dr Mackay sat in unfeigned astonishment; and Phemie silently took refuge behind Mr Mactavish, who brought up the intruders' rear. As for Grey, he said not a single word, but allowed himself to be marched off like a man who felt he was in the hands of destiny; and when the tumult in some degree subsided, the mere porter's son, according to Miss Beckie, with many adjurations to the ladies not to be alarmed, informed them that their guest was none other than George Crighton, whom he had discovered by the envelope of the almanac, which happened to be a portion of an old letter addressed to himself. The astonishment and horror which this explanation created closed the festivity; but their effects were most observable on Mr Keneday, who stole out of the room while the doctor was endeavouring to address some consolation to the sisters; nor did he ever again enter it, a warrant for his arrest being issued the next day on information sworn against him by his former accomplice, as the clerk proved to be, to the effect that he had embezzled his former employer's property, and falsified the accounts of the firm. A chain of small but condemning circumstances, lost sight of at the period of his master's death, were gradually elicited in confirmation of Crighton's charge, which he reiterated on his trial before the Glasgow Court of Justiciary. The evidence was, however, found insufficient for conviction; and though believed to be morally guilty, Keneday was legally acquitted. The case against Crighton was so clear, that from the first he gave up all thoughts of defence, and his appearance in court seemed rather for the purpose of confession than trial. He minutely described his difficulties in obtaining a key to suit the old planter's trunk, the perils of his escape, and the thousand ways by which his

ill-gotten gain had slipped from him in distant lands. But the most curious part of the detail, and that which threw some light on the cause of his evident anxiety to implicate Keneday was, that with the fatal temerity and shamelessness so commonly attendant on crime, he had returned in his poverty, in hopes of exacting a farther supply from his more prosperous associate; 'but,' added the wretch, 'he would part with nothing, or I should not have been here.'

Crighton was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed, as the law then stood; but the punishment was commuted, in consequence of a petition got up by Mactavish, to transportation for life. The fishmonger was also busy, as rumour said, raking up evidence for a new trial more likely to serve the ends of justice as regarded Mr Keneday, when that worthy suddenly dissolved partnership, and quitted Glasgow in the most unobtrusive manner. A few weeks after, Phemie received a letter from an eminent law-agent, informing her that a handsome sum had been placed in the Bank of Scotland to her credit; and as the threatened proceedings were immediately dropped, it was whispered that Miss Beckie's respectable admirer owed his escape to prompt restitution, and some remembered kindness shown to the Greenock porter.

Phemie's fortune was now equal to that of her sister; but the circumstances related made Mr Mactavish a frequent visitor in the High Street, so that even Dr Mackay was not surprised at the publication of their bans three months after.

The pair thus strangely brought together are, for aught we know, still living, but not now in the Canongate; though it must be confessed they sojourned there for some years on a second floor. It was said that they walked in the ways of wedded life with greater peace and pleasantness, and to them they led up the steps of worldly prosperity, the porter's son being calculated to improve, as he had made his own fortune; but the man persisted in declaring that he could never find trace or token of the strangers who had sent him to the High Street on the eventful night; and it was remarked that when Phemie's small providing came home, the portraits of her two uncles were, as it appeared by mutual agreement, quietly placed in an out-of-the-way closet, to which neither husband nor wife ever cared to refer.

WOOL-GLEANING.

WHEN occasionally visiting the pastoral vales of Ettrick and Yarrow, we have remarked that a considerable quantity of wool might be picked up by the roadside; and also from the heath and bushes against which the sheep have been reclining; and the neglect of this on the part of the farmers has always appeared to us as an instance of the generally ineconomic habits of the rural population. In cotton and silk factories, nothing is allowed to go to waste; every stray fragment of the raw material is gathered up, and put to some sort of use. When lately being shown through a cotton factory at Greenock, we observed that in the corners of the stair which led to the various floors there were fixed small baskets for the reception of every loose fibre of cotton wool which the lads or girls might find on their clothes, or lying on the stair, as they went out. This small arrangement gave me a forcible idea of the exactness of detail in which great manufacturing concerns are now conducted; and it suggests what might be done by sheep-farmers in the way of causing loose droppings of wool to be picked up and rendered available. Some farmers perhaps may consider that attention to such trifles is shabby, mean, and ridiculous; but if they think so, it is only because they are unaccustomed to those correct economic views by which all professional labours should be less or more influenced. The waste of wool we allude to resembles the waste of liquid refuse from cow-houses and stables. By tolerating such waste, the farmer in the first place picks his own pocket; and in the second, he causes a loss which is injurious to the general community.

But all the wool that could be picked up must be a mere trifle? Not so. On the roadside, by the banks of St Mary's Loch, we observed that a lady, for her amusement, gleaned as much wool in about an hour as she was able to carry in her arms, and this became a not unacceptable present to our old friend Tibby Shiel. Wool-gathering, however, would be no new thing. For a long time, a poor class of persons have followed the practice of gleaning stray portions of wool, the trade being rife in early summer, when the coats have begun to hang loosely on the sheep. So long as the gleaning was confined to poor old men and women, the negligence of the farmers could in some measure be excused and sympathised with; but in present circumstances it is indefensible. We learn from the following notice in a country newspaper that the old wool-gatherers have disappeared, and that their place has been taken by wandering bands of Irish.

'Out among the border hills, whole gangs are engaged in the occupation; and, from their formidable numbers and wild appearance, they carry awe to the solitary farm-houses which they approach. Their proceedings partake of a lawless character. They are not content with the scanty gleanings which satisfied the gatherers formerly—they are charged with driving the sheep through the rougher parts of the ground, and profiting by the spoils from the woolly covering. Coming on a dead sheep, they regard it as a fair game, and strip it of the fleece; and in their encounters with the people of the district, unless cowed by a consciousness of inferior strength, they sometimes carry things with a high hand. Several cases have occurred where they have attempted, after the old border fashion, to levy blackmail in the shape of bannocks, &c. The Roman road which intersects the border hills from the centre of the country is their place of bivouac. Their encampments are pitched in regular gipsy style, and they sally forth in thirties and forties at a time, and thus collect astonishing quantities of wool. Some idea may be formed of what they will gather, when we state that they come to Jedburgh with whole cart-loads to sell to the wool buyers. The poor ass, who seems always to share his fortunes with the lowest, is also trussed up and loaded with daily supplies. In a season like this, when the wool, owing to the unfavourable state of the pasture in the spring, is very loose on the sheep's back, wool-gathering is a capital job. On grounds which have not been traversed, a person may gather between sunrise and dusk nine or ten pounds weight, which, at the rate at which gathered wool is bought, will bring four or five shillings—thus accounting for the eager wholesale business-like way in which Pat has embarked in the trade.'

The proper way of putting down these vagrants is for the farmers to employ young persons to pick up the waste wool, and so leave nothing for strangers to glean.

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

PAU, as is pretty well known, is a favourite winter and spring residence of the English, on the verge of the Pyrenees, in the south of France. Thither, two or three years ago, I went with two brothers on a health-seeking excursion, and had much reason to be pleased not only with the place, but its very charming climate. My object now, however, is to give an account of our arrival and settlement in this retreat of the valetudinarian.

Our conveyance was by diligence, which, on reaching its destination, stopped in the Basse Ville, or lower town, at the office in the Place Henri IV., a large area surrounded by handsome houses, most of them built, we were afterwards told, by the English. As our place of residence was further on, we had to hire a truck to carry our luggage; and we walked forwards beside it over a bridge that crossed a narrow ravine, at the bottom of which ran a small brook, and thus connected the high and the low town, as the North Bridge connects the Old and the New Town of Edinburgh. Pau

indeed, something resembles Edinburgh in situation; for Pau has its old Moorish-looking castle built on a low rocky hill, round which rather a large town has gathered. Small houses descend into the ravine on the north, over which the bridge is thrown; and finer houses, most of them new, spread in streets and squares all along the course of the little brook in a westerly direction, quite round that side of the rock, to meet the wide and rapid Gave as it flows past the southern front of the castle, and separates it and the high town adjoining it from a suburb nearly as extensive as the city itself, spreading all along the fringed banks of the noble river, far up into the plain at the foot of the Pyrenees. We ascended a short rather steep street leading from this North Bridge into one at right angles with it, so narrow, that despite its length, we had some difficulty in believing it to be the High Street, the Grande Rue, or Rue de la Préfecture, although it was filled with shops, still closed at this early hour, and so detracting from its appearance—the shabby shutters making all look dismal. On we still proceeded, till we came out into the Place Royale, a large gravelled square filled with rows of trees; we walked through this up to the gate of the courtyard of the hotel, where we had engaged apartments. They were handsome and convenient, with large windows, through which the morning sun was streaming; but how can pen describe the scene they gave to view! The whole valley of the Gave lay before us—the broad and beautiful river, with its rows of poplars and tufts of willows on either bank; luxuriant hedge-rowed fields; hundreds of white houses sprinkled among the wooding of the sweeping plain, some nearly hid by foliage, others peeping from the groves of chestnuts which in many places skirted the vineyards on the Cateaux; while straight before us, almost within reach it seemed, stood the Pyrenees—an unbroken range of mountain-tops piled over one another high and wide, the gigantic barrier between France and Spain. The fog rested so low upon some of them, as at this time to conceal the Pic du Midi, with its double-pointed crown sitting like a mitred head upon broad shoulders—one of the wonders of this wondrous chain; yet it was a picture never to be wearied of—so grand, so calm in the distance, so bright, so busy, so rich, so varied and near at hand. We were too much enchanted with it to bear to leave it; so, in choosing lodgings, which the expense of the hotel made our first employment, we looked for windows facing the Pyrenees, and had to pay high, and to mount high to enjoy our beautiful prospect. Apartments are let in floors here—four or five or more rooms, with cellars below, and sometimes an *entresol* for servants. We were too moderate in our habits to require a first or even a second-class suite, yet we had to give 2500 francs (L.100) for our share of the second storey of a new house in the neighbourhood we had fixed on.

We took up our residence in Pau in September, which was rather late for a choice of a domicile, as rooms are commonly engaged from a former season, or at any rate earlier than we arrived, by travellers passing through Pau to the different watering-places in the mountains, who intend returning to the town for the winter. We found, too, that we had set ourselves down so exactly in the middle of the place, that on every side we had long streets of rough pavement to pass over before reaching pleasant walks; and in wet weather the imperfect sewage annoyed us; yet, on the whole, we were satisfied: we were near the market, in the midst of the shops; we had airy rooms, and had only to take one look from the windows to recover from any disturbance of mind or temper. Very fortunately we had an obliging landlord, who, upon our becoming better acquainted, added many little comforts to our pretty furniture. It is quite a trade now among the French proprietors to prepare accommodation for the English visitors. They alter, add, rebuild, new build, furnish, and make what to them, with their economical habits, is a fortune, by the high rents paid them. Once on a time L.20 a year, and up to L.50, secured the best apartments in Pau: there are now many let for L.200: it is difficult to be suited for less than L.100: and the term is but for eight months, for although

the tenant has leave to remain out the year, the extreme heat of the summer seldom makes this possible. The situation of the town is low, in a sort of basin—little hills rising all round the northern side, so as to shelter it from almost every wind; a breath of air, therefore, seldom stirs to temper the sun's rays during the summer months.

Being lodged to our mind, our next business was to provide ourselves with servants. We required two, with a water-carrier, this being the style of moderate people. And here, too, the rich English have revolutionised the native habits. The cooks were once content with eight or ten francs a month—ours asked twenty. The *bonne* or waiting-maid asked twelve—double what she would have had in a French family. Even the water-carrier, who acted, besides, as a servant-of-all-work, doing all that the more refined habits of *Mesdemoiselles* Louise and Josephine objected to, must be overpaid by us. This influx of more wealthy masters gives the class their harvest in good earnest; for besides the higher wages, they are by no means looked after with the same vigilance, and they are consequently fond of engaging with us. The market women are also accused of giving their British customers the choice of their provisions on most occasions; we are on these accounts unpopular with the lesser native gentry, who, unable to compete purses with most of our countrymen, are obliged often to forego the many little table luxuries they are fond of indulging in. Our cook went to market for us, and bought all that we consumed, groceries included—an arrangement advised by our landlord, who assured us we should find it a better plan than to take this trouble ourselves: she would probably make a little by it, but no one else would, and we could easily check her accounts by limiting her daily expenses to a fixed sum, and by occasionally visiting the *halle* ourselves. We found the plan a good one. She provided us very comfortably at a small expense, seeming to take pride in the diligence she employed in her calling. The *bonne* arranged our rooms, waited at table, and ironed our clothes as they were brought home rough-dried by the washerwoman, to whom we each paid a very small sum monthly for the good beating she gave them. Any plain work we required, a tidy little girl, niece to *Mesdemoiselle* Louise the cook, did for us for half-a-franc a day; a dressmaker came for a franc: we found nothing dear to our notions, but those who had known the place before the English spoiled it, assured us the cost of living at Pau had more than doubled of late years. Everything we wanted was to be had, and good—except tea and wine, both of which we brought from Bordeaux. The wine produced in the departments of the Pyrenees is more like port than claret; nor is it considered wholesome for strangers, at least when new, and the taste was rough and fiery. We found the water a great inconvenience; none is brought into the houses, and what we got from the wells and pumps at hand was not pleasant enough for drinking. There is only one fountain in the town where it could be had fit for the table. We had to send there twice a day, and to bring the necessary supply home in earthen pitchers on the head of our water-carrier. The French use so much less of this first requirement of life than we do, that a moderate supply is sufficient for them. They use less in their kitchens, none in their household work, and very little in their dressing-rooms—their habit being to bathe in the public baths twice or thrice a week, instead of the daily ablutions we accustom ourselves to. This obliged us to add to our toilette apparatus large red ware pans of a very common pottery, in lieu of the many capacious vessels of crockery we make use of at home.

These domestic matters arranged, we set about laying in our fuel. We had bought our first cartload of wood in the market, in the Place Henri IV., where, every Wednesday, logs whole and cut, *fagots* neatly bundled, and charcoal in small sacks, were crowded over the whole area; and a very pretty sight it was to come suddenly upon such a bustling scene, where it was so little expected—we having ever before found this handsome square nearly deserted. Noise and numbers filled it on the wood market-day; but our friendly landlord advised us not to pursue our dealings in it, rather to order our

winter firing from a farmer in the country, and at once, measuring our buckets as we got them home, and having the logs cut up and stacked in the cellars immediately. By this prudent course we paid much less for our bucket, got a better description of wood, and were defrauded of none of the proper quantity—a mistake that had been known to happen when the measuring and the stacking had been irregularly attended to. By finishing the business at once, and placing a padlock upon our stair, it lasted us throughout the winter. We English burn double or triple the quantity of fuel consumed in a French family. We do not let out our kitchen fire after each meal as they do. We do not cook so much with charcoal either: with them the neat little Dutch-tiled stove is much more in requisition than the fire. We also begin fires in our sitting-rooms earlier in the season, and we light them earlier in the day, for we really live in our drawing-rooms; the French only appear in them to receive company on set days for an hour or two. The French lady generally lives in her bedroom, so warmly clothed in cold weather, that the winter is considerably advanced before she requires more heat than that which she receives from the *cheminée* on which she sets her feet. The gentleman is in his room, or at his club, or somewhere; at any rate they are not together by a bright fire in their common sitting-room. Fuel being dear in France, our extravagant use of it makes firing an expensive item in the housekeeping of the British residents, as the servants soon learn our more comfortable habits, and forget their native economy.

It was an amusing sight to witness the arrival of the bullock carts with the first instalment of our purchase. I was waked at sunrise—for the Bearnais are an early people—by the clamour in the courtyard; and looking out, saw a crowd beneath me, really foreign in its character. There were nearly a dozen little clumsy carts—something like long boxes set on small solid wheels—fully loaded, with each a pole, to which two cows were fastened by their horns in certainly a simple manner. A piece of wood was laid across the two foreheads over a sheepskin, and fastened there. Their heads thus drawn together, the hind quarters were sent so much diverging, that, on descending hills, the whole weight of the cart falls against the heads, making the poor animals appear to struggle very painfully to support it. The bodies are commonly covered with linen trappings, or nets to protect them from the flies, and this is often let to fall so completely over the eyes as to blind them; but it is of little consequence, as they are guided by the voice, aided by the goad of the driver, who walks on in front, turning round when it is necessary to prick his cattle—his own appearance fully harmonizing with the primitive style of his team. The countrymen hereabouts wore at this season a dark blouse, and a *beret* or Lowland Scotch bonnet, with short woollen trousers. As many of these figures as there were carts, with a set of woodcutters rushing in to assist in unloading, lady water-carriers stopping to gaze, and all the *bonnes* and cooks of the hotel in a group at the foot of the back-stairs, were one and all vociferating to each other with the gestures of a set of lunatics, when my head in its nightcap appeared at the window. The matter was very simple—to receive, to measure, and to pay; and it was soon settled by madame (me), whose face, notwithstanding the nightcap, was recognised in a moment; but not without renewed hubbub, for they seem to be able in this country to conduct no business quietly. The perpetual racket, indeed, gave me quite a headache till I became used to it; for it is singular how much ingenuity is exerted to keep up a supply of what is to us so disagreeable. The bullocks in the carts, and the horses in the diligence, are hung with bells, that tinkle at every movement: advertisements are announced in the streets by the blowing of horns: a woman, who ran races daily—lightly enough clad, by the by—had a trumpet sounded stoutly before she started: then the whole population sang for ever: a *modiste* near us sat all day at her needle in an attic, beside her husband, a shoemaker, screaming the airs from the 'Dame Blanche,' occasionally accompanied by an amateur friend on a squeaking violin

of an evening: the maid of a Spanish lady in the next hotel practised diligently on the guitar nearly all the day, while some young performers on another floor were equally busy with their pianoforte: every night a party of merry young gentlemen issued from a neighbouring café, singing glees as they walked away, drowning for the moment the sounds of an organ in a music-shop close at hand, on which an elderly Spaniard was no mean performer. We never returned from an evening stroll without hearing songs of some sort from some of the parties wandering about like ourselves, to say nothing of dogs which barked for hours, cats, frogs, a hooting owl, and the horrid brass band of the regiment. But I have got a great way from my bullocks. Their drivers were dismissed in high good-humour with a few additional, of course unexpected, sous; and the mob dispersed on the woodcutters proceeding to business. And here I may as well observe, that my two gentlemen not appearing, and I, the lady of the party, giving all the orders, excited no surprise in our courtyard: it was quite in the fashion of the country, for in a French family Monsieur is of very small account. Madame directs, contrives, commands, keeps the book, receives the rents, marries the children, and, most important of all, receives and entertains the company. There is no making out exactly what is Monsieur's part in the household. If he have anything in the world to do, it is not in his own house certainly. Even in the shops, he whom we should call master is very secondary indeed to Madame. Josephine rather hinted that all this seeming authority is sometimes dearly paid for, by neglect among the upper classes, and real downright ill-usage in the lower ranks; but I do not know that she was exactly to be relied on.

Having occasion to make a few purchases on setting up house, I made a tour of the shops in Pau, for the purpose of providing myself with such articles as I wanted; and I certainly was very considerably amused by the reception I frequently met with, particularly if my brother or my son were with me. The owner of rather an attractive *magasin* stepped forward with much courteous ceremony to meet us. He saw that we were strangers—those amiable English, whose liberal expenditure had so much improved his town. He inquired whether we had relatives here: my brother struck him as so extremely resembling the most popular of our many agreeable resident countrymen—the same benevolent expression of countenance! A son then advanced, who paid in turn his prettily-worded compliment, neither of them omitting all the while to recommend their goods to our notice. A shoemaker much admired our feet, thought them worthy of better shoes than we were at home enabled to put on them; an opinion from which I entirely disagreed, as I have never yet worn a pair of French shoes fit to take a real good walk in. He added that two of my fair countrywomen, his customers, were bright stars come to shine in the Pyrenean darkness, equalling even Parisians in air and manner. His shoes fitted of course. He deserved they should; for besides making flattering speeches, he took an infinity of pains with his work, which we afterwards found to be the case generally with all the people in business; whatever they have to do, however trifling the work may be, they think it worth their full attention—they all seemed to exert themselves to do it well, without any affectation of any sort that I could detect among them. Their excessive politeness of manner is so entirely a habit, that it has become quite natural. British shopmen exhibiting in this way would be considered fit for Bedlam. These people really were agreeable rather than impertinent, they were so perfectly unpretending: they merely appeared to be doing the honours of their calling—to be properly recommending their wares. It was a good rule, however, to pay at once for what we bought: more judicious, in general, as in some instances where we had run small accounts, the memories of certain of these well-bred dealers had been treacherous; but these mistakes were never made by the higher order of tradesmen.

I remember being extremely taken by the manner of a lady from whom I often bought trifling things. Late

in the day once, no one else happening to be in the way, she quitted her pianoforte—on which, by the way, she played remarkably well—and came into the shop herself to serve me, in dishabille, her pretty hair in papers, her wrapper on. She had, she said, been disappointed by the hairdresser. Every French woman has her hair dressed every day by the hairdresser, even after it has turned gray; and not having her head in order, of course she could not put on her gown; nor would she have appeared, being in *négligé* at this hour, but for madame, whom she could not resist attending. This same pretty little woman used, with the other bourgeois, to assist at the receptions every Monday evening at the Préfecture, the new régime making no selection of company; but since so many English have frequented these assemblies, and that the style of them has become more distinguished, those for whom they were principally instituted have discontinued attending them. I do not know whether fuller ledgers quite make up for the dress and the dancing thus relinquished.

Except to shop, we walked little out during this month of September, considered here the hottest in the year. The mornings were sultry, the evenings close. Had not the nights been cool, we should have suffered considerable inconvenience; but the certainty of refreshing sleep enabled us to bear patiently the exhaustion of the day. Rain fell so frequently, as very much to cool the air. It fell in torrents, pouring down as in the tropics, clearing as rapidly, and leaving the gravelly soil hardly damp, notwithstanding the deluge that had poured over it. Thunder-storms were not wanting at short intervals about the equinox. We were startled once at midnight by the grandest burst that ever pealed among echoing mountains. Round and round it bellowed, seeming to shake the ground, while the almost unceasing flashes of vivid lightning illuminated the room. The climate of Pau is showery, as the fertility of the plain testifies, for the green fields show a freshness unknown in Europe. No injurious damp, however, remains in the air: clothes are never aired, nor houses either; people shut up their apartments when they go away, lock the doors, take the key with them, open their rooms on returning, and establish themselves at once without further trouble. This perhaps makes the temperature so suitable to all diseases of the throat and lungs—not too dry, not chilly, not raw. My son improved in health hourly. He whom we could hardly hear when he spoke in England, had already recovered his voice, and with it had gradually returned strength and appetite. Sheltered from the sun by a large umbrella, and by the height of the houses which formed the narrow streets, he accompanied my brother and me in all our rambles through this interesting little town, which we thus acquainted ourselves with at our leisure between the showers, reserving the environs for cooler weather.

Besides the Place Royale, where on Sunday and Thursday afternoons the inhabitants assemble to walk about under the trees—admiring a very fine statue of their own Henri IV., their Bearnais king, by a native artist, and listening to the dreadful brass band—there are two other open spaces within the town: the Haute Plante, on one side of which are the barracks; and the Basse Plante, low down near the river, both filled with rows of trees. The Basse Plante must be crossed to reach the Parc, which stretches for near a mile along the banks of the Gave, one broad terrace walk, well shaded with trees. Many narrower paths lose themselves among the woods, and then join an outer gravel walk leading back again out of sight of the river to the Basse Plante. Those who for the first time climb the steep path up to this beautiful natural terrace, little foresee the scene of enchantment awaiting them. Day after day we paid it an early visit, yet never wearied of the moving picture. The Gave at our feet, wide, rapid, shining—an open-railed bridge of great length thrown over it, connecting at this point the town and castle on their rock, with the spreading suburb on the plain beyond—then the vineyards on the rising banks—far back that range of wondrous mountains, ever varying, still the same, a weight at times on the oppressed senses,

irresistibly attractive under every aspect. Just above the bridge appears the castle, with its domes and high steep roofs, and its old square tower, and its windows of every size and shape dotted over its long flanking walls. One row of modern date overlooks a terrace formed upon the summit of the rock, supported in several places by mason-work, and having a low parapet running along the edge of the precipice as a protection; for the rock is steep, and high, and dangerous, although not rising directly from the river. Far down below is a space between the water and the rock, now surrounded by poor-looking houses, once the area in which jousts and tournaments took place, just underneath the windows of the state apartments, from whence bright eyes had beamed upon the knights who there tried their skill in arms. Louis Philippe had at his own expense repaired, restored, added to, and suitably furnished this ancient royal pile; and at the suggestion of one of his sons, a stone bridge of a single arch had been lately thrown across the road leading through the Basse Ville to the Gâve, which thus connected the high terrace of the castle with the lower terrace of the Parc; an improvement the inhabitants most gratefully appreciate.

There are some other handsome public buildings in Pau. Queer old hotels, some with gardens and courtyards, picturesque houses of less pretension, two large churches, the Mairie and the Préfecture, and the ruins of what must have been a fine cathedral. There is also a pleasant walk for sultry weather, the Bois Louis, down in a meadow by the river side—a mere path along the banks, shaded by a fringe of willows and poplars: once the retired grounds of a monastery long since demolished, it is in these days principally resorted to by washerwomen, as particularly suited to one department of their craft; they beetle their linen in the stream, just as was the custom of our own country in our grandmothers' times. We used to go there in the close evenings, with the hope of meeting air in motion near so swift a current: but the hope was vain; no breeze ever stirred during this oppressive season; but the temperature was sensibly lowered before the end of the month by other means. On Michaelmas-day, my eyes opened on the white summits of the Pyrenees. Snow had fallen on them plentifully during the night, and so much did this cool the air of the plains in a few hours, that we were glad to gather round our first wood fire in the evening. We were a merry party, for we had had our goose—fatted it ourselves in our cellar. In the market, geese are not to be had as we like them; for the French do not value the bird, perhaps because they never see it in perfection. They do not seem to use them when young—we had some trouble in getting some of that season's hatching from a small farmer in the country—and they feed them in some way that enlarges the liver, and spoils the meat; for they throw away, or at least discard from tables of any delicacy, all but the legs, which are salted: the livers are made into an extremely rich, and by no means a good pie. We managed ours as nearly as possible as we have been in the habit of seeing done at home. We fed them in the cellar, where we had our wood, upon boiled maize or Indian corn, given to them cold. I would recommend this plan to my poultry-loving countrywomen as cheap and excellent, for no stubble goose from the richest fields in Britain ever exceeded our Michaelmas goose at Pau.

A RIDE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE following sketch, fresh from the pen of a resident in South Africa, is especially interesting as concerning a country where peace and security to colonists appear to be established for the first time on a firm basis.

After some months' hard work on the frontier, we left King Williamstown, the capital of British Caffraria. Riding all day, we arrived the same evening at Fort Hare, where we encamped for the night. There is nothing worthy of note in the place. Next morning at daybreak we were again in the saddle *en route* to Shiloh, distant two days' march from Fort Hare. Our road lay through a country undoubtedly very beautiful, but dreadfully wild and desolate. We did not meet one

human being the whole time. The first night we had to stand for four hours under a torrent of rain, without the least shelter, whilst waiting for our wagons with the tents to come up; and to add to our discomfort, it suddenly grew as bitterly cold as it had been intensely hot during the daytime. Next night, after a forced march of sixteen hours, we found ourselves in Shiloh, where we were forced to rest for some days. Shiloh is an extensive settlement of Moravian missionaries, or *Herrnhüter*, as they are called in Germany. Being the only one of the party who spoke German, I acted as interpreter; and they, not a little pleased to hear their mother-tongue from the lips of a stranger in such a remote part of the world, entertained us most hospitably, and in true German style. Later on my journey I had an opportunity of visiting their largest establishment in South Africa at Genadendal, and shall therefore defer a description of their habits and customs until my arrival at this remarkable place.

From Shiloh to Colesberg is four days' journey, uninteresting and monotonous in the extreme. To describe one day is to describe all. The country is barren, not a tree to be seen the whole way, very little water, and not above three farm-houses on the road; how even they come to be inhabited is a marvel. We rode all day long under the burning sun, and at night slept, sometimes in tents, and sometimes under a bush, in our cloaks. The end of the fourth day saw us in Colesberg. But what a town! I really think, if its founders had searched the whole country, they could not have pitched on a worse spot. Perched like an eagle's nest among the hills and rocks, it seems calculated to attract every possible ray of heat. Not a tree for miles round, and only one fountain in the town! Here we were obliged to halt for several days, to recruit our forces, and during our stay, were fortunate enough to witness the arrival of Sir Harry Smith, the new governor of the colony, with his staff, on his return from his very successful tour into Caffreland. This place was considerably out of his road, but he had subjected himself to much hardship and inconvenience in order to visit the Dutch farmers, for the following reasons:—

The Orange River lies at a distance of fifteen miles from Colesberg, and forms the boundary of the colony in that part of the country. Beyond this is an immense tract of territory, which extends to the port of Natal on the sea-coast, and is called the 'Natal District.' This land, though not a portion of the colony, is to a certain extent under British surveillance and protection, and is inhabited chiefly by large Dutch farmers. These people, during the late war, suffered the greatest annoyance from the neighbouring Caffres—frequently losing all their cattle and everything they possessed; and the English government, notwithstanding continual promises, afforded them little or no protection. After enduring months of this hardship, they were at length so harassed, that great dissatisfaction, almost amounting to open insurrection, was the consequence. They then unanimously came to the determination of moving up into the interior, where they might live in peace, free and secure from all depredations. It was to prevent this great loss to the government, and to restore confidence to all parties, that Sir Harry Smith resolved to make the overland journey through the Natal District—an undertaking unprecedented for a governor. His efforts, however, have been crowned with success; here, as everywhere else, his noble and generous character has inspired trust, and given value to his words; and the result is, that no previous governor has been able to effect so much real good in the colony within so short a space of time. During our stay at Colesberg, the Dutch farmers flocked in from far and wide to see him, and we were assured that the same enthusiasm prevailed throughout his whole progress. In a few days his excellency and party started for the Orange River, whilst ours prepared for departure in the opposite direction. The

prospect before us was far from agreeable. A journey of six hundred miles on horseback, through a desert country, with only four towns, or rather villages, on the way, seemed to us almost fearful; and the result proved our anticipations to be correct.

We commenced our journey at daybreak. Altogether we formed a large cavalcade, with a bullock-wagon in the rear containing our tents, baggage, and provisions. This ought to have been up with us early every evening at our halting-place; but to our great disappointment it always arrived so late, that we were able to put up our tents only four times during our long journey. Nearly every night we had to sleep in the bushes. Our daily march was much as follows:—Up at daybreak (four o'clock in the morning), we breakfasted, rode on for about six hours, until the heat grew too intense, then 'off-saddled,' as it is called here, rested for a couple of hours, and rode again for four more. In the evening we sometimes came to a farm-house, where we generally procured forage for the horses: the host always offered us beds, such as they were; and one night we felt so tired, that we resolved to try them; but we paid dearly for the experiment, and vowed never to accept of one again. These Dutch Boors have all the appearance of hospitality; but as they possess not the concomitant virtues, I have come to the conclusion that they suffer you in their houses, some only through fear, and others only because they expect a solid return. Religion they have none, though nominally Dutch Lutherans, and they generally have a Bible on their table. To me, after the Germans, they appear almost savages, degraded to a pitiful degree, and without one idea beyond the circle of their own farms, few of them ever having been farther. So stupid or brutal are they, that frequently they could not tell us the way to the next farm, though they had been living in that spot all their lives. People in England have no conception of country life here in Africa. I remember, years ago, reading one of Miss Martineau's tales of colonisation here. She can know nothing of this country. The farmers never live as she has represented them, in villages, as it were, with all goods to a certain extent in common. Their farms are always isolated, many miles from each other, and lonely and desolate to the last degree. This sort of life necessarily causes much selfishness in their character. They do not speak a word of English, though their barbarous dialect seems to be a mixture of our language and 'platt Deutsch,' or low German.

The country through which we passed is, with one single exception, perfectly frightful for about fifty miles beyond Prince Albert. Excepting at the farm-houses, a tree is nowhere to be met with; and the whole way from Colesberg to Swellendam, a distance of five hundred miles, we never saw one blade of grass—nothing but dirty weeds, gravel, and sand! Very different from Caffreland, where the pasture is so good.

We were about four days in getting to Richmond, which is a new village. We were again seven or eight days in riding to Beaufort, travelling as I have already described, sometimes burnt by the scorching sun, at others wet to the skin for hours together with rain such as is not to be conceived in England. And then, to add to our misery, we could only look forward—not to a good fire, as the Dutch have no fires, but to standing shivering in our wet clothes until our wagon came up. Our sole remedy in such cases was brandy and water, and blankets: but very poor comfort they proved. Game was very plenty on the road in the shape of gnous, zebras, springboks, and ostriches; and on one occasion we saw a tiger, which they said had carried off a goat from the farm every night for the past week.

Thus we journeyed on through Beaufort and Prince Albert, neither of which villages is worthy of remark. On leaving the latter place, we came once more into a world of troubles. About four hours beyond Prince Albert (we count distance here by hours) is a broad river,

ankle-deep, and the next impassable even to a horse. We crossed it ankle-deep in the morning, and rode on for six hours farther. At night there was no appearance of the wagon, nor yet at ten o'clock next morning. At length I determined to ride back in search of it, when, on my arrival at the shallow stream of yesterday, to my great astonishment I found the wagon had been unable to cross, from the swollen state of the river, which had risen in less than half an hour after our passage. We had no resource but to swim our horses across. My servant got over safe enough; but my horse became so frightened with the noise and the rapid current, that alighting by chance on a rock in the middle of the river, he reared up in a most terrific manner. Fortunately I had sufficient presence of mind to let the reins loose, and give him his own way. He then gave a vigorous plunge up against the stream, but in doing so, I very nearly lost my life. Both my stirrups were carried away. At length he leaped on shore, yet not until he had indulged his humour by rearing again several times; then, having sent off provisions to the rest of my party, I relished my own dinner, after a fast of thirty hours. I was forced to remain for two days with the wagon before we could effect a passage. On the third we succeeded. The rest of my party were then several days in advance, and I could not overtake them for ten days longer, when we arrived at Swellendam. Six days of that time we passed in the bush without seeing a farm-house, and three days without water. During the whole journey, the water was often so brackish, it was impossible to drink it, and we were frequently rejoiced to meet with some as muddy as in the dirty ditches by the roadside. At Swellendam we stopped for several days to rest ourselves and horses. Without exception it is the prettiest town in this part of the world: that, however, is not saying much. We had still five days of the march to make, differing, however, in no particular from all preceding them, except that gradually we perceived ourselves returning to civilised life. Good grass and pasture was more plentiful, the farms more numerous, and closer together, and a little English was now and then spoken.

When within a couple of days' march of the Cape, I heard by chance that about four hours' ride from our halting-place was the large Moravian establishment of Genadendal. This I determined to see; so leaving my companions, I took a Hottentot guide, rode over, spent the evening and half the next day there, and overtook my friends the following morning at Caledon, after accomplishing a ride at full gallop of eighty miles out of my way. Here, as before, my knowledge of German stood me in good need. The Moravians are always civil to strangers; but on my addressing them in their native language, their kindness and attentions were redoubled. The establishment consists of a very large village of Hottentots (about two thousand inhabitants), who are certainly the most civilised of their race I have seen, twelve missionaries, all of whom are married, and one unmarried, who is the bishop. The most prominent object is a very large church or meeting-house with a school attached. This occupies one side of a large square; on the corresponding side are the houses of the missionaries; whilst the other two are filled up by the workhouses and the shops belonging to them. Here every imaginable trade is carried on. The artisans are all Hottentots, taught by the missionaries, each of whom is a mechanic, and has been brought up to some trade. A missionary superintends every branch; and whenever one dies, his place is forthwith supplied on application to their great depôt Herrnhut in Saxony. Good-will and regularity certainly appear to be there the order of the day. There are certain rules which must be kept in the village, certain hours in which the men must work, the children go to school, the women stop at home; and all attend church every evening. If these regulations are not complied with, the offending party is expelled from the place. The Society are fol-

lowers of John Hüss, but they do not reject any other denomination of Protestantism, although all must conform to their rules of discipline. All their establishments in Germany, New South Wales, America, and Africa, are subject in *everything* to a committee of management in Herrnhut, and which is elected every five years. Nothing can be done without its consent. All the surplus revenues of the different settlements are sent home to the common stock, and the most exact accounts are kept for the revision of the committee. Every large institution has a bishop. Whatever spiritual influence may be comprehended by that term, the bishops seemed to me little more than overseers. The one I saw was walking about in a baize jacket and nankeen trousers. The most extraordinary regulation of the Society is that relating to marriage: they never see their wives until they come out here. When a man wants a wife, he writes home to Herrnhut: there all the girls draw lots, and she who gets the prize is married at home by proxy, forthwith starts on her voyage, and is remarried in person on her arrival here. I thought it a cruel plan; and the results doubtless prove very painful, if one may judge from the melancholy countenances of the majority of the women in Genadendal. I left the place pleased in many things, and must certainly give these missionaries credit for their evident good-will and unwearied exertions in the civilisation of the poor natives.

The day after, we came in sight of Cape Town, from what is called Sir Lowry Cole's Pass, at the top of a mountain overlooking Simon's Bay, and the whole valley between it and Table Bay. If this were cultivated like Richmond plain, and not a desert waste as it is, the view would be surpassingly fine. You see the two bays at either end, and this immense valley of full fifty miles in extent, with Cape Town and Simon's Bay in the distance. Nothing can be more magnificent. The view of Cape Town was to us travellers almost like the sight of the shores of England again. Next day we found ourselves comfortably resting from all our fatigues and dangers, while the town was in the bustle of preparation for the reception of Sir Harry Smith, whose arrival was daily expected. Triumphant arches and happy faces met one everywhere. Never was man more popular, and never did governor better deserve it.

FORTUNES OF A FARMER'S BOY.

FRANÇOIS RICHARD was born in 1765, in the obscure little hamlet of Trelat, commune of D'Epinay, in France. He was the son of a poor farmer, who shared the hardships at that time the common lot of the agriculturist—hardships that can scarcely be conceived by those who know not what habit, patience, and, still more, Christian resignation, can enable men to endure. His early years, though passed in poverty, obscurity, and retirement, were yet full of excitement; his young and ardent imagination was for ever devising new projects; and even his sports and childish tricks betrayed his speculative turn of mind. At twelve years old, he gave himself up to the rearing of pigeons, and carried on a little trade in them, with success sufficient to encourage and stimulate his spirit of enterprise. But his dovecot gave umbrage to the lord of the soil, and he was compelled to sell it to him, receiving for it a sum equal to about thirty-five shillings. Richard thought himself a rich man, and resolving to have some enjoyment from his wealth, he purchased leather shoes, which, amongst those who knew only the wooden shoe of the peasant, made him be looked upon as almost a gentleman.

Richard had nothing so much at heart as being no longer a burden to his father, whose poverty was indeed a grief to him. After the sale of his dovecot, he commenced speculating in dogs. This new trade gave him in a short time the means of procuring decent clothing; so that, by his rustic fluery, he threw his schoolfellows as far into the shade as he had already done in much better things, by his progress in useful knowledge.

Before he had attained his thirteenth year, he was qualified for the appointment of registrar to the cattle-market of Villiers le Bocage.

At seventeen, he mentioned to his father his desire to quit the paternal roof for a sphere larger and better adapted for realising the objects of his ambition. His father made no objection; but when the moment of separation came, he found himself obliged to confess that, in a time of great distress, he had expended the greater part of the savings which Richard had intrusted to his care, and that he had now not more than twelve francs (ten shillings) to give him. This communication did not discourage our enterprising youth. He took a most affectionate leave of his father, and assuring him that he was only too glad to leave him this little earnest of the prosperity which he hoped yet to work out for him, set off with his new clothes in his bag and his ten shillings in his pocket. He arrived at the chief town of Normandy with a light purse, but with as light a heart, buoyant with hope, and with a spirit of enterprise and determination that defied all difficulties. He deemed himself fortunate in at once obtaining the situation of clerk to a petty merchant; but unhappily for him, his master was a rude, ignorant, and avaricious man, incapable of appreciating such a mind as that of Richard. He made the young Norman his servant rather than his clerk. So long as it was only a matter of cleaning horses, helping to cook, and waiting at table, the youth made no complaint; but at length his master having bought a new equipage, in order to make a suitable figure in some civic ceremonial, wanted him to act as footman; but shrinking from this public exhibition, he positively refused, and quitted the house of the merchant.

And now his 'thought by day, his dream by night,' was to get to Paris, where he might attain his darling object of acquiring a knowledge of mercantile business. But for this money was necessary, and to procure it, Richard became a waiter at a small coffeehouse, where for one year he steadily laid by everything he received, till he found he had in halfpence a sum sufficient for his journey. Arrived in the capital, it was not very easy for a poor youth, without either friend or relative in Paris, to find the means of subsistence. After many unsuccessful efforts to get into a merchant's employment, he was obliged to resume the apron in a coffeehouse kept by one of his countrymen. The perquisites there being much more considerable than at Rouen, he found himself, at the end of the year, the possessor of forty pounds and a few shillings. Nothing could henceforth check his progress: he devoted his little store to the purchase of some pieces of English dimity, a manufacture then unknown to France, and hawked them about till he disposed of all most advantageously. He renewed his stock as fast as it was exhausted; and when, after a year's labour, he summed up his accounts, he found a balance in his favour of L.1000!

Richard continued his trade till 1789, when, by a fraudulent trick of an agent employed by him, his industry was suddenly checked by the loss of his whole stock. He was even arrested for an alleged debt of sixty pounds. He could easily have paid this sum, and recovered his liberty; but his honest and independent mind revolted from every species of injustice: he knew that he had not incurred the debt, and he preferred remaining in prison to allowing roguery to triumph.

The revolutionary convulsions that afterwards shook society to its very foundations were now beginning in France. On the 13th of July the riot broke out, and after pillaging the house of the manufacturer Reveillon, the mob fell upon La Force, where Richard was confined, broke it open, and set the prisoners free. Once again was Richard in the streets of Paris, with a toilet somewhat more neglected than usual, and twelve sous in his pocket; but he remembered his father's twelve francs, and thanked God and took courage. The house in which he had lodged his money had stopped payment during his imprisonment; but he borrowed a few crowns, resumed his old trade of hawker, and six

months after, his credit was re-established, and his trade flourishing. He now thought he might extend his operations, and took a large establishment in the Rue Française, and in 1792 was rich enough to purchase a domain near Nemours. But the revolutionary storm now broke forth in its full fury; and Richard, whose peaceable disposition shrunk from the sanguinary struggles that rent his country, soon saw that a considerable time must elapse before there could be any security for trade, or any field for commercial enterprise. He accordingly settled his accounts, closed his warehouse, and, accompanied by his wife, Marie Alavoine, whom he had married in 1790, went to visit his father, and happily arrived at the very time that afforded him another opportunity of proving he had not forgotten the pledge he had given on leaving the home of his boyhood, of being yet the means of prosperity to his aged parent. The transports of joy at his unexpected arrival had not yet subsided, when two bailiffs entered the house with a warrant to distrain. The father had become security for the toll-collector, and the old proverb was found true in this case—the surety was obliged to pay; and the old man's goods would have been seized but for Richard's fortunate arrival and interposition.

When the madness of the people was somewhat calmed down, he returned to Paris, and to fresh speculations. A very short time after his return, he became acquainted with a young merchant of the name of Lenoir-Dufresne. These two superior minds at once understood each other, and a partnership was entered into which was to end only with the death of one of the parties, so long known and respected as the firm of Richard and Lenoir.

There were many points of resemblance between the two partners. Both possessed the same acuteness and almost intuitive tact in business, but the perhaps too boldly speculative mind of Richard found a happy counterbalance in the coolness and steadiness of Lenoir. Their trade was principally in English manufactures; and so extensive did it become, and so wonderfully did it prosper, that, two years after their partnership commenced, they had realised on the L.240 which they had invested a net profit of L.4560.

And now Richard conceived a noble project indeed—the introduction into France of the cotton manufacture, hitherto monopolised by England; and his perseverance, aided by an apparent accident, happily obtained for him the means of accomplishing his purpose. Having ripped some calico, he perceived, to his surprise, on weighing a certain quantity of thread, that a piece valued at L.3, 6s. 8d. only took 10s. worth of the raw material! What a profit for the manufacturer! From that instant he hesitated no longer: his purpose was fixed and irrevocable. However, not wishing to do anything without his partner's consent, he communicated his project to Lenoir-Dufresne, who at first tried to dissuade him from attempting so bold and novel a plan; but seeing that his determination was not to be shaken, finally left him at full liberty, though declining any interference. Richard's first step was the purchase of one hundredweight of cotton, and to get some looms made after the rough plans given him by a poor English mechanic. They were set up in a shop in the Rue de Bellefonds. The first essay was crowned with complete success in every point but the stamping of the calicoes; and as the printing of them was indispensable to their being saleable, Richard employed three months in endeavours to discover the secret of this process; but his efforts were vain; till at length his partner, whose prejudices had been removed, and who began to take an interest in the manufacture, gave him a clue to the discovery.

The manufacture now became so sought after, as to make the want of machinery sensibly felt. Richard was anxiously devising some mode of procuring a model of the English machine now so well known under the name of spinning-jenny, when he was again fortunate enough to meet with an Englishman, who, in less than

three months, constructed twenty-two of these frames; and as their former premises were now too narrow for this addition, the two partners took from the government a spacious mansion in the Rue de Thougny; and the house, once the abode of luxury and wealth, was suddenly metamorphosed into the workshop of the poor but industrious artisans. The number employed now became so great, that they were soon obliged to add to their concerns a large convent in the neighbourhood. A few days after, Napoleon came to visit their establishment; and he was so struck with the completeness of the novel machinery, with the clearness of Richard's judgment, the elevation of his views, and the boldness with which he laboured for the commercial freedom of France, that he offered any encouragement he yet needed; and on finding that their establishment was not even yet large enough, he gave a grant of another convent at the opposite side of the street.

The manufactory of Richard and Lenoir now assumed an almost colossal importance, realising a monthly profit of L.1600. The indefatigable Richard set up successively three hundred spinning-jennies in different villages of Picardy, forty at Alençon, and one hundred in the Abbey of St Martin. Nor was his native province forgotten, for he opened a manufactory there which gave bread to six hundred workmen. Neither did his enlightened benevolence stop here. Incessant were his efforts to raise those in his employment in the social scale, by placing educational advantages within their reach. In an asylum which he founded for the orphan children of both sexes of those workmen who died in his employment, he not only endeavoured to inspire them with a spirit of industry, but had them taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and music; carefully providing also religious instruction. He waged open war with the spirit-shop; and in order that his workmen might not go to the public-house for recreation, he opened for their use a reading-room and a music-room.

For more than ten years, Richard and Lenoir seemed to mount from step to step to the pinnacle of human prosperity. But in 1806, a sad and unexpected event broke up a partnership which might have served as a model; so perfect was the agreement, yet so remarkable the combination of opposite qualities of mind to the most beneficial results. Lenoir died suddenly, and Richard found himself alone at the head of the establishment; and having no one now to restrain him, he gave full scope to his gigantic views. He set up two more factories at Caen and Laigle, which made the number under his superintendence amount to six, all in admirable order, and provided with every essential for working. But one object of his ambition still remained to be attained: he wished France to be no longer obliged to import the raw material from countries that did not acknowledge her sway. In Napoleon's career of conquest, Italy had now become, as it were, but an appendage of his vast empire; and it was to the generous soil of Naples that Richard purposed confiding his cotton plantation. Seeds were often found in the bales of cotton coming from America, and these he had now carefully collected, and when he had got a sufficient quantity, he conveyed them to Castel a Mare, where they succeeded so entirely, that one year after, he brought into France, as the produce of his first crop, twenty thousandweight of raw cotton.

Up to this point Richard could only be regarded as the most encouraging example of the union of persevering industry with bold and enterprising genius. It is to be regretted that he must serve also as warning against speculations that now took the character of rashness. The union between Holland and France threw an immense quantity of cotton goods into the market, and Richard could no longer find sale for what he had on hands; and with six factories perpetually at work, the quantity manufactured was very great. This was the origin of his first difficulties. Vainly did his friends urge him to close some of his establish-

ments for a short time; vainly did his confidential clerk intreat him to strike a balance, and retire from trade:—'You have done enough for France, and nobly maintained your reputation; think now of your interests, and of taking the rest you have so well earned.' Richard was deaf to every argument, and continued manufacturing in ruinous quantities.

His involvements increased to an overwhelming degree, and he was obliged to have recourse to the Emperor, to whom he frankly stated his situation. Napoleon, who had ever respected him, and had but very lately conferred upon him the cross of the Legion of Honour, did not keep him long in suspense; and a loan of fifteen hundred thousand francs enabled him to meet the immediate demands upon him. But the great cause of the evil still remained, and Richard at length thought of adopting the manufacture of wool instead of that of cotton. This new undertaking succeeded at first, and was attended with considerable profits; but soon fresh disaster occurred; and when the year 1813 arrived, so pregnant with reverse of fortune to the Emperor, ruin was impending over the enterprising manufacturer.

But personal anxieties were not suffered to make him indifferent to the fate of his fellow-citizens. When in the defence of Paris against the enemy's troops a number of men had been wounded and conveyed to hospital, Richard, in visiting them, saw that they were lying on the bare ground. He immediately supplied, at his own expense, eight hundred straw-beds, and employed the boiler of his bleach-house at Bon Secours to make broth, daily carried to them by his servants and clerks, who attended on them in the hospitals. We need scarcely say that this heavy expense was incurred without either expectation or desire of indemnification.

And now the troops of the allied sovereigns took possession of Paris, entering it on the 31st of March. Richard, though greatly attached to Bonaparte, from his kindness to himself personally, and therefore deeply grieved at his fallen fortunes, yet saw clearly that the fate of thousands of his dependents was involved in protection being extended to his manufactories by the restored Bourbons, and therefore he did not refuse to head the legion he commanded, when it was ordered out to receive the Count d'Artois at the barriers. But any hopes he might have entertained of their patronage were fallacious. The exhausted state of the public finances at the restoration, besides many other reasons, compelled the Bourbons to yield to the demand of England, that the duty upon cotton should be altogether taken off. The bill to that effect, which was passed without any clause of indemnity to the present holders of stock, found Richard with a fortune of eight millions, and rendered him poorer than when he first left his native village.

Even in this extremity, Richard, supported by his perseverance and fortitude, did not despair. He resolved to hold on, though now less to maintain his commercial reputation, than not to plunge into utter destitution the twenty thousand workmen in his employment. But he had soon exhausted all his own resources, and he was obliged to have recourse to loans, for which so high an interest was exacted, that in a little time his ruin was complete. He at length retreated from his struggle with adverse circumstances, almost penniless, yet respected and esteemed by his fellow-citizens. But the change from almost incessant activity, to a life which seemed to him now without an object, was too sudden and too great. He had now to struggle with all the privations of poverty; and the bent and furrowed brow, once so clear, so open—the pale, melancholy features, once so animated—proved how utterly this blow had prostrated all the energy of his character. It was not till October 1839, nearly twenty years after the ruin of his fortunes, that death put a period to his mental suffering. His remains were followed to the grave by a numerous assemblage of those very workmen to whom he had been not merely a patron, but a father; and many were their tears of heartfelt sorrow.

LIFE'S JOURNEY.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

It were a happy thing to dwell
On expectations merely,
Without one fear to quench or quell
Desires we nurse so dearly;
And looking aye on pleasant things,
And seeing still beyond them
Skies brighter far than even these are,
With bright waves to respond them.

But, well-a-day! 'tis only youth
That waiteth thus, undreading
The shock of time, the death of truth
Beneath the false world's treading;
For there is that within the mind
Which warns us not too boldly
To look before, nor yet behind,
Where cold ghosts gibber coldly.

The eye, which for an instant takes
Rose-visions from the future,
Beholding there all that is fair,
Finds Reason soon to tutor
And teach it all, that glows so bright
Is born of the ideal,
While o'er the prospect gloomy night
Brings darkness dense and real.

We cannot tread the smallest space
Without Hope's help to cheer us;
But we should look Toll in the face,
Nor faint to find it near us;
Nor in our need too largely draw
From Expectation's fountain:
Alas for him who fails in limb
When half way up the mountain!

Hope not too much—nor yet despair
By backward looks, that weaken
Those energies which make us bear.
The burdens we have taken:
The memory of the past should be
A thing to nerve, not scare us—
Our hopes no flimsy phantasy,
But staff to onward bear us!

Time, as it flies, upon its wings
Takes joys as well as sorrows:
The rose that dies, in dying flings
Faint perfumes for to-morrows;
But though the fragrance of the past
May rise like incense o'er us,
Let's hail it as a welcome oast
By flower-beds on before us!

Then do thy task—thy journey go—
Nor waste thy time lamenting
For mispent hours, whose memories show
But grounds for sad repenting:
Welcome the waves that come to take
Our steps from deserts lonely!
The surge which bears away the past,
Brings back its memory only!

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THE STRUGGLES OF PRINCIPLE.

We have to picture in the mind one of those long and straight roads in Germany, so long and straight, as almost to seem interminable, lined as usual with apple and walnut-trees, and which, unrelieved by any moving object, basks in saddening silence under a burning sun. While gazing on the scene, a living creature at length appears: at first a speck on the horizon, it increases as it approaches, and we perceive it is a man, dressed in the blouse of the country, and who, from the long hammer which he carries in his arm, is seen to be a cantonnier, or road-mender of the district. Let us follow his motions, and trace his humble history; for it is the history of a struggle with principle—a conflict of the heart—and may afford us some material for reflection.

Stephen, as our hero is called, has been on his way to his daily labour, and now reaches a large heap of stones. He involuntarily lifts his cap, as a kind of salutation to his daily work. He now ties on his wooden shoe, and sets hard to work, for out of the stones comes his bread, scanty though it be.

For two good hours Stephen has worked thus, seldom allowing himself a moment's rest to take breath. Now he stops; lays the pad upon the heap of stones; fills himself a pipe, as a reward for his toil; pulls on a wadded glove, and sitting down, falls to hammering away at the stones. As it strikes eleven, a barefooted boy comes up from the village with a jug well wrapt in a coarse cloth; he brings a large hunch of bread and a jug of warm soup to his father, who eats it with a right good appetite, and works on again until nightfall; then he shoulders his hammer, takes up his pad and his wooden shoe, and goes his way home.

Stephen lives in a small cottage just off the high road; his little girl, of three years old, is standing behind the casement, and exclaims, 'Here comes father!' And with a shout she runs to meet him.

Leading his child by the hand, Stephen enters the kitchen, and with a silent nod to his wife, who is busy on the hearth, he goes into the sitting-room, takes his little girl up in his arms, and casts a look at the cradle, where a little boy lies stuffing a corner of the blanket into his mouth, and kicking out his feet at his father. Then Stephen goes into the little room beyond, and asks, 'How are you, granny?'

A voice answers, in a whining tone, 'Ah, deary, the children are all so wild and noisy, and Peter has run off with my beans. I'll tell his master when I get about again, and can go to school!'—granny, be it known, having become childish in her old age, and acquired an impression that she was once more a girl at school. Her sole amusement consisted in tossing up beans, and catching them on the backs of her fingers, as school-girls are in the habit of doing when at play,

and of repeating hymns out of a hymn-book, that she might receive the approbation of her imaginary teacher.

'I have brought you some more beans, my good mother,' said Stephen in reply to granny's observation. 'Ay, ay, fine long brown beans, and some round white ones too—eh?'

'Both,' said Stephen; and he went back into the kitchen.

Why did not Stephen remain to talk with poor granny? He was hungry, and out of humour. Disinclined for conversation, he seated himself behind the table, under a large framed picture, to which a big seal was affixed, and sat waiting till the candle and supper came.

The supper was so long in coming, that Stephen rose and fetched himself a candle; and now we can see what the large framed picture is all about. It is nothing more nor less than the certificate of merit given to Stephen Huber on his leaving the army, after having served eleven years in the fifth regiment. The ink has turned brown, the arms upon the seal are almost all chipped off, and the flies are going through their last autumn manoeuvre upon the smooth pane of glass.

There sits Stephen staring into the candle; the child, too, upon his knee sits quiet, and with a fixed look, as if lost in thought like her father; for he sees nothing that is going on around him—his past life shifts before him like a dream.

A joyous day was that when he entered the army; no father or mother wept at parting from him; he had been early left an orphan. From the service of one master he passed into the regiment, where all served like him. Years flew by, he knew not how, and when the appointed term of his service expired, he enlisted again for five years more.

In the course of the last few years he had made the acquaintance of his Margaret. Many comrades as he had in the barracks, Stephen now for the first time seemed to *belong* to some one in the world. Now came days full of joy and full of sorrow; for his soldier's life grew burdensome to Stephen, and after another year of faithful service, he asked for his dismissal. Then he married Margaret, and went to live with her and her mother on a small property they possessed; his own small savings helping to begin housekeeping creditably.

During his service in the army Stephen had grown a stranger to village life, he had been so long accustomed to wear gloves; but hard labour soon tanned the skin upon his hands, and formed a glove which he could not pull off. All work was at first distasteful to him; and yet this would not have mattered much, for a man in good health soon accustoms himself to anything. But another sad consequence had resulted from his past life: Stephen had lost the habit of providing for himself.

In the barracks, his board, lodging, and firing were all found him, and things went on in a regular course, so long as a man only did his duty; but Stephen was now left to shift for himself, and he felt this a hardship. Gladly would he have gone back into service, to have again a fixed duty and a fixed pay; but this could not be: and a good thing it was that Margaret was a woman of resolution. For the first year or two, whilst their household was small, all had gone on well and smoothly; but as the family and debts increased, so did difficulties and disasters.

It may be matter for wonder that anybody should have permitted Stephen to get into their debt. But the debts were not personal; they were in the form of mortgages on the land and cottage, the interest of which required to be periodically and faithfully paid. Like a large proportion of small holdings, this one was mortgaged to nearly its full value, with the additional burden of the mother's life-rent; and therefore it could not be sold by its nominal proprietors.

A man falling into poverty is like one who is shipwrecked upon a small island in the open sea: he stands forlorn, watching the turbulent waves as they wash away the land, and swallow it up. He stands upon a small plot of ground, and he feels this too at length sink away, and himself with it. The worst that can happen a man in this state is despondency: it destroys his courage, and all power to rouse himself, or attempt to redeem his position.

Stephen's life passed monotonously, and wrapped in gloom: he was ready to do any kind of work, and worked in downright earnest: true though it be that, as the saying goes, toil has a bitter root, but sweet fruit, Stephen could no longer taste either the one or the other. No work was hard to him, but he knew not the comfort which lies in the consciousness of having done one's duty. The springs of his mind were in a manner closed and choked up.

Only the day before, his eldest child was laid in the earth: he had stood by, and looked on with a vacant stare. At the sight of the coffin, he asked himself where the money was to come from to pay for it; and when the clergyman spoke words of comfort and blessing, Stephen thought to himself that these words had likewise to be paid for. Even 'death brings its charge,' he murmured to himself.

Those who are at dispeace with themselves, fall naturally into quarrels with others. Stephen's bad humour had made his wife sulky and snappish, and in this manner had led to worse. That night the mutual ill-temper came to an open rupture, of course each blaming the other. After a storm of sharp words, Stephen remained silent. His thoughts turned to the time when he was free in the world, ere other lives were dependant on him; and the past appeared to him as a lost paradise. But he thought not of all the hardships he had then to undergo, nor how often he had sighed to be his own master, and longed for his present life. He now saw only the gloom around him, and thought how different it was when no one in the world had any claim on his exertions.

'Here am I toiling like a slave for these women,' said he internally, 'and getting no thanks for my pains; my wife even casts up that I got a cottage and land with her in marriage. 'Tis false! I got nothing of the sort. The payment of interest on mortgages is a millstone round my neck. To be sure if granny were gone, I might contrive to give up the property, and have a small balance over. But she won't die these dozen years. Old half-mad women are as tenacious of life as cats. ... Ha! what notion was that which crossed my mind? Kill granny! No, no; that would never do. I have been a soldier, but never shall be—a murderer.'

As the fearful thought flashed across the imagination, Stephen started convulsively: his face grew red as fire. The child upon his knee, roused by his shudder, seized him by the chin. Stephen's features brightened: he lifted the child up, and kissed it fervently, as if by that kiss

he would ask forgiveness for the sinful thought that had sprung up in his soul.

Stephen took the child in his arms, and turning to his wife, who was busy preparing some potatoes for supper, he inquired in a kindly tone if he could help her.

The woman answered acrimoniously, the fact being, that she had not yet vented her anger.

Stephen was thrown back on himself—on his own evil thoughts. In a chaos of passion, in which vexation predominated, he fell to rocking the child, which lay fast asleep upon his knee, with its little hands closed and raised towards his breast, until at length he perceived that he had almost thrown it on the ground, and stopped.

Hungry as he was, Stephen scarcely felt it a relief when supper was announced as being ready. The potful of boiled potatoes was emptied on the table, and salt was set down for general use. Stephen forced himself to swallow a potato, but his throat seemed sewn up, and he muttered to himself, 'The best thing, after all, is for a man to be dead and buried.' He leant back and shook his head, as if wishing to shake off the thought of what was done, and could not be undone.

Margaret had been accustomed, before she tasted a bit herself, to peel the best potatoes with wonderful alacrity, slice and salt them, and push them to her husband: and this little attention she continued all the time she herself was eating. But this evening he sat waiting long in vain: the truth was, that Margaret dawdled somewhat, and he gave her a significant look: his wife saw in it only anger and reproach. What claim, indeed, had Stephen to her watchful attention? Could not he help himself? So thought Margaret, in her foolishness, and she pushed the peeled potatoes over to the children, as if to make up for their father's hasty words.

Stephen smiled to himself; and partly out of real kindness, and to make amends, but partly, too, from a little secret desire of retaliation, he now laid before Margaret a potato which he had himself peeled. But in a sharp tone she only said, 'Eat it yourself: I do declare you have never washed your hands after your stone-breaking!'

Stephen bit his lips, and presently blurted out, 'Get a baker for your husband; he'll always have clean hands with kneading his dough.' So saying, he clasped his pocket-knife, rose up, and left the house.

He now gave vent to his rage, and began to storm, whilst the silent voice of conscience interrupted his exclamations. Stephen thought thus to himself:—

'Truly I am the most miserable man in the world.'

'The question is, how that is to be understood,' replied the voice.

'Have I not to labour for wife and children, and slave like a horse out of doors in the wind and rain?'

'Whilst your wife has all the care and trouble at home, with her helpless mother and crying children, without peace or rest.'

'I never get a good word in return for all my labour.'

'Ask yourself whether you have not received many more good words than you have given?'

'I bring home every farthing I earn, and keep nothing for myself.'

'Do your wages belong to you or to your family, or has your wife secret treasures?'

'I never allow myself any pleasure.'

'And pray does your wife at home eat roast meat and salad?'

'For weeks I have not tasted a drop of beer.'

'Does your wife, then, drink wine every day?'

'And for all this I get never a word of thanks.'

'What thanks do you require for doing your duty?'

'She treats me like a dog, and makes only an ill return for all my kindness. I have never a happy moment.'

'Oh how you lie to your own soul! Can you have

forgotten the hundreds of hours, of days, when her love and goodness have blessed and strengthened you? Nay, could you not at any time wind her round your finger by a kind word?

'My home is made unbearable, my life a burden. Oh that some one would send a bullet through my head!'

'Strike down your own wicked thoughts—destroy them; that is wiser.'

'Well, when I am dead and gone, she'll then learn what I have been to her.'

'Ay, what? A man unable to control his passions; and who, not content with the troubles that come of themselves, is ever worrying himself and his family.'

'I only wish that I could go out into the wide world, and forget everything.'

'Nay, there is *one* whom you cannot forget. I shall accompany you wherever you go.'

So thought Stephen to himself, and thus did the voice of conscience try to make itself heard within him; but he would not listen to it.

As he sauntered through the village, he felt as if he were a stranger and alone—as if he knew no one. He was a stranger to his own heart, as he was in his own home. He was ashamed to go to the public-house to drive away his cares, for his eldest child had been buried only the day before. Seeing by chance a light in the schoolmaster's house, he resolved to drop in upon him. He and the schoolmaster were great friends. The latter was a good sort of man, in the prime of life. He had drawn up for Stephen the petition which had procured him the little post of road-mender, and they had ever since been in the habit of meeting frequently. Stephen, who had lived many years in the town, and had a certain feeling of importance, thought this was just the man for him—one who, in spite of his humble condition, could understand him; and this was in reality the case.

At the schoolmaster's house Stephen met a number of men and lads, all patiently listening to a harangue. They were intending emigrants, who had come to be instructed by the schoolmaster about the geography and nature of North America, as to how they should get thither, the best means of settling there, and so forth. A thought flashed across Stephen's mind, of which we shall hear more presently.

When the lecture was ended, the folks all rushed into the open air. Every man seemed ready that instant to run off into the backwoods, and set to work, felling the trees of the forest that had stood there untouched since the day of creation, or digging and ploughing up the soil. At moments of excitement and enthusiasm like these, men are often able to perform almost superhuman feats; ay, and at such moments acts of daring and valour are achieved upon the field of battle. And yet, in truth, it is much easier to advance boldly up to the cannon's mouth than silently to work upon one's own secret will, and to combat the petty troubles and vexations of life—a struggle of the heart. Such a struggle Stephen had to encounter.

Many of the assembled throng now betook themselves to the public-house. They could not immediately set about anything for their future prospects, and thought themselves therefore at liberty to break through all restraints, and give themselves up to idleness, until the new scene of activity opened to them. Into this torrent of enthusiasm Stephen plunged, and heard all that was said in favour of emigration. Next day his humour was not improved. He had formed a project in his mind, not a word of which he said to Margaret; he wished to perfect the scheme quite alone. Moreover, he knew well enough the obstacles which stood in his way, and resolved to say nothing until these were overcome, his preparations made, and all was ready. He got a notion into his head that here, in his own country, no one could properly become a man; that life in earnest could only begin in the new world. He seemed to have now awakened to an estimate of the full power of manhood; and in fact this was in a certain

sense the case. He felt a kind of pride, of self-importance, in doing all without saying a word; but Stephen had yet to learn from experience what a man gets by separating himself from those to whom the ties of nature have bound us; he had yet to discover the abyss toward which he was rushing.

Margaret, too, on her part, was looking forward to a new life—she was expecting another child; but she did not dare to disclose this to Stephen. Was he not her wedded husband in the sight of God and man? and yet she wept in silence, as if she had to hide a secret feeling of shame. She sighed when she thought that the new life would bring only fresh sorrow into the house; and recollected with what cold indifference Stephen had borne the death of their eldest child, or rather with the satisfaction of having a burden taken from his shoulders. Thus were these two persons, united by the closest and holiest ties of nature, and living under the same roof, parted as if by the wide sea.

Stephen, when at his work, would shake his head involuntarily, as if a horse-fly had stung him; and he would sometimes hold a stone for a whole minute under his foot, and forget to split it, as he sat lost in thought. And now the minutes seemed hours, for he had lost the only treasure which he had kept through all his poverty—his watch. 'Tis true he had only pawned it, to pay the expenses of the funeral, but he knew that he should never be able to redeem it; and he felt as if he had parted with a portion of his very existence, and an instinctive consciousness of coming misery stole upon his mind. As he used to sit thinking over the future, and how he should work in the backwoods of America, felling the trees and clearing the ground, every blow that he gave a stone with his hammer seemed to him a useless waste of labour: he longed to be at work on his own land, and not sit hammering there upon a heap of stones for mere pitiful day-wages. Then involuntarily he put his hand to his pocket, where he used to wear his watch, and he thought, 'Ah! if the old grandmother's bed were but empty, I could sell it and get my watch again.'

This thought, which suggested itself as it were by accident to his mind, from this time haunted him perpetually. As long as the old woman lived, Margaret would not consent to emigrate, nor could the cottage and grounds be turned into cash. At home, Stephen was now always silent, except when he broke forth from time to time; for the merest trifle threw him into a passion, and he quarrelled with all around him, because he quarrelled with himself. Margaret remarked the change in her husband, and began to experience feelings of remorse: she felt that she had gone too far—wished she could have recalled some exasperating expressions. One thing puzzled her: Stephen was evidently thinking over some scheme which he kept a secret from her. Could it have any relation to granny? He took looks of her that were positively frightful; at the same time he spoke gaily to the old woman, and listened to her long confused stories about the hymns she had learned.

It was no small aggravation of Margaret's disturbance of feeling that she had to contend with painful privations. The family were forced to live almost at the brink of starvation. A good stock of linen, the last thing a German peasant parts with, had been sold in liquidation of some pressing debts. Various articles of furniture had previously disappeared for similar emergencies. There was not a bedstead left in the house, except that on which the grandmother lay.

How melancholy was the picture which the interior of the cottage disclosed! The family one evening had retired to rest, after the mere shadow of a meal. Stephen stretched himself on the floor, supperless and hungry, and wrapped his old tattered soldier's cloak about him. Margaret had taken the child to herself, that they might keep one another warm; but she found no rest, for the voice of hunger cried aloud within her for food. Moreover, she lay thinking of her disagree-

ment with her husband; she wanted to speak openly to him about matters, but she felt choked, and her tongue was parched. Stephen, too, could not sleep; he lay tossing from side to side, restless from hunger and the struggle that was going on in his own mind.

A word spoken in kindness, one to the other, would have led to a reconciliation; but who was first to speak that word?

In his restlessness, Stephen uttered a deep sigh. It was dark, and Margaret could not see her husband; but she heard him sigh, and knew that he lay not further than an arm's length from her. The feelings of the wife and mother were melted: pride gave way before the influence of the affections: Margaret stretched forth her hand and laid it gently on the shoulder of her husband. It was a movement as if guided by an angel of mercy.

'Dear Stephen,' said the wife.

'Dear Margaret,' replied the husband. As he said so, his long frozen-up feelings found vent in tears. In tenderness there is repentance. Stephen resolved to unburden his thoughts to Margaret. He told her all—all that he had contemplated, and his sinful desire for the old woman's death. His feelings found a vent in tears, and Margaret wept with him. She told him that she had suspected his thoughts of emigrating; but had feared to speak. Stephen was now enraged with himself, but Margaret pacified him with affectionate words; and at length he said, 'Forget it all—forgive me! I see—I see: do not ask me more—forget it all! You are good and kind, Margaret; and indeed I will repay your love! Let us, above all, be of one heart and mind.'

Their poverty and long estrangement were all now forgotten; everything looked brighter; they no longer felt any hunger; and as they talked over their future hopes and plans, they reconciled one another to wait patiently for the present in their little cottage. Stephen determined to work hard, and to conquer every bad passion in his breast; and this resolution restored peace to him.

From that day he was unusually brisk and diligent at his work: spring was approaching, and with it the pressure of want began to be less felt. In his conduct to the grandmother Stephen showed a remarkable tenderness, and Margaret did not understand what he meant when he one day said, 'I do so hope that good old soul may live many years yet! Sometimes I have thought to myself that our little child would learn to walk alone, and run upon our own land in America; but no matter—'tis all one—it can play about just as well here.' Often in an evening he would sit playing with the old woman like a child, and yielded to her in everything, for she was very self-willed. He heard her regularly repeat the verse out of the hymn-book; but sometimes she did not know what hymn she had been set to learn, and then he would read to her the first lines of all the hymns alphabetically; but whilst he was reading, she forgot what she had wished, and wanted to play again with her beans. Stephen's conduct is told in a few words—it sprang, in truth, not only from patience and forbearance, but from a refinement of feeling.

One day the old woman was in great delight, when the schoolmaster, coming to call upon Stephen, heard her repeat her verse, and made her a present of a little picture. Stephen, too, shared in this innocent and childish joy.

When spring came, and the troop of emigrants prepared for their departure, the old feeling of restlessness came over Stephen again: he stood watching the folks as they passed him while at work breaking stones on the road, and he bade them farewell with a bitter smile.

'So,' said he, 'I have to mend the roads, to help you on your way! Perhaps it may turn out that you are but going before to smoothe the way for me—who knows?'

As Captain Lumbus drove past, he cried out to

Stephen, 'Hollo, you stone-hammerer! in America I'll buy a dukedom, and call it Lumbia, and when you come over, I'll make you a present of a hundred acres.' Stephen did not answer.

For some days after the departure of the troop of emigrants, the village seemed quite deserted: their well-known faces were missing, and every one felt sure that they would never be forgotten. But no—when a man, or a community of men, sinks in the stream of life, it is as with a stone falling into the water: at first it parts the tide, but the rings which it creates enlarge and grow fainter as they recede, until at length the water flows on smooth as before. The wanderers were scarcely gone, when the young swallows, twittering in secret, took counsel together where they should fix their nests; then off they flew, circling around this roof and that, and on the wing discussing their plan of building. Ere they had finished their nests, hardly a person in the village had longer a thought for the troop of their brethren who had so lately gone forth from among them to settle and build in distant lands. Where were they now hovering? Stephen and the schoolmaster were almost the only persons who talked frequently of their distant friends, and accompanied them in thought across the ocean.

Autumn was come again. A merry little girl was added to Stephen's family, but a friend was withdrawn from it. The schoolmaster was imprisoned: he had received a letter from his brother, who had emigrated with the rest, describing the voyage to America, and the first steps taken to fix on a settlement. The schoolmaster had made several copies of this letter, which gave offence to the police; for it was construed into an attempt to evade the censorship of, and tax on, the public press. Some weeks elapsed before the poor man was set at liberty, and when he returned home, he felt that his position was changed: the little authority of his office was gone, and he finally resolved to emigrate. He told his intention to Stephen, who was, without any great difficulty, persuaded to accompany him; for the desire of emigrating only slumbered in his mind, and the slightest circumstance sufficed to re-awaken the thought. Stephen, however, had to suffer a heavy punishment for the wicked thoughts which he had once allowed to enter his breast.

One day he was nailing up some boards in an out-house, near which stood a ladder he had been using. Unsettled and capricious, the old grandmother had wandered to the spot, and, unperceived by her son-in-law, had climbed to the top of the ladder, where a favourite cat had taken up its station. All at once a piercing shriek was heard; the old woman fell headlong down the steps. Stephen ran to the spot, and stood horror-struck with his hammer in his hand. Several of the neighbours also came running up and gathered round the old woman, who lay senseless on the ground, apparently at the point of death. Pale as ashes, Stephen stared fixedly on the senseless body. There, thought he, was the accomplishment of that which he had so often contemplated—nay, desired in the bottom of his soul! A feeling of terror and remorse seized him, as if it was his wish that had done the deed: he ran away from the place, and acted as if out of his senses; he knew not which way to turn or what to do. Presently the constables came up, and Stephen had to go with them before the magistrate. The thought which he had kept hidden in the depths of his soul, which he had combated and conquered, and to which he imagined no one could ever penetrate, now occurred, as it were naturally, to the mind of every one, and a charge was immediately founded upon it. He was accused of having wilfully thrown the old woman down the ladder, and killed her with the hammer.

Notwithstanding his denial of the crime laid to his charge, he was committed for further examination. His confinement, however, was of no long duration. The old woman had not been killed outright, as was at first supposed. She recovered sufficiently to explain the

cause of her fall, and died next day, surrounded by her family. When she was buried, Stephen wept over her grave. These were the last tears he shed on his native soil, for with steady and sober resolution he now made all his preparations for removal from his native country, and at length emigrated. He had grown strong in the struggle with himself and with the world. He had learnt by hard experience to know himself and others, and his mind was now at peace. With the renovated spirit of youth and hopefulness, he was free to steer his course toward a new home, and to enter upon a new life.

The schoolmaster and Stephen, with their families, were among the first of those who went to seek their fortunes in America, and there they settled in one of those districts which have been appropriated by their industrious countrymen. There also they were successful in their labours; and under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree, they had no reason to regret having sought a new home beyond the waters of the Atlantic.*

AN UNKNOWN REPUBLIC.

AMONG the higher recesses of the Pyrenees there exist two small republics, having scarcely any dependence on, or connection with, the monarchy of Spain on the one hand, or the newly-got-up republic of France on the other. One of these—Andorre—is not unknown to the world; but the other, which is of considerably less extent and population, may never probably have been heard of in England. Goust, as this obscure little commonwealth is termed, has its locale at the southern extremity of the valley of Ossau, or rather the track which leads to it there begins. This track winds along the face of a steep, through forests, rocks, and clouds, till the stranger, faint and dizzy, begins to fancy that he is in the nightmare, climbing some miraculous bean-stalk. But courage! Goust is no mushroom power: it is full of the ease and dignity of years; and at every step you find traces of bygone generations. Here the corner of the cliff is rounded; there a rustic seat invites you to rest for a moment; and again the hewn trunk of a tree affords you passage over some mountain torrent. Pleasant is it for the wayfaring man to pause in such a place; to feel the sunbeams showering upon him through the trees; to drink of the sparkling waters, with his hand for a cup; to lean over the precipice, and watch them leaping in mad joy into a bottomless abyss; to listen to their voice as it mingles with the singing of birds; and to see in imagination the distant world below, with all its paltry cares and mean ambitions. And more than pleasant for him is it to resume the journey after such a pause, to stride forward like a giant refreshed, and to feel that his spirit belongs to that upper region to which his feet are hastening.

The apex of the mountain is at length sufficiently near to be discerned above your head, for you are now between three and four thousand feet from the level of the valley, and a beautiful and yet fantastic scene it presents. Instead of the naked rocks you might have expected, a green coronal hangs upon the peak; and this, as you approach, resolves into trees and bushes, and gardens and fields, forming a little fairy oasis, belonging more to the air than the earth. This is the domain of Goust; and in the midst of these trees are its ten houses, inhabited by its population of fifty souls.

We cannot answer for the exact number of the people; but we know that the number of the houses has been the same through all tradition. Indeed the permanence of everything at Goust is its most striking characteristic; and in the present age of revolution, it may be worth while to try to ascertain the cause. As

for the government of the community, we are not prepared to say that it has any definite form at all. At anyrate there is no council-chamber, no parliament, no justice-room. Certain voices are listened to with respect and obedience, but age appears to be the sole qualification. At Goust all intellects are alike, the sole difference being made by experience. A man of a hundred years of age is wiser than a lad of fifty or sixty; and indeed till the first-mentioned age is attained, the judgment can hardly be reckoned mature. Centenarians are the rule amongst the old men, not the exception; and Dr Cayet, the chronicler of the place, who writes in 1605, mentions the death in that year of an individual who was born in 1482.

The religion of Goust has neither priest nor temple; but, except when they are shut up by the snow during winter, the inhabitants do not suffer the insularity of their position to deprive them of spiritual comfort. Laruns is the grand centre of the Christianity of the country; and thither, on great occasions, descend the population of the peaks and precipices of this portion of the Pyrenees. At Laruns they are baptised, married, and buried; for people die some time or other even at Goust. Lovers walk to the distant church to become husband and wife, and infants are carried thither to be made Christians; but the dead, who cannot walk, and whom it would be difficult to carry along a descending path cut in the face of an almost perpendicular cliff, require some contrivance. They are made to slide down the precipice, and the mourners follow, having hold of a rope attached to the coffin. When the path at length becomes more practicable for a funeral procession, the cortège is met by a priest, and they take their way, with holy hymns, to the cemetery of Laruns.

But these are not the sole visits of our republicans to the lower world. They carry milk and vegetables even to the Eaux-Chaudes, and may be seen trafficking for luxuries, comforts, or necessaries in the most distant corners of the valley of Ossau. There is, indeed, one commodity—luxury, comfort, and necessary in one—the search for which brings every young man of Goust into the valley at one time or other. At home there are young girls enough, but all are within the prohibited degrees of consanguinity, and it is necessary to go abroad for a wife. Down, therefore, they plunge—these adventurous bachelors—like angels (Thomas Moore's) coming to woo the daughters of men; and casting the eagle glance of the mountaineer round this Tempe of the Pyrenees, they are not long of singling out their destined bargain. The marriage takes place, as we have said, at Laruns; and then comes the young wife's expedition, undertaken probably for the first time, into the cloud-land which is henceforward to be her home. As she ascends farther and farther from the level earth, and the path becomes narrower and steeper, she clings closer and closer, it may be supposed, to the arm she has selected for her support in the journey of life. The valley beneath is already covered with tumbling clouds, and she is terrified to look back upon the dizzy path by which she has climbed out of the vapour. Forward—forward—is her only hope; her destiny is fixed beyond recall; the metaphors of poetry are to her substantial facts. But how beautiful is the oasis that at length rewards her labour! How deep is the feeling of security with which her lately quaking heart is filled! And how strange the next morning is the silence of the desert air, which awakens her with a start and a thrill! But her dream is interrupted by the hungry yet joyous cries of the household for breakfast; and in half an hour the young girl of Ossau is converted into the thrifty, thoughtful, methodical, hard-working matron of Goust.

This incident is fertile in consequences; for the union of the two families does not end here. The adventurous brother of the bride follows her steps, both in affection and curiosity, to see what strange abiding-place the soaring fancy of his sister has chosen. Among the curiosities of the place, his eye rests upon a rich warm cheek and flashing eye, which has the same effect upon

* The above tale, bearing token of the simplicity of German thought and writing, is a free translation from Berthold Auerbach.

him—for love delights in contrasts—which the pale and pensive face of the girl of the valley produced upon the heart of the mountaineer. The one damsel descends as willingly as the other climbed; and by and by the daughter of Goust becomes the wife of Oseau. Thus are knit together by kindred sympathies the two extremes of the region, and sweet thoughts and loving memories fly backwards and forwards, like doves, between heaven and earth. Thus, too, the principle of population is regulated, and the human ebb and flow goes far towards keeping the numbers of the oasis at an average which has remained steady for ages.

But when this equilibrium is interrupted by circumstances—when, for instance, there come some additional mouths, which threaten, when they grow larger, to stint the commons of the hamlet—then appears the wisdom of the government of Goust. A boy, perhaps two or three, if it be necessary, are equipped, and sent forth to push their fortune in the valley. And these are no loss to the hamlet: they form its advanced guards, and become *points d'appui* of its traffic. They are not exiles, but agents. They are true colonists, linked to the mother-land by love and reverence, and a constant interchange of good offices. In greater social aggregations the same necessity is felt, and the same means of relief is at hand; but, less clear-sighted than the centenarians of Goust, or else bewildered by the complications of a numerous society, such communities lose time in arguing and temporising, till the evil becomes intolerable, and the whole fabric of the state is shaken—perhaps shattered. The mouths continue to increase, while the produce remains stationary. Envy, hate, crime, take the place of love, innocence, and peace. The food is ravished which can no longer be earned; and the public misery at length revenges itself upon a government whose worst crimes were indecision and imbecility.

But although our hamlet escapes some of the evils, it yet misses, we must own, some of the advantages of a society in a more complicated state. In it individuals are nothing, and the mass everything. There is no opportunity for the innovations of genius, no field for experiment and improvement. The whole body politic must advance at once, or all remain stationary. Originality is reckoned madness; novelty is a crime—an insult. Agriculture and implements, manners and knowledge, are at this day what they were in the time of Henri Quatre; and long before then, the enduring stereotype had been cast. The stream of the world rolls by several thousand feet beneath, washing the base of that eternal rock, but unable to reach the summit with its voice or its spray.

Goust, we have said, is a democracy; and it is so in the strictest sense of the word. Distinctions of rank are unknown, and the only existing superiority is that of age. As a man in the progress of years becomes callous to the ordinary enjoyments of life, there open out to him new vistas of power and utility. Seated before their cottage doors, wrapped in the twilight radiance of the setting sun, the decemvirs of the hamlet receive the homage of their descendants. Their decisions, however, are not despotic, but constitutional; for the government is traditional, and the qualifications of a functionary are nothing more than years and memory. Property remains to this day on its original basis. No family has an inch more land than its neighbours. There being no inferiority of wealth, there is no pride of purse; and where the condition of all is known to all, there can be no pretension, no ostentation, no hypocrisy. It would seem, indeed, that there is an equality even in the intellect of the inhabitants, the means of its cultivation being so humble and so uniform; and thus the hamlet of Goust presents an almost absolute equilibrium, individual, social, and territorial, and may be looked upon as an expression of the democratic state in its simplest and purest form. Such as it is, it might form a useful study, both as regards its advantages and disadvantages, for the statesmen of these last days, if

they could only raise their eyes high enough from the crowd that is rushing and struggling on the surface of the earth.

We have only to add, that this hamlet is one of several perched on the pinnacles of the Pyrenees, and almost forgotten by the parent state to which they belong. Escaping interference through their poverty, insignificance, and remoteness, they have grown up into self-supporting communities, and preserved a traditional independence in the midst of the political changes which have convulsed the rest of the country.

WALKS IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST.

MUCH as I have seen of grand and imposing scenery—mountains, rocks, waterfalls, and the great ocean itself—nothing has ever so effectually impressed me with feelings of the sublime and wonderful as the vast forests of Brazil. It is indeed allowed that the whole kingdom of nature presents no spectacle more grand, and at the same time pleasing and curious, than the Brazilian Forest. The woods of North America are doubtless as extensive and pathless, but they are comparatively monotonous and tame in their aspect; the climate under which they flourish not being calculated to impart picturesque, varied, and permanent beauty.

Equipped for the expedition, and accompanied by a guide, the traveller plunges into the forests of Brazil as into a sea of trees, flowers, and animal existences—all new, strange, and overwhelming in their abundance and illimitable variety. He sees what nature, under a burning sun, and with a rich soil, can do when left to herself. How puny man's efforts in comparison! After a day or two's wearisome rambling, he finds he has penetrated to the home of the beast of prey, the paradise of the insect and bird, and the court-royal of the vegetable kingdom. There, lost in wonder, moved by feelings wholly new to his mind, he is never weary of beholding. To use the bright colours of Dr Von Martius—in these 'vast woods, whose summits, bound together by wreaths of wonderful flowers, appear to fathom the blue sky, while the plains at their feet are clothed with the most lovely and odoriferous plants; and while beyond the eye catches a glimpse of the vast territory of the royal race of the palms, the traveller may easily conceive himself to have been suddenly transplanted into the fabled gardens of Hesperides.' These forests are of vast antiquity: the surface of the soil appears to indicate that while in other countries rough places have been made plain, valleys exalted, and mountains dethroned, here centuries have rolled past leaving scarcely a feature of the forest scenery seriously affected. The enormous dimensions of the trees, with the sure register of their age, preserved by themselves in their concentric rings, are evidences of this remarkable fact. The Brazilians call them 'Virgin Forests.' One of the circumstances which at first impresses most is the delicious coolness of the air. On the borders of these forest-realms a tropical heat beats upon the traveller's head; but on plunging into these wooded recesses, this is exchanged for an almost temperate climate. In less dense portions the mass of the solar rays is broken up into myriad-penciled streaks, which come piercing down through the verdant roof, divested of more than half their energy. There is a subdued and indefinite murmur pervading these majestic groves, like the hum of human life heard afar off: the tiny horn of the insects, the strange voices of birds, and the distant cries of the monkeys, make the solemn scene vocal with nature's hymn. But disregarding these, the traveller turns to the contemplation of the stupendous vegetation crowding around him, which coats the soil, creeps up the trees, flings its airy garlands aloft; which forms the foreground, the background, and the very sky of this sylvan picture.

The scene abounds in contrasts. The towering palm shooting up into the cloudless sky, seeking the nearest proximity to the sun, carries its graceful head high

above all. Conceive the effect of a beautiful crown of dark-green graceful foliage borne on the summit of a slender shaft, probably a hundred and eighty feet high. Then when the wind comes along the forest tops below, these gracious monarchs will be seen to bend in acknowledgment of fealty, and rising again, to fling out the splendid feathers in their tufts, as though, when the momentary act of condescension was performed, they hastened to resume the bearing of their rank. The situations in which the palms often make their appearance in these forests give them an additional beauty. Sometimes on the summit of a granite rock, fed by the humus of centuries, its root watered by the forest stream, the Linnæan 'prince of vegetation' takes its stand, rising into the air like a giant. Sometimes, likewise—for the palms are by no means uniform in size—they fix themselves in a desolate, solitary spot, the trunk swollen in the middle, and tapering above and below, thus wearing the appearance of vast nine-pins set up for the amusement of the ancient sons of Anak; and sometimes the children of the race will take the shelter of a sturdy green veteran, and, with a kind of vegetable vanity, display their exquisite forms and hereditary coronets against his rugged ungainly trunk and distorted branches.

While a comparatively dull similarity marks the forests of temperate regions, those of Brazil are conspicuous for the wonderful variety and endless contrasts. Here 'the silk-cotton-tree,' writes Dr Spix, 'partly armed with strong thorns, begins at a considerable height from the ground to spread out its thick arms and digitated leaves, which are grouped in light and airy masses,' while beyond, luxuriant trees of lower growth, and 'the Brazilian anda shooting out at a less height many branches profusely covered with leaves,' unite to form a verdant arcade. The next curiosity is the hard outline of the 'trumpet-tree' (*Cecropia peltata*). The stem, which is smooth, polished, and of an ash-gray colour, springs up to a considerable height, and then suddenly flings out a whorl of branches like a ruff, which have white leaves at their extremities, reminding us, to compare great things with small, of the anomalous specimens of forest-trees which get imported into this country in children's toy-boxes. In the deeper recesses of the forest are trees of colossal proportions. Dr Von Martius gives the particulars of a locust-tree which fifteen Indians with outstretched arms could only just embrace. Several others were upwards of eighty feet in circumference at the bottom, and sixty feet where the boles became cylindrical. By counting the concentric rings of such parts as were accessible, he arrived at the conclusion that they were of the age of Homer! and 332 years old in the days of Pythagoras: one estimate, indeed, reduced their antiquity to 2052 years, while another carried it up to 4104! The effect produced upon the imagination by the sight of these vegetable patriarchs can scarcely be described. Many of the trees are adorned with beautiful flowers of every conceivable hue, and of odour equally varied, now attracting, and now repelling the explorer. Some of them painted in the gaudiest colours, glitter against the deep foliage, others concealed under its shelter, while others again expand, and glitter, and fade at a height at which neither the hand of man nor the invasion of animals can reach them.

Though the aspect of these mighty trees conveys something of the impression of an eternal existence, they are not less mortal than their humbler companions. Many agencies are in operation, the ultimate effect of which is to pull them down, lay them level with the ground, and reduce them to their original dust. If by ill-fortune one has long been surrounded by a crowd of trees of another kind, like the great ones of our own race, its situation is eminently perilous. The insidious neighbours conspire to sap its strength, purloin its juices, and contend for the ground with its

the noble tree begins to wither; branch after branch drops mortified from the trunk; it becomes seared, leafless, and rotten from head to foot; and in a few months the struggle is suddenly terminated by a mighty wind. The wood-boring insects and ants had long singled out their victim, and in millions had eaten up its strength. The splendid trunk bends under the wind; a fresh gust in greater violence catches it; and down it comes, overwhelming in its ruin not a few of the enemies which had combined against it, and startling the whole forest with the thundering crash betokening its destruction. A further work is, however, to be accomplished. Curious fungi steal over it, and revel on its dead carcass, on which they display their splendid apparel and grotesque forms. In a short time the chemical influence of the air also aiding in the deed, they, too, have fulfilled their office; and now the place where stood the pride of the forest 'knows it no more,' save as a shapeless mass of vegetable earth.

Penetrating more deeply into these forests, it is no figure to say that there is the kingdom of eternal night. The darkness is never broken by the intrusion of the solar beam, and the feeble moonlight is never known there. The period when the earth is rejoicing in the blaze of a mid-day sun, is that in which the darkness of these recesses only becomes a little modified for a dim obscurity. At this time the straight and lofty trunks of the trees alone are discernible; above them hangs a dense impenetrable roof of branches and leaves; and the impression of being in a great vault, upheld by a thousand rugged pillars, is that which most deeply affects the traveller. A dreadful stillness, and an over-mastering feeling of gloom, oppress the faculties, and he gladly retraces his steps to brighter scenes out of this valley of the shadow of death. The most remarkable feature of these ancient forests remains to be mentioned, and it is that which clothes them in the most elegant and fantastic garb: it is the innumerable, the incredible multitude of parasitic plants and creepers. As though the surface of the earth were insufficient for the purpose of unfolding all the glorious productions of the teeming soil, every hoary trunk is a flower-garden, every branch a flower-stand, on which a countless variety of plants, of the most exquisite foliage and flower, put forth their beauties, adorning the great mass on which they thrive with a garment of divers colours and odours not its own. Curiaes, arums, the splendid flowers of the pothos, the bromelias, the sweet-scented favourites of the South American gardens, and singular tillandrias, hang down in the most astonishing luxuriance and remarkable forms from every aged tree. The trunks are also the dwelling-place of a profusion of variously-tinted lichens—some of a beautiful rose colour, others of a dazzling yellow, some blood-red, which paint the rough bark, and contribute a richness and a warmth of colouring to the ensemble which can scarcely be conceived. Up other giant stems creep passion-flowers, in rich exuberance, expanding in a variety of rich colours their singular form, once so awe-exciting, so deeply mysterious to the early discoverers of this continent. But the appearance of the luantha, visci, and orchids, which scramble over these trees, the pen fails to describe. Here seated on a scaly palm, there reposing on an immense bough, or dangling from the farthest branch, they shed their odours, inexpressibly sweet and grateful, and exult in their fantastic beauties, giving their resting-place a splendour of appearance not to be equalled by the most magnificent collection brought together by the hands of man. Yet more wonderful even than these are the creeping and twining plants in these regions. An exquisite wood-engraving, from a drawing by Martius, of a scene in the Orgar Mountains, will be found in Dr Lindley's new work, 'The Vegetable Kingdom,' which will convey a definite idea at least of the elegant decoration thus contributed to the forest. Here will be seen Flora in her playfullest mood, flinging garlands from tree to tree, and binding in her magical cords, sometimes

of considerable strength, trees of the most opposite character and aspect. These plants creep in immense coils to the topmost boughs, fling themselves to the nearest neighbour, wind around the captive, and come down, twisting and curling in an inextricable manner, among the boughs. Occasionally they twist together like great cables, and are seen strapping down some great tree to the earth, something after the similitude of the mast of a ship. Mr Darwin says, 'During the second day's journey, we found the road so shut up, that it was necessary that a man should go abroad with a sword to cut away the creepers. The woody creepers themselves, covered by others, were of great thickness; some which I measured were two feet in circumference.' Many of these creepers suffocate the trees around which they clasp. In every direction their writhing lengths appear, giving the scene the character of an enormous nest of serpents. The surface of the ground is literally strewn with floral germs, in purple and gold, in scarlet and blue, and in every tinge into which the rays of light can be arranged; while the exquisite delicacy of the foliage of the ferns and mimosa adds its peculiar grace to the whole. Flowers which would be the pride and glory of our conservatories, here fall beneath the foot of the traveller at every step. Should he escape from the dense groves in which he has been so long immersed, and gain the elevation of some lofty hill, what a scene presents itself! Grottesque cacti are all around, the curious trees called the 'lily-trees,' or *vellosias*, having thick naked stems, and dividing like a fork, with a few branches tipped with tufts of leaves, the most singular forms of the vegetable world, thrive on the plain at his feet, over which the emus, or American ostriches, gallop in flocks, and his eyes roam in never-tiring admiration over a sea of forest, of waving foliage, of changing tints, and of inexpressible majesty, spreading out its broad arms into the distant horizon. 'So thick and uninterrupted,' writes Humboldt, 'are the forests which cover the plains of South America between the Orinoco and the Amazon, that were it not for intervening rivers, the monkeys, almost the only inhabitants of these regions, might pass along the tops of the trees for several hundred miles together without touching the earth.'

These primeval forests are only silent during the mid-day glare of the tropical sun. The dawn of morning is greeted by legions of monkeys, tree-frogs, and toads, and when the sun arises the scene is full of life. 'Squirrels, troops of gregarious monkeys, issue inquisitively from the interior of the woods to the plantations, and leap whirling and chattering from tree to tree. Birds of the most singular forms, and of the most superb plumage, flutter singly or in companies through the fragrant bushes. The green, blue, and red parrots assemble on the tops of the trees, or fly toward the plantations and islands, filling the air with their screams. The busy orioles creep out of their long, pendent, bag-shaped nests, to visit the orange-trees; and their sentinels announce, with a loud screaming cry, the approach of man. Above all these strange voices, the metallic tones of the uraponga sound from the tops of the highest trees, resembling the strokes of the hammer on the anvil, filling the wanderer with astonishment. Delicate humming-birds, rivaling in beauty and lustre diamonds, emeralds, and sapphires, hover round the brightest flowers.' Thus, and in a regular succession, do these happy creatures spend their brief existence. The sun declines, the beasts of the forest do creep forth in search of prey, 'till at last the howling of the monkeys, the sloth with the cry as of one in distress, the croaking frogs, and the chirping grasshoppers with their monotonous note, conclude the day, and the bass tones of the bullfrog announce the approach of night. Myriads of luminous beetles now fly about like ignes-fatui, and blood-sucking bats hover like phantoms in the profound darkness of the night.'

But it must not be supposed that these forests are a paradise to man. Swarms of mosquitoes, multitudes of

piercing, stinging, penetrating, poisonous flies torment every portion of the surface uncovered for an instant. Monkeys and birds plunder his plantations: ants and cockroaches devour his food, and pull down his house about his ears. Abroad, the fierce cayman awaits him if he ventures near the pools, and the ounce, poisonous serpents, scorpions, centipedes, spiders, and acari, assault him in the woods. Yet with all these disadvantages, the same pen declares Brazil to be 'the fairest and most glorious country on the surface of the globe.' We may take for an appropriate conclusion the earnest language of our most recent traveller, Darwin:—'It is easy to specify the individual objects of admiration in these grand scenes; but it is not possible to give an adequate idea of the higher feelings of wonder, astonishment, and devotion which fill and elevate the mind. Among the scenes which are deeply impressed upon my mind, none exceed in sublimity the primeval forests undefaced by the hand of man; whether those of Brazil, where the powers of life are predominant, or those of Terra del Fuego, where death and decay prevail. Both are temples filled with the varied productions of the God of nature. No one can stand in these solitudes unmoved, and without feeling that there is more in man than the mere breath of his body.'

SUBLIMITIES OF THE TOE.

WHAT is worth doing at all, deserves to be done well! Aim to surpass every one in the line of life you have adopted, and success is scarcely doubtful! Such appear to have been the maxims that guided the elder Vestris in his grand efforts to put himself at the head of the dancing world. Was Vestris wrong? Certainly not: he not only carried off the highest honours of his profession, but was able to inspire his son Auguste with a proper spirit of emulation. A notice of a few traits of the character and history of this remarkable man may amuse a leisure moment.

Vestris was the son of a painter of some merit at Florence, and coming to Paris in the latter half of the eighteenth century, soon became the idol of the public, as well as of the court of Versailles, where he acquired the flattering cognomen of *Le Dieu de la Danse*.

Auguste Vestris was also a favourite at court, and sometimes presumed so far on the kindness of his royal protectress, Marie-Antoinette, as to decline dancing on very slight and frivolous pretexts. This occurring once when Marie-Antoinette had expressed her purpose of being present at the opera, he was instantly arrested. His father, alarmed at the consequences of such folly and imprudence, hastened to intreat the queen's pardon through the medium of one of her ladies-in-waiting.

'My son,' said he, 'could not surely have been aware that her majesty meant to honour the house with her presence, otherwise, can it be believed that he would have refused to dance before his generous benefactress? I am grieved beyond the power of expression at this misunderstanding between the Houses of Vestris and Bourbon, which have always been on the very best terms since our removal from Florence to Paris. My son is *au désespoir* at so unhappy an occurrence, and will dance like an angel if her majesty will graciously command him to be set at liberty.'

The young man was instantly restored to freedom; and on appearing before Marie-Antoinette, surpassed himself in the graceful exercise of his talent. The queen applauded him; and as she was about to leave her box, the elder Vestris presented his son, who came to return her thanks.

'Ah, Monsieur Vestris!' said Marie-Antoinette to the father, 'you never danced as well as your son has done this evening.'

'That is very likely, madame,' replied the old man; 'for, please your majesty, I never had a Vestris for my teacher!'

'Then,' rejoined the queen smiling, 'the merit, doubtless, is chiefly yours; and indeed I never can forget

your dancing the *Minuet de la Cour* with Mademoiselle Guimard: it was quite a gem of art.'

Whereon the veteran artist raised his head with that grace which was quite peculiar to himself; for, filled as he was with *amour-propre* to a ridiculous degree, this old man had the noblest manners possible. Many a grand seigneur might have envied him the graceful and dignified ease with which he was so eminently gifted by nature; and several scions of nobility placed themselves under his tuition, to learn the secret of that courtly address which was so essential to their rank and position in life. On such occasions he would often make observations full of originality, and which indicated a subtle discernment of the follies and weaknesses of the great world. One of his pupils happening to be present at a lesson which he was giving the Prince de Lamarck, was so much diverted at the tone and style of his instructions, that he noted down his words, which have been transmitted to us in the memoirs of a contemporary; and they are so characteristic of him, as to carry us back to the princely *salon* where Vestris discoursed with all the gravity of a philosopher on those minutiae of etiquette which in the eighteenth century were regarded as matters of deep importance.

Let us then hold up our heads, and lend a docile ear to the courtly maxims of '*Lé Diu dé la Danse*,' as he was wont to call himself in his broad Italianised French.

'Let us see, Monsieur le Prince. There, there—very well. Salute first—salute—her majesty the empress of Germany. Ah! lower, sir—lower (the last word in a quick impatient tone). You must remain three-quarters of a second, sir, before you attempt to rise. There—that will do very well. In rising, sir, you must turn your head gently and modestly towards the right hand of her imperial and apostolic majesty. Kiss that hand which bears the sceptre (without, however, presuming to raise your eyes to the august countenance of the sovereign).

'You must not, sir, give any sort of expression to your physiognomy while saluting so great a princess. A certain air of respect, and even of fear, should pervade your whole person, and in so awful a moment, will not diminish aught from the gracefulness of your figure.

'You may represent to yourself so many dazzling crowns, magnificent titles, dominions, supremacies: so many past ages of power, mighty victories, and other sublime thoughts, until you are penetrated with veneration. That is all, sir.

'Now, Monsieur le Prince, salute Madame la Landgrave de Hesse Darmstadt. Ah! that is too low—too low by four inches. You salute her as if she was a queen. Shade, sir—shade! Begin again if you please. Ah, that is well! *Bravissimamente!* You must not forget that it is but a landgrave you are saluting, after having just quitted the imperial court of Luxembourg. Now let your eye rest a moment on the venerable lady-in-waiting, and say to her, by your courteous glance and smile, "Apart from the trammels of etiquette, I offer you, Madame la Comtesse, all the respectful homage which is due to your virtues, your age, and the position you occupy at court."

'Now, sir, I should like to see you salute the Constable de Rome. Ah! my prince, how you do pain and trouble me! Is this the fruit of so much care and experience—of all my zeal and labour? That is not the way, Monsieur le Prince: it is too low for you—a great deal too low! One would suppose that you mistook an excellency for a royal highness, and that you were bowing as humbly to her as if you were a gentleman from Poitou. Let your frank open air express to her agreeably: "Princess, I am really rejoiced that my visit to Rome enables me to form the acquaintance of so illustrious a lady, the flower of Italian dames, and one who does honour to her country by protecting the *beaux arts*." Then turn quickly towards the Prince of Palestrina, the Constable's eldest son, who will doubt-

less have hastened into his mother's gallery on hearing of your visit at the Colonna Palace. Alas! alas! *sango di me!* What do I behold? Can I believe my senses? How, how! poor young man! You salute him with that stiff melancholy English countenance, which is only suited to almsgiving among the galley-slaves! So, sir, that is the way you would reward him for his polite *empressment!* And what is the consequence, my prince? He looks coldly on you; he will criticise and avoid you; perhaps become your enemy: there is no help for it!

'Let not this lesson, sir, be thrown away upon you; and when you see his brother Don Gaetano Colonna approach you, take care that your amiable manner should at once express to him, "I am truly happy to make your acquaintance; I desire your friendship, and I offer you mine; and (here a little pride and self-possession will not be amiss)—it is worth having."

'Always be cordial, without *empressment*, Monsieur le Prince. Believe me, it is the best plan. The modern fashion of stiffness is never proof against an affable manner; one in which dignity is blended with kindness is the most suitable.

'Now, sir, let us descend a few steps. Salute some famous virtuoso: salute him frankly, cordially. Take care what you are about, Monsieur le Prince; do not be in a hurry. Behold in this celebrated artist the delight of a whole empire; a man of nothing exalted to the skies!—one whom monarchs cherish, whom they ennoble and enrich. Represent to yourself old Vestris honoured with a pension, decorated with the black ribbon, which I would have there now, sir (pointing to his breast), if it were not for this Luciferic revolution. Behold in me the Chevalier Vestris! Salute, sir—salute; a little lower if you please, sir: there—that will do.'

The dearest object of Vestris's ambition was to be decorated with the black ribbon of the order of St Michael; and it was impossible to enlighten him as to the unsuitability of such an honour being conferred upon a public dancer, even though he were the most distinguished of his profession.

At a time when the aged Maréchal de Richelieu was lying on his deathbed, Vestris was continually in his antechamber urgently requesting to see him on an affair of great importance. Being at length admitted to the maréchal's presence, he intreated of the dying man to obtain for him the joint solicitations of the four first lords of the bed-chamber, begging of the king to bestow upon him the honour he so much coveted. 'Signor Vestris,' replied the maréchal, 'it is not fitting that I should write on this subject to the king; but I promise you that on my first attendance at Versailles, I will speak to his majesty concerning you.'

'Oh! my lord, may I hope that?'

'I can answer for nothing, but for my speaking of it to the king, if ever I leave my bed again; and you may depend upon it my request will make him smile.'

The maréchal died, and Vestris never attained the object of his fond ambition.

He was also subject to the lesser vanity of desiring to conceal his age, and took incredible pains to deceive others in this matter. A celebrated *danseuse* having one day acknowledged, amid a large circle, her obligations to him as her teacher—'*Oh! mignonne Rosette!*' he replied, 'you talk of having taken lessons from me; but, my dear madame, you were a teacher yourself long before I had any pupils. I really do believe,' continued he, addressing the friends who were present—'I really believe she takes me for Old Saturn, or for the Destiny of Homer.'

Such were the foibles of this eccentric man, who united the utmost *niaiserie* and chorographical fanaticism with an extraordinary degree of acuteness of perception and originality of mind. Not only was he looked upon as one of the singularities of the eighteenth century, but also was he esteemed by those who knew him on account of his many amiable qualities; and we do not detail his weaknesses in a spirit of mockery or ridicule, for who amongst us can boast of being free

from the petty foibles of humanity? Happy those who are not tainted by worse follies than the inoffensive ambition and the harmless vanity which marked the character of this clever master of the dance.

ENGLISH PENAL SCHOOLS.

WITH all the remarkable advancement which the present age has made in practical science, and in many matters of social concern, it is undeniable that little or nothing has been done in the way of solving that great problem—the cause and cure of juvenile crime. All that we have ascertained is, that much of the prevalent delinquency is traceable to neglect and the formation of habits adverse to an honest course of life. But unfortunately the discovery of this fact seems scarcely to bring us any nearer to a practical remedy. The question of juvenile reclamation is inextricably involved with other questions; it is only a department in one vast subject—the social condition of the empire—and requires to be considered in connection with pauperism, defective national education, want of moral training and religious instruction, and intemperance with all the woes it engenders.

We cannot, of course, in these limited pages grapple effectually with this enormously-complicated question; but a few off-hand observations we are permitted to make may enable others to follow out the subject in all its bearings. First, as to the actual increase of juvenile depravity. All statistical inquirers into the subject make it evident that youthful offenders are increasing in relation to the amount of population. The number of criminals under twenty years of age committed to prison in 1835 was 6803, or 1 in 449 of the population, between ten and twenty years of age; while in 1844 they amounted to 11,348, or 1 in 304 upon the population of the same age. It is not till within the last ten years that the returns have specified the ages of prisoners; but we may judge of the proportion between crime and age by the two statements, that in the five years preceding 1810, the average annual number of commitments in England and Wales was 4792, and the convictions 2840, while the population of the age of ten years and upwards amounted to 7,302,600; whereas in the five years preceding 1845, the average annual number of commitments was 28,477, and the convictions 20,590; and the population ten years old and upwards had increased to 12,093,000; so that in a period of forty years' population, ten years old and upwards has increased 65 per cent., while the proportionate commitments for crime have been augmented 494 per cent., and the convictions 625 per cent. It is matter for regret that there should be a shadow of doubt as to the inferences here made, arising from the circumstance, that latterly there has been greater vigilance in capturing and bringing offenders to justice than formerly. But with every allowance for this possible ground of fallacy, it may be pretty safely admitted that juvenile crime is on the increase, all repressive influences notwithstanding.

The greatest difficulty in dealing with the subjects of juvenile delinquency and juvenile destitution, is that so often started by writers and thinkers, to the effect that if delinquency and destitution be remedied and removed by the especial guardianship of the state, a premium is put on both evils, and the exertions of honest labour and a course of virtuous action stand at a discount; that, in fact, to be fed, clothed, protected, removed to a distance where labour is highly paid, dishonesty and immorality make the surest road. It is much to be feared that philanthropists generally do not sufficiently estimate these reactive influences. Ragged or Industrial Schools, for example, have been advocated for their power of clearing away the juvenile lazzaroni of the streets. But at the very first, we expressed a fear that the temptations of food, shelter, and education for nothing in these seminaries might have a corrupting tendency; and experience shows us that,

with Ireland as a great fountain of mendicancy, it is barely possible, with all the checks that can be instituted, to reduce the number of begging and pilfering children in large cities. In other words, the more we do to relieve individual responsibility, the more requires to be done. We would not, however, from a theoretic conviction of this important fact, throw overboard all those schemes which have of late aimed at assuaging juvenile vagabondism and crime. According to Lord Ashley's statement, we have 30,000 destitute children in the metropolis alone; according to the last return of the metropolitan police force, 2111 of these children, or persons under twenty years of age, were committed for trial during the last year (1847). And is this mass of destitution and crime, the large amount of which cannot be gathered from official returns, to be left uncared for, in all its present and future results, because of this objection? Granting that there is a shadow of injustice in thus assisting vice instead of virtue, it must be recollected that much of this vice—we might almost say all of it—has arisen out of circumstances over which the sufferer had little or no power of election; and that there must, and always will, exist a distinction, even though unrecognised by any mere formula of law, between that morality which has grown up out of government supervision and assistance, and that which has grown up pure and uncontaminated in the moral nature of the being. The ethics of society most justly recognise this distinction, and always will.

It has been suggested that the half-disowned pupils of the Ragged Schools in the metropolis would very properly be disposed of by a process of emigration and apprenticeship in the colonies. Still, with the widest and best-adjusted systems of emigration to any or to the whole of our vast colonial empire, the causes of juvenile crime in the mother country remain unremedied; and whilst these exist, or even whilst undergoing a slowly-corrective process, much crime will necessarily arise, of too flagrant a character to allow of summary dismissal, or the palliative remedy of the mere Ragged School. For this there must exist discipline and correction; and it remains now for us to see whether or not a system of Penal Schools, efficiently carried out, would not effect more than the discipline of prisons, however ably carried out.

Looking at the great science of education, at its condition empirically, and by the light shed on it by minds like those of M. Wilm, the Swiss Philist, and by the advanced philosophic speculations of M. Comte, and our own logician John Stuart Mill, we judge it in the new aspect of a science already based on certain fundamental inductions, and that a train of causes, methodically following one another, is necessary to the development of these fundamental truths or qualities on which can alone rest any beneficial results, mental or moral. Now look at the previous mental and physical condition of a juvenile offender, and see whether incarceration in a jail for three or twelve months, under industrial discipline, can beneficially alter all the foregone train of causes mental, moral, and physical. If, with respect to the training in Normal Schools, where we have the probability of acting upon entirely moral agents, three years is found the lowest average which can be allotted for any beneficial process of training, when the great philosophic teachers of Switzerland prefer a longer disciplining period than even this, we cannot expect effective action to be made upon the criminal condition, unless through a process efficient, systematic, and sufficiently prolonged. Prison discipline does not include such a process: it must arise from other methods. From what we have seen of the reformatory school at Horn, near Hamburg, and that at Mettray in France, as well as from all evidence bearing on the subject, we feel assured that Penal Schools, conducted with strict reference to moral and religious culture, and with a discipline involving out-door labour in fields and gardens, may be rendered the true means of reducing juvenile crime to a minimum. We are glad to observe that

the draft report on the principles of punishment, presented to the Parliamentary Committee on the Criminal Law by the recorder of Birmingham, suggests the adoption of Penal Schools in this country. The number of convicted juvenile offenders being, in 1845, 8632 males, and 1422 females—total, 9954—it was proposed by the late inspector of prisons, the Rev. Whitworth Russell, to divide England and Wales into thirteen districts, to each of which should be allotted a Penal School. We would, however, suggest that an exact apportionment of schools to districts is not in all cases desirable. The schools, accommodated in humble and temporary buildings, may be rendered moveable from place to place, with a view to operating on patches of land requiring to be reclaimed. By such means, great tracts of bleak moss may be brought into profitable cultivation, and at such a small expense as would induce landholders to enter into arrangements for leases on favourable terms. Energetically carried out, what an amount of national good might spring from school organisations of this nature!

The establishment of Penal Schools will be materially facilitated by a knowledge of the fact, that they will save money to the country, and be partly self-supporting; perhaps they may, in the end, be made entirely to support themselves, which will be a triumph of no ordinary kind. It has been found that at Stretton-upon-Dunsmore the cost of reforming a boy is, on an average, about L.26; while the average cost of transporting boys is L.33, 16s. 10d. a-head. The charge for reforming is therefore less than for punishing youths. The success attendant upon many of the Agricultural Industrial Schools established under the authority of the Poor-Law Commissioners, proves that land so occupied and cultivated can be made to produce a nett profit beyond cost. Of this fact the Bridgenorth Union School in Shropshire affords a remarkable example, that under able supervision, the labour of children may be made most profitable. The accounts of one year—that of 1846—were such as left a clear balance of above L.70, after every expense attendant on the farm, including the rent and taxes paid for the ground, had been defrayed. It appears from this that the actual profit of such an establishment may be calculated at the rate of about L.15 per acre, or at about L.3 per head on the boys above ten years of age employed in its cultivation. True that this establishment is under the control and inspection of one of the ablest agriculturists of the day; but there is scarcely now a county in England that could not produce a nucleus of scientific agriculturists, willing and able to form working committees to the Penal School of their districts. Further, an establishment of this nature, consisting, we will say, of 1000 to 1500 children, of relative proportions of sex, would be so subdivided into *homes* under distinct management, as is the case at Mettray, and with a certain allotment of land, as to afford all the benefits found to arise from the cultivation of small farms; whilst the aggregate produce of the whole, the rotation of crops, the draining, the levelling—in a word, all the higher scientific operations, as well as the breeding and amount of stock—being under the control of the Directory Board, there would be added to these lesser ones all the great general benefits found to arise from farming on a large scale. In fact such establishments might be made the great practical agricultural schools of the districts. To such places improved agricultural machinery might be sent for trial, and the amount of labour at command would permit of a garden-like culture highly desirable, whence the methods pursued are advanced experimental ones, and where it is desirable to test the full capabilities of the soil, and bring into practice Liebig's magnificent axiom, '*Cultivation is the economy of force.*'

In combination with agriculture, as the chief occupation of the inmates of such establishments, especially in reference to physical training, other trades would be followed. Tailoring, carpentering, shoemaking, blacksmiths' and painters' work, in their points of necessary

usefulness, would all give a variety and stimulus to industry, and materially carry forward the higher points of mental education. This education, based on sound moral and religious principles, enlarged and fitted not to the social condition, the foregone crime, the actual destitution, but to the elements that constitute the individual, would go much towards producing excellence out of criminality, correcting social divergences, and bringing them within the province of that order so necessary to the wellbeing of communities, and converting what was obnoxious, costly, and destructive to the state, into the main principle of its order, its strength, its progress.

Properly conducted, there can be little doubt that the reformatory schools we have been speaking of would furnish forth the healthful materials of a useful species of emigration. And this brings us to say that no nation, government, or people, have any right whatsoever, morally considered, to transport the criminal to other countries—to flood other lands with evils it has found obnoxious in its own—until it has first applied the corrective process to the best and fullest of its ability, and done all within its provisional power to mitigate those evils bred and brought into action through the force of its own social mistakes. The point is, we think, fully proved by less than half the evils which have arisen out of the whole course of our transportation system. It has wholly failed on every point except one—that of making crime still more monstrous, and in brutifying human nature to the fullest possible degree. This great fact is fully proved by the whole mass of our parliamentary evidence on this subject. Now, if, therefore, this be admitted, the matter stands thus: punishment must be a fully corrective process; this process can only be efficiently carried out under the immediate control of a home government; and that such corrective ends involve a higher one—namely, that of carrying out future colonisation under the best social condition we have the power to command. Therefore as regards juvenile offenders, a system of Penal Schools, or national asylums, is a necessity, if we are to carry out any advanced process with respect to their condition. In a word, by gymnasia of this humble but important class, we might bring into use much mental and physical energy, now going to waste than waste, greatly to the benefit of the mother country, the colonies, and the unfortunate individuals who have a claim on public feeling.

THE BENGALÉE DOCTOR.

[The following sketch has been handed to us by a correspondent.]

Not long since, an article appeared in your Journal styled the 'Old Baboo,' and truly it seemed to me (an Anglo-Indian) an interesting and well-drawn sketch. Some of the Bengalee Baboos, such as Rammohun-Roy, and Dwarkanauth-Tagore, of late years have played a conspicuous part in the society of India, as well as in the mercantile world; it was therefore but a mark of justice to the Bengalee Baboo to preserve his memory from oblivion. In the present day, in which the march of intellect is changing all things, the Hindoo character by education, intercourse with Europeans, &c. &c. is undergoing a complete metamorphosis; and a Bengalee Baboo of the true old school will no doubt, before long, become quite extinct; and so I think it may chance to be with the Bengalee Doctor, a worthy whose memory I would wish to embalm also in the pages of your Journal, if you should deem him worthy of a corner.

First, then, let me speak in general terms. A Bengalee doctor is not a creature like our medical men—highly educated, nurtured in colleges and dissecting-rooms, and sent into the world to heal his fellow-men. A Bengalee doctor enjoys few of these advantages. Some can read and write, and have a considerable degree of intelligence and suavity of manner; but hardly one has anything like a learned education,

All have a knowledge of drugs and simples, such as have been in use amongst the fraternity for ages; but none have the least knowledge of anatomy, or know the structure or use of one of the viscera.

Let this, however, not induce any one to despise my Bengalee doctor, and set him down as a complete ignoramus. Some of these men will perform cures which startle Europeans of the greatest skill; and some of them possess nostrums, or quack medicines, as the erudite call them, which no inducement will make them divulge, and with which they cure cancers, spleen, tertian agues, &c. &c. to the surprise of our more learned countrymen. Such knowledge and such secrets generally descend from father to son. The manuscripts of the sire are intrusted to the young aspirant as soon as he becomes a votary of Esculapius; he compounds his old father's medicines, and buys his drugs at the *pussaree's*, and accompanies him in his rounds, and so progresses in his sire's knowledge and practice.

This is one class of *coberazes* or doctors. Some, again, are entirely amateurs or self-taught geniuses. I have seen practitioners amongst gardeners, weavers, and shoemakers; and the latter of these frequently set themselves up as exorcists or devil expellers, and are such men as we read of in Scripture. They exhort the Evil One not only by mystic words, but chastise him with blows, which are generally inflicted with an old shoe on the devoted head of the possessed patient. The evil spirit is finally driven to an old tree or an old ruin; and the Hindoo wayfarer, in the shades of night, has an utter abhorrence of such known places, firmly believing that devils can be cast out, and that the power of performing such miracles still exists amongst their nation.

The Bengalee doctor is contented with a small remuneration. As he has neither wasted much gold, nor lost much of his precious time in study, he values his labours in his profession accordingly. Three or four rupees are reckoned a handsome fee in a serious case: eight annas (a shilling of our money), or even half of that, may be given without affronting the medicus in trifling diseases; and so poor or penurious is the Bengalee, that he frequently makes a preliminary bargain with the doctor, that a failure or death is to be followed by a loss of his fee, or a forfeiture of half the sum.

Now fancy the *coberaz* entering a sick-room, leaving his slippers outside: he makes his obeisance, or sometimes none, according to the rank of the family, and then seats himself at the head of the patient. He asks few questions, and is supposed to know almost everything by feeling the pulse. The tongue, that great oracle of our scientific men, is never consulted; the Bengalee will inquire if you have a headache, or if you are thirsty; but if he were to say, 'Put out your tongue,' he might be taken for a madman. Bleeding, cupping, and blistering are understood; but for the latter purpose vegetable substances are used; and I have seen even *gools*, a sort of artificial fireball, placed on the seat of disease, to bring on a flow of humour; but this is reckoned a violent and painful process.

The operation of cupping is performed by barbers, or *badenies*—the latter being a low caste of people, something like the gipsies. A doctor may recommend cupping, but his caste prohibits him from sucking the cow's horn to draw blood. Leeches abound in the marshes of Hindoostan, and a plentiful supply is always kept of them by the above-mentioned *badenies*, as well as by midwives, who always belong to some of the lowest castes among the Hindoos.

As cutaneous diseases are common, and productive of great annoyance in the hot and moist climate of Bengal, so the Bengalee doctor is most dexterous in curing ringworms, and the most repulsive-looking eruptions. In such cases they use alteratives, of which sarsaparilla is well known, along with their poisonous external applications, otherwise their red precipitate and borax, &c. might be very injurious. In every Indian town a druggist or *pussaree* may be found; and a scientific eye

may fall in there with many a European drug, by the side of his Bengalee medicines, seeds, and poisons, having the most jawbreaking names. Here the *coberaz* or doctor comes and selects and buys, not unfrequently having recourse also to the garden or jungle, or to the shrine of the gods, for the tulsi, or the sacred burrut or banian, for its thin, fibrous, pendent roots, highly astringent, and on that account sought for by our medicus. I have seen the thorn, thistle, and even cacti used with success—the gelatinous pulp of one of these latter species being known to the Bengalees as cooling and astringent at the same time.

There exists another class of doctors in India; but these, strictly speaking, cannot be called Bengalee doctors. These men are with the sepoy regiments, under the guidance and tuition of the regimental surgeon. They are either Mohammedans, or Hindoos of the lowest classes, and some of them acquire considerable skill and experience in the course of their subordinate professional course. But not one case has fallen under my notice of one of these men, on retiring from the Company's service, having set up for himself, with his store of English knowledge and practice. I must not forget to mention, that amongst the Bengalee doctors great faith is attached to charms. When everything fails, one of these self-taught geniuses will perchance recommend for an ague to get a certain number of yards of cotton thread, spun by the chaste hands of a spinster; and to speak in Mrs Glass's way, he will say, 'Take your thread in hand, and when you reach a peepul-tree, then walk backwards, and wind the flimsy thread, without breaking, three times round the stem or branches. Neither gaze to the right nor left; but there leave your offering, and go your way, and no doubt your faith will cure you.' The peepul-tree is in one respect like the aspen: its leaves are affected by the slightest wind, and, like the aspen's, are constantly in motion. Another *hakeem* may recommend the fever-smitten to get a plateful of *rotees*, or scones, and *halwah* (a sweetmeat), and some other savoury things, and these must be gazed at by the patient, and excite his longing; and alongside of the eatables must be a lamb or kid, on whose head the sick man places his hand; and after some prayers, the eatables and animal are carried out to the jungles or country, and set down by some interested relative, and there the viands and scapegoat are left, and both doctor and patient look with confidence for a miraculous cure. This is a Mohammedan recipe. It is not an uncommon sight to see a plateful of rice, and cowries, or pice, and curds and red rags, placed at early dawn by some old Hindoo wife where three roads meet, at the recommendation of the *coberaz*; and wo to him who first touches or steps over these deadly charms! But I have done generalising, and now come to an individual sketch.

My hero is Sumbao Mistree or *Coberaz*. To him I owe a debt of gratitude; but for him, I could not have smiled with a set of pearly teeth in the days of conquest and romance; nor could I, descending to more homely and matronly days, and matter-of-fact and substantial things, have eaten a beef-steak or a roll at the present moment, if it had not been for this same Sumbao, whose invaluable tooth-powder I use to this time, in preference to Ruspini's dentifrice, and all other beautifully sealed and scented powders for ladies' toilets in little white boxes.

Sumbao, then, as known by me in days gone by, was an active, slender personage, with a round visage, fair complexion for a Hindoo, and clear brown eye. His height five feet eight inches, possessing a fine regular set of teeth, and a thick, trim moustache on his upper lip; for Bengalees let their beards grow on their *chin* only in the days of mourning, when the razor is not used for forty days. If on a visit to a superior, Sumbao was to be seen with the very beau-ideal of turbans on his well-shaped though small head; the muslin as white as snow, and every fold and plait laid on by a scientific turban-dresser. His *zama*, a very full dress, made of

mum! also, hanging in folds about him, like a fashionable lady's dress in the present day; and well might Sumboo be styled a man in petticoats. Sumboo always wore a yellow plain slipper; and with true Bengalee feelings of respect, entered barefoot into a superior's house. My favourite's good-humour was imperturbable, and a smile was always on his face to cheer the sick man. A white scarf generally ornamented Sumboo's shoulders, and over this a shawl was thrown in winter. A bright tin-box, containing pills and medicines, was generally in Sumboo's hands, although a black cloth bag, like an instrument-holder of our surgeons, occasionally was patronised instead, and placed, rolled up, under his arm. My Esculapius was conversable with those for whose abilities he had respect; he talked with impartiality of his own practice in comparison with that of the 'sashibloag,' and highly valued any European recipes if they were given him. He was far from niggardly with his own knowledge; and to my own father, whom he respected and knew well, I have heard him as frankly and candidly speak of the compounds of his salves or pills as any well-informed physician of our own nation would do. To his own compatriots he was of course all mystery, well knowing that ignorance delights in marvels.

Sumboo was not a rich man, so his house and furniture were humble. He always went on foot; and after his professional visits were over, he would be seen going to the river in a coarse *dhooty* to perform his ablutions and his devotions. Of his domestic connections I know nothing; but I think that, like most poor Hindoos, he had but one wife. The only extravagance Sumboo was guilty of—if extravagance it may be called, where religious feelings and prejudices were concerned—was, that he had once a year, in the month of October, the image of Cartic, or the god of war, made in his house; and this was styled giving a Cartic Poogha. Why he made that dapper, peacock-mounted divinity his household god, who can tell? Perhaps he merely lived and acted as his fathers had lived and acted before him: so a beautifully gilt and varnished god was made at his expense; and Brahmins and musicians were hired, first to honour, and then to drown Cartic after the days of ceremony and worship were over.

This is all I know and can divulge of the individual and his tribe. Whether he be still in the land of the living, crowned with gray hairs and a happy conscience, or whether Gunga has washed over his ashes, and obliterated the spot of his obsequies, Heaven only can tell, for it is thirty long years since I saw Sumboo.

CARLISLE BAKERS.

A few weeks ago we presented, from a published report of Dr Guy, an account of the deplorable condition of the London operative bakers. Dr Guy's paper has, it appears, suggested to Dr Henry Lonsdale the propriety of inquiring into the state of health and morals of a large body of individuals employed in the baking establishment of J. D. Carr and Co., Carlisle. The inquiry was entered on with a view to ascertain whether there was anything in the baking trade necessarily tending to bad health and demoralisation; and the result is such as may be anticipated: in a well-conducted establishment, with reasonable hours of labour, there is nothing in the baking, any more than in any other trade, to lower the standard of health or deteriorate the habits. Dr Lonsdale having furnished a paper on the subject to the Journal of Public Health, we are enabled to offer an abridged statement of his observations; and these will be perused with not the less interest, that we gave an account of Messrs Carr's great baking concern some years ago in these pages.

'Being introduced into the large packing-room of the establishment—a room ninety-nine feet by twenty-four, and having thirteen large windows—I found nearly seventy well-dressed working men and boys assembled

neyman baker, who was supported right and left by the Brothers Carr. Another baker was acting as secretary to the meeting, the object of which was, *inter alia*, to elicit opinions as to the mode in which the workmen had enjoyed their late excursion to Edinburgh, and at the same time to consider the pleasure trip for 1849. The fact of employers and employed occupying the same benches will appear sufficiently startling when contrasted with the degraded position of the bakers in London; and perhaps more so, when it is added that the workpeople at this meeting expressed their sentiments in a free and intelligent manner, void of restraint, and equally void of arrogance. The number of people engaged in the Messrs Carr's works varies from ninety to a hundred.

'Of thirty-one engaged in baking, seven were apprentices, between sixteen and twenty years of age, from six months to seven years in the trade; the twenty-four others were journeymen, twenty-one of whom were between twenty and thirty years of age; the ages of the remaining three were respectively forty-four, fifty-three, and sixty years. The journeymen had been from seven to twelve years in the trade. Being struck with the comparative youth of the great majority of the parties, Messrs Carr explained that "older hands," generally brought from Scotland, were found so intractable, owing to their drinking habits and non-compliance with the rules and orderly conduct which it was sought to establish on the premises, that they were obliged to give a preference to younger and steadier men. Six of the apprentices were very healthy; the seventh, his father said, was a delicate boy from infancy, and was then complaining of dorsal weakness; he had not been more than seven months at the trade. Of the twenty-four journeymen, only one was ill, and he (a delicate person from birth) laboured under cold and slight cough; the remainder were in the enjoyment of robust health. On more minute inquiries as to their past health, I found that seventeen had never ailed anything since they joined the baking: one had been four days ill during the five years that he had been engaged in the establishment: one had had diarrhoea twice a year, and attributed much of his present good health to teetotalism: one had suffered from erysipelas in the leg, caused by heavy work in a former situation: a third had had the rheumatic fever: another had the intermittent fever when working at Leith: one was liable to sore throat. A ready explanation was offered of the erysipelas and intermittent fever by the parties themselves, who had been exposed to heavy work, long hours, and confined rooms. They were most healthy in their present situation. The rheumatic fever was the only severe case of disease, as far as I could learn, that had occurred in the establishment since its formation twelve years ago. One of the workmen, an elderly person, whose memory and manner lacked nothing of youthful energy, could safely vouch, for six years of his experience, that there were "no important diseases amongst the men," by which I understood that the ailments had been most trifling. Personal observation assured me of the healthy appearance of the workmen. I questioned them, however, closely as to their liability to erysipelas and other skin diseases, spitting of blood, affections of the lungs, rheumatism, and fever; and I was gratified to learn their remarkable immunity, with the exception of the rheumatic case already alluded to. Mr J. D. Carr informed me (and he was confirmed by other speakers at this meeting) that he could not remember any particular disease occurring during the twelve years; that there had been no death among the bakers; and the only one which had occurred during that time was a carter of advanced age.

'The extremely good health manifested by the bakers, as given above, may be said to pervade the whole establishment. I examined twenty-eight boys, whose ages varied from twelve to fifteen years. Eighteen of these are engaged in the lighter duties of biscuit-

had ruddy complexions; two were rather pale-faced, but professedly healthy and vigorous. The ten others, engaged in the packing department, were unexceptionably healthy—a remark which applies to the whole number since they joined the trade.

‘I had an opportunity of seeing three millers, three packing-men, five joiners and carpenters, eight shopmen, and two carters, men of middle age principally, and all in excellent health, and some apparently amused at any questions being put relative to that which their countenances bespoke was so fully enjoyed by them.

‘In the course of the evening I elicited from four or five of this intelligent body of workmen several important statements confirmatory of those recorded by Dr Guy, relative to the highly objectionable condition of the London bakers. An almost similar state of things exists in Edinburgh, or at least did a short time ago. The lads are sent too early to the trade, and work from three in the morning till six or seven in the evening, in underground rooms of extremely small dimensions, and dreadfully overheated; carry enormous weights on the head; and when they retire to rest, it is not to homes of comfort, as their sleeping-berths are too often recesses in the wall, little better than large cupboards.

‘To what circumstances do the workmen of Messrs Carr owe their good health and past immunity from disease, as compared with their own class in metropolitan towns, or those of other classes of artisans, generally considered more favourably placed in point of health in the same city of Carlisle?’

Dr Lonsdale solves this question by a reference to the airiness of the apartments, the arrangements for insuring cleanliness, the temperate habits of all concerned, and the comparatively short working hours. ‘The daily operations commence at half-past five A.M., and close at six P.M., with forty-five minutes to breakfast, and an hour to dinner; so that the actual hours of labour are ten hours and forty-five minutes daily. On Saturdays they close at five P.M. The wages of the workmen vary from 23s. to 25s. to foremen; 18s. to 20s. for journeymen; and 3s. to 5s. to boys, with an allowance of biscuits daily. None are allowed to work overtime without being paid, and their remuneration for over-time exceeds the ordinary rate of wages. Such wages, properly laid out in a provincial town, enable the men to rent comfortable dwellings, or lodgings with good sleeping apartments, to live on wholesome food, and dress themselves respectably as artisans. That they obtain these comforts I am fully satisfied from inquiry made. Being teetotalers, they spend no money in public-houses.’

A library, evening and Sunday school, and a reading-room, are the engines of moral advancement. ‘The hours of recreation are spent partly in reading and partly in out-door exercise. The fact of the workmen living almost around the door of the mill, adds materially to their resting at the time of meals. In the winter, the reading-room is well attended, and the demand for books materially increased. A foremen’s meeting is held weekly, at which one of the firm attends, and every encouragement is given to the men to mention anything which appears to them calculated to improve their own condition or that of the establishment. The kind urbanity of the masters has kindled a kindred spirit amongst the men. The workmen assist each other in times of distress—a fund being temporarily established for the purpose. No instance has occurred of parties engaged in the establishment soliciting parochial relief. Such a fact requires no comment.

‘In lieu of races and other dissipating amusements, which fleet by, and leave no pleasant remembrances, the Messrs Carr entertain their workpeople to a day’s excursion from Carlisle during the summer months; and a joyous day it is to all to visit interesting localities. To the Messrs Carr a trip of this kind may probably cost L.40; but I verily believe that they reap good interest for this and other benefactions by an increased

industry, and more careful regard for their interests, on the part of their workmen.

‘When I re-peruse Dr Guy’s account of the London bakers, and recall my own brief experience of the same class in Edinburgh, and then turn to Messrs Carr’s establishment, how striking the contrast! Here are workshops, wages, and hours of work, which tend to bodily comfort and healthy vigour; here are schools of instruction, reading-rooms, and library, to develop the moral and intellectual man; here the employers show the example of temperance, urbanity, and order—all which are calculated to promote self-improvement and self-respect, and to make their workpeople good and respectable citizens. I have endeavoured to show that they are a healthy body of men—probably more so than any other class in Carlisle—and from what I can learn, they have the character of being steady, obliging, and intelligent.

‘It is evident, from Dr Guy’s paper, that in London the men work double hours, and that masters literally rob their workmen of health and life; but as far as I can learn, this “double-time” system has not yielded a corresponding amount of wealth to the employer. Such a system cannot be expected to thrive. Man’s labour, to be valuable, demands a due supply of good food and a proportionate amount of rest. Masters ought to be made aware, if they are not already, that work pursued for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four must be attended with many imperfections—much hard fighting against time; much carelessness and indifference, and great waste of material. I say nothing of the filthy habits and depraved feelings which such a system of slavery engenders; nor would it be politic to attempt an analysis of the principles of guiding men who, seeing themselves lowered physically and morally in the scale of artanship, and daily pillaged of seven or eight hours’ work by unscrupulous masters, may possibly be inclined to forget the difference between *mean* and *true*, and seek, at their masters’ cost, some equivalent for their unrequited services.’

In conclusion, Dr Lonsdale remonstrates with the practice of requiring hot rolls for breakfast, which is in reality the main cause of the oppression to which the London bakers are subjected. We do not absolutely despair of seeing master bakers emulating the Carrs as respects various arrangements; but it must be borne in mind that in the establishment just described *no rolls are baked*: it is only a bread-and-biscuit factory. In usual circumstances, master bakers, even with the best intentions, cannot follow the example given them at Carlisle. They are compelled, by a matter of public taste, to work their men an unreasonable length of time daily. On the public, therefore, be the blame, until the hot roll is utterly banished from the breakfast table. We agree with Dr Lonsdale in thinking that the duty of disusing this unwholesome species of bread ‘merits the attention of those who occasionally lend a helping hand to ameliorate the condition of the humbler classes.’

ALUM WORKS.

THE manufacture of alum, which consists in the refining of a rough mineral substance, was begun in England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by Sir Thomas Chaloner, who established works for the purpose near Whitby. At this place the manufacture is still carried on, as may be observed by persons voyaging along the coast of Yorkshire. Whitby is situated on beds of aluminous schist, which extend over a district thirty miles in length, and terminate on the coast in cliffs rising in some places to a height of 750 feet. This schist, commonly known as alum slate, is partly bituminous, and contains scattered particles of iron pyrites. It is of a bluish-gray colour, resembling hardened clay in appearance, and decomposes, coming off in flakes or layers on exposure to the atmosphere: the most valuable lies near the surface. Among this schist there are large portions which, when laid in a heap, and sprinkled

with sea-water, take fire spontaneously, and burn until all the combustible material is exhausted. Some of the schists combine all the elements of alum, from which the refuse has simply to be separated; others contain clay and sulphur only, and after being converted into sulphate of alumina, require the addition of an alkali to form alum. The schists which are too hard to decompose naturally, are reduced to the proper state by the aid of fire. In whatever way the process may be carried on, the result ought to be the same; the combination in certain definite proportions of sulphuric acid, alumina, and water—the constituents of alum.

At Whitby, after the aluminous material is excavated, it is removed to the calcining ground in barrows, or by trucks running on tramways. Here a quantity of fagots and dry furze is disposed so as to form a bed about two feet thick, and four or five yards square: on this the schist, or 'mine,' as it is technically called, is piled to the height of four feet, when the underlying wood is set on fire. After this, more and more of the fagots and mine is added, until a heap 100 feet high and 200 in length and width is formed, containing 100,000 cubic yards. One hundred and thirty tons of the calcined material are required to produce one ton of alum. To prevent as much as possible the waste of sulphuric acid from so enormous an ignited mass, the crevices are stopped with small fragments of the refuse clay moistened. This at the same time excludes the air, binds the heap together, and keeps it from falling in. The calcination of a large mass at once, as is the practice at Whitby, is said to cause a prodigious loss of sulphuric acid. At the alum works near Glasgow, the more economical method of low heaps widely spread is adopted.

During the process of calcination the heap diminishes to one-half its original size, and becomes at last porous and open to the air throughout: its decomposition is facilitated by an occasional sprinkling with water. It is usual to have a number of heaps burning in succession, in order that every part of the works may go on uninterruptedly throughout the year. When a heap has become quite cold, it is ready for lixiviation: the calcined lumps are thrown into pits and macerated in water from eight to ten hours; the water becomes impregnated with sulphate of alumine; and under the name of 'alum liquor,' is drawn off into cisterns placed at a lower level, upon a fresh supply of roasted mine, until it acquires a certain specific gravity. More water is poured over the lumps left behind in the pits, and the whole of the material is washed and soaked again and again until the whole of the alum is extracted. To facilitate this operation, the cisterns are generally constructed on the side of a hill, and the better these are arranged, the more economically can the manufacture be conducted.

The different liquors obtained from the maceration are classed as strong, seconds, and thirds. To facilitate the subsidence of the sulphate of lime and iron, and the earth held in suspension, the solution is sometimes boiled; a process by which the sulphuric acid is made to combine the more readily with its affinities. When, to avoid expense, this preliminary boiling is omitted, the alum produced will be impure, and of inferior quality. After cooling, the liquor is transferred to lead pans, in which it is kept boiling for twenty-four hours; the loss in evaporation being supplied by pumping in additional quantities of 'mother water,' until the required degree of concentration is attained. About four hundredweight of alum is said to be the daily quantity obtained from each pan. The liquor in the pans is run off every morning into the 'settler,' where the alkali, sometimes a lye made from kelp, is added. Twenty-two tons of muriate of potash go to the formation of one hundred tons of alum. From the settler the liquor passes into coolers to crystallise; the crystals, after standing four days, are washed and drained, and, as described by Dr Ure, 'the washed alum is put into a lead pan, with just enough of water to dissolve it at a boiling heat;

Whenever it is dissolved in a saturated state, it is run off into the crystallising vessels, which are called *rocking* casks. These casks are about five feet high, three feet wide in the middle, and somewhat narrower at the ends; they are made of very strong staves, nicely fitted to each other, and held together by strong iron hoops, which are driven on *pro tempore*, so that they may be easily knocked off again, in order to take the staves asunder. The concentrated solution during its slow cooling in these close vessels forms large regular crystals, which hang down from the top, and project from the sides, while a thick layer or cake lines the whole interior of the cask. At the end of eight or ten days, more or less, according to the weather, the hoops and staves are removed, when a cask of apparently solid alum is exposed to view. The workman now pierces this mass with a pickaxe at the side near the bottom, and allows the mother water of the interior to run off on the sloping stone floor into a proper cistern, whence it is taken and added to another quantity of washed powder, to be crystallised with it. The alum is next broken into lumps, exposed in a proper place to dry, and is then put into the finished bing for the market.'

Alum crystallises in octahedrons—a form which may be represented by two four-sided pyramids joined base to base. Besides the manufactories already enumerated, there are others in Belgium, Bohemia, Sweden, and France. In various parts of the world, it is sometimes found existing naturally in a pure state, on stones or in certain mineral waters. It is met with near Naples, where the argillaceous soil is abundantly penetrated by sulphuric acid; and in Yorkshire there are alum springs. The most famous chemists have from time to time directed their attention to the analysis of alum, with the view of effecting improvements in its manufacture; the general production has not only been benefited by these analyses, but the facility of adulteration diminished. The best alum is said to be made in Italy; that manufactured in France and England is not unfrequently impregnated with sulphate of iron. Among the improvements to be effected in the process, a means of preventing the present waste of sulphuric acid is greatly to be desired.

The uses of alum are manifold and important: incorporated with paper, it presents a hard, smooth surface, fit for writing upon; furriers employ it in the preservation of the hairy covering of skins; it retards putrefaction in animal substances; and hardens the tallow used for candles. Its astringent properties are valuable in medicine, and its caustic properties, as calcined alum, in surgery. But it is in dyeing that the use of alum is most important and most widely diffused. It is rare that colouring matters present any affinity for the substances to be dyed; most of them would disappear with the first washing, were there no medium by which they could be fixed. The substance employed for this purpose is called a *mordant* or *biter-in*; and in this respect alum holds a pre-eminent rank. This mineral is also made subservient to other less praiseworthy purposes: bakers use it to give a good colour to bad flour, and to swell a comparatively small lump of dough into a large loaf; iced ginger-beer and lemonade offered for sale at railway stations and other places, if narrowly inspected, will be found imbedded in lumps of alum, which pass very well for ice.

PEAT MOSSES.

A scheme has been lately projected in London for the improvement of Ireland, which is thus graphically described by the correspondent of the 'Inverness Courier':—'It is briefly this—to convert all the peat bogs into charcoal! A society is in course of being organised for the above laudable purpose. A first meeting of its projectors and promoters was held here the other day, presided over by Lord de Mauley. A Mr Rogers, said to be an eminent civil-engineer, expounded the nature and advantages of the project. There are in Ireland about three million acres

the sea-level, they are all capable of being easily and effectually drained. By a process lately discovered and patented, the peat-fuel may be condensed and hardened, and rendered as dense, and consequently as portable, as pit coals. All the aqueous matter, amounting to forty per cent. (whether of bulk or weight, is not stated), can be squeezed out. In this state it is far superior to coals as a fuel for producing steam, because of the diffusive and radiating properties of the heat it gives out. A boiler in a steam-ship or railway engine would last double the time when ministered to by the beneficent fires of peat instead of the deleterious ones of coal. There would be little or no smoke. Then one at least of the two great evils of life would be avoided—"a smoky house, and a scolding wife." But this is not all—very far from it: the peats could be converted into charcoal, of a much superior quality than the charcoal of wood, and at about a third of the cost. Then this charcoal would be of inestimable value in agricultural, manufacturing, sanitary, or domestic points of view. As a fertiliser of the soil, it would supersede guano, bone manure, lime, and farmyard dung. In manufactures it would smelt iron, and other metals and minerals, in the most effective and economical manner—rendering them all of three times their present value. As a disinfecting and deodorising agent, it would put a stop to all contagious and infectious diseases. It would sweep away all unpleasant odours, as its action is both instantaneous and continuous. In the kitchen or parlour fire the diffusive properties of the heat will be highly appreciated, and the absence of smoke will withdraw from the guidwife all pretexts for being out of temper. I wonder, however, that its usefulness in the manufacture of gunpowder was not mentioned. Then, when the bogs are cleared away, the land on which they stand, the stances, are quite in a condition to be excellent arable land, and to be particularly fitted for the growth of flax. Then this ground is to be lotted out in small patches to industrious tenants, and the whole land is to teem with plenty and gladness, as in the happy but fabulous vales of Cashmere. To effect this grand purpose, a company has been formed or projected—capital £500,000, in £10 shares. Annual profits £160,000—half to the fortunate shareholders, and the other half to the industrious cotters, for the cultivation of their allotments. A million of money to be paid annually in labour; everybody to be employed by task-work, and paid weekly for his labour. Such is one of the Utopian views exhibited in the ever-varying phantasmagoria of Irish history and speculation. If all this peat and charcoal speculation can do so much for Ireland, what may it not also do for Scotland? Quite right to ask this question. Scotsmen, look to your bogs; and do not allow these sources of wealth to lie any longer neglected.

BESSY AND HER DOG.

BY MARY BENNETT.

BESSY was always wandering;
Whilst to her pretty self she'd sing
Many a rhyme—Heaven knows who taught her—
Hour by hour, where no one sought her.
Sometimes on the skirts of a lane,
Bareheaded in a rapid rain;
Sometimes lagging down the hill,
A nutshell at the brook to fill;
Or a-bed on mossy steep,
Lulling herself and doll to sleep;
Now in the wood, now in the meadow,
In the light, and in the shadow.

No one thought, no one cared,
How the little Bessy fared.
Was she hungry, was she fed,
Was she alive, or was she dead:
'Twas no matter; her grief or glee
Moved not a heart that I could see.

And yet, before her friends were dead,
A cotter in the hamlet said
(In answer to a mother's prayer)
He'd guard the orphan child with care.
But when the mother lay in dust,
The cotter broke his holy trust:
And like a little gipsy wild
Roamed the poor ragged orphan child.

A friendless dog, a famished hound,
Bessy had in the hamlet found;
And fed it daily as she could
With scraps from her own wretched food.
The dog was of a noble kind;
It had a fond and grateful mind:
Happy, he rested at her feet,
Listening to her prattlings sweet,
Her voice of freshest native song;
Or roamed with her the mead along,
Or gambolled round, or rushed away,
Scattering the timid sheep in play;
Or tore between his teeth the clover,
Until some bee assailed the rover;
Or climbed the hill to view the down,
Bark o'er it, and then scamper down:
All tricks of fun, that pleased the child,
And many a lonely hour beguiled.
And well she loved the friendless hound,
And oft would clasp his neck around;
And pillow her head on his shaggy ears,
In mirth, in sleep, in laughter, in tears.

There came a glorious summer day,
And the child and dog roamed far away;
They came to a stream more deep than wide,
Transparent as glass thrice purified.
How Bessy stretched her round blue eyes!
Verily here was a blithe surprise!
Forget-me-nots had starred the stream
With beauty, like an angel's dream:
She looked in their eyes, these blue star flowers,
And they in hers, oh holy powers!
How the young spirit sprang to life,
With its own feebleness at strife.
New fancies kindled, and new love,
As she looked below, and looked above,
To the heaven above, and the heaven below,
Underneath the water's flow.

A verdurous bank, bent green and steep,
The matchless stream to guard and keep;
Sentinel weeds of stately form
Kept watch and ward in calm and storm;
A purple beech-tree overhung;
Wild tresses of the willow swung
Heavy on every passing wind;
And oak and elm met close behind.

Among the weeds the child crept down—
Hardly knew she the waters could drown—
And wading in, how pleasant was
The soft cool stream, and merry buzz
Of the water-flies and honey-bees,
And wasps and hornets under the trees!
She could live for ever with that fair water,
As it were her mother, and she its daughter.

No harm feared she, the happy child!
Singing her simple ditties wild;
And prattling gaily, as she bound
With the long grass her poesy round;
Till bending down where clustering grew
Forget-me-nots of fairer blue
Than any elsewhere in her view.
Angel of Death! they were thine own:
She slipped upon a treacherous stone,
And sank deep in the lovely stream,
Under the evening's golden gleam.

The mournful midnight fast drew near,
Weeping for Bessy tear on tear—
For, cold as the Norland winter snow,
She lies among the rocks below.
Hark! the howl of her dog is heard,
Startling many a sleeping bird;
The moon grows old, the dog still lies
'Midst the forget-me-nots—and dies.

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DETACHED SEAS.

We all are familiar with the grand distinction between the sea and lakes—namely, the one being composed of salt, the other of fresh water. We experience, however, some surprise on learning that there are many detached sheets of water throughout the earth, some of them reaching the magnitude of inland seas, which, though having no apparent connection with the ocean, are composed of salt water. The grandest example is the Caspian, which covers 36,000 square English miles. The instance, for various reasons, most interesting to us is the Dead Sea in Palestine. The saline contents of the former are said to be 'inconsiderable;' but those of the Dead Sea greatly exceed the proportion general throughout the ocean, being 26·24 per cent.* There is also to the northward and eastward of the Caspian a great range of salt lakes, one of which, the lake of Eltonsk, contains no less than 29·13 per cent. of salts. In this range occurs the sea or Lake of Aral, likewise brackish, and resting in the same hollow which contains the Caspian, but not connected with it. In point of size, these detached seas are rivalled by the grand lakes of North America. Their saline character—a peculiarity evidently connected with their having no outlet—gives them, however, a distinction in virtue of which they more forcibly arrest attention.

The natural and proper condition of water is *freshness*—the state in which it falls from the clouds. It is by accident that it acquires the saline or any other impregnation. This is indicated, if it were by nothing else, in the varying degree of the saltiness even in the ocean; for the sea is saltiest between the tropics, where the evaporation is greatest, and least salt at the poles, owing to the infusion of the melted ice. We need not, therefore, be surprised at finding that the detached seas and salt lakes are of a different degree of saltiness from the mean of the ocean, or that they are different among themselves. It is surprising, however, to find so heavy a charge of this article in the Dead Sea as one-fourth of its whole mass. So extraordinary a fact was sure to excite great attention in early ages, though, as we now see, it is out-paralleled in the Lake of Eltonsk. Travellers tell that they have been able to discover no trace of animal life in the Dead Sea. They find themselves so buoyant in it, owing to its great specific gravity, that they can scarcely swim, it being difficult to keep both arms and legs under the surface at once. The skin smarting from the contact of the waters, and they come out with a sensible incrustation of salt all over. The stories told, however, of birds not being able to fly over the lake, owing to the fumes arising from it, are of the class of imaginary tales engendered by marvellous ap-

pearances. Sulphur and asphalt or bitumen are among the foreign substances contained in the water of the Dead Sea. The Caspian, in like manner, presents upon its western banks springs of naphtha. All of these are simple natural circumstances, easily to be accounted for by the character of the country drained into these detached seas.

Till no distant period, it was supposed that there was a subterranean communication between the Caspian and the Black Sea, forming a secret outlet for the large quantities of water brought into the former by the Wolga and other rivers. As evidence in favour of this supposition, it was observed that the sea-calves, dolphins, and other marine mammalia of the Mediterranean and Black Sea, were identical in species with those found in the Caspian. It was thought that these animals had found their way into the Caspian through the subterranean passages. Such notions are now wholly given up by men of science.

It has long been known, however, that the Caspian stands at a lower level than the ocean. Halley, the English astronomer of the reign of Charles II., speculated upon the depression in which it rests having been produced by the stroke of a comet. When, about 1732, some barometrical observations indicated its being fully 300 feet below the ocean level, the idea was put aside as 'evidently absurd;' but, some years afterwards, other observers finding reason to come to the same conclusion, it began to be the subject of serious inquiry. After many experiments by different persons, most of which came to widely different results, the depression of the Caspian below the level of the sea was ascertained by levelling in 1837 to be about 83 or 84 feet. This is a very remarkable fact, from its being of a nature not previously imagined as possible. But it is not alone the area of the Caspian which is concerned. The eastern and northern shores being almost level for a large space, it appears, from a calculation of Baron Humboldt, that the extent of continental land depressed below the level of the ocean is not less than 18,000 square marine leagues, being more than the area of France. We are not sure if the baron includes in this calculation the space and precincts of the Lake of Aral, which is now believed to be about the same level with the Caspian, and only divided from it by a very low tract.

Nearly about the same time when the Russian savans were engaged in this investigation, several gentlemen of different countries, almost simultaneously, and quite independently of one another, made the discovery that there was a similar depression in the area of the Dead Sea. One of these gentlemen, Dr Von Schubert, says, in a narrative which he has published—'We were not a little astonished at Jericho, and still more at the Dead Sea, to see the mercury in our barometer ascend beyond the scale. We were obliged to calculate the height by

* The saline contents of the ocean are from 3 to 4 per cent.

the eye, and although we reduced the height as much as possible, owing to the extremely unexpected nature of the result, yet the level of the Dead Sea, hence deduced, was at least 640 English feet under that of the Mediterranean. We endeavoured to explain away this conclusion in every possible way. . . . I could not have ventured to make public so extraordinary a measurement after my return home, although the measurement of the height of the Lake of Tiberias corresponded with it, had it not been that some of my friends published a notice of it in the "Allgemeine Zeitung." An interest being now excited in the subject, several other measurements were made, but none of a satisfactory nature, till Lieutenant Symonds, in 1841, executed a trigonometrical survey of the space between Jaffa and the Dead Sea, and ascertained the latter to be depressed below the Mediterranean no less than 1311 feet! The area occupied by, and surrounding the famed Asphaltite Lake, including a large portion of the valley of the Jordan—the scene of some of the most remarkable events in history—thus appears to be a kind of pit, for so it may well be called. Even the Lake of Tiberias, seventy miles up the valley of the Jordan, was discovered by Lieutenant Symonds to be 328 feet below the level of the ocean.

From these discoveries, it results that there is no possible means of exit for the waters thrown into the Caspian and Dead Sea besides evaporation. Great as is the volume brought in by the rivers, the sun in those warm latitudes is sufficiently powerful to withdraw it again, thus keeping down the surface at a certain general level, lower than that of the main sea. It is believed that the reason of the saline taste of such isolated masses of water—and in this category the ocean itself might be included—is, as long ago suggested by Buffon, their being the ultimate place of deposit for the particles of salt washed by the rivers out of the land during their courses. A Caspian is, in this respect, to be regarded as a co-ordinate of the great ocean itself, albeit on a comparatively small scale. An English lake which received a rivulet, and had no outlet, would be another example; and even in such a sheet of water a charge of salts would perhaps in time be acquired.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison, in his late laborious work on the Geology of Russia in Europe, describes the character of the great basin occupied by the Aral and Caspian. Excepting a tract (the Ust-Urt) interposed between these seas, which is a plateau of miocene limestone ranging under 731 feet above the level of the Caspian, this large region may be generally described as 'a desiccated sea-bottom . . . entirely composed of sand, with occasional heaps of fine gravel . . . rarely argillaceous and loamy, and almost everywhere strewed over with shells, or the débris of species, some of which are now living in the adjacent Caspian Sea.' This superficial formation rests on the flanks of the miocene limestone of the Ust-Urt, showing that it was deposited in a sea which insulated that district; and this sea appears to have been one precisely resembling the present Caspian, for the fossil shells are wholly of the kinds (cardium, mytilus, adacné, &c.) which live in brackish seas, resembling these also in their being of a very limited number of species, while numerous as individuals; in which respect, it may be remarked, brackish seas differ from ordinary seas where the species are usually of great variety. Sir Roderick, therefore, believes that the great steppe of Astrakhan, and all the rest of that extensive low tract, forming what may be called the Aralo-Caspian basin, was, in comparatively modern geological times, but before the age of history, covered by a brackish sea, forming a sort of inner Mediterranean, and fully equalling that sea in extent. This tract is indeed only saved from being so at this moment by the strength of the evaporative power: were that diminished to any serious extent, the large rivers now flowing into the Aral and Caspian (the Oxus, Jaxartes, Wolga, &c.) would undoubtedly raise a single sheet of water by which this extensive portion of Western Asia would be overflowed. It may be a curious subject of

reflection to the inhabitants of Astrakhan, that their city is only saved from permanent and hopeless inundation by the power of the sun's rays. So equally would this tract become the seat of a prolongation of the Mediterranean, a true saline sea, if the ground intervening between it and the Black Sea or the Sea of Azov, were to be from any cause broken down or lowered.

It becomes an interesting subject of speculation—By what means, and in what circumstances, have the Caspian and Aral been drained or emptied down to their present diminished forms and extent? It is first necessary to keep in view that Caspian shells being found on a sort of under-cliff of the Ust-Urt from 150 to 200 feet above the Aral (which it overlooks), we must presume that the Aralo-Caspian basin had once a greater height of water by at least that amount. The question arises—By what height of country is the Aralo-Caspian basin divided from that of the Black Sea?—the only point in which a connection has been presumed to have existed. We obtain some light on this subject from the observations of Pallas, who describes a cliff like the border of an ancient sea extending between the extremity of the Ural Mountains and a point near the upper extremity of the Sea of Azov: this is said to average about 300 feet of elevation above the Aralo-Caspian basin. It would obviously, if there were no lower point of connection, form a boundary for a lake or detached sea sufficient in height to deposit the shells on the under-cliff overlooking the Aral. We are not so clearly informed as to the height of the ground intervening more directly between the Caspian and Black Sea; but such information is scarcely necessary, as the brackish character established for the ancient Caspian by its shells shows it to have been divided from the Black Sea by a height sufficient to cut off all connection between their respective waters. When we ask more strictly, by what means has the ancient Caspian Sea been reduced? it becomes important to know that there is evidence for the fact, generally believed amongst the neighbouring people, that the waters are continually though slowly diminishing. A small overbalance of the evaporative over the filling power, such as we may believe now exists, would be sufficient, in the course of time, to reduce the great sea of a former age to the present pair of detached lakes.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison, speculating on this subject, says—'Whilst we specially invite attention to the grandeur and peculiarity of this former internal sea, we think that its diminution to the size of the present Caspian and Aral Seas is mainly due to oscillations of its former bottom. The eruptive rocks which range along the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the Balkan of Khwarezm, are fortunately at hand to explain that, as igneous matter in many forms has sought an issue at many points in those contiguous mountains, partially raising up sedimentary deposits, and changing their mineral aspects and condition, so probably have internal widely-acting expansive forces, derived from the same deep-seated source, heaved up, in broad horizontal masses, to the different levels at which we now find them, the beds of the former great Caspian Sea. Such elevations would very naturally, we contend, be accompanied by adjacent depressions; and thus we would explain the low position of the Caspian Sea, and such portions of land about it, as are admitted by all observers to lie beneath the surface of the ocean.'

We must profess ourselves to be at a loss to perceive occasion for such upheavals and depressions of the surface as are here called forth.* There is nothing in the configuration of the district which we may not suppose to have co-existed with the former

* The value of Sir Roderick's statement depends altogether upon the character of the 'eruptive rocks.' If these are very modern, as lavas and trachytes, &c.; if they have acted upon the miocene rocks of the district, so as to control and otherwise derange their natural horizontality; or if they have in the least affected the character of the superficial masses containing the shells, then it is a certainty volcanic forces have had to do with the covering of the Caspian and Black Sea.—Note by a Friend.

greater height of the Aralo-Caspian Sea, so that only the connection with the Mediterranean basin be higher than the position of the shells so often alluded to—a point upon which we have every reason to conclude affirmatively. Sir Roderick's contending for depressions seems uncalled for, when we consider that there are many lakes deeper than the neighbouring seas, and that in their cases we should equally find a sub-aerial depression, if the evaporative power were only in excess over that by which the lake is fed. The bottom of Loch Ness, for instance, is 700 or 800 feet below the level of the sea. Were it placed in a sufficiently torrid climate, we should have it transformed into a comparatively small salt lake, occupying the bottom of a vale precisely like that of the Jordan and Dead Sea. Lake Superior, in North America, the surface of which is 627 feet above the sea, has a bed 336 feet below that level. Here an increased evaporative power would have exactly the same effect. Such depressions of the surface apart from the bed of the ocean are common: had this been kept in mind, and had the main fact connected with salt lakes been held in view—namely, their issuing in evaporation—such men as Humboldt, Arago, and Murchison could not have failed to see that all recourse to such extraordinary means as upheavals and depressions might have been spared. Such motions of the surface are no doubt amongst the most indubitable of the facts educed by geology from the history of the past; but it was in earlier ages than those of the superficial formations that they were at their maximum of intensity. There has been of late years too great a disposition to resort to them for the explanation of comparatively modern phenomena.

These speculations are not exclusive of the possible connection of the Aralo-Caspian Sea with the Black Sea in an earlier age. It is ascertained of some parts of the earth that the relative level of sea and land has undergone a change to the extent of many hundreds of feet. Suppose this to have been the case also in the confines of Europe and Asia, then the Aralo-Caspian would be an inner Mediterranean, as Murchison calls it, until the waters fell (using this word merely for convenience) below the point where they would join; after which the Aralo-Caspian would be isolated, and its drainage by means of evaporation would commence. The fish of the present Caspian are said to be different as species from those of all other parts of the earth, though denominated sturgeon, salmon, herring, &c.; but the same marine mammalia exist here as in the Black Sea. If we could suppose the differences in the fish to be only such as differences of conditions can in the course of time effect, there would be nothing to prevent our regarding the zoology of the Caspian as an interesting memorial of the former connection of this sea with the ocean. R. C.

DASEE LEWELLYN'S WISH.

'OH, father! how delightful it would be if you were an outlaw, or a rebel, or something of that sort; then I might be like Ellen in the Lady of the Lake: there would be danger and excitement, and daily sacrifices to make for you! Nay, if you were but an old blind harper, papa, I would be content! Leading you over the hills, as in the olden days of chivalry; in lighted halls and Beauty's bowers to be welcomed everywhere.'

Such was the observation made one day by young Dasee Lewellyn, the daughter of a Welsh squire, and my very intimate though eccentric friend—a compound, as I sometimes thought her, of Die Vernon and Anne of Geierstein. I was at the time on a visit to Swan Pool, the picturesque residence of Squire Lewellyn, and though Dasee had often amused me with her flashes of sentiment, I felt that her present wish to see her father either a rebel or a beggar was rather too romantic.

'Thank you, my darling: I am much obliged to you,' said the squire; 'but as we are already welcomed by our

neighbours most heartily, whenever we go amongst them, I much prefer the convenience of a comfortable carriage, with the inestimable blessing of eyesight, to toiling on foot afflicted and wayworn.'

'But,' vehemently urged his daughter, 'then we should be welcomed for the sake of genius and the love of art; now it is because you are the Squire of Swan Pool, and I your heiress, and that we give good dinners in return, and a ball at Christmas!'

'Don't talk any more nonsense, Dasee,' answered her father impatiently. 'I like sentiment well enough, but not sentiment run mad, as yours seems to be. Why don't you take a lesson in common sense from your friend Miss — there;' pointing to me as he said so. 'However, we need not say any more about that just now. So come and kiss me, like a good, sensible girl, and tell me what you think of Mr Smith, our new pastor?'

'Why,' said the 'good, sensible girl,' 'he is a great deal too fat and ruddy for a clergyman, and too young and happy-looking. What with his commonplace name, and commonplace appearance, I can't bear him.'

'But, my dear,' added Dame Winny, the squire's sister and housekeeper, 'a good young pastor, well and conscientiously performing his manifold duties, ought to look happy, if a quiet conscience and peace of mind can give happiness; and as to being ruddy and robust, what fault is that of his? I am sure he is a most excellent young man, and we are very fortunate in having such a successor to our lamented Mr Morgan.'

'I should think we were much more fortunate,' saucily rejoined the foolish, heedless Dasee, 'if Mr Smith had been a Mr anything else, and a pale, interesting, miserable-looking person, whom it would have made me weep to listen to, thinking of the sad tale that doubtless formed his history!'

'Right glad should I be if he had a tale to tell thee, thou foolish Dasee!' said the fond father. 'But if thou art so full of folly, depend upon it that Mr Smith will never think of thee.'

'Mr Smith think of me indeed!' indignantly exclaimed the heiress: 'I would not have him, even if he grew pale, and thin, and elegant to-morrow!'

On my second visit to Swan Pool, Dasee herself reminded me of these words, and also of the following incident, which took place in the churchyard:—

This burial-ground was situated on a hillside facing the lake; ancient trees spread their branches above the grassy mounds, many of which were ornamented with beautiful flowering plants, placed there by the hand of affection, and carefully tended, for the Welsh peasant attaches peculiar interest to these sweet memorials of the departed. It was evening time, and all was hushed around as Dasee Lewellyn and myself sat down to rest on a projecting stone. A woman, clad in mourning garb, entered the churchyard, and, not seeing us, presently knelt down by the side of a newly-made grave, on which the flowers, but lately planted, were struggling to regain elasticity and strength. We saw her tie them up, and pluck off the faded leaves; we heard her deep sob, and her fervent ejaculations reached our ears. Dasee was very pale, silent, and thoughtful, looking on the mourner with deep interest and absorbing attention; and when at length the poor woman left the burial-place, she arose and sought the new-made grave, with clasped hands and an earnest manner softly exclaiming, 'Oh I wish that I too had a grave to tend!'

Admonition, warning, or reproof was alike useless. We silently left the spot, nor exchanged a word till within the warm cheerful rooms of the old house once more. We found the squire and Dame Winny busily engaged with a disputation at cribbage; but I fancied I guessed Dasee's feelings as she sprang into the arms of these dear ones, embracing them again and again with unwonted demonstrations of affection even for her, warm and affectionate as she ever was. Her heart perhaps smote her, but the idle words could not be recalled.

Our sojourn in the pleasant Welsh valley at length terminated; and many years passed away, bringing changes to us all, while still at intervals of time we continued to receive tidings of our valued friends at Swan Pool.

Dasee's letters were piquant and artless productions, but affording subjects for serious contemplation, as marking the gradual change of disposition wrought by time, change of circumstances, and the development of feelings which had hitherto lain dormant.

With heartfelt sorrow we heard from Dame Winny of the worthy squire's affliction—namely, that he had become a palsied, sightless old man; but then Dame Winny spoke of 'Niece Dasee's beautiful demeanour and dutiful love towards her father;' and we shrewdly opined also that the reverend gentleman of 'the ruddy countenance and odious name' was beginning to find favour with the heiress. She herself wrote to us of his many amiable qualities, of his assiduous attentions towards her poor father, who, from his past habits and pursuits, most bitterly felt his present deplorable condition, so that, when the final news reached us of her princely patronymic being lost for ever in the commonplace one of 'Smith,' we were not much astonished.

After this event our correspondence became irregular. Our wanderings, vicissitudes, and sorrows, and her increasing family, accounted for this; while dear Dame Winny had so much upon her hands, so many calls on her time and attention, that writing, which had always been a laborious task to her, now became an almost impossible one.

Destiny, however, conducted us once more to Lewellyn's home; and at the period of our second visit to Swan Pool, when we gained the summit of the hill, and gazed down on the valley beneath, it might have seemed as if the summer-time of our first visit had come again, only that the summer of the heart had departed, and many wintry blasts impressed reality too vividly for fancy to hold its sway. All was unchanged without: there reposed the sparkling lake, over which Dasee used to skim in her fairy shallop, the ancient trees, the mountains, the old house, and the church spire rising amidst the dark foliage; all were there as in the days of yore! As we passed the burial-ground on the hillside, an impulse which I could not resist impelled me to alight and to enter the sacred precincts alone. How many new graves there were; how many brilliant flowers clustering around them, as the last rays of the setting sun illuminated the rainbow tints; thus telling of glory for the departed, and whispering hope to the survivors, seeming to say, 'I shall rise again to-morrow; the flowers will bloom another and another summer; and the inmates of these quiet graves are not dead, but sleeping!'

I was aroused from a deep reverie into which I had fallen by the soft sound of infancy's sweet engaging prattle; and on looking up, I saw a portly lady with two fair children standing beside two little grassy mounds, and answering their questions in an earnest, impressive, and tender manner. That voice—I knew it at once! But how could I recognise the identity of the sedate and portly matron, the anxious nursing mother, and the wild, giddy, aerial sylph of the mountain-side? But it was Dasee herself, and she smiled when I called her '*Mrs Smith*;' and the tears came into her eyes as we spoke of her numerous offspring: then I knew her again; for the smile was the saucy smile of yore, and the eyes were the same touching and gentle expression which so often in girlhood had given promise of better things.

The little children intently watched our movements; their prattle ceased; and they looked awed, holding by their mother's hands with trustful love, as she pointed to the graves beside her, turning towards me a glance which I well understood, for the same remembrance flashed simultaneously on our minds. 'You do not forget; ah! I see you do not,' she whispered, 'those thoughtless words once spoken here, when I

heedlessly exclaimed, "I wish that I too had a grave to tend!" Am I not answered? For here sleeps my first-born, and by his side a golden-haired cherub babe—a second Dasee!' She meekly bowed her head; and silence was the only and the best sympathy I could offer as we slowly approached the old gabled house—the beloved home of her early years, the scene of so many wild exploits.

I have already said that *without* all remained unchanged; *within*, the same, but oh how altered!

The white-headed squire was gently led about, not by his daughter—she had other pressing duties to attend to—but by his granddaughter, Winny Smith; and if Winny Smith's papa had been fat and ruddy on our former visit to Swan Pool, what was he now!—while of his hilarity and happiness there could be no doubt: it was perfectly heartfelt and decided. Dame Winny, too, was as active, as kind, as fidgetty, and talkative as ever; but withered and shrunken, and slightly deaf (only slightly she said); going about with a tall silver-headed stick, stumping loudly up and down the stairs and passages, ever giving warning of the dear old lady's approach unknown to herself.

There were so many tiny Smiths running about, that it seemed unlikely there was any real danger of their being individually spoiled by grandpapa or Aunt Winny. We observed that they all wore black sashes, and that Dasee also was attired in mourning, thus giving notice of a recent loss; we found, on inquiry, that she had not long buried the second child she had lost: her eldest born, a promising boy of seven years old, had been taken from her a few years previously, and she had mourned his loss nearly to the death; but this last bereavement found the mother calm and resigned, prepared to render back the priceless treasure unto Him who gave it.

Many visits in company together Dasee and myself paid to the burial-ground on the hillside, with her pretty children frolicking around us; and I believe, were the usual tenor of our conversations analysed, and the pith of the matter extracted, the condensation would be comprised in a small space, the following quotation of few words amply expressing our voluminous reminiscences—'Experience is the best of schoolmasters, only the school-fees are heavy.'

FOWLING IN FAROE AND SHETLAND.

THESE two groups of islands, situated in the northern Atlantic, and separated by only about one hundred and eighty miles, are not more contrasted in their political position and internal economy than in their geological structure, and consequent dissimilarity of botany; though, from having been originally peopled by the same Scandinavian race, and long under one government, there are still to be discovered numerous traces of similar language, manners, and even personal appearance.

While Shetland is an integral portion of the home British empire, participating in her enlightened laws and policy, her freedom and progress in improvement, together with the good, and also, alas! evil, more or less attendant on our peculiar institutions, Farøe, as respects manners and state of society, is in much the same condition as it has been for a century past at least, or as Shetland was at that distance of time.

Farøe belongs to the Danish crown, is governed by its absolute though mild and paternal rule, and is subject to a royal monopoly of all commerce and other resources. From analogy and observation, however, we are disposed to the opinion that, for a half-instructed, isolated, and pastoral people, the Faroese appear to be at present in precisely the circumstances most conducive to their morality, independence, and happiness.

The geological formation of the Farøe Isles is of volcanic origin; hence their splendid basaltic columns

* They are composed almost entirely of trap-rock.

and conical hills, deep valleys and mural precipices, narrow fjords, and rushing tides. The shores are so steep, that in many of the islands there is no convenient landing-place. Boats are drawn up precipitous banks by ropes and pulleys; and a ship of large burden may lie close to a wall of rock from one to two thousand feet in height on either side, where the strait between is so narrow, that she can only be towed or warped onwards or outwards, as alongside a wharf. In some situations the cliffs present stupendous basaltic pillars, to which those of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway are pigmies. More commonly the precipices are broken into narrow terraces, overhanging crags, and gloomy recesses, tenanted by myriads of sea-fowl of every name, whose incessant motions and shrill echoing cries give variety and animation to scenes otherwise desolate in their sublimity.

Among these dizzy and almost confounding scenes the fowler pursues his hazardous but familiar avocation; for the eggs and flesh of the sea-fowl are an important part of the food of the Faroese, and the feathers a profitable article of exportation. Little thinks many a discontented town-bred workman, or surly field labourer, and still less many a fashionable *ennuyée*, with what cheeriness and courage numbers of their fellow-creatures encounter not merely fatiguing toil, but frightful danger, while in quest of their daily bread!

The manner of performing the perilous task of taking the birds from the precipices is thus described:—"The fowler (*fuglemand*) is let down from the top of the cliff by a rope about three inches thick, which is fastened to the waist and thighs by a broad woollen band, on which he sits. The adventurer soon loses sight of his companions, and can only communicate with them by a small line attached to his body. When he reaches the terraces, often not more than a foot broad, he frees himself from the rope, attaches it to a stone, and commences his pursuit of the feathery natives. Where the nests are in a hollow of the rock, the bird-catcher gives himself a swinging motion by means of his pole, till the vibration carries him so close, that he can get footing on the rock. He can communicate to himself a swing of thirty to forty feet; but when the shelf lies deeper than another rope is let down to his associates in a boat, who can thus give him a swing of one hundred or one hundred and twenty feet." The Faroese talk with rapture of their sensations while thus suspended between sea and sky, swinging to and fro by what would seem a frail link when the value of a human life is concerned. Nay, so fascinating is this uncouth occupation, that there are often individuals who, provided with a small supply of food, cause themselves to be lowered to some recess, where the overhanging cliff gives shelter from above, and a platform of a few square feet scarce affords sufficient resting-place; and here, sometimes for a fortnight, and even three weeks together, will the adventurer remain alone, scrambling from crag to crag, collecting birds from the nests, or catching them as they fly past him with his fowling-pole and net, till he has filled his bags with their slaughtered bodies or their feathers. We cannot imagine a more wildly-sublime locality for the restless energy of man to choose as a temporary sojourning place. The ceaseless discordant scream of the birds, no doubt amazed at the dauntless intruder on their haunts, the roar of the surf, and the wailing of the wind among the rocks and crevices, might combine well-nigh to deafen any unaccustomed ears. Moreover, there is the danger, the awe-inspiring scenery, the solitude; yet several persons have availed to our informant that in such a unique position they have spent absolutely their happiest days!

In Farøe the story is related, which is also said to have occurred at St Kilda, Foula, and Skye,† of a father

and son having been lowered at once, the one above the other, on a fowling expedition, by the usual rope; that on beginning to ascend, they perceived two of the three cords of which it was composed had been cut by the abrasion of the rocks, and could not sustain the weight of more than one of them; and how, after a short but anguished contention, the father prevailed on the son to cut him off, and thus sacrifice his parent's life as the only chance of saving his own.

A far more instructive and thrilling anecdote, which, so far as we know, has not appeared in print, was told our informant in Farøe by a member of the young man's family to whom it occurred.

We have said that the fowlers are lowered from above, and manage to get stationed on some shelf or ledge of rock, frequently beneath an overhanging crag, where they disengage themselves from the rope, and proceed to their employment. Now it unfortunately happened that the young man we have alluded to, having secured his footing on the flat rock, by some accident lost his hold of the rope, to which was also attached his signal-line, which he had the agony to see, after a few pendulous swings, settle perpendicularly utterly beyond his reach. When the first moments of surprise and nearly mortal anguish had elapsed, he sat down to consider, as calmly as might be, what he should do, what effort make to save himself from the appalling fate of perishing by inches on that miserable spot. His friends above, he knew, after waiting the usual time, would draw up the rope, and finding him not there, would conclude he had perished; or should they by the same method descend to seek him, how among the thousand nooks of that bewildering depth of rock upon rock find the secret recess he had chosen, where he had so often congratulated himself on his favourable position, but which seemed now destined for his grave?

More than once the almost invincible temptation rushed on his mind of ending his distraction and suspense by leaping into the abyss. One short moment, and his fears and sufferings, with his 'life's fitful fever,' would be over. But the temporary panic passed away; he raised his thoughts to the guardian care of Omnipotence; and calmed and reassured, he trusted some mode of deliverance would present itself. To this end he more particularly scanned his limited resting-place. It was a rocky shelf, about eight feet wide, and gradually narrowing till it met the extended precipice, where not the foot of a gull could rest: at the other extremity it terminated in an abrupt descent of hundreds of feet: at the back was a mural rock, smooth and slippery as ice: and above was a beetling crag, overarched the place where he stood, outside of which depended his only safety—his unfortunate rope. Every way he moved, carefully examining and attempting each possible mode of egress from his singular prison-house. He found none. There remained, so far as his own efforts were concerned, one desperate chance to endeavour to reach the rope. By means of his long pole he attempted to bring it to his hand. Long he tried; but he tried in vain: he could hardly touch it with the end of the stick and other appliances; but no ingenuity could serve to hook it fast. Should he, then, leap from the rock, and endeavour to catch it as he sprang? Was there any hope he could succeed, or, catching, could he sustain his hold till drawn to the top? This indeed seemed his only forlorn-hope. One fervent prayer, therefore, for agility, courage, and strength, and with a bold heart, a steady eye, and outstretched hand, he made the fearful spring! We dare not, and could not say exactly the distance—it was many feet—but he caught the rope, first with one hand, and in the next moment with the other. It slipped through, peeling the skin from his palms; but the knot towards the loops at the end stopped his impetus, and he felt he could hold fast for a time. He made the usual signal urgently, and was drawn upwards as rapidly as possible. Yet the swinging motion, the imminent danger, and his own precarious strength considered, we may well

† It is similarly pursued in Foula, St Kilda, and others of the Scottish islands.

† To which of these several places, therefore, belongs the honour of the incident is doubtful.

believe the shortest interval would seem long, and that no ordinary courage and energy were still necessary for his safety. He reached the top, and instantly prostrated himself on the turf, returning aloud to the Almighty his fervent thanksgivings, a few words of which had hardly escaped his lips, when he sunk into utter insensibility.

Great was the amazement of his associates to find him hanging on by his hands—greater far their astonishment at his singular adventure: but once having told his tale, which every circumstance clearly corroborated, his pole and net being found on the rock as described, he never would again be prevailed on to recur to the subject; nor did he ever approach in the direction of the cliff from which he had descended, without turning shudderingly away from a spot associated with a trial so severe.

Quite contrasted to all these scenes, as we observed at the outset, are the aspect of nature and the manner of taking the sea-fowl and their eggs in Shetland. The hills here are low, none of the seaward precipices are above six or seven hundred feet high; and so far from fowling being pursued as a regular branch of employment, under proper regulations, as in Faroe, the Shetland landlords and other superiors by all means discourage their dependents from spending their time and energies in what is at best to them a desultory and most dangerous occupation, which, moreover, robs the rocks, otherwise so bare and rugged, of those feathered denizens, their appropriate ornament. Still, so fascinating and exciting is this method of idling away time, that might be much more profitably or improvingly employed, at least in these islands, that many of the fishermen frequent the cliffs and peril their lives in the forbidden pursuit. Serious accidents occasionally occur. Some time ago a poor man met a very dreadful fate. He had been creeping into a crevice where were several nests with eggs; having inserted half of his body, he had dislodged a stone, which held him fast. His decaying corpse was found some time afterwards; the head, shoulders, and outstretched hands jammed in the crevice, and the feet and legs hanging out.

More lately, a man noted for his fowling depredations went out one fine morning to gather shell-fish bait for the next day's fishing. It happened to be the day after the communion Sabbath, when there is sermon at noon. The fisherman's Sunday clothes were laid ready, his family went to church and returned, but he appeared not: night came, and he was yet absent. Still his family were under no particular anxiety, imagining he had gone to a friend's at some little distance. In the morning, however, when he did not join his boat's crew to go to the usual fishing, the alarm was raised, and inquiry and search immediately made. It was without success for a considerable time; but finally, near the brink of a precipice, where an opening rent in the rocks made an accessible way for a short distance downwards, the poor man's shoes and basket of bait were found. Following up this indication, his fishing associates proceeded in their boat to the base of the cliff, from whence they thought they saw something like a human being. With renewed hope they climbed up, and found their unfortunate comrade caught between two rocks, where he reclined as if asleep; but he had fallen from a great height, and was quite dead: and by this act, as of a truant schoolboy, for a few wild-fowl eggs, was a wife and large family left destitute and mourning!

There is in the island of Unst, the most northerly of the Shetlands, one man who, by his bravery, expertness, and, we may perhaps add, his incorrigible perseverance, has gained a sort of tacit immunity from the general restriction, or at least his poaching misdemeanours are winked at. His father was a noted fowler before him; and since his own earliest boyhood, he has been accustomed to make it his pastime to scramble among the steepest crags and cliffs, making many a hairbreadth escape, many an unheard-of prize. He has robbed the most inaccessible nooks of their inhabi-

tants, and even surprised the sea eagle in her nest. He climbs barefooted, and his toes clasp the slippery rock as talons would. Fear or dizziness he knows not of; and for a few shillings, or for an afternoon's recreation, he will scale many a ladder of rock, and penetrate many a time-worn crevice, where human foot but his own will probably never tread. Every cranny, every stepping-place of the precipitous headlands of his native island are intimately known to him; and at how much expense of unconquerable perseverance, zig-zag explorings, and undaunted courage this has been accomplished, we may not stop too particularly to relate.

On one occasion, led on by his indomitable love of exploring, he had passed to a point of a cliff to which even he had never dared to venture before. His object was to discover the spot where he believed a pair of eagles had long built unmolested. Overjoyed, he reached the place; triumphantly he possessed himself of the eggs (for which, by the by, a commercial collector afterwards paid him five shillings); and then he for the first time became aware of his whereabouts. How he got there he could not even imagine. He paused a few moments: it was not fear, but unfeigned surprise and awe that entranced him; and then the consideration naturally forced itself on his attention—'How shall I return?' It ought to be mentioned, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that it is much more difficult to get down than to ascend. The whole tortuosities and difficulties of the path are more clearly in view, and the head is apt not to be so steady. In the present case, moreover, the excitement was past—the object was attained; and it is wonderful how the blood cools, and courage becomes calculating, in these latter circumstances. Well, beside the plundered eyrie our gallant adventurer sat cogitating. 'I'll never return, that's certain, to begin with,' he said to himself. 'After all my escapes and exploits, my time is come at last. Well, if it is, it is: let me meet it like a man! If it is not come, I shall get down in safety, as I have done ere now, though never from such an awful place before.' So he precipitately began the descent—plunging on without an idea except his early-imbibed belief in predestination, and an occasional aspiration to the Almighty for protection. He never knew, he says, how or by what paths he reached a place of comparative safety; but he would not attempt to go again to that spot for twenty guineas.

It is not, however, only in those localities with which from childhood he has been familiar that our courageous fowler is dexterous and adventurous in his undertakings. Tempted by an offer of adequate remuneration from an amateur, he engaged to procure an eagle's egg from a distant quarter, where they were known to have a nest. The gentleman, in the interval of his absence, sorely repented that he had proffered the bribe, though he by no means urged the step. But in due time the brave craftsman returned successful, having twice scaled the precipice to the eyrie. The first time when he reached the place, from whence he scared the parent birds, he found the nest so situated, that though he saw the eggs, he could not by any possibility reach them. Nothing daunted, he returned and made his preparations. To the end of a long fishing-rod he attached a bladder, the mouth of which he kept distended by a wire. Reaching this simple but ingenious apparatus to the nest, from the perching-place where he leaned, he gradually worked the eggs into the bladder-bag with the point of the rod, and bore them off in triumph. It was the most lucrative, though the most dangerous adventure he had ever accomplished; for the locality was strange, the weather was gloomy, and the birds were fierce, and at one time in startling proximity to the spoiler.

This man, who in every respect is the *beau idéal* of a successful fowler, is now in the prime of life, about medium height, active and agile of course, and slender and lithe as an eel. During the late trying season of destitution from the failure of crops and fishing, he has mainly supported his family by the produce of such

exploits as we have been detailing. And he has a little son, the tiny counterpart of himself, who, almost ever since he could walk, he has taught to climb the rocks along with him, and who therefore bids fair, should he escape casualties, to be as bold and expert in fowling as is his parent.

PROGRESS OF THE EDUCATION QUESTION IN SCOTLAND.

TWELVE months ago, we took occasion to point out what we considered the insufficient and unsatisfactory state of elementary education in Scotland, where, by the institution of parish schools, it might be supposed to have been on a tolerably perfect footing. Since that period the subject has undergone some discussion; and even those who advocate existing arrangements, allow that something is wanting to remedy acknowledged defects. The longer that the Scottish parish school system is considered, the less will it appear possible to adapt it to the present and prospective wants of the country without a very considerable change in its administration. While all acknowledge the value of its past services, and look on it still with respect, an impression is very generally gaining ground that it must submit to a by no means limited reform; and further, that this reform can be effected only by legislative revision and enactment.

The leading defects of the present polity are briefly these:—Only one school properly constituted exists in a parish; while some parishes, by reason of increase of population, would require several schools, all equally well supported by public grant. Originally placed in a great degree under the cognisance and government of the Established Church, the schools remain under the same management, although, in the course of events, the establishment is now the minority. In consequence of this arrangement, as well as the obligation of teachers to subscribe a religious test, the schools are sectarian in character; and the greater number of children—nearly the whole in some districts—are educated at schools got up by private parties, or by dissenting and seceding bodies. The salaries of the teachers are preposterously small; but there exist no means of legally increasing them consistently with independence of principle. It is very much to be regretted that any representation of these and other defects should lead to the slightest animosity or party feeling. The parish schools, as we have always understood, were not erected for the benefit of this or that party, but for all; and they have been endowed accordingly. If, then, society alter so far as to leave them in a false position, in which they cannot possibly realise the intention of their founders, is it not a public duty to aim at such changes as a calm consideration of the subject will suggest?

We have been induced to make these few remarks from observing that one of the largest and most respectable seceding bodies in Scotland—the United Presbyterian Synod—numbering about five hundred chapels, has had the sagacity to take an impartial and correct view of the state of our elementary education, and the courage to indicate the necessary remedial measures. The following document has been issued under the authority of the body:—

'At a meeting, held at Edinburgh on the 28th June 1848, of the Committee on Public Questions appointed by the United Presbyterian Synod, the following Resolutions were adopted on the subject of NATIONAL EDUCATION.

I. That the acknowledged inefficiency of the Parochial Schools of Scotland, and the dissatisfaction with regard to them which generally exists, are mainly attributable to the subjection of these schools to the control of the Established Church; while there is thus combined the inconsistency of a system called national being placed in the hands of a minority, with the injustice of maintaining the interests of a party at the public expense.

II. That the remedy for these evils is not to be found

in educational grants to different religious denominations—a scheme whereby the interests both of religion and of education are liable to suffer from the spirit of party; that such a result is much to be deprecated, at a period of life when it is a main object of all sound moral training to foster kindly and generous sentiments; and that where this scheme has been put to the test of experiment, it is already yielding the bitter fruits of alienation and animosity which might have been anticipated.

III. That to render the parochial system of education truly a national one, the following conditions appear indispensable:—

1. The control of the Established Church over the Parochial Schools entirely to cease, and the right of superintendence and of management not to be placed in the hands of religious denominations as such.

2. Attendance at a Normal School, and certified acquaintance with the art and practice of teaching, to be required of all candidates for the situation of teachers.

3. Security for the sound principles of teachers to be sought in a right mode of appointment; and religious tests to be abolished, as sectarian in spirit, and at the same time nugatory as evidence of character.

4. Heads of families in parishes, or in such districts as may be found convenient, to have the right of electing the teacher, and of superintending by a committee of their number or otherwise the business of the schools.

5. The funds at present set apart for the support of Parochial Schools to continue to be applied to this purpose, and such additions as may be found necessary in particular districts, to be raised by local taxation—with a view to place the system under the wholesome control of public opinion.

6. Stated returns from the National Schools, embracing the branches taught, fees, attendance, &c. to be made to the Privy-Council, or to a National Board of Education, and a full digest of such returns to be published annually.

JAMES HARPER, *Convener.*

A short time previously, in May 1848, the following resolutions were come to by the same body on the not less important subject of University Tests in Scotland:—

'That the existing University Tests are not only sectarian, unjust, and impolitic, but totally inefficient for the professed object for which they are imposed—namely, to ascertain the religious principles of persons appointed to professorships: that this synod regard the entire abrogation of such tests as desirable; and are of opinion that the right of appointment, placed in the hands of duly qualified parties, and exercised under the influence of public opinion, would prove the most eligible and available check upon improper nominations to chairs in the national universities.'

Those who are interested in the progress of national education will be gratified to observe that one of the most numerous religious bodies in Scotland has, much to its honour, taken so enlarged a view of this important question.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WAGES AND LIVING IN GERMANY.

THE price of labour is lower in Silesia than elsewhere in Germany, yet Silesia is one of the most valuable and industrious of the Prussian and Austrian provinces. The explanation is, that competition for work is great, owing to the dense population of the country—even of the mountainous portion belonging to Austria. The peasant who divides his time between the cultivation of the ground and his mechanical trade, makes only a fraction more than 3s. a week; while, if employed in a manufactory, his earnings do not exceed 6s. 6d. The linen manufacture is here very ancient; but it is still for the most part carried on by the country people in their own huts, and it yields them but a scanty subsistence.

In Prussia, the hours of labour are long, averaging twelve in the day; and for this period of toil a journeyman receives 1s. 5d. In a manufactory the wages are

similar, being 8s. 6d. a week. In Bavaria, the workman does not gain more than from 5s. 6d. to 7s. a week; but here he is comfortably lodged at the rate of L.1, 12s. a year.

In order to judge of these prices, we must take into account the general expense of living. Throughout Saxony, beef averages 3½d. a pound, pork 4½d., and bread ¾d. a pound. In Bavaria, beef is 3½d. a pound, mutton the same price, pork 3½d., and bread ¾d. a pound. In the Rhenish provinces the same prices very generally prevail. It must be confessed, however, that labourers have little to do with any of these articles but bread; three-fourths of them knowing nothing of meat but the name. This bread is made of rye, and is black, heavy, and sour; but they do not eat it entirely from necessity, but likewise from choice. They think it sustains them better than wheaten bread; and for this reason it is used likewise by plain families of a higher rank. This rye bread, with a little butter and potatoes, and in the morning coffee, forms the daily nourishment of the German workman. Meat, we have said, is unknown to the mass; and beer and wine are only tasted on extraordinary occasions.

Such meagre nourishment is not favourable to the character of the workman either morally or physically. It may be said that the German is always a slow coach; but the German working-men are apathetic and indolent, and as far inferior to the French, who live better, as the French are to the English, who live best of all. In a recent report made to the French ministry of agriculture and commerce, it is remarked that substantial and abundant living has a great influence on the quantity of work a man can get through; and that the difference in this respect is the cause of the advantage the English working-man possesses over the French. 'Experience,' continues the report, 'has frequently shown that when the latter enjoys as substantial aliment as his rival, he works as hard and as long.'

It might be supposed at first sight that, with bread at ¾d. a pound, the Prussian wages of 8s. 6d. a week would be at least equal to 17s. in England. But this is not the case; for in the latter country bread is only one of many items which make up the general expense of living. There may be little chance of a money residue in either country; but in England, the workman on low wages has at least the superiority in food, and what he terms comfort—things of which money is merely the representative.

The great increase of potato culture in Germany is a consequence of the lowness of wages; and the fact would serve of itself to disprove the common paradox, that the Irish are poor because they live on potatoes. The truth is the very reverse: the Irish live on potatoes because they are poor, and because they were prevented by the operation of the corn laws from having recourse to cheap grain. If there was a similar law in Germany interdicting potatoes, the effect would not be to prevent the spread of poverty, but simply to deny to the people a wholesome variety in the cheap food to which their existing poverty restricts them.

In Ireland, lowness of diet has the same effect as in Germany: it makes the labourer both weak and indolent. Professor Hancock, in his smart remarks on the opinions of those who desire government interference to give the Irish a taste for better food, does not advert to this circumstance. 'Let them try,' says he, 'the first potato-fed Celt they find with a good dinner of such established Saxon fare as roast-beef and plum-pudding, and I will venture to predict that a taste for good living will be developed with a rapidity, and to an extent, quite surprising to the pocket of the incredulous theorists.' The professor means, that an Irish peasant will choose a good dinner in preference to a bad one, if he has them both before him: but this is trifling with the subject. The taste sought to be developed is of that kind which will make a man work for what he covets—which will subdue indolence, drunkenness, and other bad habits, and raise him in the social scale.

RATIONAL CORSETS.

So much good advice has been thrown away upon the ladies in the matter of tight-lacing, that we are glad to notice an invention which goes far to divest them of the power of injuring themselves by means of the corset. This is a new application of caoutchouc, which is introduced, in the form of fine threads covered with lace-thread, into the staple of the cloth of which stays are made. Such a mode of introducing this material, it will be seen, permits free evaporation; while the elasticity obtained does away with the necessity for whalebone, except in such thin flakes as can do no harm. In the ease with which an elastic ligature like this yields to the motions of the chest, consists of course its great superiority over the old corset; but the perfect adaptation of the new invention to the shape, and the graceful flexibility it permits to the figure, will, we suspect, be considered still greater advantages by the wearers. The inventors are Messrs Thomas and Co. of Cheap-side, London, whose business of staymaking would afford some rather curious statistics. In this apparently unimportant manufacture they employ 2000 work-people; 800 in London, and the rest in the provinces. It is worthy of observation that the lower we descend in society, the more bigoted we find females to the worst species of stays. Strength and unyielding solidity are the grand properties sought for; and in some places the stays offered for sale are actually weighed, and those preferred which are found to be the *heaviest*!

JAMES GREGOR GRANT'S POEMS.*

THERE is a story darkly hinted at, not related, by Dante, of a young wife who was imprisoned by her causelessly jealous husband in a tower built in the midst of a pestilential marsh. Here he watches day by day—himself her sole jailer—the ebbing life of his victim, till the tragedy closes with her death. To this legend the immortal Florentine has given a few lines, but these contain the materials of a fine poem.† The husband, it should be observed, is exposed to the same danger as the wife. He is no common assassin, who takes the life of a supposed offender, because it is in his power: he endures all the horrors of the marsh—the silence, the solitude, the sickening, the creeping of the ærial poison through his veins, the visible and tangible approach of death—all this he endures that he may see it endured by *her*; and yet we may conjecture that there lurks in some mystic recess of his heart an idea—almost a hope—that she will not be the first to perish. We may thus fancy the co-existence of undying love even with so monstrous a revenge, and divide our pity between the two victims of one destroying passion—the murderer and the murdered.

This we conceive to be the poetical view of a repulsive subject, and the only one which could fairly adapt it for exciting the sympathies on which it is the province of poetry to act. Poetry is the priestess of nature; and to imagine a cold, slow, calculating, selfish, and yet horrible revenge, is an apostasy of which her high and holy nature is incapable. Of this apostasy Mr Grant has been guilty; but although he would thus appear to be deficient in the loftier attributes of his calling, he partakes so largely in other respects of the true poetical spirit, that we should think it improper to allow his

* *Madonna Pia* and other Poems. By James Gregor Grant. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1846.

† 'Ricorditi di me, chi son la Pia:
Sìema mi fe': disioemi Maremma:
Salsi colui, che 'nnanellata pria,
Disposando m'aves con la sua gemma.'

DANTE: *Purgatorio*, *Canto 34*.

volumes to pass unnoticed in the common torrent of verse.

If Pietra partook as largely of the human nature of Othello as Madonna Pia does of that of Desdemona, we should have some difficulty in finding in the poetry of the day a match for the poem before us. And it does seem extraordinary that Mr Grant, in adapting his few materials, should have wandered so far not only from human nature, but from Dante. His own first stanza should have suggested the true theory.

'Madonna Pia! thou whose gentle shade
In the sad Tuscan's awful path arose,
When in the milder penal realm he strayed—
Yet breathed no murmur of thy mortal woes,
Nor creature, dead or living, didst upbraid
With bringing thy sweet life to bitter close—
Sighing but this—"that the Maremma slew,
And he, the loved one, thy Pietra, knew!"

Had Pietra been a loveless, ruthless hangman, as he represents him, this affecting silence would have been mere stupidity. But Mr Grant makes us carry the stupidity (the name of which in romance is *feminine devotion*) to a still more surprising extent, as we shall see by and by.

Madonna Pia was young, beautiful, high-born, and prodigiously wealthy—

'Yet not for wealth did young Pietra seek
This dazzling Phoenix of Sienna's sky—
He saw an empire on her lip and cheek,
An El-Dorado in her glorious eye!
He heard sweet music when he heard her speak;
Wings sprang within him when her step drew nigh;
And the least glance or smile she threw on him
Made all of brightness else look cold and dim.'

This radiant creature returns his love: they are married—they are all in all to each other—they are happy to the highest pitch that human nature can endure—and they believe it impossible that anything can occur to break the bright and smooth tenor of their charmed life.

'Never should hope or fear their steps divide—
Never should love in their deep hearts decay—
Never should joy or sorrow, side from side
Sever their rich affections, night or day!
Never should jealousy (the jaundiced-eyed
And serpent-hearted) make of them a prey!
"Never, oh never!" blinding Passion cried—
"Never, oh never!" blinded Faith replied.'

So far all is well. This portion of the poem is managed with infinite grace. You seem to breathe as well as read beauty; and in obedience to the magical wand of love, the moving world subsides into passionate repose—

'It was a lovely summer's loveliest eve
When she—far lovelier still!—her passion told.
The lingering sunset took reluctant leave,
As, ray by ray, expired its purpling gold;
The very twilight, dying, seemed to grieve,
Lest never more such joy it might behold!
All nature slept, as if on folded wing,
And silence listened like a charmed thing.'

The author pauses on this portion of his picture, touching and retouching with new delight. But his task presses. The marriage was already among the bygone things of the time: the excitement of the city was at an end—

'And fluttering gallants sought no more to please
The wedded wonder of the Siennese.'

The circumstance which gives its tragic colour to the piece is a *smile*; and this we see has, as it is managed, awakened the ire of some of the critics, as a thing too slight and meaningless for such grave results. But a word may here be ventured in the poet's defence.

The disproportion between cause and effect is a leading peculiarity of the olden ballads and metrical romances, in which the heroes, leaping suddenly from love to hate, and from indifference to the wildest passion, appear little better than maniacs to us sedate moderns. The reason simply is, that they want a historian to elaborate motives capable of explaining the transition. It was not the fashion of our ancestors to go into any details but those of action; and their suddenness is frequently termed vigour and simplicity by a more metaphysical generation. The fault, therefore, of 'Madonna Pia' lies not so much in the dire effects of a trivial cause, as in its inconsistency in failing elsewhere to fulfil in the same manner the conditions of the olden legend.

However this may be, Pietra sees one day a smile on the radiant face of his beloved; and, following the direction of her eyes, behold it is reflected in the face of a man! This is absolutely all. Nothing preceded the smile; nothing followed; it was itself accuser and proof in one—

'Sternly he sullen on their homeward way;
Sternly he sullen to their chamber door;
Sternly he left Madonna there—a prey
To many a bitter pang unfelt before:
Alone he left her—and alone she lay,
Wondering and weeping all this strangeness o'er;
Wondering and weeping—pouring sigh on sigh,
And asking her deaf pillow "Why, oh why!"

During the night her lonely curtains are withdrawn, and a stern voice bids her 'rise.' The face of the bidder is full of wrath and sin; and his parting steps shake the chamber as she prepares with a quaking heart to follow.

'As down some dusky stream a dying swan
Creeps slow, slow down the marble stairs she crept,
Shivering with icy terror—and, anon,
From out the portal's gloomy archway stept;
There sat Pietra, staring, spectral-wan,
And ghastly-motionless, as if he slept
On his dark steed; another neighed before her,
And to its saddle menial hands upbore her.'

Away go the fated pair; and the first gleam of dawn breaks pale and drear as they pass through the last of the gates of Sienna. Skirting the craggy heights of Volterra, they ride seaward, and at length their horses' feet plash in the deadly swamp of the Maremma. In the middle there is a lonely tower, rising like an isle in a lake; and this is henceforward to be the abode of the husband and his victim. A wild scream bursts from the heart of Madonna Pia, as she stands there face to face with the avenger, and reads his purpose; and with the instinct of love, she tries to take refuge from his cruelty even in his arms. He dashes her to the ground and withdraws. This incident, it will be seen, is merely a following out of the poet's radical mistake; but still it must be said that it is in the worst possible taste, sinking Pietra, as it does, from a being of preternatural wickedness to a mere vulgar ruffian, and depriving the piece of one of the chief elements even of the false sublime which the author aims at.

'She rose, at length—but not to rave or stamp,
Or rend distractedly her golden hair—
Slowly she rose—and round her prison damp
Looked long and pryingly, with dreadful stare.
Save a thick ropy slime from the green swamp,
Roof, walls, and pavement, all were lothly bare—
And one stern loop-hole, barred with jealous might,
Poured in the poisonous air and pale dread light.'

Thither she dragged—and saw the fenny grass
Sullenly wave o'er all that sullen lea;
And heard the bitter boom in the morass,
And saw the wild swan hurrying to the sea;
And dreary gleams, and drearer shadows, pass
O'er lonely wilds that lonelier could not be:
And then she turned, all hopelessness, within,
And felt that all was hopelessly akin.'

She humbles herself at his feet; she tries expostulation, intreaty—all in vain; she implores that he will at

least let her know in what she has offended him. He is as mute as a statue.

'Gone—and no word: and thus, all sternly dumb,
Daily, for months, her prison to and fro
Implacable in silence did he come,
Implacable in silence did he go.
Oh! list, poor victim! list the bitter'n hum,
List to the sullen winds without that blow,
List to whate'er drear voice comes o'er the fen—
Pietra's voice thou'lt never list again!'

He comes and goes as silently as a shadow, his only errand to bring her food, and look at her wasting and withering away—like himself. The pestilential air of the Maremma works upon them both like poison.
Both!

'The canker spreading to his bud and leaf
Poor lost Madonnas saw with tenfold grief—
Grief deeper far than for her own decline!
And once, when on his hands the sunbeams strook,
And she beheld how fast they 'gan to pine,
And with a tremor (not sweet Pity's!) shook,
Love conquered terror, with a strength divine
That cruelty itself could not rebuke—
And she implored, with heart, and lip, and eye,
"Let not both perish!—leave me here to die!"'

The descriptions we now have of the successive changes of the Madonna's spirit in her dungeon are the finest portions of the poem; but our space restricts us from copying a single stanza. A winter night at length comes—a dreary, dismal, bitter night; and Pietra, knowing that there is little chance of her living till the morning, comes—faint, ghastly, wan himself—to look upon her once more. Even then, when he finds her 'weak, as dying lamps are weak,' he will not suffer her to hear his voice.

'Yet to the last her shivering frame she raised,
On him, on him, to pour her latest sighs;
And, to the last, on him she gazed and gazed,
With Love's beseeching and forgiving eyes!
Until their orbs that heavy film had glazed
Which melts no more till melted in the skies;
And her last words fell brokenly and weak—
"Guillotine I die!—Oh loved Pietra, SPEAK!"

Then first in the avenger's bosom grew
The anguish of one dread misgiving thought,
Oft said, oft writ, that "*dying lips speak true*."
Oh God! if now that fearful truth were taught!
One little word, while yet his voice she knew—
E'en one, with heavenly soothing might be fraught:
"Breathe but that word!" the angel Mercy sighed—
"Breathe not the word!" a stubborn demon cried!

And in his tortured heart the strife raged on,
Till, in a moment, all the strife was vain!
The weary spirit to repose was gone—
The broken heart had broken from its chain.
He pressed his hand upon her bosom wan,
And felt and listened for the throb of pain;
But all was still: pain, pulse, and breath had flown,
And he and sated vengeance were alone!

Such is practically the close of a fine and faulty poem. We do not repeat the accusation, so loudly made elsewhere, of plagiarism; for this, we think, is more in manner than matter. The cadences of other poets (chiefly modern) appear to have lingered so long in our author's ear that they come out unconsciously with his own ideas. We cannot trace any more than the usual conveyance of thoughts, although occasionally words and forms bear almost a ludicrous resemblance to those of other writers: the line, for instance,

'I pass these raptures, for these raptures passed,'

might seem to be from a passage in the 'Rejected Addresses' inscribed with the name of Crabbe. Neither do we predicate of Mr Grant, as others do, that he will improve in his next attempt. We are willing to accept of 'Madonna Pia' as one of the best contributions to the poetical literature of the day, and have no faith that a practised hand, as that evidently is which has produced it, will surpass its own work on another occasion. In such circumstances, the contrary is more frequently the case than otherwise. At any rate it is not experience in writing the author wants, for in the mere me-

chanical part he has little to learn; but if he would rise to a loftier strain, he must devote himself to a severe and searching study, not of the forms, but principles of his divine art, and be touched with a higher and holier faith in the duties and responsibilities of poetry.

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

SECOND ARTICLE—OCTOBER.

WITH October came cool weather, and we began to extend our morning walks into the beautiful country, which, more particularly on the side towards the mountains, afforded us a never-ending variety of interesting excursions. On Mondays the scene on the thoroughfares was enlivened by a perfect crowd of the peasantry coming to the weekly market with their wares. It was really not always easy to thread a clear path through the throng of busy, happy-looking people streaming on towards the town. Some were on horseback, some in charge of carts, a mob on foot, all well loaded, full as many women there as men, and numbers of them riding astride on their small spirited mountain ponies, in the midst of flocks of grain or wool, or baskets of farm produce. They wore their usual dress—the worsted gown and cotton shawl, and a bright-coloured handkerchief tied about the head: the only addition to their ordinary costume was a sort of skirt, open both in front and behind, like two aprons put on together, one at each side, and hanging down over their feet. Monday was the only day the little quiet town seemed to be alive: all the rest of the week there was nothing doing in Pau. Empty streets, deserted shops, a closed market-house, all still and silent, resting, as it were, after the bustle of the Monday. But October is the dull month here; hardly any one is to be met with belonging to the upper classes. The *prêtre*, and the magistrates, and the English, are all at the different watering-places. It is the holiday season for the French officials, the only relief from duty given to them, this six weeks' vacation; the rest of the year they never quit their business.

Society being for the present unattainable, we had leisure to continue our observations upon the locality, and to acquaint ourselves more thoroughly with the habits of the place. The weather continuing for some time cool and showery, our walks were extremely pleasant. We found the roads good in every direction: they are all under government control, and managed with a regularity which insures perfection: men were constantly employed on them in small gangs, which appeared to proceed a certain distance, repairing diligently whatever was amiss, and then to return to begin again. The glazed hat of the labourer bore his number on the front: the same number was marked on his measuring pole and other tools, and on his provision bag. Women sometimes assisted in breaking stones, for female labour is abundantly employed in out-door work hereabouts. Indeed on the little patches belonging to some of the cottages, I have seen the wife do all—dig, or weed, or plant, as might be—while the husband obligingly walked about with the baby. The bypaths between these little farms and hamlets, and among the fields and vineyards belonging to them, always drew us on from one nest of beauty to another; the picture being always interesting, whether we found it snugly sheltered by fine old oaks and chestnuts on the plain, or up along the *côteaux* backed by those wonderful mountains. On the Bayonne road is the handsome villa of a British family, built upon a terrace among vineyards facing the Pyrenees, and overlooking the village in which still stands the old farmhouse where Henry IV. was nursed. Further on is the village and old cathedral of Lezardes, well worth a visit. Striking off from the *parc* through fields to a sort of waste meadow by the *gîte*, we one day came upon a saw-mill, very small and very primitive indeed in its construction. A single saw, and the labour of a man and boy, were all the means employed

in the dilatory process of cutting up the timber. An aunt of mine, who in her youth had once been in our own Highlands, described just such a one as then existing in the wilds of Abernethy on the Spey. There was a flour-mill adjoining our Bernais saw-mill much on the same simple plan: no machinery for sifting the flour, nor for raising the sacks, nor any contrivance of any kind for lessening or expediting labour; indeed all arts appear to be in their infancy in these parts. The spinning all over the country was beautiful, yet much of it was done with only the distaff and spindle; the weaving good, with very clumsy looms, most of them too narrow to do justice to the fine table-linen made in the district, which is therefore spoiled by having a seam down the middle of most of it. The climate is particularly suited to the growth of flax. Were this crop more skilfully managed, the linen fabrics of the Lower Pyrenees might rival the productions of Belgium and Germany. The soil generally is so fertile, the rains so frequent, the temperature so equable, in spite of its many changes, that a good cultivator might increase to an extraordinary amount the produce of the land. At present, it seems to yield but little. Indian corn or maize, natural grass, and the vine, were all the crops we noticed, with the exception of small patches of flax and cabbage. The pottery-ware in general use was of the coarsest description, ill-shaped and half-baked, and very easily broken. There was nothing between this and fine china: no middle ranks of crockery—that most useful of earthenwares, which fills our British homes with the civilising elements of true comfort. The hardware was equally defective; knives dull and edgeless; such locks! keys without a ward! hinges only fit for barn-doors! such shovels! and, above all, such tongs! Really the tongs in our highly-polished drawing-room seemed sadly out of place among all the varnish and all the gilding. They were rude enough, but too slight for the kitchen; and the looseness of the screw which attempted to confine the two very long legs, made any use of them impossible. Luckily, logs of wood could be easily moved by the fingers.

On the road to Gaut, just a little beyond the turn to the Jurançon common, was the country-house of M. de Bernadotte, nephew to the late king of Sweden. The open gate often showed us grounds more neatly kept than is customary here, and fine large English-bred horses exercising. The stables were close to the house, in front; the square garden, with a pigeon-house tower at each corner, opened out of the courtyard; and a small thicket shaded a well-kept lawn beyond the railings between the garden wall and the stables: curious arrangements in our eyes, but almost general here, where there seemed to be no wish to put any object necessary in the economy of the household out of sight. The king of Sweden was born in a small house in one of the lesser streets of Pau, suited to the finances of an obscure family. He has, we understood, been very liberal to his connections, with all due regard to their position, beyond which he has never attempted to raise them; neither did he ever invite any of his relations to settle in his new country: he appears to have had but few; we met with none but the handsome owner of this villa. We all liked much to climb the coteaux, among the vineyards and the chestnut-groves, and to wander in the grounds of some deserted château; for the Bernais nobles make little use of their pretty country-houses: they resort to them sometimes on a summer day with a party of pleasure, or, in rare cases, they may ruralise in them for a week or two; but with their sociable habits, a town life is so much more convenient to them, they seldom think of quitting the pavement, except when, as in the case of M. de Bernadotte, the house be near enough to the town to be within a few minutes' walk of it.

As these our pedestrian excursions were of some hours' duration, and the weather still very warm for those in exercise, we used to sit down to rest here and there under a chestnut-tree, or by an open fountain, or

near the hedge of some vineyard, refreshing ourselves with a bunch of fine, ripe, purple grapes, to which all wayfarers are welcome. At the moment, we thought them delicious, yet they were seldom high-flavoured; sometimes they were even harsh, when the vineyard had a faulty exposure. I filled my pockets with chestnuts unscrupulously, as the ground under the trees was thickly strewn with such as had fallen. They form part of the food of the peasantry, and are offered, ready boiled, in the streets, by people who carry about small charcoal stoves on a movable stall, over which they prepare them for a price almost nominal. Good medlars grew in the hedges, and a small green plum, not too acid to be agreeable; and the wild-flowers, late as it was in the season, were so innumerable, I brought home large nosegays of many beautiful varieties; for the whole country is a garden. I am no botanist, so that I may confound classes and species; but I often counted from thirty to forty brilliant flowers in my natural collection, all of which to me looked quite different one from the other. Chance being so bountiful, art reposes: there is not what we would call a flower garden in the whole country; hardly a cultivated flower; the market gardeners merely aim at supplying the ladies with bouquets, to be held in the hand at their parties; and the grounds round the villas have neither flower-beds nor shrubberies; and very bare they look without green grass, with a few stray plants, a dozen or so of China roses, and some painted tubs with oranges and oleanders in them.

We had early in the month signed our contract with our landlord, a very grave affair, three good pages enumerating so many particulars, item one to nearly thirty, that it might have served for a treaty between two rival states. We had received its duplicate, made two inventories, and both parties had signed all the four papers; bows, and pretty speeches, and many civilities, had ensued; our landlord had dined with us, and had expressed his delight at the dinner being served so hot—a very rare occurrence in these parts. There are no covers to any of the dishes, nor any hot-water stands, nor any attention paid to the quick serving of the table. We had brought our own peculiar comforts with us, and we found them always most fully appreciated—our silver teapot in particular; no people being fonder of good tea than the French, or who make it worse, which I attribute to the economical pinch of tea let to stand for an indefinite time in a coarsely-manufactured china teapot. In return for the few hints we found ourselves able to give, there were a good many we soon discovered it would be very desirable to take. One of these is the making of coffee; another the management of the *pot au feu*, which furnishes the daily soup, and forms the foundation of every sauce required, at little or no expense, as only odds and ends in general go into it, with the small bit of beef which daily appears in the bourgeois' houses as the *bouilli*. There it stands from early morning, a tall earthenware jug or jar, in the midst of a bed of wood-ashes, just at the corner of the hearth, simmering away, and applied to when wanted. In the north of France, the lower orders take this or a poorer soup poured upon bread for breakfast. Our servants at Pau, like their betters, regaled themselves with a cup of milk-coffee early, and then waited till between ten and eleven o'clock for the substantial repast which forms the French *déjeuner*—a little dinner, in fact—or our luncheon, meat and wine being served at it. The whole town reeked at this hour with the smell of the onions used in all the stews preparing. The dinner-hour of the place is five o'clock: our servants dined after us, and they were always glad of our teapot in the evening, though they never made any regular supper. They were very easily satisfied. They had a certain allowance of bread—a large one we thought it; a few sous weekly for wine; so many aprons a-piece; and their wages. They never made any complaints; they were never out of the way; they did their work as well as they could; and they always appeared gay and good-

humoured. The bread supplied to the household we could not eat, except when hot; it was crisply baked, looked light and inviting, and was really good just as it left the oven; but it was quite sour when cold. We had considerable trouble in hunting out 'English bread,' which, being a fancy article, we paid for it a fancy price. At home we send for 'French bread' as a luxury. The milk, too, was sometimes at fault with us: one morning it would not boil for the coffee, a real distress to us, who depended on it for our English style of breakfast. It is brought round but once a day, although the cows are milked twice, and worked hard, poor things, all the same: it was they that were commonly yoked to the bullock-carts. The two milkings are put together; and as there are no dairies, the milk during the very hot weather frequently sours. There is no redress. The peasant owner of a cow or two merely parts with an overplus: if one customer does not take it, another will; he is not making a trade of the business; he does not want to increase his stock, or his means, or his employments; he succeeded to little, is content to leave behind him nothing additional: he wishes his children just to resemble himself. There is no great riches among them, but they all looked comfortable; they had food, fuel, substantial furniture, and serviceable clothing; and they seemed to be in their own quiet, and perhaps rather rude way about as happy a peasantry as is existing. Extremely industrious they are. I do not know that we ever saw man, woman, or child sit for any work, idle. The women never have their knitting out of their hands. As they walk along under their burdens, or sit beside their stalls, they are all busy with their glancing needles, making with these simple implements not only gloves and stockings, but almost every article of dress. Some of the things manufactured of the fine wool of the Pyrenees, tinted with the brightest colours, are worked thus into patterns of exceeding beauty.

The old women spin a great deal, many of them using only the distaff and spindle, and walking about while thus employed in charge probably of their grandchildren. A rag or a tatter is not to be seen among them; their clothing is coarse, and frequently not of a piece, but there is never a hole visible. The extreme personal tidiness of the population is indeed remarkable, after the flimsy style of dress gaining ground among the lower orders in our own country. In France, the dress of the different classes is so exactly defined, that there can be seen no faded finery decking tawdrily the persons of those whose occupations require a more substantial equipment. The country-people in their woollens, the men with a blouse over the good jacket and trousers, the women with a handkerchief upon the head, stuff gown and stuff apron, the latter very full, with two deep pockets in it, are quite distinct in appearance from the bourgeois in his *froc* or broadcloth jacket, the bourgeoisie in her mob-cap and small white collar and finer apron. The servants smarten themselves a little, but the cooks all wear the handkerchief upon the head; and the *bonnes* can neither put on a bonnet, nor gloves, nor a silk gown; nor can they emulate the grisettes and the young wives of the tradesmen, and arrange, like them, their pretty hair better than is commonly managed by our own young gentlewomen: a neat plain cap is their only permitted head-dress. What can become of all the ladies' old wardrobes is a point that to this day puzzles me, as every season the fashions vary: all seem to new rig, as by a stroke of a fairy wand, and the discarded garments are never seen again. There is no reforming, remaking, reviving. The freshness of her toilette marks the good taste of the Frenchwoman. Nothing that she once lays aside ever appears in any shape upon any person again; so that what fate they are destined to remains to me an impenetrable mystery.

The rain, which fell plentifully about the middle of the month, although rendering the climate between the showers very agreeable, so cooled the air, that we were often glad to light our cheerful wood-fire in the evening.

The houses are ill adapted for comfort at any season, being full of doors and windows, struck out anywhere, without plan of any sort, at any side or corner, and none of them fitting, so that draughts scudded through every room in all directions, adding to the chill of winter; while in summer the numerous windows admitted the fiery sun so liberally on all sides in succession, that it was nearly impossible to keep the apartment cool, in spite of attention to the closing of the Venetians, for there are no verandas to shade them. Architecture is indeed little understood in the French provinces: staircases are narrow, passages numerous, floors ill laid, few lines straight, no distances regular. The mason-work is very middling; the carpenter-work is very bad; the plumber is unknown. Still the rooms open to company look very pretty, from the polish, and varnish, and gilding, and the mirrors used in their decoration. The shapes, too, of all the cabinet-work were of tasteful design, faulty as was the finishing. In hot weather we were perfectly satisfied; but when the cold weather came—and it is very cold at intervals for several days together all through the winter—our English habits required more protection from its effects than the natives are in the custom of indulging themselves with. The little rug, just big enough to save one pair of feet from the icy feel of the polished floor, attentively placed before the chair of a visitor, was far from sufficient for our luxurious recollections. We bought a carpet to cover all the room; and sheepskins, handsomely dyed, to lay before the doors. We put up all but one window; we stuffed listing into the crevices; and we placed a large screen between the principal door and the fireplace. Yet all these precautions did not save me from many a shivering; but these shaking fits did not begin till the early part of November. During this month of October we had more frequently heat to complain of; for we were several times quite exhausted by the effects of what is called here the 'Spanish wind,' a dry scorching breeze, which must be something of the nature of the sirocco. It is a real infliction while it lasts, which is fortunately never above a day or two; and it is always followed by refreshing deluges of rain. It is odd that these perpetual changes should have no ill effects upon the health either of the inhabitants or strangers, provided there be no bilious temperaments in question. Bilious patients must avoid Pau, all their symptoms becoming much aggravated in the sedative climate of these plains. For all affections of the throat, and chest, and head, a residence here, resorted to in time, has proved to be an almost certain cure. And yet the differences of temperature are incessant: there is no knowing how to dress or how to sleep for two days together. I folded both a cotton and a woollen blanket at last, and laid them at the foot of my bed, to be drawn up as required; and I had a thin gown and a light shawl, and a thick gown and a warm shawl, which went on in rotation for weeks.

These recurring chills appeared to make no difference in the out-of-door habits of the population. Nothing, indeed, strikes us of the colder north as stranger than the customs of the southern nations in this particular. The people actually live in public. They do not merely sit at their doors, as a lounge of a fine evening; they really do all the work out in the streets which it is possible to avoid doing within. All our neighbours were examples. The wife of a horse-dealer, in the lane at hand, the wives of the hairdresser, the harness-maker, pig-feeder, near us, all sat out on chairs in the middle of the street, day after day, mending their family linen. One of them had on one occasion spread a quantity of maize over a cloth, and laid it all along the pavement to dry, while she sat beside it knitting, near a round stone which a good woman from the country found a convenient resting-place during the operation of putting on her shoes and stockings and her garters, hindered rather than helped by a stout man in a blouse, who stood beside her talking so loud, that, had I understood their patois, I could have re-

peated every word he said. The pig-dealer's wife commonly fed her pets outside the courtyard, fondling them during their meals as kindly as if they had been her children; brushing, scratching, nay, tickling these ugly creatures—for the long-legged, narrow-headed swine of the country are no beauties—often coaxing additional morsels into their huge mouths by means of her caresses! Pork is considered to be very good here, and the hams are very celebrated; so, probably, the lucre of gain influenced this show of affection, gentle treatment being a very remunerating ingredient in the flesh-making process. She had her economical reasons, therefore, for wasting none of it upon her children, who, poor things, received thumps enough to keep one or other of them in tears all day. They were good little things, too, and very pretty: almost all the children in the place were beautiful, so plump, so lively, with their clear dark skins, carmine cheeks, very bright eyes, and caressing manners. But, alas! there is no Infant School to send them to, nor good school of any kind for the lower orders; none that could aid in developing the intellect of really an acute people, except, indeed, one under the care of the Huguenot minister, which is of use to a very small proportion of the inhabitants. The peasantry are therefore quite illiterate, few of them being able even to sign their names: neither of our maids could read or write; their spare time, no small allowance, was usually spent in the yard belonging to our hotel, in company with the other servants of its inmates. Any work they could do in the open air was commonly carried on there. One piece of business all the whole town was extremely particular about—this was the regular refashioning of their delightful mattresses, a ceremony gone through by all householders twice every year. Nobody knows what a good bed is till they have slept on a French mattress; the large square French pillow is very luxurious, but the mattress is perfection. All ranks appeared to possess them of a quality probably varying with the rank of their owners, but all far superior in their degree to any of a corresponding class in our own country. I watched the process of remaking ours with much interest. The ticking, which was of a fine description, was taken off and washed; the stuffing of wool and hair was pulled out well asunder, kept separate, and *teased*, then laid upon a tray of sacking, stretched to a frame set on tressels, and beaten with long rods, a few handfuls at a time, in good earnest by two men in alternate strokes. As the whole town was occupied in the same manner at the same time, the sound of thumping was incessant. There were at least a half-dozen frames going at once in our yard, and noise enough accompanying the business to have drawn a much less inquisitive traveller than myself to a back window. When the stuffing had been sufficiently prepared, the under part of the tick was laid on another frame, and the wool was shook evenly over it till it reached the proper thickness. A layer of hair was then spread over the whole, the upper part of the tick was quilted down upon this, and stitched round the edges, and then what a bed it makes! Underneath this woollen mattress there is generally a sack filled with maize straw, which our maids shook smooth every morning, and renewed very frequently.

I never could succeed in getting our little *bonnes* to dust the furniture; I had to take that duty on myself, as I found was the custom generally with the French women of my own rank, who never trust rougher hands with the care of their drawing-rooms. The servants do very little; the poor water-carrier (the help) did all the hard work, scrubbed the pots, cleaned after those above her, and dry-rubbed the polished floors after rather a peculiar manner. The hard scrubbing-brushes used for this purpose were strapped upon her feet, and away she went, thus strangely shod, skating over the floors, sometimes on one foot, sometimes on the other, and then for a whirl or two on both together, in a fashion that was amusing enough to witness, but which took a long time to produce the proper lustre on the boards.

We got on very pleasantly with our assistants, by always preserving our good-humour, making due allowance for their different habits, and not sticking with pertinacity to our own. The servants do not dislike living with the British; we pay them and feed them so well, although in general they are not treated by us with the kind familiarity they are accustomed to. A French *bonne* is, to a certain extent, the companion of her mistress—sitting at work beside her, walking out with her, always spoken to as a humble friend, and always remembered, should any occasion offer of rewarding her faithful service. The domestics are looked on as children of the house, kept in great order, but very affectionately treated. They never seem to presume on this affability—their manners, like their dress, marking their position distinctly. All this of course looks very strange to us.

THE BLIND MAN'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

ANY one who has been accustomed to children, cannot fail to have observed how much they are affected by the *tones* in which they are addressed. The words spoken have less power than the sound of the voice which utters them. There is one lady of my acquaintance, a most amiable and excellent person, but towards whom, to this day, I cannot feel cordially; for no other reason, than because I have shadowy recollections of harsh tones in which she used to speak to me when I was a timid, shrinking little girl, whom this energetic lady thought it her duty to try and *rouse*. I had not sense at the time to appreciate her motives; and I dreaded her, though she never appeared at our house without raisins and comfits in her pockets. Children are not such mercenary little beings as is often supposed: her good things never purchased my love, nor removed the nervous feeling caused by her voice. How different was the reception we gave to a poor cousin, who had no bribes to bring, but came with loving smiles and kindly tones, to tell us simple tales from the Bible history, and to join playfully in our childish games! The memory of this contrast, and of many other impressions of early days, combine to make me feel the force of one trait in the character of the model woman drawn by King Lemuel, 'In her tongue is the law of kindness;' and to agree with a more modern authority, that 'Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my heart.'

As an example of another kind. There was an old gentleman in our town (an Irish town), quite famous for the abuse and the halfpence he spent upon the beggars; and though the poor creatures were philosophical enough to take the one with the other, and to bless 'his honour' abundantly 'for his goodness,' they have been often overheard discussing his merits among themselves, and deciding that, 'though he was a rich man to be sure, he was no gentleman!'

But *looks* are as powerful as either words or tones. The softest tone in the world counts nothing to the instincts of a child without a corresponding look; and very often the look alone determines his affections. One day I was walking along, little heeding the external world, when my eyes were arrested by a remarkable figure seated upon a door-step. It was that of an old man tolerably well-clad, and almost hidden in a heap of baskets of all sorts and sizes. His hat was off, as if for coolness, and lay on the step beside him; his hair was as white as snow, and waved over his shoulders; and a beard of like colour and length flowed down upon his breast. His head was raised towards the blue bright sky, and a calm smile played upon his worn features. He sat silent and absorbed, as if were drinking in the beauty of that cloudless sky; but as I paused in admiration to think how a poor old countryman could feel thus, I saw that one avenue for the entrance of beauty was closed: the old basketmaker was blind.

There was a little girl not far from the old man, and evidently in his company. She was scantily clothed.

and had neither shoes nor stockings, though that is no sign of great want in Ireland. Her attitude was that of extreme weariness: her elbow rested upon one knee; and supported upon her hand leant a young rosy face, half concealed by long brown locks, that strayed from beneath a white calico cap, whose ugliness could not detract from the little damsel's beauty. But what a strange expression of melancholy and premature thought upon those tender features! I longed to speak, but the silence of the old man and the child controlled me, and I passed on without breaking it. I longed to give the little girl something, she looked so sad and weary. I had no money at the moment; but remembering after a while that I had a biscuit in my pocket, I returned and handed it to her without saying a word. She started, raised herself a little from her seat, lifted up her large liquid eyes towards my face, took what I offered her, and silently resumed her position—all in a second—for I instantly passed on.

A few days afterwards I was walking through a neighbouring street, when I felt my gown pulled gently; I turned round, and was surprised to recognise my little friend, now, I am glad to say, full of smiles. She was out of breath from running, and I asked her whence she had come, and where she had left the old man? I was beginning to frame some question, too, as to what she wanted with me, when she evidently feared that I might imagine she was going to beg; and a proud blush mantled in her cheek as she hastened to say, 'I wanted nothing, ma'am, but to thank you for your kindness the other day.'

It was my turn to be ashamed; and I said, 'My dear child, you looked very tired, and I was sorry I had nothing more to give you.'

'Oh, ma'am, thank you. I was tired indeed; but I was not in want—grandfather had money. But I'll tell you, ma'am, what it was, if you'll only wait a minute until I run and tell grandfather where I am, for he is selling baskets at the end of the street.'

Being in a hurry at the moment, I pointed out my house to her, and told her to call there in the evening with her grandfather, as I wanted some strong baskets, and could speak to her then. She came, and I learned her simple history. Her grandfather had been long blind, but had been taught in a benevolent institution the art of basket-weaving, and had supported his family comfortably by his industry. He lived with his widowed daughter, little Norah's mother, in a village several miles from Dublin, and passed his days there peacefully, never venturing into the 'big city,' as Norah called it; for when he had a supply of baskets made, his daughter used to hire a horse and car and take them into Dublin, where she always disposed of them advantageously, and returned with her cart full of edibles and clothing for the little household. Norah was sent to school daily, and caressed by her grandfather and mother. She dreamt of no happier lot, and feared no coming storm, until she reached her eleventh year, and the great blow came—her mother died. Poor little Norah! She could no longer go to school; for the house must have a mistress to sweep it out, to boil the potatoes for the pigs and poultry, to mind the old man, and provide his frugal meals as his daughter had done; and little Norah must be the woman of the house. Thus passed a month or two; but then the old man found his purse growing empty, and as he had a supply of baskets ready for the market, he must go up to town and sell them. Norah must go too to lead him; but she dreaded the journey, and still more a sojourn, however short, in the strange 'big city' her mother used to talk about—associated in her youthful fancy with cars and carriages running over her and her old blind grandfather, and robbers taking from her the produce of the day's sale. 'And then, ma'am,' she added, 'I thought worse of having to go and knock at grand houses, and perhaps to have to speak to grand ladies. I was so afraid of that, that my heart quite sunk in me, and I did not like to tell

grandfather how bad I thought of it all; but I said I was tired, and asked him to sit down and let me rest; and then I thought of my mother, and how she would never come back, and my heart was broke, and I could not stir a step farther; and we sat upon the door-step, and I began to cry—all quite easy, for fear poor grandfather would know. And then, ma'am, I saw a tall lady pass by with a parasol, and I thought, "Yes, they are all quality here; I cannot ask them to buy my baskets; they would be angry for my speaking to them." But you turned back, then, ma'am, and came and looked down at me—oh! almost as my mother would look, ma'am, begging your honour's pardon' (she added with a curtsy)—'and then you gave me the cake out of your pocket, and smiled; and from that moment, ma'am, I feel so light somehow about my heart, I don't feel afraid of the quality any more: they are the same flesh and blood as the poor people, and they can have motherly hearts for the poor.' And thus ran on little Norah; and I was glad to hear that her grandfather's expedition to town had been most satisfactory to him as well as to his little girl, and that they meant to return home next day with a good stock of provisions. They promised to call and see me whenever they were in town again; and I have promised the old man (who feels 'not long for this world,' as he says) to take his little granddaughter into my service when she loses his protection.

SCIENCE IN MAURITIUS.

It is always gratifying to be able to invite attention to efforts made for the growth of knowledge, the practical application of science to the business of life, or the opening up of hitherto undiscovered resources in nature. We have now before us a volume of the 'Transactions of the Natural History Society of Mauritius,' comprising a period of four years, which enables us to form a tolerable estimate of the progress of science in that remote dependency. The Society numbers about one hundred resident members, and nearly as many foreign and honorary. Shut up in an island about equal in extent to the county of Worcester, they have a comparatively small field of observation; but so much the more reason is there that the work should be effectually done. They are well situated for communication with other parts of the world, and the 'Transactions' show that correspondence with China, India, Europe, and Africa, is actively maintained. The Society has been in existence about twenty years; and with a view to greater usefulness, has recently added 'Arts and Sciences' to its title. The members profess as their primary object the study of natural science, more particularly to the applications which science may render to agriculture and the industrial arts. Under this head are embraced—means for promoting the cultivation of vanilla, silk, tea, sugar-cane, &c.; prizes for the best and most prolific samples of rice, maize, manioc, and other vegetable productions, combined with experiments on the use and properties of manures, and the effect of climate. The scheme is a good one, and if well followed up, we have no doubt of the result proving most satisfactory and advantageous.

The vanilla plant, we read, has been introduced and grown in the island with most encouraging success. This production, it is pretty well known, is used to give a flavour to confectionary, liqueurs, and principally chocolate. Mexico exports annually a quantity valued at 40,000 dollars; and its further culture in Mauritius is looked forward to as likely to add an important item to the resources of the island, as a plantation may be raised at comparatively small expense. It is said to be superior to the vanilla of Brazil, which bears a high price in European markets—from seventy to eighty shillings per pound. Some idea of the probable return may be formed from the fact, that one plant at the end of three years will produce 10,000 flowers, and one hundred pods make a pound weight of the vanilla of

commerce. The success of the plant in Mauritius was for some time problematical, so scanty was the produce, when the undue growth of a particular membrane was found to be the cause which had prevented the maturing of flowers into pods. An investigation took place, and the defect was remedied by making an incision at a certain time; and the assistance thus rendered to nature has had the desired effect of multiplying the flowers. It is a little singular that the introduction of the vanilla into Mauritius is of comparatively recent date; although a native of tropical climates, it was unknown in the island until about twenty years ago. In the year 1818, an individual from the neighbouring island of Bourbon, on a visit to Paris, saw a vanilla plant at the Jardin du Roi. Astonished at its growing in so unnatural a climate, he addressed himself to the director of the garden, and ultimately resolved on attempting to introduce it into the colony. Three or four cuttings were taken from the rare exotic, and removed with all due precautions to Bourbon in 1822. Slips from these were afterwards conveyed to Mauritius, where their naturalisation at first appeared to be hopeless. At length, in 1831, after various alternations of failure and success, the first crop of a dozen pods was gathered, and vanilla now forms a staple in the markets of the colony.

The first cherry ever grown on the island appears to have given rise to some extraordinary proceedings. A tree had been introduced and tended with great care by a planter, who watched over it with trembling anxiety during the flowering season: all the fruit, however, failed except one cherry, which gradually ripened and came to perfection. A festival was given in celebration of the event by the delighted planter, and the governor, Sir R. Farquhar, invited to gather the unique and interesting specimen. He arrived punctual to the hour, and at the head of the assembled company approached the tree. The cherry was gone: a young negro, unable to resist the temptation of the red and juicy fruit, had swallowed it. The governor appeased the planter's vexation with the good-humoured remark, that the will would suffice for the deed, and the company consoled themselves for the disappointment by adjourning to the breakfast table.

The climate of Mauritius must be admirably adapted for the culture of silk: the quantity of rain is comparatively small—a fact of much importance in the rearing of silk-worms. The East India Company's establishments have been taken as models for the silk-growing plantations, or 'magnaneries,' as they are locally called. The most important is under the management of a lady, whose father introduced the cultivation of silk. The first plantations were made by the assistance of Indian convicts lent by the government, and a grant of £100 allowed for a further supply of mulberry-trees. The first supply of silk offered for sale was in 1820, when 750 lbs. of the article in a raw state were brought into the market. Certain untoward circumstances have subsequently tended to check this branch of industry, but the Society is now working in earnest to improve and extend it. We may add, that an annual vote of 10,000 francs is made by the French government as prizes for the best cocoons and mulberry-trees in the island of Bourbon. Experiments undertaken with a view to make the tea-tree productive in Mauritius, were sanctioned by the home government; and a small sum towards defraying the expenses was granted, on condition that seeds should be distributed to all who chose to apply for them, with a view to render the growth of tea general throughout the island. Two Chinese acquainted with the manufacture of tea were brought from Canton, and the first plantation of 5000 square yards has realised every expectation. Samples have been sent to England, and approved as marketable; and the growing and manufacture of tea are considered as so thoroughly established, that the Society unanimously assented to the cessation of the annual grant. Tea now appears in the list of exports from the island.

Among the communications to the Society, is one

describing a process for making sea biscuit to keep for three years without deterioration. It consists in mixing a pulp obtained from yams with dry wheat flour; no water to be used. The biscuit made in this way is said to be of better flavour than sea biscuit generally. Some of it kept for eighteen months had undergone no sensible alteration, and small quantities have been placed in charge of captains of ships bound on long voyages, as the only means of effectually testing the quality. If successful, a profitable branch of industry may here be made available, as yams yield 40,000 lbs. to the acre.

With regard to sugar, it has been shown, by improved machinery, which subjects the canes to a greater amount of pressure than usual in passing through the mill, that the sugar crop may be set down at 8000 lbs. to the acre. The experiments from which this datum is taken were made with canes grown on a rocky soil eleven or twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. In fact the 'Transactions' of the Mauritius Society furnish sufficient evidence to prove that more depends on the care and attention paid to the canes while growing, and period of cutting, than on the quantity brought to the mill. Among other improvements is a new reverberating furnace, by which the juice is rapidly heated with a very small expenditure of fuel. The quantity of sugar exported from Mauritius to England in 1845 was over 80,000,000 lbs., besides 10,000,000 lbs. to other countries.

The Society has for some time entertained the project of naturalising the salmon in the rivers of the island. A series of instructions have been drawn up, at the suggestion of a member residing at Belfast, as to the best means of transporting salmon spawn, or the young fish, from this country, without injurious oscillation or unequal temperature. It is obvious that the nicest precautions will be required to insure success in a voyage of from ten to twelve weeks. The experiment is an interesting one; but it remains to be seen whether salmon will live in the turbid rivers of an island in the Indian Ocean, or if, after remaining one season, they will ever return.

The great demand for guano as manure induced the chief civil engineer, Lieutenant-colonel Lloyd (the same, we presume, whose name was associated with the enterprising ascent of the Peter Botte mountain in 1832), with some other gentlemen, to make a trip to a group of rocky islets about twenty miles from the coast of Mauritius. So tremendous a surf beats upon these islands, that they can only be visited during what are called the 'hurricane months,' when there are frequent calms; and even then the voyage is perilous, owing to the rapid and uncertain currents running between the reefs. On this occasion the party, who had embarked in a small colonial schooner, were exposed to extreme danger from the springing up of a gale of wind, which raised mountainous breakers in the narrow channels, and were obliged to bear up for Round Island, one of the largest of the group, where they with some difficulty effected a landing, with the stores intended to supply them during the prosecution of their search, while the schooner was forced to run back to Port Louis. The gale increased to a hurricane; the party had no other shelter than that afforded by an old worm-eaten tarpaulin; their water-casks were washed away by the tremendous waves, although the precaution had been taken of rolling them nearly one hundred yards up the steep rocky beach; and they had no water but what was found in holes in the rocks. They were kept prisoners in this way for seven days, when they were taken off, not without risk, by a steamer manned with volunteers from a vessel of war then lying at Mauritius. 'During our forced sojourn,' writes Lieutenant-colonel Lloyd, in his communication to the Society, 'we witnessed from our half-sheltered nooks such a wonderful and impressive scene in the strife of the elements, and the indescribable magnificence of the monstrous waves, beating with overwhelming violence the crum-

bling precipices beneath our very feet, that we never shall forget a sight which but few mortals have had the opportunity of safely enjoying.'

Round Island is described as a most extraordinary geological phenomenon. A mile in length, and somewhat less in breadth, and rising to the height of 1000 feet, it is broken up into caverns, clefts, pinnacles, and overhanging cliffs of calcareous conglomerate, lava, and basalt. During the commencement of the gale, Lieutenant-colonel Lloyd had an opportunity of witnessing a most interesting fact in natural history connected with the habits of the *Phalton phanicurus*—red-tailed boatswain, or tropic-bird. 'Myriads of these birds,' he writes, 'exist on this island; and to our utter astonishment, what we had only previously remarked to be a most becoming ornament in the tail of these splendid sea-birds, proved to be an essential portion of the beautiful mechanism which nature has afforded them to aid in their swift and varied motions; and that the two slender and delicate feathers of their tail serve them as a rudder or backwater, which, with their feet, they work with the greatest ease and rapidity on either side, to guide them in their evolutions in steering through the air.'

'It was not one, but hundreds, that we saw applying this most extraordinary power; and it was beautiful to observe the suddenness and energy with which they used this simple machine, when, on pursuing their course against the increasing gale, they discovered us behind a jutting rock, and seizing their tail, and placing it almost at right angles to their body, their head outstretched in the opposite direction, they changed their course in the circumference of a few feet, I may almost say a few inches. But for witnessing this fact, I could hardly have credited the appliance of so frail a material to such a purpose; fortunately the corroboration of my friends will not place me in that category with regard to others.'

By the publication of such facts and observations as those we have brought forward, the Mauritius Society is rendering good service to the cause of science and industry. In a scientific point of view, comparatively insignificant things are not without their value. 'Bring me a plant, a leaf, a flower, an insect,' said Linnaeus, 'and you add a new link to the chain of my investigations.' The Society has our cordial wishes for its prosperity, and we trust the sentiment expressed by one of its members will be fully realised: 'that scientific and philosophical inquiries, whilst they exalt the intellectual portion of man's nature, and consequently react on the mass of mankind, also assemble together individuals of different creeds, of different opinions, of different stations of life, in the one peaceful and useful aim of benefiting by their inquiries their fellow-men for generations to come.' In fine, the proceedings of this remote Society, the zeal and success with which its members combat against the difficulties of their situation, might put to shame the communities of more highly-favoured districts at home, among whom it is found almost impossible to establish with any degree of permanency even a book-club or reading-room.

A GREAT PRINTING-OFFICE.

We copy from 'Dickinson's Almanack for 1846' an account of his immense printing-office, in Boston:—The office covers an area of 14,283 square feet, embracing fifteen rooms. It is lighted by day by 1664 squares of glass set in 100 different windows; and by night by gas shooting up from 100 different burners. In those premises we have one steam-engine of ten-horse power, three Adam's power presses, two Napier presses, three rotary presses, two Ruggie's job presses, eleven hand presses, two copper-plate presses, two embossing presses, one hydraulic press, four standing presses, one small power press, two paper cutters, three card cutters, one ink-mill, and four machines for shaving stereotype plates, two of which are moved by steam-power. We have more than 400 different styles of types—borders, flowers, and cuts of various sorts; in weight,

30,000 pounds. These are all held in their places by means of 866 type cases, or brass galleys, 200 feet standing galleys, 330 chases, and three bushels of quoins. We have two large cisterns, which contain about 1000 gallons, or upwards of eighteen hogsheads of water. This is distributed through every part of the office by means of 500 feet of lead pipe. We use six hogsheads of water per day, which, supposing it was brought in buckets, would take one man thirteen and a-half hours each day to furnish, allowing him to bring four gallons every ten minutes. Our various presses throw off in the course of the year, 6,069,480 sheets of paper, or 12,645 reams. Supposing each sheet to be about two and a-half feet long, and that they were placed in one continuous line, they would stretch out to 15,175,700 feet, or nearly 2875 miles, about the distance from here to Europe. It is computed that we have printed the past year 130,240,000 pages of books, 64,000 circulars, 25,000 commercial and lawyers' blanks, 20,000 cheques, 25,000 billets, 500,000 bill-heads, 300,000 shop bills and hand bills, and 2,000,000 of labels. We have cut up, printed, embossed, and sold 1,201,520 cards, or 24,030 packs. Our average consumption of coal is over two tons a week, or more than 100 tons a year. Besides our 100 gas burners, we use about 150 gallons of oil for extra lights and machinery. For our various printing it takes 1200 pounds of ink per annum, besides gold leaf, bronze, and size. In our type and stereotype foundry we have used the past year 50,000 pounds of metal, and turned out 7000 stereotype plates of various sizes and shapes. In our whole establishment we employ usually about 100 hands, and it is safe to conclude that our office affords direct sustenance to at least 500 persons.—*Boston paper*. [In these days of steam-printing there is nothing very wonderful in all this. The great Boston office could be matched in Edinburgh, and many times more than matched in London.]

SUPERSTITION IN 1848.

'There is (says the *Worcester Chronicle*) now living at Cradley, near Stourbridge, a woman who professes to have the power of witchcraft. A short time ago she greatly terrified a neighbouring butcher by declaring that, within a given time, he would fall from his horse and break his neck; and such was his credulity, that he gave her 2s. 6d. to induce her to change or remove the spell that hung over him. At the latter end of last week the wretch threw the whole neighbourhood into the greatest consternation by asserting that a large steam-engine boiler would burst at the British Company's Iron-works, Congreaves; the result of which was, that numbers of people residing in the vicinity of the works left the neighbourhood, in order to avoid the destruction which would have resulted from such a catastrophe; and on the same account several persons engaged in the works were induced to absent themselves during the day.' The *Cornwall Gazette* records another instance of ignorant superstition in 1848:—'A farmer in the parish of Bodmin, believing that some ailment of his cattle was the consequence of their being bewitched, has recently attempted, as a remedy, the expedient of killing a chicken, and roasting its heart after sticking it over with pins! The experiment has been so recently adopted, that the enlightened agriculturist is still awaiting the result. Meanwhile he is in doubt as to the proper side, right or left, on which, for his own immunity, and the health of his cattle, he ought to pass when he meets the supposed witch.'

HATCHING FISH.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practised in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of water, all the gelatinous matters that contain spawn of fish, which is then placed in an egg-shell (which has been fresh emptied) through a small hole; which is then stopped, and the shell is then placed under a sitting fowl. In a few days the Chinese break the shell in warm water, warmed by the sun. The young fish are then kept in water until they are large enough to be placed in a pond. This plan in some measure counteracts the great destruction of spawn by trollop, which have caused the extinction of many fisheries.—*Medical Times*.

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A WORD ON THE HIGHLANDS.

ONE of the most agreeable of the many agreeable tours which may be performed during summer in Scotland, is an excursion from Loch Lomond, by an interesting line of road, to Glencoe and Fort-William; and thence, after some rambling about the skirts of Ben Nevis, to Inverness by steamer along the Caledonian Canal. A short time ago it was my fortune to make this journey, partly with the view of indulging in the picturesque, but chiefly to have a glance at some of those scenes rendered memorable by the destitution which prevailed during the winter of 1846-7.

Among other novelties which the tourist is promised a sight of in passing towards Glencoe, is the Black Mount, a recently-created deer forest of many miles in extent, belonging to the Marquis of Breadalbane. In crossing this tract of bleak mountainous country in the stages, little time is afforded to gratify curiosity; but he would be a dull traveller who could not, in a ride of two, or three hours, observe the peculiar aspect of a district cleared of sheep and cattle, and inhabited only by herds of wild animals, and the scarcely less wild bands of gillies who are employed to take care of this extensive chase. The scene is silent and dismal. You glide through a waste of marshy hollows environed by lofty mountains; and the only living things which greet the eye are here and there startled packs of grouse, or a few deer, relieved against the sky, on the summits of the brown heathery hills. The Black Mount, however, is only a specimen of the great tracts of country which within the last twenty years have been rendered useless to man in the Highlands of Scotland. Shortly after the close of the Rebellion in 1745, many Highland proprietors, according to new economical views, turned their dependant clansmen adrift, rooted out small crofters, and dividing their lands into large sheep tracts, leased them on advantageous terms to store-farmers of skill and capital from the south. Much of the Highlands is still under this system of pasturage; but much has latterly suffered the new transformation into hunting-grounds—a remarkable change; for in the nineteenth century, when all else is advancing, the enforcing of lands formerly useful seems like taking a step back to the earliest ages of mankind. I have often wondered whether it would be consistent with public rights for individual holders of property to render their lands utterly useless to the community?—or, to put an extreme case, whether the owner of an estate is entitled to sink his lands in the sea, if he feel so disposed? Questions of this curious nature may with propriety be considered in relation to the Black Mount and other Highland deer forests, where, for the sake of a little amusement in autumn, the means of human existence are effectually extinguished. Some

writers, indeed, attempt an apology for the practice, by representing that the 'deer-shootings' yield a rental equal to that from sheep-farming, and, besides, give employment to large numbers of men as keepers. This argument, which could with equal propriety be used in vindication of gaming-houses, is too ridiculous for criticism. On the spot, the new process of turning arable and pasture lands into a wilderness is far from being popular. Houses and hamlets are eradicated, farmers of all sorts disappear, and long-established roads through the glens are ruthlessly shut up; and any one who, on business or pleasure, attempts to pursue their half-obliterated track, is exposed to challenge and litigation. As yet, the great landowners who indulge in these odd fancies have encountered only public sarcasm and reproof—a species of bombardment which they endure with magnanimous coolness.

Besides the enforested and sheep-pasturing portion of the Highlands, there still exist a number of districts in which something like the old small-farm and crofting systems prevail; and after looking at these, the mind is almost brought to admit that it would be better for the country that the Highlands should be peopled with grouse and deer, than with the human creatures who draw out existence in what must be called the wretchedness of barbarism.

Fort-William is a small town at the opening of several valleys pursuing an easterly direction, and for the most part pastoral. In the low grounds, cultivation is pursued on a limited scale, while the hills around—the Braes of Lochaber, as they are locally termed—are devoted to purposes of pasturage. Interspersed with these varieties of surface, we may observe pretty considerable tracts of moss, black, miry, and, in present circumstances, useless for anything but to furnish fuel to the inhabitants. About this district, from the foot of Ben Nevis to Glen Spean and Glen Roy, we wandered about for a few days, and took the liberty of noting the condition of the cottagers. In this quarter we are in the country of the Macdonalds, one of the most gallant of the clans, whose descendants, till the present hour, though altered in position, retain many traditional recollections of their ancestors. Several owners of property hereabouts, as in many other parts of the Highlands, are, however, English successors, by purchase, of what once belonged to old native families. The extensive estate of Inverlochry, which lies immediately to the east of Fort-William, is the property of an English nobleman, whose father purchased it some years ago, on the insolvency of its former owner, the Marquis of Huntly. Regarding the general aspect and condition of the Inverlochry estate there has been some unpleasant controversy. Mr Somers, a gentleman of the press, in connection with the 'North British Mail,' having, after personal inquiry, made various statements, unsatisfac-

tory to the noble proprietor,* his account of the state of affairs was impugned as untrue and unjustifiable. I pronounce no opinion on the special matters in dispute, but I lament to say that the condition of many cottages not only on the estate of Inverloch, but on that of Glen Spean, are so extremely, though not peculiarly bad, as to be somewhat of a scandal to the age.

In describing the human habitations which lie scattered about these wastes as 'cottages,' we employ the only term which the English language admits of. But to what is generally understood as a cottage they bear very little resemblance. In travelling by a cross path along a bare hillside, you suddenly observe smoke issuing from certain holes in certain lumps of stone and turf. These lumps are the dwellings of the small farmers and crofters; and a number of them together forms the Highland hamlet or clachan. In the midst of a straggling clachan we one day stopped our conveyance and alighted; and pioneered by our obliging conductor—a Macdonald, who introduced us in Gaelic—we stepped into one of the cottages. On opening the door, the apartment we were ushered into was that devoted to the cattle; but these were not at home, though the damp mud floor was strewn with their litter and refuse. On our left was a partition formed of wattle, and this imperfect screen was all that separated the biped from the quadruped inhabitants. Passing through a door in the wattle, we were in the family apartment. On one side was a shelf with a few articles of earthenware, and below it was a wooden chest holding the Sunday clothes; on the floor were two or three stools and a chair, which, with an iron pot and a deal table, were the whole furniture. There was no grate or chimney. The fire was on the bare floor, and the smoke from it curled in wreaths round the apartment, glazing every rafter with a jet-black japan, and finding exit by an opening in the roof, or by the door and window—or, more correctly, hole in the wall; for the aperture answering as a window had no glass. Over the fire there dangled a chain, to which the pot might be hooked; and half up towards the roof the chain passed through a disk like a pot lid, the object of which was to prevent the drops of rain which descended through the chimney-opening from falling into the fire, or into the food which was dressing upon it. Another wattle partition divided the apartment from a dark den-like place, in which I caught a glimpse of a bed. And this was the house of a farmer, as he must be called.

The wonder to a Lowlander is, how people can live in such hovels; but the human being has a marvellous power of accommodating himself to circumstances. The poor Highlander has never known any better, and if he did wish to have a good house over his head, he would require to build it at his own cost, and be compelled to leave it at the end of his lease. Thus insecurity as to a return for outlay is substantially the reason why the Highland, like the Irish small farmers, are so poorly lodged. In the Lowlands of Scotland, the landlords, almost without exception, build excellent stone and slated houses for their tenants; but except on the estates of the wealthiest proprietors, this very proper practice does not appear to prevail in the Highlands. When asked how they contrive to exist with any degree of health or comfort in their wretched turf

huts, the Highlanders seldom fail to ascribe much to the beneficial influence of the peat smoke. How far this opinion rests on any sound principle I am unable to say; perhaps it is not unworthy of the investigation of sanitarians.

In the general economy of Highland farming, such as we see hereabouts, there is room for vast improvement. By a judicious application of capital, great patches of the lower-lying mossy lands might be reclaimed and cultivated, by which luxuriant green crops would be raised for the winter food of cattle. At present, there is a melancholy waste and misapplication of natural resources—no proper fences, nor rotation of crops, while the apportionment of farms is very defective. We found in full operation an extraordinary species of communism, which I shall leave to be described in the language of Mr Somers. 'Each township or hamlet is literally a joint-stock company of farmers, the members of which are bound, jointly and severally, to the landlord for payment of the rent. The arable part of the farm, rented by one of these clubs, or companies, is divided into ridges of equal size; and these again are divided equally among the members; for, as the people argue, in order to secure a fair division of the soil, it is necessary to cut it up into small sections, and set aside a section to each family consecutively, till the whole are exhausted. A family will thus have as many as six or seven ridges spread over all parts of the farm, and each of them surrounded by similar stripes belonging to his co-tenants. The hill or pasturage of the farm is held strictly in common. Every member of the hamlet contributes an equal number of the sheep and cattle necessary to stock the hill; a shepherd is employed at the common expense to tend the flocks; and one of the number, in whom the little community has confidence, is appointed annually to sell the stock requiring to be taken to market, the proceeds being applied to the payment of the rent, and the overplus, if any, divided equally among the co-tenants. The rent of the townships vary from £150 to £350 per annum, being at the rate of from £7 to £20 for each tenant. The stock of sheep range from 600 to 2000 on some farms; and each family has seldom less than three milch cows. If any of the tenants proves indolent, wasteful, and unable to pay his share of the rent, his neighbours are secured against loss by his stock; and should he turn out incorrigible, they can expel him from the club: but in the event of any one being disabled, by accident or sickness, so that he cannot cultivate his part of the farm, his co-tenants join together and do it for him gratuitously. The claims of widows in this respect particularly are respected, it being a fixed rule that no widow be put out of the club, but that all lend her a helping hand till her own family are able to take the duty off their shoulders. There is thus in these simple communities an active and benevolent co-operation, which saves individual members from the calamities which befall poor families in more artificial states of society.'

From what I heard on the spot, there is no reason to discredit an observation of Mr Somers in reference to a farm of this class. 'The produce of the farm is insufficient to maintain the families upon it, and the attention of the tenants is distracted from the cultivation of the soil in a too often fruitless search for day labour, to eke out their inadequate resources. Driving sheep to the south is a common employment for this class of men; and it takes them away from their farms at the time when their crops are arriving at maturity.'

* 'Letters from the Highlands, on the Famine of 1847.' By Robert Somers. 1 vol. duodecimo. London: Simpkin and Marshall. This work, embracing much graphic description, is well worthy of perusal.

and when their undivided attention is most necessary to secure the fruits of their labour from the ravages of a sickle and boisterous climate.' In other words, the proprietors of these lands do not get rents out of the produce, but from the employment of their tenants in work, altogether apart from the farms. Affection for the place of their birth, and an unwillingness to leave it for more favoured climes, cause them to undertake obligations unwarranted by the peculiar circumstances in which they are placed. What should we say of the saneness of a shopkeeper who proposed to pay his rent not from his receipts in trade, but from the wages of himself or daughter employed in a separate establishment? Yet on a footing of this nature stands the rent-roll of many Highland as also many Irish proprietors. It may perhaps be said by way of offset, that if the land which now forms a club-farm were let in a mass to one farmer with capital, a better rent would be paid, and, besides, the farmer would have an overplus profit. Be it so. The negligence which avowedly tolerates and maintains a condition of things revolting to decency and humanity, not to say dangerous to national safety, only the more exposes itself to reprehension.

On going eastward, and seeing the extensive improvements lately effected on the properties of Lord Lovat, the Duke of Richmond, and other spirited landholders, we felt as if in a new world. The neat cottages, with the well-kept patches of land about them, on the Richmond (lately the ill-managed Gordon) property, presented a scene of rural beauty and comfort which contrasted strangely with what we had witnessed on the west side of the country.

It is usual to impute much of the misery of the Highlands to the habitual indolence of the people. We may grant that they possess no earnest spirit of industry. But in justice, we should view the inhabitants of these remote solitudes as the wreck of a primitive, uninstructed, and, it may be added, unfortunate race. Faithful, kindly in disposition, submissive to law, and with strong religious impressions, they may be considered to form the raw material out of which much good might be wrought. For the greater part, however, in the hands of absentee landlords, needy from their own extravagance or that of their predecessors, they have been either expatriated, or left to carry on a hopeless contest with nature. In some quarters, their whole means of livelihood is the produce of a patch of potato ground; and by way of rent, they give their personal labour at any time and to any extent it may be required—a species of serfdom revolting to modern ideas, and which is little calculated to inspire a love of regular industry. 'How natural must it be,' says the authority already quoted, 'for the Highland cottier to detest labour, when he feels himself bound hand and foot for the petty privilege of planting a few barrels of potatoes!' If the Highland proprietors were to reside on their properties, and set about the improvement of their lands and the humanising of their tenantry, accusations as to indolence would soon be unheard of. The physical and social improvements now going on in the Lewis under Mr Mathison, show what may be effected in meliorating the condition of the Highlands and Islands.

The longest lane has a turning. Highland mismanagement, by the exposure connected with the late famine and other circumstances, seems likely to undergo some modification. A change in views connected with store-farming deserves especial notice. In the introduction of large sheep farms sixty to eighty years ago much suffering was inflicted. Had the new order of farmers settled in the Highlands with their families, the change would have been only from a Celtic to an Anglo-Saxon population. In too many instances, how-

ever, these farmers put their property under the charge of shepherds, and lived themselves in the south; so that there were not only absentee landlords, but absentee farmers. Of the cruelty of this perfected system of annihilating a settled population nothing need be said. What is immoral seldom comes to any good. The system is at length discovered to be economically mischievous; for not a shilling of capital can ever accumulate in a country inhabited only by sheep and salaried assistants. I am glad to learn that, impressed with this conviction, the Duke of Sutherland is beginning to divide his large into small farms, and to lease them to capitalists, who will give the country the benefit of their presence. When the system of enforesting has run its course, let us hope that it will come to as creditable a termination. W. C.

THE GAMBLER.*

'A MOMENT later, and the train would have gone without me,' said I, as, almost breathless with running, I placed myself in the corner of a first-class carriage on the rail from Versailles to Paris. Three persons and a little dog were my companions. Soon I began to scrutinise them; and then, as is my custom when travelling, to amuse myself with fancying some tale or adventure of which they formed the *dramatis personæ*. Near me sat a pale-looking young man, carelessly but elegantly dressed, and so intently reading, that even my hurried entrance into the carriage scarcely caused him to lift his eyes from his book. In one corner sat an elderly gentleman, seemingly in that happy state which is between sleeping and waking; his cheeks were wrinkled, his hair gray and scant, and his thick and bushy eyebrows almost concealed his deep-set eyes, which from time to time were turned upon the young man engaged in reading. 'Pshaw,' thought I, 'this is probably an uncle accompanying his thoughtless nephew to the town.' And then I turned my attention to a young lady who occupied another corner of the carriage. She, too, was pale, and more interesting than handsome. Her dress, though simple, was perfect, and evidently the production of some first-rate *artiste*. Her whole style proclaimed her at once to belong to the higher order of society. Her eyes were large, and blue, and intellectual; her lips smiling; and a small and delicately-formed hand grasped a smelling-bottle, which she frequently used. Opposite to her lay a small English dog of uncommon beauty, between whom and his mistress frequent looks of affectionate recognition were exchanged. She seemed sickly, and to breathe with difficulty, frequently placing her hand upon her heart, on which occasions I observed she wore a rich and costly bracelet. Such were my travelling companions. The supposed uncle now slept, now cast vacant looks around him; the thoughtless nephew read on; the lady often sighed; the little dog snored; and I indulged in all the luxury of a day-dream, fancying many a strange history connected with those around me. It was evident, as I thought, that they were strangers to each other; and then the lady travelling alone in a first-class carriage, her simple yet highly-finished dress, the gemmed bracelet, her reserved looks, and retiring manners, led me into a wide field of supposition, too quickly interrupted by our arrival at our destination. The train stopped; the pale gentleman continued his reading; the lady again sighed, and placed her hand upon her heart; the old gentleman kept his seat; none seemed inclined to make the first move; so, slightly bowing to my companions, I left the carriage, and soon found myself in possession of a room at my hotel.

Dinner over, I went to the theatre; and from thence, by the persuasion of a friend, to a private gambling-house; and great was my surprise to find in the ostensible proprietor of the table the same old gentleman I had met in the railway carriage, and to whom I had assigned the character of a morose old uncle. Very few

people were present, and play had not yet begun; and the *croupiers*, or groom porters, as they are called in England, were seated on their high stools, on either side of the table, in that stolid indifference which, whether natural or assumed, seems always to mark such men. The old gentleman was seated at one end of the table, nervously grasping in his hand a massive snuff-box, while his eyes seemed restlessly to wander between the heaps of gold before him and the door, which, soon opening, gave entrance to another of my travelling companions—the young man, the fancied nephew. Although very few people were present, play soon began. It was *rouge et noir*. Every sound was hushed, except the voices of the dealers calling the result of the games, and the rattling of the gold as it was 'raked' from one to another.

I never play myself; and since I knew no one among the few gamblers present but my two travelling companions, my attention was altogether engrossed by their proceedings. Indeed the large sums which were lost by the young man, the *rouleau* after *rouleau* that he placed upon the table, only to be swept from before him, his pale cheek reddened by excitement, and his frequent and deep-drawn sighs, most painfully interested me; and then his continual losses, the run of luck that was so evidently against him, and the cessation of all other play but his, deeply engrossed me. About one o'clock in the morning he left the room, and, I had every reason to suppose, without a Napoleon in his possession. I immediately followed, and, much excited, with my friend repaired to sup in a neighbouring coffee-house.

'You seem much excited with what we have seen,' said my friend; 'and since you cannot conceal the interest you take in play, and the evident taste you have for it, I admire you the more that no inducement can tempt you to participate in the game.'

'I will never play myself,' said I; 'though I confess that play deeply interests me, especially such high play as we have just seen. Besides which, I was doubly interested, since both the keeper of the Bank, and the young man who has lost so much, were my silent companions on the railway from Versailles last evening; and more, those whom we have seen such keen adversaries in the fight for fortune I absolutely supposed uncle and nephew.'

'The young man you allude to,' replied my friend, 'is a colonel in the Russian service, Count Z—, celebrated for his great losses. You know what enormous fortunes the greater part of the Russian nobility are possessed of; but still, from what I hear, I fancy that this poor man has not much remaining. He has just come from Naples, where I am afraid to name the sum they say he left behind him. He is an incorrigible gambler, and strange to say, his almost invariable bad luck has not taught him wisdom. Who the banker is I do not know; I never saw him here before, though I heard he is a Spaniard, who has just joined the concern with a very considerable capital. But here comes Monsieur Clement, the supposed proprietor of the rooms: let me introduce you; he will tell you of the unknown.'

The usual compliments being exchanged, M. Clement took a seat at our table; and then I heard that the supposed Spaniard was an expatriated Polish officer, and, as it was said, of high birth, although he was only known as Captain Carlo. He lived very simply, and in great retirement, and it was only the day before that he had, to the astonishment of everybody, proposed to take the Bank into his own hands. His evident command of money, and the terms he offered, were such as had induced the proprietors to comply with his seemingly strange proposal. It was very late, or rather at an early hour in the morning, that we separated; and I do not know how often I turned in my bed before I could compose myself to sleep. My chamber, too, was small; the night oppressive; and my neighbour in the adjoining room, from whom I was separated but by a slight connecting door, apparently even more

restless than myself. He paced his room incessantly, and occasionally I heard the sigh or moan of mental or bodily distress. I suppose it was the wine I had drank, the excitement I had undergone, and an unwillingness to interfere in that which in neway concerned me, which prevented me from pulling my bell and summoning a servant to my neighbour's assistance. At last, however, I fell asleep; and, as may be supposed, awoke late in the day, stupid and unrefreshed; and even when I left my room and repaired to the street—and, let me add, it was my first visit to Paris—a something seemed to hang over me; a dread of impending evil, that deprived the novel scenes around me of all their charms, and sent me back to my hotel to a quiet and lonely dinner in my room; and that finished, I was again alone with my wine, a slight dessert, and my wandering thoughts. I fell asleep. When I awoke, it was night. A candle shone through a crevice of the door leading to the adjoining room, and the conversation of a man and woman greatly excited my curiosity. I will not attempt to palliate the offence of listening to it: I could not help myself, nor even move or make a noise, so that my neighbours could understand that they might be overheard. The man's voice was at first soft and intreating; the woman was evidently crying, and the little she said was in short and broken sentences, and so interrupted by convulsive sobs, that I could not follow them. I glistened, however, enough to know that she was resisting and refusing a request the man was making her: at length, however, hysterical sighs were the only replies; and then his voice had lost its softness and persuasive tones; it became harsh, and loud, and imperative, and I plainly heard him.

'Well, madam,' said he, 'you shall repeat this obstinacy, and your determination to plunge me into hopeless ruin; and not only me, but yourself also. Something tells me I shall be fortunate to-night, if you will not give me your diamonds, you will deprive me of the only opportunity of regaining all my bad-luck has cost me.'

'Say rather what your folly, your madness has cost you,' said the lady. 'It is all that you now have left to us. These poor diamonds will scarcely suffice to take us home, and enable us to escape from this city of vice, and a ruin that every hour stares us more plainly in the face. I entreat you, by all you ever held sacred, be contented with the dreadful lessons you have received: renounce this fearful infatuation; return to a wife who, in spite of all the ruin you have brought upon her, still loves you, still adores you, and would still go hand in hand with you to retrieve our lost fortunes.'

'Madam,' cried the man with a voice choking with passion, 'all I ask are your jewels: keep your remonstrances, your reproaches, to yourself. I am your husband, and I have the right to dispose of all your possessions as I may think fit to do.'

'Have you not sufficiently stripped me of my possessions, of my poor banished father's lands,' replied the lady, 'that you would deprive me of this poor bracelet that contains my dear mother's portrait, to possess yourself of the jewels which surround it?' 'No,' continued she, after a moment's pause, interrupted by convulsive sobs—'no, I will defend this poor remnant of my fortune with my life. My mother's portrait shall never leave my arm; and I will preserve its diamonds to save me yet a while from the want and misery I see approaching.'

A demon's laugh, which still rings in my ears as I write the words, was the man's reply. The door was suddenly opened, and so violently shut, that the light was extinguished. I heard the wretched woman fall upon her knees, listened to her few, short, wild, and supplicating prayers, and all was still.

At eleven o'clock I was again in Monsieur Clement's gambling-room.

Captain Carlo was seated with clasped hands at the table anxiously, as I thought, watching the door. The

Russian colonel was not there. He soon, however, arrived. His face was flushed, and he seemed intoxicated. He seated himself, and fixed his eyes intently staring at the gold which lay in heaps before him. Captain Carlo seemed to regard him with the most intense interest; but he saw nothing but the play and the gold upon the table.

'Make your game: the game is made,' said the croupier; and as he was about to deal the cards, the colonel cried, I may rather say shrieked, in a voice of wildness, 'A hundred Napoleons upon the red!'

The dealer paused, and seeing that the colonel placed no money on the table, coolly said, 'Pardon me, sir; you must stake the money.'

The colonel seemed horrorstruck: he became deadly pale, then fearfully red; and after a momentary struggle for utterance, he thundered out, 'Dare you speak so to me, sir?' And then, in a lowered tone of voice, he said, as he left the room, 'After the large sum I lost to you yesterday, I did suppose, as I had not my purse about me, that you would not have refused me so paltry a credit.' There was something in the whole manner of the man, and the tone of his voice, that seemed, as it were, to paralyse the appetite for play of the few who were present. One by one they left the room; and by some undefinable attraction I soon found myself the only stranger who had remained. Captain Carlo was apparently anxious and distracted, and one or two casual remarks I made to him were vaguely answered. Evidently his thoughts were elsewhere. No new-comers had arrived: I did not play: the croupiers were about to put up the implements of their trade, and I to take my hat, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and again the colonel entered. How shall I describe his appearance? His face was distorted, and very pale; his lips livid; his hair disordered, and wildly hanging about his head; his right hand was in his breast; he trembled violently, and his glassy eyes wandered vacantly. He appeared to make an effort to rally and to recover himself, and calling for champagne, drank glass after glass nearly as rapidly as the servant poured it from the bottle. The draught appeared to sober him; and the croupier, as if to test his intentions, made a show of recommending his avocations.

'Cut the cards if you please,' said he.

'Red again!' immediately shouted the colonel, as he withdrew his hand from his breast, and placed upon the table a magnificent bracelet, of apparently great value. 'It is worth a hundred thousand francs,' continued he. 'Ah! where now is your courage? You who an hour since refused me the miserable sum of one hundred Napoleons! What! are you afraid, or can you not cover my stake?'

Captain Carlo quietly, and without a word, opened a small box before him, and taking from it notes to the amount of a hundred thousand francs, placed them beside the bracelet. The game proceeded. 'Black wins!' cried the croupier. The colonel had again lost, and the rich bracelet was the property of the Bank. The blood ran cold in my veins as I recognised the jewel. My head swam round, and I was obliged to cling to the table for support. I had nearly fainted with excitement and surprise; and I still felt as in a stupor, when the voice of Captain Carlo recalled me to myself.

'Colonel,' said he, 'I know you have not provided yourself with money; but if, in the meantime, you will accept the contents of this pocket-book, to-morrow we can arrange our account.'

But why prolong the painful scene? The offer—how strange and unaccountable did it appear to me—was greedily grasped at, and the game recommenced; I need not tell with what vicissitudes. Suffice it to say, that all was again lost.

'Now I will play you double or quits,' said the colonel in a paroxysm of utter desperation.

'No,' replied the captain, 'I will play no more: the sum you already owe me is more than you are able to

repay. Yet stay: I will play you for ten times the sum if your wife will be your security.'

At these words the unfortunate Russian uttered a cry more frantic, I think, than ere was heard from the walls of a madman's den. I can never forget it. He fell backwards on a chair; his hair stood on end; his forehead was bathed in cold perspiration; his vigorous frame trembled like an aspen; he seemed to stagger as he rose from the chair; but clasping the heavy table before him with his two hands, he pushed it from him with almost superhuman force and violence, and rushed from the room.

I was far too excited myself to observe the effect of this sad scene upon Captain Carlo; but he arose from his seat, and not perceiving that I was behind him, I heard him, to my great astonishment, say in a voice of profound emotion, 'My poor, poor Julie; still he loves her: all is not yet lost; her honour is yet sacred to him: he may yet be saved.' He turned and saw me, and trembling, he continued: 'I have observed, sir, your interest in this unhappy man, and now bear witness that all good is not yet dead in his heart. Love for his wife still remains, for he would not involve her name in a gambler's deeds. No, no! he is not yet lost. Happiness and wealth are still in store for him. This night and my proceedings have cured him of his love of play. Know, sir, that this man is the husband of my only child, from whom and from my country I have been long banished, and obliged even to keep my very existence a profound secret from my nearest relatives. I escaped with wealth which, by prudence and personal privation, has greatly accumulated. It is only lately that the pardon of my generous sovereign has recalled me to my country and my home, and only then I heard of my poor daughter's fate and her husband's infatuation. None could tell me where I could find them, for none knew where they were. I, however, fell upon their traces, and heard enough to convince me that I need not interfere with any prospect of success till all was lost. His lands have long been sold; but I was rich, and could restore all when the proper moment came. Knowing that he was coming to Paris, I hastened to assume the character of the proprietor of these rooms, in the hope that, by allowing him to play for unlimited sums, I might hasten the happy moment when I should know he had staked his all, and lost it, and I might proclaim myself, and regain my children. This bracelet, sir, contains the portrait of my adored wife, who gave it to my poor child. She would never have parted with it but in the last extremity. See what love will do! She has sacrificed her last remaining treasure, and he has refused to compromise her in name in his nefarious transactions. Oh! cried the old man, the warm tears running from his eyes—'oh that it was to-morrow, that I could embrace my child, and pardon and restore her husband!'

Shocked with these fearful revelations, I hurried the poor old man at once to the hotel.

'I know where they are,' said I; 'let us lose no time in going to them.'

'Is Colonel the Count Z—— at home?' hastily demanded Captain Carlo of the porter at the hotel door.

'No, sir,' was the reply.

'Has he been long absent?'

'He was here soon after eleven, and then again went out.'

'Let us go up stairs,' said I.

Impatience hastened the steps of the father; scarcely could I follow him with the light. He knocked at the door; all was still: again he knocked, and the only reply was a suppressed and mournful howl of a little dog; and now he applied his hand to the lock, and opened the door. All was dark. He took the candle from my hand and went in; and I, irresistibly compelled, followed him. Oh horror of horrors, what a scene met my eyes! Dead upon the bed, and deluged in blood from a deep wound on her beautiful arm, lay the only child of the poor old man!

In a few days afterwards, the wretched gambler, the cause of so much wo, was the inmate of an asylum for lunatics; his case adding another to the many instances of mental ruin from the ill-regulated and unjustifiable passion for gain!

LIEBIG ON THE VITAL FORCES.*

THE present work of Liebig is a continuation of the labours he has been so long engaged in to elucidate and explain the powers employed by nature to carry on animal and vegetable life. Some of these powers are the very same as we see at work in the inorganic world or among inanimate things. Gravity, cohesion, solution, and the combinations and decompositions specially treated of in chemistry, are all largely concerned in the phenomena of vitality, as well as in the other phenomena of the world; they are *vital forces*, although they may not be the only vital forces. It seems likely that, in addition to the numerous properties and powers of inorganic bodies, there are certain distinct forces belonging exclusively to living bodies; which are not developed or brought into existence except in matter endowed with life, and which would therefore deserve to be called vital forces by pre-eminence, or the specific powers of organic existence. But these forces, of themselves could not sustain the life of a creature; for this end they must co-operate with a great many of the forces that adhere alike to living and dead matter; so that it is a great mistake to speak of the vital force, or of the one power that keeps vegetables and animals alive, and enables them to grow, and fructify, and reproduce their like. Life is made up, in the first place, of a very elaborate and complex *structural* arrangement, a highly-organised mechanism or anatomy; and in the second place, of the operation of the various *powers* and *properties* belonging to all the materials of this structure, whether these powers be mechanical, chemical, or vital—that is to say, including the properties that the substances possess while in the inorganic form, and whatever new properties they may put forth in their organised arrangement. Thus water is one of the most invariable constituents of living bodies; and the numerous properties that it has in its separate state are all made use of to the full in the animal and vegetable systems. Should it be deprived of any one of these (as of its fluidity, by being frozen), the living thing that it happened to be associated with would as certainly be killed as if the special forces of the organised structure were totally suspended.

It will thus be evident that the study of living beings must not be confined to an isolated search after the peculiar forces of vitality, but must embrace the application of the other natural forces to the operations of life. It is necessary to begin with tracing all the effects of the inorganic forces upon these operations; and when we are sure that we have done this to the full, if we find that there remain certain processes still unaccounted for, we may set them down to the special powers of organised nature; and from the character of the processes thus separated and distinguished from all the rest, we may infer the exact nature of these organic powers. In this way we shall know at last (as far as the thing is knowable) what is the secret or the mystery of life.

Few need to be told that we are as yet a good way off from this desirable consummation. At present, scientific inquirers are occupying themselves with the first stage of the investigation, or the tracing out of the operations that may be sustained within the living body by the inorganic forces alone, supposing these to work out their effects exactly as they do in their ordinary connections

with inanimate matter; and no one pretends to doubt that, for example, the laws regulating the latent heat of water and steam are strictly observed in the case of the constituent water of organic bodies.

In his present work, Liebig has devoted himself to the elucidation of one class of physical forces employed in vegetable and animal life—namely, the forces of the absorption or imbibition of fluids by membranes, and other tissues and solid substances permeable to fluids, whether liquid or gaseous. It is well known to all who have attended to the mechanism and processes of the animal body, that this process of imbibition goes on very extensively within it; indeed this is almost the only way that fluids can enter many parts of the system. If we look at the blood-distributing mechanism, we shall find that it is an apparatus of shut tubes, circling from the heart through the body, and from the body back to the heart; but nowhere in all its course (excepting the two junctions in the neck with the lymphatic trunks) does it present any opening or outlets that could either discharge or receive a liquid stream. And yet the purpose of the circulation is to take in matters at some parts of its course, and give them out at others. It takes in from the alimentary canal, in a liquid shape, the nourishing matter of the food; it gives out matter to the liver and the kidneys. In the lungs it takes in one gas, and gives out another; and in all the tissues of the body there is a continual exchange of substance going on through the walls of the small blood tubes, which are diffused everywhere: fresh matter to nourish and replace the surrounding tissue passes out of each tube by sweating through its sides; and a portion of the altered and useless matter, by a similar process, is taken in and carried along the circulation. The blood is a very mixed and complicated fluid, being the commissariat for supplying every distinct tissue with its proper material; and on entering any one tissue, such as muscle, the particles of fresh muscle are given out, and certain parts of the used-up muscle drawn in instead: the new matter and the old pass one another in the pores of the blood tubes. It is the same with brain or mucous membrane, or any other of the substances that are subject to the tear and wear of the living action.

It will thus be evident that one distinct force in constant requisition in the animal economy is the force of fluid imbibition, which therefore becomes a subject of study and of interest to every lover of knowledge. Like all other branches of inquiry into nature, it has both a speculative and a practical value: it is a part of the mystery of existence, which the intellect of man has always been intent on solving, and at the same time of the utmost importance to our corporeal wellbeing.

With the view of ascertaining the precise character, and the most simple mode of expressing the workings of this force, Liebig instituted a set of experiments on the passage of liquids through animal membranes. Like experiments and like inferences from them have also been made by others, who must therefore share with Liebig the merits of whatever advances human knowledge may have now attained in this department.

In order to connect the force of fluid imbibition with forces familiar to us in the inanimate world, a few words of reference to these forces will be necessary.

Of natural powers possessing mechanical force, or capable of setting material masses in motion, the most prominent and striking is the falling force or weight, called in Latin 'gravity.' The full range of this power, as first seen by Newton, extends to the starry heavens, and knows no bounds that we are aware of. Distance diminishes its intensity, by spreading it ever space, but does not destroy it. Its effects are pre-eminently on the large scale.

It requires a greater effort of attention to appreciate a different class of attractions which operate only on the atoms or small particles of bodies. All substances that we know of are made up of fine particles held together by attractive or adhesive forces. The firm solid masses of stone and metal that we see about us

* Researches on the Motion of the Juices in the Animal Body, by Justus Liebig, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Giessen. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author by William Gregory, M. D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh. London: printed for Taylor and Walton, Upper Gower Street. 1848.

are aggregates or masses of powdery atoms, too fine to be distinguished by the most powerful microscope; and the reason why they do not preserve the condition of powder or dust is, that nature has given them strong attractions for one another, so that in favourable circumstances they stick all together with an intense energy, which it often requires a great force to overcome. Mere gravity would not keep particles together with such a degree of compact firmness. Now although the general effect of these atomic attractions is very obvious to our senses, by making all the difference between the dust that floats in the wind and the rocks that defy the ocean, yet their operation on the individual particles cannot be observed, owing to the excessive smallness of such particles compared with our powers of vision. But if we take the liberty of representing an atom by an apple, and a brother atom by a second apple, and if we imagine these two apples so attracting each other that it takes a powerful pull to draw them asunder; and if, moreover, we conceive that attraction is not the whole of the action that goes on between them, there being at the same time an intense repulsion that holds them from coming perfectly close, we shall possess an illustration of the forces that maintain the solid structure of bodies. If we imagine the two apples held at a distance of half an inch from each other, and so fixed between two forces, one preventing them from being drawn asunder, and the other preventing them from coming any nearer, we shall have a picture of what occurs between every two particles of a piece of iron or stone. Each atom of iron clings to its fellows all around it with an intense adhesion, which, however, is counteracted by a repulsion that makes them all keep at a certain distance from each other. The attraction is an inherent property of the particles, but the repulsion may be very much modified by heat.

Of this binding attraction (which gives us firm masses instead of what in Scotland might be called a universe of *stour*) there are two different kinds, which we have carefully to distinguish. The first is the kind that obtains between particles of the same substance—the adhesion of iron to iron, lead to lead, sulphur to sulphur, ice to ice, clay to clay. This has been called *homogeneous* attraction, or kindred attraction. By enabling each atom to cling, by a preference, to its fellow of the same class, it keeps up the distinctness and purity of substances; and without it, we should have a general chaos of all the materials of nature, to the utter confusion of their specific and distinctive usefulness. Pure gold or pure water would be an impossibility, were it not for the kindred affinity of the particles of each; for if they were once broken up, and intermingled with strange matters, there would be no means of separating the mixture.

The other kind of atomic attraction is what subsists between the atoms of different substances. Although the attraction of each for its own kind is the primary law, there is, over and above this, certain cases where the particles of one kind attract the particles of another kind. Thus besides the adhesion of copper to copper and tin to tin, there is an adhesion of copper to tin, such that, when they are melted together, the one diffuses itself through the other, and the whole mass becomes coherent under three different atomic attractions. But the most common, and perhaps, on the whole, the most important instance of this action, is the wetting of bodies by water, or the adhesion of watery particles to the particles of other bodies. The action is not an unlimited one: it is not a matter of course that any substance will show an attraction for any other substance; on the contrary, some substances are wholly destitute of adhesion to certain others, and some have the power of adhering to many, and some to few. The phenomenon is very variable; and it is one of the specific characteristics or properties of every substance to have a certain amount of adhesive affinity to certain other assignable substances. To distinguish this kind of attraction from the first, it is called *heterogeneous*, or

foreign, or alien affinity. Liebig and some others reckon it a kind of chemical affinity, because it operates, like chemical affinity, between the atoms of bodies; but in this country it is usual to reserve the name 'chemical' to the affinity that transforms two substances that are mixed together into a third, with properties totally distinct from either—as in the affinity between oxygen and hydrogen when they form water.

As the purity and separate existence of the various materials of the globe are maintained by kindred attraction, so a certain number of mixtures and adhesions arise from foreign attraction. All cements operate on this principle; likewise the alloys of metals, the composition of rocks, and the dissolution of solids in liquids, and of liquids and airs in liquids. The penetration of liquids into the pores of solids is a very conspicuous example of the same action—as in the swelling of wood by being wetted, the absorption of water by a sponge, and the rise of oil in wicks. When glass tubes are formed of a very fine bore, if they are dipped with one end in water, the water will rise up several inches above its level, the rise being greater as the tube is smaller. This case has been called capillary attraction, because the tubes are so fine, as to be compared to hairs. But the name is a misleading one, and carries the mind quite away from the real cause of the rise of the liquid, which is the attraction of the water for the glass. If a capillary tube were formed of tallow or bees' wax, there would be no such rise; these substances not being of the class that water has an attraction for.

The present researches of Liebig have reference to the foreign or alien attraction that we have now explained; and they involve two different cases of it, which are complicated together in one operation: the cases are, the attraction of one liquid for another, causing them to mix together; and the attraction of liquids for porous solid membranes, which leads to their imbibition or absorption. We shall now describe some of his experiments.

Animal membranes and tissues are permeable to all liquids whatsoever: they are in no case liquor-tight; and when two liquids disposed to mix are separated only by a membrane, the mixture is retarded, but not prevented. If a piece of bladder is stretched across the end of a tube, and if the tube is filled with brine, and immersed in pure water, so that the two liquids touch the bladder, one on one side, and the other on the other side, an exchange takes place through the bladder—brine flows down out of the tube, and water flows up into the tube; and the crossing or exchanging movement continues till the liquid outside and inside is of the same uniform degree of saltiness. So if alcohol and water are put in the same predicament, with a membrane separating them, there is a cross-current between the two till an even mixture has been produced—the presence of the membrane does not suspend the alien attraction of particles of water for particles of alcohol.

So far the phenomenon presents no remarkable singularity. But it has been observed that, in many cases of this kind of mixture, more of the one liquid passes through than of the other; and at the end of the process, the quantities remaining on the two sides are changed, one being increased, and the other diminished. Thus in the case of water and brine, the water flows faster through to the brine than the brine to the water, and the bulk of the mixture on the side of the brine is increased, while the bulk on the side of the water has diminished. So when alcohol and water are used, the alcohol passes in least quantity, and therefore increases in bulk, while the water diminishes. This would happen even if the alcohol, the lighter of the two, were uppermost in the experiment: the specific gravities are not concerned in the process. This case of alteration of bulks, when first discovered, was reckoned a new and remarkable phenomenon, caused by a peculiar and distinct force, and the names *endosmose* and *exosmose* were applied to designate the action.

It is now, however, distinctly understood that no new and unknown power of nature is employed in the matter. The inequality of flow is owing to attraction of the membrane itself for the two liquids. Like most other porous solids, animal membrane has a strong attraction for water, and sucks it into its pores so energetically, as to swell out by the action. It has likewise an attraction for brine, or the mixture of salt and water; but this attraction is not so strong as for the pure water. Hence if water be at one side and brine at the other, both will be absorbed, but the water will be drawn in most strongly and most rapidly; and hence a greater quantity of it will pass out at the other side—that is, more water will pass through to the brine than brine to the water. There is the same superiority in the attraction for the water in the case of alcohol and water. Also if pure water is used with a solution of sugar in water, the sugared water will increase in bulk, and the pure water will diminish. The greater the difference in the attractions of the liquids for the membrane itself, the more marked will be the change of bulks from the inequality of the transudation. Thus a solution of albumen has an exceedingly small attraction for animal membrane; hence, when it lies at one side, and water at the other, the permeation is almost all on the side of the water, or the water passes through to the albumen, while scarcely any albumen passes through to the water: it is a case of one-sided absorption rather than of mutual exchange.

The phenomenon, therefore, is the result of three different attractions—one between the liquids themselves, such as would make them thoroughly mix with each other whenever they came in contact; and two between the membrane and the two liquids. If the membrane's attraction is the same for both liquids, the flow is equal to both sides; if it is greater for one, that one passes through in greatest quantity. And as, in general, water has a stronger attraction for membrane than other liquids, it will show the most abundant absorption.

Liebig points out several applications of these doctrines in the animal body, which contains a vast assemblage of membranous tubes. Thus in drinking pure water, the absorption through the walls of the stomach into the blood is more rapid than with any other liquid. A solution of salt stagnates for a considerable time before it is taken into the circulation; and in that time it exercises the well-known purgative influence in the intestines. So tea or milk will remain much longer in the stomach than water. The rapidity of the absorption of pure water is very great, and enables water-drinkers to pass an extraordinary quantity through the body in a short time. In proportion as the water is mixed with any dissolved matter—common salt, salts of soda or magnesia, iron, lime, &c.—its absorptive power is reduced; and if drunk in the same quantities as pure water, it will cause a heavy oppression both in the stomach and in the blood-vessels; being obstructed first in its passage into the circulation, and next in its passage into the kidneys.

The consequence in the animal body of the very little affinity of albumen for membranous tissues, is the more effectual retention of the blood in the blood-vessels, blood being composed of albumen and a number of other matters, which have all a low attraction for the sides of the tubes. These substances must of course not be wholly retained in the blood-vessels, as their purpose is to nourish the tissues; but it would seem that they require to be prevented from passing through with the same rapidity as watery solutions of other matters.

The various membranes of the body, and the walls of the different viscera, probably possess unequal attractions for different liquids, and this may in part determine the tendency that they have to pass particular fluids in preference to others. But this is a very obscure subject, and there seem to be other forces at work in the selective power of the various secreting organs in addition to mechanical imbibition or transudation.

The present volume contains the description of an-

other class of experiments, of the same general tenor, but calculated to illustrate especially the influence of the cutaneous transpiration of the animal body, or the escape of vapours through the skin, upon the motion of the liquids in the interior. There is a constant escape of watery vapour, mixed with other vapours and gases, from all the pores of the skin, the water being the most copious ingredient: and this transpiration is very fluctuating, and is dependent on the condition of the external air, as well as on the state of the body itself. Experience shows that the health and vitality of the individual are greatly affected by it.

Liebig has made experiments upon tubes closed with bladder, and filled with water, so that one side of the bladder is in contact with water, and the other side with the external air. In this arrangement the water evaporates through the bladder into the air; and when the tube is a bent one, the bending being at the top, and one of the arms (which both point downwards) covered with bladder at the mouth, while the other is immersed in a vessel of liquid, the evaporation from the free end leads to a rise of fresh liquor, by the atmospheric pressure on the liquid of the vessel, even if the immersed end be likewise closed with bladder; so that the effect of evaporation through the walls of tubes is to keep up a motion of the liquid within the tubes. Thus evaporation from the skin takes off pressure from the liquids of the capillaries, and they are driven on by the pressure behind with so much the more rapidity. In a word, cutaneous transpiration has the effect of increasing the rapidity of the circulation in the neighbourhood of the skin, and therefore of increasing the functions of the blood in renewing the tissues and maintaining the vigour and vitality of the system. For as life consists of the uninterrupted decay and renovation of the muscle, nerve, mucus membrane, and the other organs and tissues, so the more rapidly these two processes go on, provided they keep an equal pace—that is, the renovation equal to the decay—the greater is the first-hand feeling of life in the individual. Hence the value, among other things, of an uninterrupted evaporation through the pores of the skin. The impetus thus generated to the movement of the liquids has the same general effect as an increase of the power of the heart to send blood through the body. The evaporation from the lungs is another case of the same principle: the more abundant it is, the more rapid is the circulation in the lungs, and the greater the aëration or purification of the blood.

But evaporation is always dependent on the dryness of the external atmosphere. When the air is perfectly saturated with moisture, no vapour rises from the moist pools; and although the high temperature of the body will always cause a certain amount to go off from the skin, yet in a moist atmosphere the action must be very much repressed. The fluids thus lose one of the forces that keep them moving; they stagnate to some degree; the processes of wear and renovation are diminished; and the powers of life stand at a lower figure. The stagnation may be such as to bring on some unhealthy change in the fluids, and then we have disease. It is of course quite possible that the cutaneous evaporation may be too great, and the motion of the fluids made disproportional to other processes, which also will cause disease. Health is the result of a perfect balance of all the functions; but in general it is seen that a dry air and free evaporation are favourable to vital activity, and a moist air is a ready source of disease.

Liebig extends the same reasoning to plants. The leaves present a large extent of evaporating surface. He thinks that this evaporation may be the chief cause that maintains the motion of the sap: he quotes a number of experiments made in the last century by Hales to confirm this supposition: and as the partial stagnation of the animal fluids from a checked transpiration is a cause of weakness and disease, so he considers that plants are struck with blight in the same

way. Influenza and the potato disease are caused or promoted by the same atmospheric peculiarity of excess of moisture. From Hales's observations he quotes an instance of the blight of hops under the circumstances of a period of intense heat, which gave a great impulse to growth, followed by a long succession of moist, close days, and consequent stagnation of the over-abundant sap.

The volume concludes with a paper by Dr Klotzsch of Berlin on an improvement in potato cultivation. The idea of it is, to pinch off about half an inch from the ends of the twigs of each plant twice in the course of the season; first in the fourth or fifth week, or when the plants are from six to nine inches above the soil, and again in the tenth or eleventh week. The object is to prevent the growth of the flowers of the plant, and to send all the force that would be expended on these to the roots, as well as to the stems and leaves, whose action on the air ministers to the growth of the tubers beneath. It is said that in this way the produce of the potato will be very much increased, while the liability to blight will be diminished. A more limited form of the practice has been in existence for some time, but it is worth being tried to the full extent now mentioned.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

CHATEAUBRIAND is no more! The mind which imagined 'Atala' and 'René' has faded from our view. Traveller as well as author, he who has led us over so many lands, has now departed from earth. Amid the troublous clouds which hover over his country, the sun of the author of the 'Essay on Revolutions' has set.

François-Auguste de Chateaubriand was born at St Malo, in Brittany, in 1769. His family was one of the most ancient of the Breton race. His first years were passed in the Château de Combourg, an old paternal mansion. From the height of a tower in which was situated the bedchamber of his childhood he heard the breakers of the sea roaring upon the wild Breton shore; he listened to the gusty wind, or heard the drear shriek of the gull, while watching the now sparkling, and now hidden stars, and becoming acquainted with all the scenic points of an ocean coast.

The Chateaubriand family, it appears, had a physiognomy at once haughty, cold, and melancholy. In character the father was proud, austere, and impassible, and his conduct was felt to be so unfatherly, that it drove his child to seek for sympathy rather amid the savage scenery around, than from him. In solitary reveries amid wild walks the young Chateaubriand thus first nursed those powers of imagination which were latent within him. Nor was the poetry of sympathy without an inspiration and an object even in the cold chateau. A small sweet flower yet bloomed in that drear wilderness: a young sister was there, whose love he returned, who understood his emotions, who recognised the grace of his nature, and appreciated it in the delicacy of her own.

As the youngest son of the family, Chateaubriand was destined for the priesthood. His studies commenced at the college of Dol, and terminated at that of Rennes, where he had the future General Moreau as his school-fellow. The profession which had been chosen for him was, however, one to which he had no vocation, and it was abandoned. A step had, however, to be taken. Sometimes he thought to visit the lands beyond the tomb; sometimes to embark for the East Indies. At length his elder brother having become the accepted suitor of the granddaughter of the great Malherbes, a sub-lieutenant's commission was procured him in the Navarre regiment, and Chateaubriand arrived in Paris in 1789, was presented at court, rode in the king's carriage, joined in the royal hunt, and entered into all the gaiety of the French capital.

His intellectual tastes and studies were, however, not relinquished even in the whirl of Parisian life. There

was a little court to which he was more attracted than to the great court of which he was a member, and to which mind alone gave the claim to admission. It was the court of the last and least disciples of the Encyclopædic school. Through them Chateaubriand was first brought before the public as a poet. Under their patronage appeared a far greater than themselves.

Meanwhile one volcanic eruption of the Revolution succeeded another. The affair of Coblenz occurred. The regiment of Navarre, of which the Marquis de Mostemart was colonel, having mutinied like the others, Chateaubriand found himself released towards the end of 1790 from his military engagements. Preferring to emigrate, he determined to make his travels useful. He aspired to nothing less than the complete discovery of the north-west passage. Hearne had seen it in 1772, Mackenzie in 1789, and why should not Chateaubriand fully make it known in 1791? At least it was a matter of laudable ambition—better than emigrating to England and teaching French. Accordingly, in the spring of 1791, he embarked at St Malo with a letter of recommendation to Washington from the Marquis de la Rouaizie, who had served in the war of American Independence. His voyage over, he presented his note of introduction to the new Cincinnatus. Washington listened to his project with astonishment, and spoke of the difficulties of the enterprise. 'Is it not easier to discover the polar passage than to create a people as you have done?' said Chateaubriand. Washington gave the young enthusiast a warm grasp with his noble hand. In the preface to 'Atala,' and in a note to the 'Essay on Revolutions,' our traveller has explained at length his intended plans for his journey. He wished to discover the passage to the north-west of America by penetrating to the Polar Sea. Instead, however, of directing his course to the northward, he meant to pierce the western coast a little above the Gulf of California; thence following the outline of the continent, and keeping the ocean constantly in sight, he intended to travel northward as far as Behring's Strait, to double the last American cape, to pursue an eastern course along the shores of the Polar Sea, and to return to the United States by Hudson's Bay, Labrador, and Canada. This route, however, from one cause or other, was step by step relinquished. He was advised to begin by seasoning himself by an excursion into the interior of America, to make himself acquainted with the Sioux, the Iroquois, and Equimaux; and to live for some time among the hunters in the Canadian woods, and the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. This advice appeared reasonable. Our traveller thus viewed the cataract of Niagara, explored the gigantic ruins on the banks of the Ohio, and loitered amid the savages in the land of the Natchez. Soon the discoverer gave place to the traveller, the traveller to the poet. The north-west passage seemed nearly forgotten. Chateaubriand wandered over lake and forest, sketching from a wild nature in colouring worthy of sky and cloud, and studying tribe by tribe the manners, the religious notions, and the languages of the Indians. In reading his travels, his love of colour has always struck us. Had his genius been engaged in painting, he would have been a great colourist. Take a passage for example. In describing some North American plains Chateaubriand writes: 'The movable surface of these plains rise, and are gradually lost in the distance; from emerald-green they pass to a light-blue, then to ultra-marine, and then to indigo—each tint dissolving into the next, the last terminating at the horizon, where it joins the sky by a bar of dark azure.' His American Travels are also remarkable for collections of words in the aboriginal languages, and for pleasing relations of the poetic traditions of the Indians. No progress was, however, made towards the polar passage. He noted now 'a light wood of maples, through which the sunshine plays as through lace;' now 'peaked hills, flanked with rocks, from which hang convolvuluses with white and blue flowers, festoons of bignonias, long grasses,

and rock plants of all colours; now the foliage, 'which displayed all imaginable hues—scarlet passing to red, a dark-yellow to a bright gold colour, reddish-brown to light-brown, green, white, azure, in a thousand tints more or less faint, more or less bright.' He marked 'striped ducks, blue linnets, cardinal birds, and purple goldfinches glisten amid the verdure of the trees.' He heard the whet-saw imitate the noise of the saw, the cat-bird mew, and the parrots chatter. He saw to the south 'savannas studded with groves, and covered with buffaloes;' and the Rapids 'according as they are illumined by the sun's rays, blown back by the wind, or shaded by clouds, curling up into golden waves whitened with foam, or rolling on in a dark-looking current.' In fine, he entirely forgot his plan of discovery; and in the land of the Natchez imagined 'René,' and wrote 'Atala' and 'The Natchez,' in which he described so well the manners of the tribes among whom he sojourned.

Accident, however, threw in his way a fragment of an English journal. By this he learnt the flight of Louis XVI., his seizure at Varennes, and the intended invasion of France by the emigrants. A native of Brittany, and therefore a thorough believer in the divine right of kings, he felt that honour called him to join the French royalists. He thus abandoned the American wilds and the north-west passage, and returned to Europe, and entered the Prince of Condé's army. When he reached his camp, it was remarked that he came late. 'But I come express from the cataract of Niagara,' replied Chateaubriand. The poet made the campaign with an old damaged musket. Inside his knapsack was the manuscript of 'Atala,' which fortunately warded off a ball which would otherwise have destroyed him. At the siege of Thionville, however, Chateaubriand was wounded in the thigh, and left for dead in the ditch, where the small-pox, which was then ravaging the little army, seized upon him. Some of the Prince de Ligne's followers luckily discovered him, and threw him into a wagon, in which he was taken in an apparently dying state to Ostend. Arrived at Ostend, he was immediately placed on board a small vessel bound for Jersey. It made Guernsey harbour, where he was carelessly put on shore, when the poor sufferer was nearly in extremity. Covered with loathsome sores as he was, a poor fisherman's wife pitied his fate, had him conveyed to her cabin, and tended him with unremitting care until his recovery. We wish we could record the name of this good woman, which is truly worthy of being associated with that of Chateaubriand, who owed nearly as much to her as to his mother.

When he had recovered, the unhappy emigrant determined to seek literary employment in London. He arrived in the British metropolis in the spring of 1793, destitute alike of friends and resources, and although freed from the small-pox, yet in indifferent health. Lodged in one of the lowest of London lanes, Chateaubriand earned a petty pittance by teaching French and making translations for the booksellers. His leisure time was more congenially employed in planning and composing his 'Essay on Revolutions.' This work caused him two years of labour, and was first published in London in 1796. In it his object is to prove by parallels between ancient and modern revolutions—their like rise and similar failure—that violent eruptions of society are incapable of forming phases of positive and permanent progress. If the particular instances in this book are sometimes too strained, and the comparisons too loose, much of the general view of the author may yet be admitted by the candid and liberal reader. The chief fault of the work was the sceptical tone which prevailed in some parts of it. At times its author appeared to doubt Providence—progress itself. This fault, however, was fully redeemed in the believing, trusting pages which he afterwards published in the 'Génie du Christianisme.'

Meanwhile the misfortunes of the emigrant had been

aggravated in those of his family. Mademoiselle de Rosambo, the wife of his brother, was executed with her husband and her mother on the same day as her illustrious grandfather, M. de Malesherbes. His mother soon followed them to the grave—his father had previously died. On her deathbed she had charged his beloved sister to write him a letter, appealing to his religious duties. When his sister's letter reached Chateaubriand, she also had died from the effects of imprisonment. This event profoundly affected him. It seemed as if two voices called to him from the tomb. These voices were to him the voices of two saints, and they were thus the inspiration of his 'Spirit of Christianity.'

A new scene had, however, occurred in the revolutionary drama of France. Bonaparte arose to power, and opened to the emigrants the gates of their country. Chateaubriand returned to France in 1800, and in connection with M. de Fontanes was employed upon the 'Mercury.' In this paper, part by part, 'Atala' first appeared. The worn-out citizen of republican France was delighted with the frank manners and artless simplicity of this wild child of the forests of the Far West. The civilisation of old Europe listened with pleasure to the native thoughts of the young savage of the new world. It was a successful work, as it was felt to be as fresh and new as a blackberry from the woods.

The publication of the 'Spirit of Christianity' succeeded the appearance of 'Atala.' After the harsh negatives which had burst asunder the bonds of a bold bigotry, it came with words of consolation to the world, uniting faith and reason, and throwing a holy halo over the internal man. While Napoleon was building up his imperial edifice with circumstances, outward forms, and the shows and shams of things, Chateaubriand on his part pointed to that renovation from within, to that spiritual revolution and empire of the soul, which may indeed be assisted by external reforms, but for which they can never prove the substitute. The 'Génie du Christianisme' is yet an admired book. To analyse it would be to injure it. Its aim has been indicated, but to be judged of, it should be read throughout. The 'Spirit of Christianity' was dedicated to the First Consul, and its author was immediately hailed by him who could ever appreciate the use of great minds. Chateaubriand was sent by Bonaparte to Rome as first secretary to the French embassy. He arrives at Rome: he sees the Coliseum, the Pantheon, Trajan's Pillar, the Castle of St Angelo, St Peter's: he watches 'the effect of the moon upon the Tiber, upon the Roman mansions, and upon those illustrious ruins which are scattered about on every side;' he is received by the Pope, who makes him sit beside him in the most affectionate manner, and tells him, with an air of complaisance, that he has read the 'Génie du Christianisme,' a copy of which indeed lies open upon his table. Besides his letters from Italy, Chateaubriand has given a description of Rome and Naples in the fourth and fifth books of the 'Martyrs.' It was in Rome, beneath the porticoes of the Coliseum, that the 'Martyrs' was conceived. 'One beautiful evening in last July,' writes Chateaubriand, 'I seated myself at the Coliseum on a step of the altar, dedicated to the sufferings of the Passion: the setting sun poured floods of gold through all the galleries which had formerly been thronged with men; while at the same time strong shadows were cast by the broken corridors and other relics, or fell on the ground in large black masses. From the lofty parts of the structure I perceived, between the ruins on the right of the edifice, the gardens of Cæsar's palace, with a palm-tree which seems to have been placed in the midst of this wreck expressly for painters and poets. Instead of the shouts of joy which heretofore proceeded from the ferocious spectators in this amphitheatre on seeing Christians devoured by lions and panthers, nothing was now heard but the barking of dogs, which belonged to the hermit resident here as a guardian of the ruins. At the moment that the sun descended

below the horizon, the clock in the dome of St Peter's resounded under the porticoes of the Coliseum.' Amid scenes and memories like these the inspiration which produced the 'Martyrs' was nursed. From the church of the catacombs he derived his heroes for that mournful but exciting work. It is full of pictures of Italy, but its best praise is, that its heroes are sufferers, and its courage Christian.

On his return to Paris, Chateaubriand was named minister plenipotentiary to Le Valais. It was on the evening of that day when, under mysterious circumstances, the corpse of the last of the Condés was discovered in a ditch at Vincennes. He had been assassinated under the oak beneath which his ancestor St Louis had even administered impartial justice. On the same evening, while Paris was yet pale with consternation, Chateaubriand sent in his resignation.

While in Italy, Chateaubriand had conceived the idea of a pilgrimage to Greece and Palestine. This he now determined to put into execution. In 1806 he again saw Italy *en route*, wooed for a moment the bride of the Adriatic with a pure passion, embarked for Greece, passed on swiftly to the Sparta of Lycurgus and Leonidas, meditated in the Clgora of Athens, touched at Smyrna, glanced at the City of the Sultan, passed to Cyprus, reverently saluted Mount Carmel, and fell upon his knees, like a new Crusader, at the sight of the Holy City. Here he followed, step by step, the traces of sacred tradition, and devoutly marked the footprints on the pilgrim path of the Saviour of mankind. From Palestine he sailed to Egypt, crossed the city of the Ptolemies, followed the Nile to Cairo, contemplated Memphis and the Pyramids, and visited Tunis and Carthage. From thence he embarked for Spain, viewed the fair vale of Granada, and under the magic portals of the Alhambra, conceived the 'Last Abancergue.'

After an absence of ten months, in the spring of 1807 Chateaubriand returned once more to his native country. In the retirement of his hermitage in the Valee-aux-Loups, near Daulnay, he then wrote his 'Itinerary,' a remarkable historical and geographical work, and afterwards completed the 'Martyrs,' which he had planned at Rome. While thus engaged, the events of 1814 menaced a change in France, and Chateaubriand quitted his retreat, and hastened to mingle in the conflict. We shall slightly pass over his political career, as good poets are often bad politicians, and it is often better to be with the bard in the grotto consecrated to poesy and religion, than to follow him into the party-rostra of politics. Chateaubriand's first political act was his too famous pamphlet of 'Bonaparte and the Bourbons'—a production which in charity is thus passed over. The insults which were afterwards exchanged between him and the illustrious captive of St Helena were alike unworthy of each. After the Hundred Days, Chateaubriand followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent, where he formed a part of his council, in quality of minister of state. After Waterloo, he also preserved his title, but refused to accept a portfolio in company with Fouché. As a member of the Chamber of Peers, and as a publicist, he was henceforth most known. As his political credo, he published his 'Monarchy according to the Charter'—an obscure and contradictory work. In the columns of the 'Conservateur' he, moreover, vehemently attacked the Decazes ministry, and charged it with complicity in the assassination of the Duke de Berry. The Villèle ministry next entered upon power, and Chateaubriand was at once named ambassador at Berlin, and afterwards at London. In September 1822 he also passed the Alps to represent France at the Congress of Verona, where he pleaded the cause of Greece, defended the interests of France on the question of the Spanish war, and returned to replace M. de Montmorency in the office of foreign affairs. In this position he differed with his colleague M. de Villèle on the Spanish war. Some slight was offered him, which his Breton blood could not bear, and another Coriolanus passed to the

Volsci. Armed with his pen, and encamped in the 'Journal des Débats,' Chateaubriand thenceforward waged a vigorous war with Villèle, which was rewarded by the Martignac ministry with the embassy to Rome. Soon afterwards, however, on the coming in of the Polignac party, he resigned office, and recommenced his opposition. The revolution of 1830 occurred, and placed the Orleans family in power. This new turn of affairs was too much for the poetical politician. He bade adieu to the Chamber of Peers; and henceforth became a champion of the legitimist party and the rights of the Duke of Bordeaux, for which he encountered persecution.

With an annuity derived from the sale of his posthumous memoirs, he spent the latter years of his life in retirement; and died just as France was undergoing the throes of a fresh revolution. Inconsistent in his theories, and to the last degree visionary, there is much to ridicule and condemn in his political career; but he possessed many admirable points of character; and the French people have singled him out for honour alone of all the writers of the Empire and the adherents of the Restoration. One of his most cherished fancies was to be buried on a rocky islet near St Malo; and his dying request to this effect has, we believe, been fulfilled.

In person Chateaubriand was short and thin; his face was pale and strongly lined; his eyes beamed under prominent brows; his forehead was ample; and as an old man, his large head was bald at the top, but elsewhere crowned with a forest of white locks. In dress he was neat, and even beauish. In manners he was gracious, urbane, and modest; and his love for children was remarkable. Chateaubriand was married, but little has been furnished respecting his wife; and we believe he has left no descendants. The last years of his existence were employed in reading his 'Mémoires d'outre Tombe,' at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, in the retirement of which he died. This autobiography is now waited for by the world. Mrs Trollope, in her 'Summer in Brittany,' has communicated some pleasant pages of this self-history of a celebrated man, which makes us desire more. For the rest, Chateaubriand had a pompous academical funeral in the French style, which has not passed without animadversion. A valued writer and a delightful traveller, a poet, a gentleman, and a man with a religious heart, he has left behind him a European reputation, which, if not grander, is yet purer than that of many of his cotemporaries.

GOSSIP ABOUT SHARKS.

It may be wrong—I know it is—to hate any creature which God has made, every living thing having, it may be supposed, its uses in creation, and therefore part of a great general economy. At the same time people cannot well avoid having their antipathies. Some have no great affection for rats; few look with anything like satisfaction on snakes and various other reptiles: it has been my misfortune to hate sharks. Yes, I say it undisguisedly—of all created beings, a shark is to me the most abhorrent. Born in the tropics, and living the chief portion of my life just beyond their verge, where bathing in the sea was more a necessity than a luxury, I have often come into contact in various ways with this fiend of the deep. Fiend of the deep, however, is not the proper term; it lurks also in shallow sunny spots, where the brilliant white sand supports apparently just enough of cool still water to afford a bath for a troop of nymphs or children. In the most retired corner of such a locality, just where the tide will allow of his quick exit, will the brute lurk, and wo betide the animal which comes within its reach! The ground shark is the most dangerous and deadly of all his deadly tribe; for, as a negro once said, 'You never see him till you feel him.' In the open sea you have some

chance for your life; for your enemy is visible from the deck of a ship, or even from a small boat; the deep-sea shark swimming high in the water, and in calm weather generally showing his dorsal-fin above its surface. But the ground shark, as its name signifies, lies crouched below you, glaring upwards in all directions as it slews itself round; its eyes take in a great extent of the surface; and small chance has living flesh or bone when opposed to its powerful jaws or numerous rows of teeth.

My hatred to this monster dates from a very early period of my life. When about four or five years old, I was once floating in a tiny canoe within the reef which circled one of the islands of the Pacific. He who held me in his arms bade me look over its side, and there, far down, but quite distinct in those transparent waters, were several sharks sporting over the coral which branched from the bottom. In their gambols, they would shoot up towards the surface; and in turning, the glancing white belly and the horrid jaws would suddenly reveal themselves. My childish dreams were long after haunted by that vision; and perhaps my antipathy thence arose. But often since that period have I had cause to shudder when even the name itself was mentioned; not so much perhaps on my own account personally, as on that of others who have suffered by them.

I myself, however, have had some narrow escapes from the scoundrels. I remember well, when a boy at school many years ago, one Saturday afternoon my father taking myself and two brothers out fishing, not with the rod and flies, as in this country, but from the boat's side, in five fathoms of blue water. We were in a common waterman's boat, such as was used in the harbour, which, not to be particular, was in Australia. We anchored about three or four hundred yards from the end of a small island; and while the waterman and boys fished, the old gentleman put up his umbrella to keep off the sun and read his newspaper. After our fishing was over, at about sunset, one of my brothers and I determined to bathe. My father did not much like the idea; but we assured him there was no danger, and jumped in and swam to the island; and after running about for ten minutes, we jumped in the water again and struck out for the boat. The wind blew pretty freshly, and the small waves washed about my head, and forced me to swim on my side or back, to avoid their splashing in my face; owing to this, I did not hear the shouting which had for some moments, in fact, been kept up by those we had left in the boat. The first word I did hear distinctly was a terrible one—'Shark!' and at the same instant I saw those in the boat all standing up and waving their hands, the old gentleman shaking his umbrella in a very emphatic manner. I turned myself quickly round in the water. I have said before the sun was nearly down: it is not surprising then that, springing up as I did, the shadow of my own head and shoulders should startle one so suddenly alarmed as I was. Down I went as quickly as possible; for the only chance you have with a shark is to get below him; and if you can reach the bottom, to kick up a dust there, and under cover of the cloud raised, to swim in another direction. I saw nothing, however, except the white legs and body of my brother, who was about thirty yards behind me when I went down; and I came up again. He had seen me go down, and asked me the reason for doing it. I was glad to find that he had not heard the cries from the boat, for he was a timid lad, and I feared the effects upon him. I kept constantly before him, splashing the water in his face, and shouting, until he got into a towering passion. This was what I wanted; for his attention was drawn from the boat. The agony of those moments

I shall never forget: I did not know the exact nature of the intimation which was wished to be given us, beyond the simple fact, that it was connected with the dreaded shark. Every moment I expected to see the baleful shadow glide swiftly towards us, and in imagination I felt myself—but it is useless to attempt describing what was the nature of my feelings. They were, in fact, all swallowed up in one sentiment of terrific expectation. A very few minutes must have elapsed before the boat shot up to us and took us in; and yet the space seemed interminable. During the latter part of the time the cry of 'shark' had luckily been suppressed, for which I was very grateful; for I dreaded the effect upon my brother exceedingly. When we got safe in, he was ready to pummell me for tormenting him; but when he ascertained the reason, he turned quite pale and sick. It seemed that a boat, anchored some fifty yards or so from ours, had hooked a large shark when we were about one-third of our way back to the boat; and the cries were for us to go back on shore, and the boat would come to us. After a struggle, although the hook and line were very strong, he had got off, having bent, or rather straightened the former, while we were still some two hundred yards off.

When in Sydney, I went one Sunday morning to bathe. I was accompanied by a friend who had just arrived from the South Sea Islands. He was very timid, and clung to the rock, never going beyond a few yards from it, and instantly returning. Upon rallying him, he confessed his great dread of sharks. I assured him that in that harbour accidents never occurred from any such cause; which was certainly correct, inasmuch as, up to that period, I had never heard of any person having been killed in it; and in the bays close to the town I should suppose that sharks scarcely ever come, being in that respect very different from the West Indies or the coast of Africa. I took my usual swim out for twenty minutes or so, and returned home. On that same day, as I was walking with another friend, after the morning service, a constable touched him upon the shoulder, and pressed his services as a jurymen to serve on an inquest then about being held upon the body of a man *that morning killed by a shark*. We found the poor fellow with a terrible wound, extending from the upper part of the thigh to the knee, the flesh being, in fact, entirely stripped from the bone. He was a convict, who had been confined in Cockatoo Island, a station for prisoners, situated about eight miles from Sydney higher up the harbour, and further from the sea than the spot where I bathed that morning. The circumstances attending the accident were peculiar. He and some other prisoners had received permission to bathe; he being the first stripped, jumped into the water, which in every part of the harbour of Sydney, and the coast generally, is deep, being in that respect very unlike the shelving coasts of this country. He had not swam more than a few yards before one of the skulking ground sharks had him fast by the upper part of the thigh. One of his comrades in the most gallant manner jumped in and seized hold of him; and after a struggle, in which all the flesh was stripped off, the poor fellow was got on shore; but the great artery of the thigh was severed, and he was already dead.

Another case, somewhat similar to the above, took place in a remote part of the coast of Australia some years previous to it. Long will the catastrophe be remembered by sorrowing friends in that part of the world, although many years have passed away since it occurred; for, unlike the last case, the victim was not an outcast from society, a convict loosed from his chains for a few moments, but a young and fair lad, the pride of his fond mother, who had, by a singular fatality, lost her husband and several other members of her family by drowning, and a friend and school-fellow of the writer of this article. He was riding in the lonely bush in company with one servant; from one cattle station to another, if I remember aright. The

road lay for a considerable distance along the banks of what is termed in the map a river; but which is, in fact, an arm of the sea. He was about twelve years of age; and, as would be expected from a lad fresh from school, finding himself on horseback, about to proceed to a spot where he would have plenty of shooting and kangaroo hunting, as well as riding after wild cattle, he was in very high spirits. The day was very hot; and when, at a turn of the road, he found himself on the very verge of the cool blue water, no wonder he felt inclined to bathe. The servant, however, reminded him that they had sixty miles yet to ride, and should lose no time; he resolved, therefore, to bathe his feet only, which were very hot. He dismounted, as did also the man; and pulling off his shoes and stockings, he seated himself on a flat ledge of rock, where the water was very deep, and dipped his feet in. It was much the same as if a person suspended his feet over the side of a boat when in deep water. His head was turned towards the man, with whom he was at the moment speaking, when a small ground shark, about five feet long, rose suddenly, and seizing him by the calf of the leg, dragged him off the rock into the water. The man had seen the fish rise; but so rapidly was the poor lad seized, that ere he could spring forward to grasp him, the shark had already borne him shrieking away. As in the last-mentioned case, the looker-on was brave and true-hearted. He leaped into the water, being a good swimmer fortunately; and, though with some difficulty, succeeded in reaching and taking hold of the boy; for when a shark has a large body in its jaws, it generally rushes to and fro on the surface of the water. For a long time did they struggle, the man endeavouring to reach the shore, and the shark rushing sometimes in that direction, and at others in the opposite. At length, however, they reached a spot some thirty yards or so further up the shore, and where the water shoaled sufficiently to permit the man to plant his feet for an instant to the ground. The moment this happened, owing to the greater resistance offered, the flesh instantly separated from the bones, and the shark swam off with the piece in his jaws. He got the poor lad, who was half drowned and nearly insensible, safely on shore; and had assistance been at hand, his life might ultimately have been preserved. But the nearest aid was sixty miles off, and the limb was so dreadfully wounded (the whole of the back portion of the leg being either torn off, or separated from the bone), that, carrying him before him on the saddle, he was obliged to travel very slowly. Worse than this, he had to encamp one, if not two nights, in the woods, before reaching the station. The poor lad died from tetanus or locked jaw a few days after the occurrence.

A few years ago, a sad occurrence took place on the coast south of Sydney. A vessel had been wrecked somewhere near Twofold Bay; all her passengers and the crew had escaped safely to the shore, and as they had recovered some provisions, and had the prospect, after a few days' travelling along the coast, of reaching a settlement, they were all in high spirits. They had no boats, for all belonging to the vessel had been destroyed at the time of her wreck. Owing to this want, they met often with great difficulties in crossing the numerous creeks or rivers which fall into the sea in different parts of the coast they were proceeding along; being often compelled to make long circuits to go round these, or to reach a spot where they could wade across them. All difficulties, however, of this nature had now nearly been surmounted—they were not far from the settlement: but one more creek remained to cross, and then they would be within reach of assistance and sympathy from their fellow-creatures. Upon the arrival of the whole party at the borders of this inlet, as usual two of the men, carrying poles in their hands, entered it, to ascertain beforehand whether or not it was fordable for the whole number. And their comrades seeing the pioneers reach the middle of the creek without the water rising above their waist, prepared to follow in

a body, when suddenly one of their guides, uttering a loud shriek, disappeared headlong beneath the surface. His comrade, who was only a few yards off, turned his head to ascertain the cause; but he was instantly seized, and the agonized spectators gazed on, unable in the least to aid their unfortunate companions, who were being torn to pieces before their eyes. For some few minutes the rushing play of fins and tails, glancing in all directions, with now and then portions of the remains of the unhappy victims, was incessant; but fresh assailants crowded to the spot, and soon nothing but a ripple here, and a slight splash there, indicated the locality as one where so fearful a tragedy had been so lately enacted.

Terrible instances are all these of the ferocity and deadly cunning of this atrocious monster. We will finish this article with the mention of one other slight incident connected with this 'sea lawyer,' as the sailors term him, of a less melancholy termination than those adduced.

A merry party of us were once on a calm summer evening pulling across a bay in a whale-boat. We were proceeding to a dinner party, in fact, and of course were all dressed in our best, as the phrase is. Amongst our number was a would-be sailor, who wished to impress upon the uninitiated an overwhelming sense of his nautical abilities. He seized every opportunity of 'showing off,' and amongst his other ambitious notions, he wished it to be believed that he could steer a whale-boat. Now it must be remembered that the boat employed in the South Sea fishing is a very different affair from other boats; and, in particular, it is steered in a different manner, a long oar being employed, which projects from the stern; whereas, in common boats of course, as every one knows, a rudder and tiller of wood or ropes are used. In steering the whale-boat the helmsman stands up, grasping the handle of the steering oar in one hand, balancing himself gracefully as the boat rises and falls on the seas; and it requires great skill and dexterity to keep so long a lever, projecting as it does from the stern of the boat for twenty feet, from suddenly (when struck by a wave, for instance) acting in a forcible manner against the person who holds it. In calm weather of course, and when the water is smooth, a child might steer a whale-boat; but the pseudo-nautical I have mentioned, I verily believe, thought he could steer one in a gale of wind. At anyrate he could not resist the opportunity which smooth water, no wind, and, what was of greater consequence to him, I believe, a select party of spectators to witness his performance, offered for the exhibition of his skill; and he offered to relieve the old sailor who was steering of the task. The tar looked for a moment at the satin vest, tights, and swallow-tail of the applicant, and sniffed the air as if to ascertain what breeze brought the scent of the *Eau de Cologne* to his nostrils, and then, without a word, resigned the oar. I am not aware if any of the party wished for some accident to supervene, to take the conceit out of the aspirant; certainly none expected anything of the sort. And yet a calamity did overtake the purposed dinner-out when in the height of his glory, at the very moment that, while the boat in reality was 'steering itself,' as the term is, he was deluding himself into the belief that he was its unerring guide.

The blade of the steering oar, unlike those of the pulling ones, was bound round with a broad band of bright copper, to strengthen it, I presume, and keep it from splitting. This copper band, as the boat glided over the surface of the water, by its glistening quality attracted the notice of a 'tiger shark,' as it is called (a species of the common ground shark), which rushed upwards, and seizing hold of the oar-blade, shook it in so tiger-like a fashion, that our dandy, holding the oar more gracefully than firmly, was hurled completely overboard. Very much astonished he was, as indeed were all on board; but the old sailor grasped hold of his leg and hauled him in. And it was observed that

the veteran tar, as he took a second look at the satin vest, tights, and swallow-tail, had a broad grin upon his countenance. This little incident took place at a small port south of Sydney.

SANITARY EVILS FROM SLAUGHTER-HOUSES IN TOWNS.

THE following, compiled by Mr Dunhill, civil-engineer, is an abstract of evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Smithfield Market, May 1847. The subject is of vital importance to many provincial towns now afflicted with slaughter-houses in confined neighbourhoods:—

'Dr Jordan Roche Lynch had lived and practised for the last fifteen years in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, the sanitary state of which was most defective. The slaughter-houses have a most injurious influence upon the district: they generate fever, render the most simple diseases malignant, and shorten the duration of life. In Bear Alley, a lane running from Farringdon Street to the old wall of the city, called Break-neck Steps, there is a slaughter-house behind six or seven houses, which are inhabited by the humblest classes of society. The stench is intolerable, arising from the slaughtering of the cattle and the removal of the fecal matter, the guts, the blood, and the skins of the animals. When they clean the guts, the matter is turned out; some of the heavier parts of the manure are preserved to be carted away, but a great deal of it is carried into the sewers, which have gully-holes; and in the summer months, the heat acting upon the fecal matter, causes its decomposition, and carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen gas, and carbonic acid gas, all of which are fatal to animal life, are disengaged, and rush out of the gully-holes, so that a blind man's nose will enable him to avoid approaching these outlets. Whenever he (Dr Lynch) goes into places or houses contiguous to the slaughter-houses, he is compelled to hold his nose all the time he is there, the stench is so great. He has patients in all those houses. They are never free from the effects of it; and when the people there are dangerously ill, he is without the hope, by any exercise of skill, of restoring them to health. He invariably makes it a rule to treat them to conquer their repugnance to go into the workhouse, in order that they may have better air; and if they accede, the medicines that would have failed in the noxious atmosphere before, restore them in most instances to health. The people where such smells are "*drink*;" it is a kind of instinct—they fly to it; they fancy that the stimulus resists the noxious agency of the foul air they are breathing; and they are right: malaria, such as is generated in these slaughter-houses, is a narcotic poison; it oppresses both body and mind; and under the influence of this physical and mental depression, they instinctively resort to the gin-shop, which aggravates their distresses, by extracting from them the means of living perhaps better than they do.

The sewer which receives the refuse of the slaughter-house in Bear Alley comes down the declivity, and runs under two houses occupied by a Mrs James and a Mrs Bethell, in Farringdon Street. In every part of Mrs James's house the stench is so strong, that he frequently forewarned them that they would have an attack of fever. The lady in question was attacked with erysipelas in the head and face, and died, in spite of everything that could be done, and showed evidence, even after death, of the state the system had been in, owing to the absorption of putrid poison, emanating from the decomposition in that sewer of animal matter from the slaughter-houses, which gives out sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas in immense quantities.

There is a slaughter-house in Fox and Knot Court; it is a very large establishment, and the proprietor endeavours to keep down its offensiveness; he has recourse to every means he can devise to counteract the bad effects; he has it sluiced and washed frequently; and notwithstanding he has the advantage of a steep declivity to the main sewer of the Fleet, the stench, especially in warm weather, is most intolerable. A few months back, he (Dr Lynch) was obliged to interfere, in consequence of the people right and left in this locality being attacked with sickness of the stomach, bowel complaint, and fever; they stated it all

arose from the slaughter-house in question; he accompanied the police thither, and found carts and wagons laden with bullocks lying on their backs, blown out, their bellies inflated like drums, their eyes starting out of their heads, their tongues out: with some of them their bowels had burst, and were lying about, yet their stomachs were equally distended, emitting putrid gas, and the stench was so great, that the nose could detect it at a considerable distance.

The slaughter-houses must be removed from their present confined locality; no arrangement, however perfect in detail, can obviate the evil; the decomposition of vegetable matter is very injurious, but does not seize hold of the system with the same intense violence that a mixture of animal putrescence does.

Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P.—In consequence of medical reports on the evils which flowed from the slaughter-houses in Paris, an edict was issued in the year 1810 that public abattoirs should be constructed, and when completed, all private slaughter-houses suppressed, for which no indemnity was granted to the butchers, who raised several objections to the alteration in the system, but it has been found in practice to work admirably well.

The five abattoirs which were constructed include 240 slaughter-houses, each of which accommodate one, two, or three butchers, according to the extent of their dealings; the total cost of their erection was £800,000, and the revenue they yield is £40,000 per annum.

Mr Thomas Dunhill, civil-engineer, had devoted much time and anxious attention to this question, feeling that the present system of slaughtering the food for 2,000,000 of souls, in the heart of the city, and in densely-populated localities, materially affected the sanitary condition of the metropolis; and this conviction has been confirmed by personal examinations in the districts where slaughter-houses abound. He had also visited several of the slaughter-houses in the neighbourhood of Smithfield, Newgate, Leadenhall, Aldgate, and Clare Markets; more filthy places he cannot conceive to exist than these. Accumulations of blood: there is a total absence of drainage, ventilation, and natural light; the machinery is imperfect; the water supply inadequate and impure; the blood and filth accumulate in the cellars for months; and he was always ill after inspecting them.

Not the least important feature in the establishment of out-lying abattoirs is, that bone-boiling, skin-dressing, glue, gut, and horn manufactures, and numerous other noxious crafts in connection with the offal and refuse of slaughter-houses, highly prejudicial to the public health, and insupportable nuisances where they are now carried on, would shortly find their way out of town to the neighbourhood of the depôts of the *matériel* they require.

He had visited the abattoirs at Paris: the continental system formed a striking contrast to that pursued in this country—nothing could be better devised than the plan adopted in France; and he derived such infinite pleasure from witnessing the improvement, that he has never ceased to urge the importance of its adoption in this metropolis, and every other city throughout the United Kingdom.

Charles J. B. Aldis, Esq. M.D., physician to the London and Surrey Dispensaries, was physician to the Farringdon Dispensary in 1844, which at that time was situated in the locality of several of the metropolitan slaughter-houses. Small-pox and fever were very prevalent, the number of cases exceeding those of other dispensaries, though situated in as densely-populated a district, which he attributed to the inhalation of accumulated poison generated in the slaughter-houses. The decomposition of animal matter therein gives out poison of the most virulent nature. Upon visiting these places, he found quantities of blood, paunches, and their contents, strewed all over the ground, and heaped up in the corners, where were giving out a miasma redolent of small-pox and fever; indeed there were no less than seven cases of the former at the Farringdon Dispensary in one day—an instance surpassing all his experience. In the vicinity of Bear Alley, a bird-fancier who resided there could keep no birds alive; he has been obliged to prescribe for patients outside their houses, for fear of being sick with the vapours from the slaughter-houses gaining access to the courts and alleys, which, being destitute of ventilation, pervades every room in the houses, dealing out disease and death amongst the inhabitants.

William A. Guy, Esq. M.D., is physician to King's College Hospital; considers slaughter-houses in the midst

of a dense population objectionable, on account of the large quantity of ordure and offal which necessarily accumulates therein. It is a great disadvantage that large masses of filth should be suffered to congregate in the very heart of a great city, as it not only affects the sanitary condition of the population in itself, but sets an example to the whole neighbourhood to be unusually dirty and filthy. The localities of these nuisances are usually avoided by respectable persons. An inferior class occupies the houses, whose squalor and wretchedness is but an extension of the evil.

Mr William Fortesque, surgeon, considered the effluvia from the slaughter-house refuse a mixture of sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid gases, which are disengaged in proportion to the stage of decomposition the faecal matter has reached; and that it is highly detrimental to the health of the locality in which slaughter-houses are situated, when enclosed by dwellings, and in the midst of a dense population.'

A VALUABLE HINT FOR FARMERS.

The celebrated Mr Robert Bakewell of Dishly, Leicestershire, and the founder of the New Leicester sheep, used to tell an anecdote with exceeding high glee of a farmer not only of the olden school, but of the golden times. This farmer, who owned and occupied 1000 acres of land, had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one-quarter of his land for her portion, but no money; and he found, by a little more speed and a little better management, the produce of his farm did not decrease. When his second daughter married, he gave her one-third of the remaining land for her portion, but no money. He then set to work, and began to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor dry furze land, even when the furze covered in some closes nearly half the land. After giving half his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the produce increased: he made more money because his new broken-up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more labourers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning, had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage 500 acres as he had to manage 1000 acres; therefore he laid out double the money upon the land. When his third and last daughter married, he gave her 250 acres, or half which remained, for her portion, and no money. He then found that he had the same money to farm one-quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much of 250 as he had done of 1000 acres. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed twenty stone! rose with the larks in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb; he got as much more work done for his money; he made his servants, labourers, and horses, move faster; broke them from their snail's pace; and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant. He saw the beginning and ending of everything; and to his servants and labourers, instead of saying, 'Go and do it,' he said to them, 'Let us go, my boys, and do it.' Between come and go he soon found out a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and ferns, and then ploughed the whole of his poor grass land up, and converted a great deal of corn into meat for sake of the manure, and he preserved his black water (the essence of manure); cut his hedges down, which had not been plashed for forty or fifty years; straightened his zig-fences; cut his water-courses straight, and gained a deal of land by doing so; made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in some places from 10 to 14 yards in width, some more in his small closes, some not wider than streets; and threw three, four, five, and six closes into one. He found out that, instead of growing white-thorn hedges and haws to feed foreign birds in the winter, he could grow food for man instead of migratory birds. After all this improvement he grew more, and made more of 250 acres than he did from 1000; at the same time he found out that half of England at that time was not cultivated from the want of means to cultivate it with. I let

him rams and sold him long-horned bulls (said Mr Bakewell), and told him the real value of labour, both in-doors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen, and horses, within a given time. I taught him to sow less and plough better; that there were limits and measures to all things; and that the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farm. I told him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter, light land stiffer, and stiff land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off all his old deep-rooted prejudices, and I grafted new ones in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, for the best consumed no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age, and died rich.—*Gardeners' Chronicle*.

A PINT OF ALE AND A NEWSPAPER.

How strangely the value of different things is estimated in some minds! A few grains of toasted barley are wetted, and the juice squeezed into a little water, with a taste of the leaves of the hop-plant—the value of both being too small to be calculated; and a very slight tax is laid upon the mixture, which costs also so little labour as hardly to be reckoned in our coinage. A pint of this sells, retail, for fourpence; and if of good flavour, it is reckoned cheap and well worth the money; and so it is. It is drunk off in a minute or two—it is gone. On the same table on which this was served lies a newspaper, the mere white sheet of which cost one penny-farthing, and the duty thereon one penny, with no deductions for damaged, crooked, or over-printed copies made ready for sale, and charged too with carriage from mills and stamp-office at a distance; and it is covered with half a million of types, at a cost of thirty pounds for itself and other sheets printed at the same office the same day; and this sells for no more than the pint of ale, the juice of a little malt and hops! And yet after one person has enjoyed it, affording him news from all parts of the world, and useful thoughts on all that interests him as a man and a citizen, it remains to be enjoyed by scores of others in the same town or elsewhere; and it promotes trade, and finds employment, and markets for goods, and cautions against frauds and accidents, and subjects for conversation; and there are some who think this article dear, though the swiftly-gone barley-water is paid for cheerfully. How is this? Is the body a better paymaster than the mind, and are things of the moment more prized than things of moment? Is the transient tickling of the stomach of more consequence than the improvement of the mind, and the information that is essential to rational beings? If things had their real value, would not the newspaper be worth many pints of the best ale?—*Liverpool Mercury*.

ENCOUNTER WITH A PRAIRIE WOLF.

I have never known these animals, rapacious as they are, extend their attacks to man, though they probably would if very hungry, and a favourable opportunity presented itself. I shall not soon forget an adventure with one of them, many years ago, on the frontiers of Missouri. Riding near the prairie border, I perceived one of the largest and fiercest of the gray species, which had just descended from the west, and seemed famished to desperation. I at once prepared for a chase; and being without arms, I caught up a cudgel, when I betook me valiantly to the charge, much stronger, as I soon discovered, in my cause than in my equipment. The wolf was in no humour to flee, however, but boldly met me full half-way. I was soon disarmed, for my club broke upon the animal's head. He then 'laid to' my horse's legs, which, not relishing the conflict, gave a plunge, and sent me whirling over his head, and made his escape, leaving me and the wolf at close quarters. I was no sooner upon my feet than my antagonist renewed the charge; but being without weapon, or any means of awakening an emotion of terror, save through his imagination, I took off my large black hat, and using it for a shield, began to thrust it towards his gaping jaws. My ruse had the desired effect; for after springing at me a few times, he wheeled about, and trotted off several paces, and stopped to gaze at me. Being apprehensive that he might change his mind and return to the attack, and conscious that, under the compromise, I had the best of the bargain, I very resolutely—took to my heels, glad of the opportunity of making a drawn game, though I had myself given the challenge.—*Journal of a Santa Fé Trader*.

POPULAR RECREATION.

Can anything be more lamentable to contemplate than a dull, grim, and vicious population, whose only amusement is sensuality? Yet what can we expect if we provide no means of recreation; if we never share our own pleasure with our own poorer brethren; and if the public buildings which invite them in their brief hours of leisure are chiefly gin palaces? As for our cathedrals and great churches, we mostly have them well looked up, for fear any one should steal in and say a prayer, or contemplate a noble work of art without paying for it; and we shut up people by thousands in dense towns, with no outlets to the country but those which are guarded on both sides by dusty hedges. Now an open space near the town is one of nature's churches: and it is an imperative duty to provide such things. Nor, indeed, should we stop at giving breathing-places to crowded multitudes in great towns. To provide cheap locomotion as a means of social improvement should be ever in the minds of legislators and other influential persons. Blunders in legislating about railways, and absurd expenditure in making them, are a far greater public detriment than they may seem at first sight. Again, without interfering too much, or attempting to force a 'Book of Sports' upon the people, who in that case would be resolutely dull and lugubrious, the benevolent employer of labour might exert himself in many ways to encourage healthful and instructive amusements amongst his men. He might give prizes for athletic excellence or skill: he might aid in establishing zoological gardens, or music-meetings, or exhibitions of pictures, or mechanics' institutes. These are things in which some of the great employers of labour have already set him the example. Let him remember how much his workpeople are deprived of by being almost confined to one spot; and let him be the more anxious to enlarge their minds, by inducing them to take interest in anything which may prevent the 'ignorant present' and its low cares from absorbing all their attention. He has very likely some pursuit or some art in which he takes especial pleasure himself, and which gives to his leisure perhaps its greatest charm; he may be sure that there are many of his people who could be made to share in some degree that pleasure or pursuit with him. It is a large, a sure, and certainly a most pleasurable benefice, to provide for the poor such opportunities of recreation or means of amusement as I have mentioned above. Neither can it be set down as at all a trifling matter. Depend upon it, that man has not made any great progress in humanity who does not care for the leisure hours and amusements of his fellow-men.—*The Claims of Labour.*

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF THE POPE.

I had the honour of two interviews with Pius IX.: the first as a member of the committee appointed for a humane purpose; the second with a private party. I believe the committee was the first body of Englishmen who waited on the Pope; and certainly, as Mr Harford spoke his sensible address, his Holiness seemed highly pleased and affected. His manner is frank, and even simple. There is not the slightest tincture of pride or stateliness in his deportment. Pius IX., addressing his fellow-men, utters like a man of sense what he really at the moment thinks and feels. There was no written reply, couched in terms of cold formality to what was kindly said, but a cordial, spontaneous expression of feeling, outspoken at the moment. The Pope said something courteous to several individual members presented to him: hearing I was a lawyer, he remarked that an English advocate had lately sent him a book on legislation, which he was sure contained much which would be desirable for him to know, but, unfortunately, being unacquainted with the language, he could not read it—a very sensible, but unkindly observation. Common kings never admit their ignorance of anything. Dull pomposity is not congenial to the disposition of Pius IX. His manner was, however, a little unsteady. He is not what some would call dignified; he appeared as if his royalty sat awkwardly upon him; in appearance very unlike the portraits of Pius VI. The countenance, stout figure, and whole bearing of Pius IX., denote plain, vigorous sense, resolution and manliness of character, and true benevolence, more than refined or polished taste, lofty dignity, royal pride, or grandeur of thought. Strip him of his robes of state, he never would be mistaken for a subtle Jesuit or crafty priest, but would

pass all the world over for a sagacious, clear-headed, English country gentleman. Such was the opinion I formed on my first interview with Pius IX. The second time I had the honour of being received, the Pope was quite at his ease; and when the party of English ladies and gentlemen were grouped around him, spoke with unaffected kindness what he deemed most suitable. He inquired anxiously about Ireland, and spoke in terms of hearty admiration of the exertions made by the parliament in England in relief of the Irish famine. The vote of ten millions seemed to astonish his Holiness. On this occasion the manner of the Pope was fatherly; and undoubtedly, I must say, rooted as I am in the Protestant faith, the unaffected behaviour of Pius IX. towards people of all nations is that becoming an ecclesiastic aspiring to be considered the head of the Christian church.—*Whitcliffe's Italy in the Nineteenth Century.*

A SKETCH.

Hwa was a lowly and a lonely fate:
Far from the world's gay throng, unseen, unknown,
Like a fair floweret in a woodland vale
She grew in beauty, 'neath the fostering shade
Of an old stately tree—her fathers' home—
Which centuries had seen thus proudly stand,
Braving the storms of winter and of fate,
In lone magnificence. She, fair and young,
The child of that high race, was gently nursed
With smiles and loving tears—the sunny beams
And vernal showers of her quiet spring.
And days and years passed on—unmarked the flight
Of Time—till she blushed forth a glorious flower.

But none were there to see, and none to love
(To see had been to love). Far otherwise
Her fate ordained. And finding all around
No ocean for the stream of love that gushed
Warm, pure, and holy from her youthful heart,
Meekly she turned her soft blue eyes to Heaven;
And there, amid her native woodlands, like
The woodland flower—her emblem—on the soft
And wooing breeze that gently round her played,
She lavished all her sweets—a fragrant store—
And there she garnered up her love, her hope,
Her heart's sweet virgin bloom.

So passed her spring; and summer glided on,
Yet still she lonely dwelt—blessing and blessed
In that fair vale, and by the world unknown.
Pleasure, the butterfly, unheeding passed
On jewelled wing; but the bee, Happiness,
Dwelt lovingly within her gentle breast,
And lingered, charmed with its sweet resting-place,
Drinking the honey of her soul; and Peace,
The dove-like, brooded in the shadowy boughs,
And lulled her with its whispered melody;
And evermore the eye of Heaven gazed
In her pure eyes, and found reflected there
Its holy image.

Thus waned her summer; and now autumn drest
Obscured with clouds the sunshine of her lot.
Loved blossoms faded round—and sere and wan,
Rustled with dying moan above her head
The kindred leaves of her 'time-honoured' tree.
She wept to see them parted: day by day,
Hurled in dark eddies to the stormy sky,
Or faded on the parent bough; and then
Falling around her once bright dwelling-place,
And mingling with the dust of years gone by.
Dimmed were those gentle eyes; yet mid their tears,
With fading light turned lovingly to Heaven:
And so she died.

Mourn not her lonely fate. True all unknown
Passion to her, and greatness, and renown;
Yet blest in this was she: unfelt was Love,
Therefore Inconstancy, Greatness unknown,
And hence Ambition's restless flood had ne'er
Disturbed the placid current of her life.
Sweet ties of household love—and charity,
Friendship, and pure benevolence—in these
Passed all her quiet hours. Oh say, ye sad
And weary ones of earth! was she not blest
Whom peace and love surrounded, and who died
Tranquil and hopeful, gazing up to Heaven?

G. C.

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FROLICS OF FASHION.

It is told of an old Scotch laird that he had acquired the habit of walking in an odd shambling manner from an excess of politeness while residing at a foreign court, where the reigning prince had the misfortune to be somewhat stiff in the ankle-joints. There was nothing very remarkable in this trait of complaisance, for the spirit of imitation in dress, language, and customs of all kinds is of so universally pervading an influence, that, right or wrong, its dictates are unhesitatingly followed. One therefore should not laugh too hard at the old laird's affected lameness. We are all less or more followers, from imitation and habit, of usages which common sense has some difficulty in justifying.

Of all despots, Fashion is the most despotic; and yet the thing is entirely voluntary. There is, however, the terror of appearing to act differently from what seems to be a legitimately-erected standard. No inquiry is employed as to the correctness of the taste which has suggested any distinct change in fashion. No matter even that accident has been the cause of the alteration; for, as in a state of panic, what all hasten to do cannot possibly be wrong. In the modern lady-world, this panic of fashion is observed to work as marvellous transformations as that which took place among the towering head-dresses of Addison's days, and to have about as reasonable a purpose. When the Queen was on the Clyde last year, finding her face visited too roughly by the air of our Scottish hills, she tied her veil under her chin. The action was natural, and the effect no doubt, in the circumstances, becoming. The royal cheeks, warm with health, flushed with womanly and queenly feeling, and fanned by the welcoming breezes of the north, looked almost as beautiful, we daresay, as a moss-rose. However that may be, before the day was out, there were hundreds of other cheeks in the same predicament. The rage of imitation spread. In the shadiest walks—in the closest streets of the town—in the calmest and hottest days of the season—the veil was fashionably tied under the chin. The fashion, however, was in reality made a fashion only through misapprehension; for the Queen had merely adopted a temporary expedient to serve a temporary end; and when the emergence was over, she no doubt unloosed the knot, and gave her veil to the winds as usual. Her imitators were as unregardful of *circumstances* as the very sagacious monkey which gulped a package of medicine because he saw his master swallow a quantity of the same material previously.

To a silly and panic-like rage of imitation may no doubt most fashions be traced; the fear of infringing even a trifling point in a prevailing usage being perhaps stronger than that which makes men avoid the commission of serious error. And thus highly arti-

ficial states of society, in which etiquette exercises the chief control, cannot be said to be favourable to the growth of moral excellence. We would not, however, have it thought that there is anything either blameable or ridiculous—far from it—in following fashions which are convenient, becoming, and suitable to general circumstances. Every successive generation introduces some species of novelty, which is an expression of social progress; and in costumes and customs we may read the moral history of a country as distinctly as in its medals and monuments. Fortunately the tendency of fashion in our own day is towards simplicity; though in this respect we are only following the progress which commenced a generation ago. The imitation which challenges sarcasm is that of the monkey and the medicine—a fantastic copying of what is valueless and unsuitable. In this respect it is a meanness, and betrays as much the want of true dignity as of common reflection. It is the enemy of fashion, perpetually turning it into ridicule, and forcing it into a thousand feverish changes to escape from its persecutions. These changes are sometimes as comical as those of the two fairies in the 'Arabian Nights,' who fought through a series of metamorphoses. We remember the leaders of ton, some years ago, had recourse to the expedient of disguising their voices by a certain dexterous use of the roof of the mouth. Even this, however, did not baffle their pursuers; in a very short time the world of slavish imitators acquired the new form of speech, and drove invention to new shifts. At a later epoch some ingenious persons stuck an eye-glass into their eye, supporting it by the muscles alone, and bearing with heroical equanimity the inconvenience and the ridicule; but this has now come down to the order of small imitators, who affect to bask in the sunshine of fashion.

As regards the mass of mankind, imitation is a kind of substitute for principle; and estimated not in its extreme aspect, until individuals are better able to direct their own movements, it deserves indulgence, if not approbation. So many persons are placed in circumstances adverse to original or independent thought, that we cannot speak too flatteringly of efforts at imitation, which, though sometimes grotesque, and possibly out of place, are in the main respectable, and significant of a wish for improvement. On a late occasion, when shown into the cottage of a rural labourer, we observed with surprise that a small table was laid out with books star-fashion, as in the drawing-room of a city. The effort at gentility was in one sense ludicrous; yet how deserving was it of commendation, *all things* considered! The true way to view such things is to place them in contrast with that utter disregard of all the decencies of life which is unhappily manifested by parties moving in a rank equal to that of the rural labourer. Only a day or two

previously we had visited the house of a person of greater worldly possessions, and found the family living almost in a state of nature along with their cattle. Exhibitions of this latter sort are calculated to inspire a wonderful degree of toleration of imitative efforts at elegance and improvement, however incongruous. Better see a population toiling to ape the fashions of refined society, than see it contented with the listless mediocrity of semi-barbarism! Placed in this light, the mimicry of fashion is to be viewed as one of those tendencies which Providence has impressed on mankind for their benefit. It is constantly drawing them out of the slough of natural desires, and leading them by steps, imperceptible to themselves, towards the higher aims of civilisation.

THE START IN LIFE.

A TALE.

'WELL, Cousin Danby, so Mary is going to be married? I rode over to hear all about it, and to ask how soon I am to wish you joy.'

'Thank you kindly, John,' replied the mother of the bride-elect, her face beaming with smiles: 'indeed you should have been the first to hear the news, only you were away at the assizes; for often and often Mary said to me that there was no one in the world on whose advice she would depend, or to whose opinion she would look up more entirely, than your own: not that Mary felt any doubts as to her choice; she knew him all her life, and so do we all—as good a gentleman bred and born as in all Ireland: indeed for that matter, much better than Mary had any right to expect: but she did often say that had you been at home before matters were entirely settled, she would have liked to consult you as to what you thought best.'

With all patience and attention John Travers listened, knowing well that interruption would only add to the intricacy of the narrative. Now, however, at a pause he inquired where was Mary; but without heeding the inquiry, Mrs Danby proceeded in her harangue. Mary's intended husband, Frank Nugent, had got a wonderful catch of a farm on lease from Mr Jones, and everything no doubt would go on beautifully. There could not have been a better start in life!

'And where is the capital to encounter so large an undertaking?'

'Oh, Mary, you know, has a hundred pounds, and Frank will probably get something from his brother George.'

'Umph,' said John Travers. 'The bargain is not completely made?'

'Quite settled,' answered Mrs Danby with a look full of satisfaction. The lease was drawn and signed a fortnight ago. Tradesmen are in the house, and most part of the furniture is come home. Mary has not quite fixed the day, but I have an idea it is not very far off.'

'I did not expect to hear matters had gone so far,' said John gravely; 'though guessing pretty well long ago how they would end. As you say, their choice does credit to them both; and yet I confess, Cousin Danby, I more than share in Mary's anxieties regarding the future; and as my notions are my own, I am afraid I cannot so easily lay them by. But tell me, how did Frank Nugent come by such a bargain? Mr Jones has the name of being a hard and griping agent, and very few real bargains, as I hear, have ever passed through his hands.'

'Oh, but Frank is very different from the generality of his tenants,' replied the widow. 'No wonder if Mr Jones made a compliment to him; or most likely the family had interest with Sir Hugh himself, and got the place for Frank without any thanks to the agent. Indeed it seems so natural to me that any of the Nugents could get a farm whenever they chose to look for it, that I never thought of making it a subject of inquiry.'

'Interest—interest—the Irish look too much to doing things through interest,' said John Travers composedly.

'And all right too, if they have not a fortune of their own,' replied Mrs Danby. 'But tell me, Cousin John, what you would have recommended.'

'That is soon done. I should have advised Mary and her intended husband to wait a little till better times, or at all events not to have started with a heavy farm on their hands, but, in preference, to have opened a shop in the town. I know one, with a stock to boot, which is at present to be had for a comparatively small sum.'

'A shop! Did you say a shop? Our family have never descended to the meanness of trade. I am glad I was the first, and I hope the last, to hear of your doubtless well-meaning, but unsuitable proposal. It would ill become any of Mary's relations to teach Frank Nugent that his position was lowered by his marriage.'

'Well, cousin, no offence meant either to you or the Nugents, or least of all to dear little Mary. I wished to see her and her husband independent, what they never will be at the fag end of what you call their position. Gladly would I have done something to spare Mary the weary struggle of keeping up false appearances—done anything but quench her heart's young joy. Remember that, Cousin Danby, I would not thwart this marriage—I would not even say it was inconsiderate or ill-advised, though many might agree with me—for I know them both thoroughly: they are good, honest, loving, and in the end they will pull through.'

Luckily, as Mrs Danby remarked, the advice and the foreboding were both too late, and John Travers was too wise and too kind to offer superfluous counsel; so he bided his time, contenting himself for the present with forwarding their preparations as far as lay in his power, avoiding all discussions of ways and means. Mary alone, perhaps, read his silence aright—his forbearance; but as this was a point on which her doubts had been stifled by the hand which was to provide for the future, she determined, in the fulness of womanly trust, that no other should revive them again; and thus the subject was tacitly dropped, while both in their own way looked as happy and hopeful on the day of the wedding as if no cloud from the future had ever shadowed their minds.

Happy and hopeful—those were no words for Mrs Danby; she was actually radiant as carriage and jaunting-car drove up to her door, and the full tide of compliments and congratulations poured in. To do her justice, her hopes and her plans were all centered in her daughter; her dreams of ambition only through her: she still had her dreams, but they were about to be realised, and she was contented to shine for the future with reflected light.

Mrs Danby was the widow of an officer, who, some twenty years before, when quartered in this her native village, captivated by her blooming face, had married and taken her away. She returned at his death with one little daughter, judging from experience that the slender provision, which was scarce better than poverty amongst strangers, would seem quite a fortune in the eyes of her humbler connections at home; and by good management, and keeping her own counsel, it really answered all the purposes of a fortune in her hands. Every one hastened to welcome her—every one tried to assist—all gave her credit for genuine feeling in returning to her early home and friends—none suspected that necessity had influenced her choice; and all at once she found herself, for the first time in her life, a person of consequence in the circle in which she lived. But, unreasonable woman, this did not satisfy her; she had been all her life clinging to the edge of another, and could know no contentment until she had slipped herself fairly in. Had her ambition been for Mary only, it might have been abundantly gratified; her sweet looks and manner unconsciously won their way in circles where her father had been intimate many

years before. But no one thought it requisite to include Mrs Danby in the attentions paid to her daughter; and each solitary invitation would have been a source of fresh vexation, had she not regarded Mary as the stepping-stone by which her wishes were to be accomplished in the end.

It might have been a false and mortifying position for Mary to find herself accepted on a memory that had all but passed away, while her actual connections remained unnoticed and unknown—even her mother. But she had too much tact ever to complain: instinctively she stood in awe of Mary's true heart—her single mind; she knew her daughter would never mix in society where her mother was rejected; and still hoping on, made her present retirement seem both to Mary and her own companions quite a matter of choice.

How often would Mary, in the midst of her pleasant anticipations of some party, lay down her simple attire with a sigh, and exclaim—'Oh, mamma, what a pity that you too may not wear a white muslin—then you need never stay at home from unwillingness to spend money in a suitable dress; though shame for me,' she would add, throwing her arms round her neck, 'to give even this as a reason, when I know too well you lost all heart for amusement before ever you came here!'

And again, how often would the mother scan the sweet ingenuous face of her child, on her return from some excursion, to discover whether it bore any trace of the mortifications her own sensitive vanity always led her to apprehend. But no: Mary, as we have said, was too true-hearted, too gentle, ever thus to suffer: she made no vain pretensions, and her companions were well contented to love her for what she really was; so well, that when Frank Nugent began to love her best of any, his sisters and his mother only hoped he would deserve her, and thought him fortunate indeed when he won her true and warm heart. Luckily they knew but little of Mrs Danby, or of her boastful delight at 'the connection'; little of worthy John Travers and his graver anxieties, else their judgments might have remained suspended between the hopes of the one and the fears of the other, until the scale had been turned against Mary herself.

Frank's eldest brother, George Nugent, indeed protested they were a couple of fools: Frank for selling his hunter, and giving up his free quarters at home; Mary for refusing a rich old squire, whose admiration had long been their standing joke. And confoundedly unseasonable, to use his own words, was Frank's request to be paid off the few hundreds, his portion as a younger son, and in fact all he could call his own. So the money not being *convenient*, George bestirred himself to find some equivalent. Mustering together two or three past obligations, and some unpleasant information which he had equally stored up, he now brought them to bear, in the friendliest manner, on Mr Jones the agent; received in return the lease of the farm, which Frank in his turn accepted in lieu of his claim—no unfrequent mode of management; and thus all parties were pleased—the agent, who gave only a nominal bargain; the brother, who cleared off an encumbrance on his property; the young lovers, rejoicing in their own happiness and the goodwill of their friends, heedless that in one instance it had been purchased, and dearly too; and Mrs Danby and John Travers both right in their conclusions: Mr Nugent's interest had obtained the farm—Frank's money had secured that interest.

Some few, very few years had passed by, when whispers began to float about too much in the tone of John Travers's early forebodings. Mrs Danby's countenance—a true barometer—no longer bright and exulting, revealed that her lips were still far from uttering. She had moved down again to the lowly front parlour, again condescending to be amused by the movements of the village street; and if now and then she did ascend to her former quarters, and station herself again at the favourite window, it was no longer ostentatiously to point out 'the residence of Mrs Nugent,' but to weep,

where none could see her, over Mary's fallen prospects and her desolate home.

Perhaps had she visited it oftener she would have found less occasion for sorrow. How many griefs, how much of regret and disappointment, might we all find ourselves spared if we only took a sober and probable view of the future in the morning of life! In the morning of life? Yes; not that of the youthful dreamer, not that morning still gilt with the glories of dawn; but of actual life, with its cares and its business, on which few enter steadily without finding its reasonable promise fulfilled. But if Mrs Danby was still a dreamer, it was not so with Mary. From the first, she had been aware of her position, and determined to make the best of it. She knew she could never expect to mingle on equal terms with the rich or great of their neighbourhood; and wondering at her mother's extravagant anticipations, she gently, but decidedly, discouraged them at once, though pained to find her motives entirely misunderstood; her mother attributing the check to unwillingness on the part of Mary to allow her to participate in amusements which she could never believe would be voluntarily resigned. But Mary was firm, even with Frank, though with him her part was different, more easy, yet more difficult: she was all in all to him, supplied the place of all; and yet he had been accustomed to so many things of which he never knew the value—things supplied without question in his brother's somewhat wasteful establishment—that she felt those minor privations must be a continual strain on his good-humour, and that on her devolved the task of preventing them from becoming a strain upon his love. She tried to give as modest a tone as possible to their establishment; to prove from the very first that superfluities were not necessities; and that now, while life and joy were young, was the time to accustom themselves to live without indulgences which might be requisite, yet not attainable, in after-years. But to do all this with a husband all his life accustomed to indiscriminating hospitality; always ready to enjoy the passing hour; whose favourite maxim was, 'we'll never do it younger'; to do this efficiently, and yet not disagreeably; to check extravagance without infringing on real comfort; to lessen their circle of society, yet leave no wearisome blank; to choose so well, and exert herself so well, that the few more than supplied the place of the many—this was surely an arduous task for quiet unpretending little Mary: but she set about it with all her heart and all her spirit; and it was done.

She succeeded so well, that even George, who began by calling them fools, and indeed, as far as Frank was concerned, by verifying his words, was now fain to call him 'a lucky dog.' He would often escape from his own irregular home to enjoy the comfort and the quiet of their well-ordered dwelling; and was never better pleased than when one of Mary's fairy notes would furnish him with an excuse, by asking him to ride up 'Lady Lilly,' and give her to poor Frank for one day with the hounds; or to bring the greyhounds in the morning, that he might enjoy a day's coursing after his hard work all the week; and to remember all the while it must seem to come from himself, as Frank would be twice as much delighted then. 'Yes, Frank is a lucky dog: she is a woman in a thousand,' was always George's soliloquy as he hastened to obey her behests. But latterly it was uttered more slowly, more sadly; then followed by an impatient burst, 'But where's the good of it all? Of all her good sense, all her good management, they have nothing to work on: I have nothing to spare them; and sooner or later, the crash must come at last.'

It came sooner even than any anticipated: it came to them, as well as many another, in Ireland's fatal year. But though hastened by general calamity, it was not the less inevitable; for Frank had embarked far beyond his means, and no after-prudence could retrieve that step. Ground imperfectly cultivated; shortcoming crops; cattle insufficiently housed and fed, dying in

the hour of need, and those even purchased at a price nearly double their value 'on time'—time that expired without bringing anything to satisfy its demands. At last, as we have said, that year came when none could afford to be indulgent, none could wait for money once due; debt after debt was demanded, and paid out of the produce of the farm as far as it went, in the hope that when the next gale came round, Mr Jones too might give a little time. Vain hope! an ejectment was served; and Frank and Mary found at last that they had only to depend on each other's true heart for comfort and counsel under the long-impending blow.

At least it was on that they each most relied in the hour of need. Though grateful to many friends who offered sympathy and assistance, they resolved to be independent for the future, however lowly might be their lot; and agreed there was no shame in honest poverty while they could truly say, according to the apostle's injunction, they 'owed no man anything but love.' George Nugent and John Travers were both included in the family council. George, really distressed, yet without the least notion of business, could offer no better suggestion than that they should sell all, and pay all, and take up their quarters with him until better times. This offer he pressed on them warmly—kindly, for he made it bear the aspect of a favour to himself.

'You will do us more good than can be told, dear Mary. Since my poor mother died the house is all at sixes and sevens; the girls know nothing of management, and I myself am going to the dogs. Do half as much for us as you have already done for Frank, and we will have reason for ever to bless the day you came amongst us.'

There was a soft light in Mary's eyes as she turned them on her husband; if her gentle heart could have felt pride, it might have glowed at that moment to hear the head of the family, amidst all their ruin, declare that she had effectually done her part. But there was nothing in her look that spoke acceptance of the invitation; and Frank, reading it aright, while he gratefully thanked his brother, hastened to decline the offer for them both.

'No, George, it would never do for me to go back to our old ways: a relapse is always worse than the first disease; and Mary's care and trouble must not go for nothing in the end. Besides, there are the children.'

'Oh, the more the merrier,' interrupted George. 'You know how fond I am of them already.'

'Yes, too fond, dear George,' said Mary affectionately; 'too fond of them and of us. You would spoil us all: and you know there is not quite so much of life before us now; we must be up and doing something to retrieve the years we have already let pass.'

But what that something was to be—all now turned their eyes on steady John; while he in his turn hesitated, and seemed diffident of what he had to say. He looked at Mary—so soft and delicate, so apparently unequal to encounter the rough ways of the world—at Frank, with his somewhat proud and careless air, so unsuited to its lowlier paths—and again he looked reluctant to speak what was in his mind; but seeing that all three awaited his opinion, he commenced by asking Frank whether he should certainly give up the farm, and what surplus they hoped to retain after disposing of everything.

'The farm gives me up,' answered Frank sadly. 'I owe more than a year's rent, and can expect no allowance; so I suppose all I have will not do much more than pay. At most, I cannot have more than a hundred pounds clear after all.'

'Then,' said John Travers boldly, 'that is nothing to live on, though something for a beginning, if turned to good account. Move down to the village, and open a meal store; keep your three best horses, and have them continually on the road bringing it out from the ships; attend yourself—ay, and Mary too—to the sale from morning to night; and, mark my words—you will

be richer before the year is over than you were in all your lives before.'

He stopped short, like one who had made a desperate plunge without knowing the depth, and now hardly ventured to look at the faces around him. He might have seen an angry flush on that of George, as he turned hastily to the window and began beating time upon the pane; Mary's eyes were cast down, and her fair cheek a little pale; Frank silent and thoughtful, but calmer than any. He was the first to speak; and holding out his hand to John, said, 'I believe you are right; I at anyrate thank you sincerely for your straightforward, manly advice.'

Mary had hardly time to raise her meek eyes, now filled with approving tears, when George turning round, exclaimed impetuously, 'It is advice that shall never be followed. What, man, are you mad, to think of disgracing us all? Mary, will you speak, and bring him to reason? Make him accept my offer; come and live with me; and I'll see Dillon or O'Brien, and get them to use their interest to have him put upon the roads, or under the poor-law; anything, in fact, rather than see him selling meal.'

But Mary did not speak. She knew that any of the situations mentioned so ambiguously by her brother-in-law, even if attainable, were altogether precarious, depending on the evil days which all trusted would not last. No—much more gladly would she have seconded her cousin's advice; and oh how thankful she felt that her influence was not needed, that her husband's own upright feelings prompted the courageous step.

She was silent; and George, after waiting vainly a few moments, at last lost all patience when Frank and John Travers commenced discussing the details of the proposed plan. Interrupting them again with a strong and indignant protest, again offering his interest and his home when they should come to a rational mood, he took an abrupt leave, and rode away in a most discordant frame of mind; conscious that his conduct on their marriage deprived him of the right of interference now, and yet full of newly-awakened sympathy and affection prompting him to assume it.

But poor Mrs Danby! What were her feelings when Frank and Mary were actually established behind a counter, and that too in the very village where she had always held her head so high—literally within sight of the spot where she lived? With delight she had heard of George's generous proposal. In her own words, it would have been another feather in her cap to have her daughter presiding at Mount Nugent—in fact, mistress of the house; and great in proportion was her indignation at the lot they had preferred. It even outrivalled that of George Nugent; and equally finding remonstrance vain, she retreated in wrath to the back apartment again, determined not to witness their fall.

John Travers once more—but now really hopeful—had assisted in all their arrangements; taken a house for them in the village; attended the auction; privately purchased Mary's favourite little articles of furniture, and placed them in her new dwelling, so as to give it at once the air of home; put Frank's carriers in train, and his stores when they arrived: in short, smoothened the difficulties that would have seemed almost insurmountable to those habituated to such different pursuits.

It surely was a hard struggle not only against the wishes and prejudices of those they each respected and loved, but even against lingering doubts and feelings scarce acknowledged by themselves. Nothing but a strong determination to do right, to act honestly in the eyes of all men, and independently in their own, could have given them courage; and the step was hardly taken, when they reaped their reward. It was first a day's wonder, then approbation followed. 'The worldly-minded said 'they knew what they were about; the generous-hearted sympathised with them, and warmly wished them success; but, dearest of all, they had the

blessing of the poor. Each week and each month throughout that calamitous year the pressure became greater—louder and louder the cry for food; and what an unspeakable happiness to our young beginners to feel that in their hour of need they had been led into a way of life that enabled them to bear a share in alleviating the distresses of others!

The prudent foresight of John Travers had advised the purchase of a cargo early in the year, and his kindness had insisted on adding what was requisite to make up the sum. Prices afterwards rose, doubled, quadrupled, in the rage for speculation, in the necessity that parted with all to save existence; but to the covetous practices that disgraced the period Frank Nugent formed a bright exception: he ascertained, in the first instance, what was really a fair profit, and no after-circumstances could tempt him to deviate from the scale he had laid down. In this resolution he was confirmed by Mary, who would eagerly exclaim, 'Oh yes! would that we could part with it for even less—would that we were better able to prove our gratitude for abundance while so many perish for want! Yes, dear Frank, let us be not only contented, but oh how thankful, if this year only leaves us as it found us, still blessed with one another, even though, like Paul and his companions, we have been brought to land with nothing but the broken pieces of our ship!'

Frank smiled at her enthusiasm, but went steadily on: soon he had companions enough in his vocation; his experience made him an invaluable, indispensable member of the Relief Committee, while his moderate demands made all eagerly turn to him for its supplies. Those facts soon became apparent to George Nugent, and even to Mrs Danby's narrower mind. Frank was not only met and associated with on equal terms as ever, but even held in honour by all the gentry of the neighbourhood; while Mary, attending indefatigably to her own share of the duty, received abundant testimony that her labour was not in vain; and thus conviction gradually stole on the minds of their offended relatives, and with it a truer estimation of themselves, and of the vanities they had each in their own way most highly prized, until at length the fastidious George Nugent might have been often seen lending Mary a helping hand during Frank's unavoidable absences.

The year was ended, and brighter prospects opening on a suffering world, when Frank and Mary, with mother, brother, and true friend, were assembled for the evening in the quiet little parlour behind the shop; the former enjoying the little relaxation with double zest after a day of unusual weariness—a day of reckoning and calculation, as, with John Travers's assistance, they wound up their accounts for the year that had gone by. No wonder they looked so happy: not alone had that kind friend been repaid, but a surplus remained exceeding their united fortunes before grasping agent, heedless brother, or luckless farm had melted them away. A thoughtful silence followed the glad announcement, interrupted at last by George exclaiming warmly, 'You were right, Frank: dear Mary, you are always right; and it isn't because of what we hear just now I say so; I have long been turning it in my mind: in eating the bread of your own earning, you have had power to give bread to many; and still more right you were in resisting my advice a second time, when I would have had you make more haste to become rich. To me, that never made a shilling in all my life, and whose only experience is in spending and in losing, there is something even miraculous in the way you have got on. Come, tell the secret, Mary. Had you, as Nurse Mahony used to relate long ago of our great-grandmother, who fed all her poor neighbours out of one chest of meal in some famine of old—had you an angel dove that would light on the chest with the earliest dawn, and shake meal from her wings until it filled as fast as it had been emptied the evening before? Had you such a dove, Mary?'

'You should ask that question of Frank,' said John

Travers softly. 'If not favoured with angels' visits, he has one sweet household dove that comes as near as mortal may to be an angel upon earth.'

'Then what will that fair bird say,' continued George in still livelier tones; 'what will she think of my coming to propose another flight? Nay, Frank and John Travers, do not look so grave all at once; and Mary, do not turn those dove-like eyes away—rather turn them to that window, and you will see where I want you to alight.' And his eyes brightened mischievously as he added, 'Though neither Barley Hill nor Mount Nugent are in the view, look down, Mary, along the river's bank, where the smoke is curling up through the old ash-trees; see where the sun is glancing on the water: yes, the wheel is still going round, the fire still on the hearth, but old Johnson died yesterday, broken-hearted, they say, at the failure of his miserly speculations in the end. God forgive him! he took his own turn out of the poor all the year; but at anyrate he is gone now, and the mill and the cottage fallen back into my hands. Frank and Mary, I owe you a good turn, so let me pay my debts too; even John can say nothing against that, or against my proposal now. You have capital enough and experience too; so take the mill, and may you thrive there as well as you have already done here.'

Once again—but on how much truer grounds—all parties were pleased; all the hearts then present more closely drawn together. Sweet had been the uses of adversity to all; but none showed their effect more plainly than Mrs Danby: a serene and chastened spirit was visible in all her manner, visible in her silence, in her grateful looks; and when the change was made, and every tongue was eloquent on the beauty of the situation, the advantages of the position, she scarcely ventured to whisper, even in her inmost heart, what once would have formed its loudest theme, 'they have returned to their proper position after all.'

THE GREAT BEDFORD LEVEL.

WHILE the western side of the island of Great Britain is remarkable for its generally rocky and mountainous character, the eastern side is for the most part equally distinguished by its alluvial plains and soft sylvan scenery; the truth seeming to be, that the eastern coast is composed to a large extent of the washings of mud and sand from the higher regions of the west. In some places, the beach on the eastern shore consists of wide tracts of pure sand laid bare at the recess of the tides, and at others it is of the character of a marsh, in which water and vegetation carry on a contest for mastery. We propose to give a short account of the largest of these marshes, usually called 'the great level of the fens,' or 'the Great Bedford Level.'

The district comprised in this term, about seventy miles long, and from twenty to forty wide, containing nearly 700,000 acres, is bounded by the high lands of six counties—Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln. The waters of nine counties are carried through it by eight rivers, four of which—the Witham, Welland, Nene, and Ouse—discharging their contents into the great estuary of the Wash, form the natural outfalls for that portion of the country. For a long period, extending farther back than our oldest historical records, this district has been an immense swamp, dreary and pestilential. The quantity of water pouring down from the uplands was greater than, from the levelness of the surface and choked condition of the outlets, could find a ready passage to the sea; besides which, the tides from the German Ocean rushing up the streams caused periodical inundations, and the whole region became a succession of shoals, stagnant lakes or meres, with intervening spaces of slimy bog, and a few elevated spots resembling islands. Such a wilderness as this must have been a paradise for wild-fowl, noxious reptiles, and barbarian freebooters. We have no knowledge of any attempts at reclamation prior to those of the Romans: remains of forts, mounds, and

gravel dikes made by these enterprising invaders being yet visible. One of their dikes, commencing on the Nene at Peterborough, may be traced to Lincoln, and, according to the late Mr Rennie, as far as the Trent. From what we know of the Romans, we may believe that their works were maintained by powerful industry; they compelled the natives to cut down trees and raise banks; but on their departure in the fifth century, the barriers and drains were neglected and destroyed, and the fens relapsed into their original condition. During the Saxon rule several monasteries were built on some of the higher grounds, the immediate precincts of which were doubtless protected and improved by the monks; but beyond this nothing was done in the way of general improvement. Readers of history will remember the use made of the fens in the Danish and Norman invasions; the woods and marshes became strongholds for fugitives, and a camp of refuge was held for many years in defiance of the enemy. It is probable that the condition of the district may have been sometimes better than at others; for Henry of Huntingdon and William of Malmesbury speak of it in glowing terms, describing the beauties of the level surface, the rich grass, vines, and apple-trees. Most likely this description was applied to the elevated sites cultivated by monks or other proprietors, as sudden floods occasionally devastated the rest of the country. Obscure traditions tell of inundations in far remote times: Dugdale records an irruption of the sea which took place in 1236, and destroyed men, ships, land, and cattle. A similar deluge occurred in 1613, and again in later times, so that the level kept up the character given of it, as having been 'for the space of many ages a vast and deep fen, affording little benefit to the realm other than fish or fowl, with overmuch harbour to a rude and almost barbarous sort of lazy and beggarly people.' Down even to within a very recent period, much of the surface consisted of dismal sloughs, overgrown with acres of reeds, a fountain of ague on a large scale. The inhabitants lived in a state of isolation from one another, and travelling was so difficult, that boards were affixed to the horses' shoes to prevent them sinking into the soft soil.

The task of reclaiming such a morass must have appeared hopeless, yet adventurers had not been wanting. From the era of William the Conqueror to the reign of Elizabeth, various bold efforts were made to reclaim at least portions of the fens. James I. also regarded the subject with much interest: successful drainage would give him new lands to distribute among his followers; and he is reported to have said that he 'would not suffer any longer the land to be abandoned to the use of the waters.' In his reign the first local act for draining was obtained, but not without great opposition. To insure success, the king invited from Holland Cornelius Vermuyden, an eminent Zealander, whose knowledge and abilities were presumed equal to the task. The undertaking was further supported by several Dutch capitalists, who, by what appeared to be a prudent investment, secured a home in the new country to which to flee in case of emergency. Vermuyden was knighted by James; the remuneration for his services was to be 95,000 acres of the fen. Though an able man, he originated many fatal errors, particularly that of relying too much on artificial cuttings, and neglecting the natural outfalls. His efforts in many instances were but temporarily successful. In addition to natural obstacles, he had to encounter those opposed to him by the inhabitants, who were exasperated at the 'invasion,' as they termed it, of their common lands. Their hostility was directed not only against 'the foreigners,' but against draining altogether. For the gratification of a few petty interests, it was thought better that a large tract of country should remain a pestilential waste than become productive. So great was the discontent, that when, in the reign of Charles I., a tax of six shillings per acre was laid on the whole fen land, to provide a drainage fund, not a single penny could be collected. An estate of 35,000 acres,

which the Earl of Lindsay had obtained and cultivated under the authority of the king, was reduced to its former condition by a mischievous assemblage of the 'lazy and beggarly people,' who broke down the banks and destroyed the drains. Rather than tolerate the presence of the hated foreigners, the fenmen petitioned the Earl of Bedford, who held large estates near Ely, to undertake the work. He did so: large cuttings were effected, the principal being the 'Old Bedford river,' twenty-one miles long; but in the end the work was again stopped, in consequence of the opposition to the Dutch labourers who were employed. The son and successor of the earl, some years afterwards, in company with other adventurers, resumed operations under authority of an act of the Long Parliament, and now the 'New Bedford river' was cut, and other useful drainages effected. Scottish prisoners, captured by Cromwell at the battle of Dunbar, and Dutch prisoners, taken by Blake in his action with Tromp, were set to work on this great effort at land reclamation. After Cromwell's death, the works languished; but by the exertions of the Earl of Bedford, a charter was obtained from Charles II., and the 'Corporation of the Bedford Level' established in 1644. The body still exists; and to their able management are due the gradual improvements which have ever since taken place.

The opposition encountered by the early adventurers abated as the economic results of their labours became apparent; and attempts to reclaim different portions of the fens were made by other parties. The attempts, however, were rendered in a great measure abortive, by neglecting the outfalls of the river into the sea; the waters, not having free vent, were thrown back upon the interior, and there remained but to adopt the alternative of mechanical drainage. First a few horse-mills, and afterwards a vast number of windmills, were employed to raise the water; but all proved unavailing, until the powerful and continuous aid of steam was called into operation. At the present time there are from 40 to 50 steam-engines and 250 windmills working at the fens. The consequence is, that vast tracts of ground, once swampy and dotted over with pools, have been reclaimed and brought under cultivation. A powerful steam-engine is pumping the water out of Whittlesey Mere, which spreads over 1000 acres; and Holm Fen, which, a few years since, was a reed shoal of 5000 acres, now produces crops of excellent wheat. Ugg Mere is changed into productive fields; and Ramsey Mere, 560 acres, 'which once grew enormous quantities of long reeds (used for thatching in the neighbouring counties), now comprises three farms of beautiful land, on a higher level than the surrounding fen. And this mere has now farm-buildings built upon its bed, a good gravel road running through the middle of it, and produces fine crops of wheat and oats.'

As a necessary consequence, the value of lands has increased with the march of improvement. Farms which, thirty years ago, were bought at L.5 per acre, are now worth seven or eight times as much. The annual rental of 1000 acres near Harncliffe, in what is now one of the richest districts, was at one time less than L.10. Now the fertility and productiveness of the Great Level have become proverbial—for crops and cattle there are few places which excel it. Some of its productions—such as wood and peppermint—are peculiar to the district; and recently a Yorkshire company have taken a considerable tract of some of the best land on lease for the cultivation of chicory. Within the last seven years the farms and pastures have been still further improved by underdraining; and the peaty soil, as it becomes drier, subsides from two to three feet, and is rendered more fruitful by the compression. Clay is found throughout the level, at various depths below the surface, and has been largely taken advantage of for admixture with the lighter soil. The excavations made from time to time have brought to light many evidences of the former state of the fens.

—whole forests of oak and fir lying flat, with the roots yet firmly imbedded in the subjacent earth, remains of boats and habitations, farming implements and tools; and in one singular instance a meadow was exposed with the swaths of grass still ranged on the surface as they fell under the scythe. The discovery of these relics at different depths leads to the conclusion that the Level was at one time a vast estuary, in which the sea at different epochs has deposited layers of silt.

The presidency of the Bedford Level Corporation has devolved upon several eminent noblemen from the time of Francis, Earl of Bedford, to the present time. The company appoint a registrar and receiver-general of the taxes levied for the maintenance of works, and an engineer. The latter employs a superintendent, with a staff of sluice-keepers and labourers, whose duty it is to attend to the outfalls and make the necessary repairs. He is authorised to prevent the mooring of vessels in improper situations, or the deposition of any impediment that may retard the flow of the water. For the latter purpose he is furnished with rakes and other implements for the periodical weeding and clearing of the rivers. Each division of the Level has its superintendent and subordinate staff. The sluice-keepers are required to be on the watch night and day to close the gates against the flood-tide, and open them at the ebb, by which means the channels are kept scoured out. They have also to see that boats pass through the gates according to the established regulations, and to keep a daily account of the depth of the water on the sill of the sluice, recording floods or any other unusual rise.

The embanking up of the water-courses has brought a most important means of fertilisation within reach of the fen-farmers, known as 'warping.' This consists in flooding the lands one or two feet deep, by opening sluices placed for the purpose, and allowing the water to remain until all the mud in suspension is deposited before it is again drawn off. In this way any number of inches of a most valuable fertiliser may be spread over the land, with but little trouble or expense, and with a most remunerative effect. Such is the quantity of mud brought down by the rivers which traverse the fens, that the operation of warping is continually and naturally going on at their *embouchures* to an extent scarcely credible. According to Sir John Rennie, on the Nene channel the deposit was fourteen feet, and on the Ouse twenty-five feet perpendicular, in about six years. The quantity, however, varies according to situation; but two feet per annum appears to be no unusual amount. This circumstance has led to the taking in of many hundreds of acres from the sea. The first plant that makes its appearance on the new lands is the marsh samphire, which is soon followed by 'sea-wheat' (*Triticum repens*) and grasses. 'Experience has shown,' observes a writer in the Agricultural Society's Journal, to whose Report we are indebted for several particulars, 'that the ground ought to be covered by nature with samphire or other plants, or with grass, before an attempt is made to embank it.'

Similar reclamations are taking place at the outfall of the Welland, where the stream at present is compelled in a tortuous course by mud banks. The method adopted is to straighten the channel of the river by placing 'two rows of bush fagots, perhaps fifty yards in advance on the mud, at low water, on each side of the river. After a few tides these fagot heaps are found full of "warp," a mixture of fine sand and mud, which renders them in some degree solid; another tier of fagots is then laid upon the first, and is again embodied with them by the warp. This kind of embankment is continued in a straight line over sand and through water, or across the old bed of the river, the fagots being sunk in the water and bedded in the soft mud, by means of earth, &c. thrown upon them out of boats. One row is always advanced before the other on that side which will most impede the current of the

river; the tide, in coming up, overflows this weak fence, filling it with warp, and making it so strong, that the ebb water is unable to remove such an obstacle from its course, and is compelled to dig out a new channel through the sandbank in the intended direction. In this way the fagots are advanced, taking care to keep the "scur" side foremost, and a new deep channel is worn by the water.'

The most beneficial improvements yet effected in the draining of the fens are the new outfall of the Nene at Wisbeach, and that of the Ouse, by what is called the Eau Brink Cut, at Lynn. The former of these works cost £200,000; but by making the necessary embankments, more than ten thousand acres were gained from the sea, besides the promise of future increase. For no sooner is a barrier bank raised, than the sea begins immediately to throw down a deposit at its foot. In this way the outside of some banks is elevated higher than the inside. By the 2½ miles of the Eau Brink Cut, the work of the late Mr Rennie, the last circuitous bends of the Ouse, stretching double that distance, are avoided. The cost was £150,000: a good part of the sum was wasted in defeating the opposition offered to the bill authorising the work in its passage through parliament. After the opening of the new cutting in 1821, its utility became so obvious, that five years afterwards, it was rendered still more serviceable by widening.

In 1751, a grand and comprehensive scheme was proposed by Mr Kinderley for uniting the rivers flowing into the Wash in one common channel, and conveying them away into deep water. The project, a most masterly one, has been since then occasionally revived, but no active measures taken to carry it into execution. In 1839, Sir J. Rennie drew up a report on the subject, demonstrating its entire practicability. The proposal is to straighten and embank the outfalls of the Nene, Ouse, Witham, and Welland—to conduct them to the centre of the Wash by a grand system of barrier banks, which will give an additional fall of six feet, and thus secure a channel that shall keep itself clear, and at the same time more effectually drain the interior; besides which, it would offer a safe roadstead for vessels. There is now reason to hope that the project so long in abeyance will be realised. Within the past few weeks meetings have been held on the subject at London and Lynn. The leading men of the latter town will subscribe £120,000 towards the undertaking; and it is understood that application for the necessary powers will be made to the next session of parliament. Seventy thousand acres of the Wash are already left dry at low water; but should this scheme be carried into effect, the number of acres reclaimed will be 150,000—a territory larger than some of our present counties—for which the name of Victoria Level has been proposed. The cost of reclaiming is estimated at £1.17 an acre, while the land, when gained, will be worth £1.60 per acre. According to one of the calculations, in 1862 the shareholders will be receiving 4 per cent. in addition to the repayment of the whole of their capital. Such a work as this is quite in accordance with the engineering intelligence and capacity of the age, of which it will remain a monument, stamped with a higher character than the great undertakings of antiquity—that of utility. When completed, we may hope that other portions of the island will receive the same attention. For example, the Solway Firth, Morecambe Bay, the Leven and Duddon Sands, all of which, if reclaimed, would add largely to the resources of the empire. A somewhat similar project is contemplated by our neighbours the Dutch in connection with a railway from Flushing to Middleburg, and across the islands of Walcheren and Beveland, to unite with a line on the mainland. At the narrowest part of the Sloe—the channel between the two islands—embankments or jetties have been carried some distance into the water, round which the conflicting tidal currents of the East and West Scheldt have deposited such a thick-

ness of silt, that Mr G. Rennie, on making a professional inspection of the place, found the channel fordable at low water, and recommended the carrying of the embankment entirely across, by which means it is calculated 40,000 acres will be naturally reclaimed in the course of six years, and be worth £40 an acre. The Dutch authorities have not yet determined on the project, but we think they cannot reject so desirable an acquisition of territory, especially as the railway will assist in restoring to Middleburg a share of its former prosperity. We cannot conclude our notice of the great level of the fens better than in the words of Sir John Rennie's report:—'If ever the undertaking should be carried into effect, not only will the drainage and navigation of an extensive district, bordering on the rivers Ouse, Nene, Welland, and Witham, and the Great Wash, and comprising little short of a million acres of land, be greatly improved, and thus their power of production be greatly augmented, which alone is worthy of considerable sacrifice to obtain, but an entire new district, containing 150,000 acres of valuable land (which is half as large again as the entire county of Rutland, which contains only 95,000 acres), may be added to the kingdom. It will, I trust, be admitted that few enterprises, if any, have offered a more satisfactory prospect, whether regarded in light of profit to the individual or to the community at large, and such as ought to command attention.'

GRESHAM COLLEGE.

WHILE there is so much discussion on the subject of popular education, and the plans of the present government are subjected to such severe scrutiny, it may be worth while to look briefly and occasionally at what past times have done; and for the present, at the institution for public instruction in the city of London, known by the name of Gresham College, of which it may be truly said that no foundation of the present day is based upon more liberal and comprehensive principles. The first of these is, that instruction in different sciences should be given gratuitously to all who wish to receive it: the second, that the professors be chosen with a sole regard to their character and attainments, and without any reference to their attachment to, or dissent from, the established church. The boundaries of science have been largely widened since Gresham's time; but there is nothing in his will to limit the range of his professors, or to prevent any addition to their number. The professor of geometry may embrace the entire subject of practical mechanics, or the professor of physic may lecture on chemistry, botany, or physiology.

Up to the year 1768, the professors resided and lectured at the spacious mansion of Sir Thomas Gresham in Broad Street. There Briggs, Barrow, Hook, Gunter, Sir William Petty, and Sir Christopher Wren, gave their lectures as professors of the College: there Newton, Boyle, Halley, and other eminent men of science joined them, and formed the Royal Society, which continued to meet for fifty years under its roof. The rents and profits of the Royal Exchange were bequeathed by Gresham for the support of his College, the trustees being the Corporation of London, and the members of the Mercers' Company.

It will hardly be believed that such an institution, beneficial to all, burdensome to none, should have been destroyed by an act of parliament. But so it was. The means employed to effect this barbarous and nefarious transaction are not known, and can only be conjectured. The result is, that the government of the present day possesses a site in the most valuable part of London, equal in size to that covered by the Bank of England,

for about £150 per year. Meanwhile the professors were driven to lecture in a small room in the Royal Exchange. Every motive to exertion was destroyed, since any endeavour to assemble an audience in a room of such scanty dimensions would have been absurd. In such circumstances, the lectures ceased to excite any interest or attention, those for whom they were designed being practically excluded from them.

In the year 1837 the Exchange was burnt down, and the cost of erecting the new one devolved on the trustees, to whom, as a temporary lecture hall, was offered the theatre of the City of London School; a room capable of holding 500 persons. It now remained to be seen whether Gresham College was a worn-out institution, and unsuited to the present state of science and of society, or whether it was still able to realise the intentions of its founder.

The trial exhibited a regular increase in the number of hearers, varying according to the general interest of the subjects, but always sufficient to show that the public attention, and especially that of the citizens of London, was directed to the re-establishment of the College. Several years elapsed before the building of the new Exchange began; and by this time the rebuilding of the College was no longer regarded as a doubtful or uncertain affair. A piece of ground belonging to the corporation, at the junction of Cateaton (now Gresham) and Basinghall Street, was fixed on for the site, and there Gresham College stands. It was opened on the 2d November 1843, with an appropriate address from the Rev. J. Pullen, the professor of astronomy; and an ode was composed for the occasion by Mr E. Taylor, the professor of music. Since that time, the number of hearers has gradually increased; having been in Michaelmas term of that year 2451, and in the corresponding term of last year 2940: so that the four terms give an aggregate attendance of from 10,000 to 12,000 persons per annum.

When Gresham College was razed to the ground by a decree of the legislature, had the ground on which it stood, and by which it was surrounded (reaching from Broad Street to Bishopsgate), been let out on building leases, the income arising from it would now have been nearly £110,000 per annum, instead of the pitiful sum for which the trustees were compelled to barter it away. It might have been anticipated that the present government of the country, having professed so much zeal for popular education, would have gladly done an act of tardy justice to an institution especially founded for, and dedicated to, the service of the people, without distinction of rank, sex, or sect—an institution fettered by no obsolete usages, but in active and useful operation, as far as its means allowed. These, at present, are very slender, owing to the heavy debt which the Gresham trust incurred by building the Royal Exchange and the College. Some addition to the library and apparatus, or some extension of the usefulness of the College, would have been an act at once graceful and just. The facts above stated were brought under the notice of the Marquis of Lansdowne; but in vain. A refusal to do anything for Gresham College was the result: an act the more ungenerous, as it proceeded from the descendant of a Gresham professor.

That the munificent design of its founder has been but partially carried out, is true; but this has arisen from events which he could not foresee. He left, in the Royal Exchange, what he regarded as an ample revenue for his College. And such it was, till its destruction in the great fire of London brought on the trust the heavy charge of rebuilding it; and before this debt was liquidated, the second Exchange shared the fate of the first, and occasioned a renewal of the debt. These were casualties which he did not contemplate; but still less would he have imagined that the government of England would, by an act of the legislature, have compelled his trustees to expend £1800 of the revenues of the College in its destruction, and thus deprive London of his munificent bequest.

It is, however, satisfactory to reflect that the germ of the institution yet remains; that its advantages, even with its present limited means, are extending; and that Gresham's generous wish of *instruction for all* is, as far as it can be, realised.

NARRATIVE OF A YORKSHIRE EMIGRANT.

In the last week of August 1831, a farmer at Barwick-in-Elmet, in Yorkshire, half ruined by an unfortunate lease, arranged his affairs, and with a small sum in his pocket, set out with his family for America. It was a matter for long consideration to which part of North America he should proceed; but he at length determined to go to Pike County, Illinois, where Mr B—, a person from the same part of the country, had already settled. The family of emigrants consisted of husband and wife, and five children; two elder children—a son who was employed as a teacher, and a daughter in service—being left behind. The leaving of this daughter has been the means of giving to the world an interesting narrative of the family experiences among the woods of Illinois. After a residence of a number of years in America, the mother returned to England for her daughter, and this afforded the son an opportunity of writing from the lips of his parent a minute account of the enterprise in which she had engaged. This narrative having been published by a bookseller in Leeds,* with a view to furnishing exact information to intending emigrants, we are enabled to offer an outline of the difficulties and sufferings to which the family were exposed, and the hopes which cheered them on in the western wilderness. The language of the mother has been amplified by the son, sometimes not in the best taste; but, on the whole, the picture presented has all the force of truth, and we should suppose every particular to be substantially correct.

The route adopted by the emigrants was judiciously chosen: it was by Liverpool to New Orleans, and thence by steamers up the Mississippi. England was left with a pang of regret, mingled with fears for the future; and during the voyage across the Atlantic, anxieties pressed on the minds of the party. On arriving at New Orleans, the first thing was to exchange the English sovereigns they had brought with them for American dollars; the expenses, since leaving home, amounted to about L.23. 'On leaving the ship, I felt a renewal of my home-sickness, to use a quaint expression: it seemed to be the only remaining link between me and England. I was now going to be an alien among strangers. Hitherto I had been accompanied by persons who, when my pain on leaving home manifested itself, could sympathise with me. I should have preferred the meanest passenger on the ship to any I saw on the packet. As, however, we were all in haste to be on our way, I had little time to spend on those tender associations. I certainly left the ship with an aching heart; the captain and cabin passengers had been very kind to us during the voyage, and on going away, my children were severally presented with small tokens of approbation, of which they were not a little proud. I must now leave the ship to pursue my route up the stream of the Mississippi to St Louis, a distance of not less than thirteen hundred miles. The country on each side of the river is of a dead level, but to all appearance exceedingly productive, and cultivated with considerable pains. On account of the heat which prevails in these districts, the productions of tropical regions are here grown in great abundance. The extensive plantations, notwithstanding their flat appearance, are exceedingly beautiful; and if anything could have made me forget that I was an unsettled exile, the scenery of the country bordering this river must have done it. The time occupied in passing from New Orleans to St Louis was about twelve days. We reached the latter place about

noon, and found another steamer ready to convey us forward to the situation at which we purposed to remain. I had little opportunity of surveying the town, and therefore can say little respecting it, but was somewhat surprised to find that this noted city should be built principally of wood. Its situation is not the most eligible as regards health, being near the confluence of the Missouri and the Illinois; it is, however, on that very account likely to become a large and wealthy city, and is indeed by some described as such already. On entering the second steamer I found I had made a poor exchange; the weather was beginning to feel uncommonly chill, and our accommodation was here very inferior, so that we felt exceedingly anxious to be at our journey's end. Philip's Ferry, at which we intended to leave the river, was not more than one hundred and twenty miles from St Louis; we therefore comforted ourselves that we should soon be there.

This place was at length reached; a boat was lowered, and the party were put ashore on what, to their consternation, appeared to be the edge of an uninhabited forest. It was a frosty night in November, and no accommodation of any kind presented itself. 'My husband and I looked at each other till we burst into tears; and our children, observing our disquietude, began to cry bitterly. Is this America, thought I?—Is this the reception I meet with after my long, painfully anxious, and bereaving voyage? In vain did we look around us hoping to see a light in some distant cabin. It was not, however, the time to weep. My husband determined to leave us with our luggage in search of a habitation, and wished us to remain where we then stood till he returned. Such a step I saw to be necessary; but how trying! Should he lose himself in the wood, thought I, what will become of me and my helpless offspring? He departed. I was left with five young children, the youngest at my breast. When I survey this portion of my history, it looks more like fiction than reality; yet it is the precise situation in which I was then placed. After my husband was gone, I caused my four eldest children to sit together on one of our beds, covered them from the cold as well as I could, and endeavoured to pacify them. I then knelt down on the bare ground and committed myself and little ones to the Father of mercies, beseeching him "to be a lantern to my feet, a light unto my path, and to establish my goings." I rose from my knees considerably comforted, and endeavoured to wait with patience the return of my husband. Above me was the chill blue canopy of heaven, a wide river before me, and a dark wood behind. The first sound we heard was that of two dogs that came barking towards us, so as greatly to increase our alarm: the dogs came up to us, but did us no harm; and very soon after, I beheld my dear husband, accompanied by a stranger, who conducted us to his habitation, whither our luggage was shortly afterwards removed in a wagon.

Revived a little by a residence of one or two days in the log-hut of the stranger, who took care to exact payment for his hospitality, the family removed to the house of Mr B—, whose representations had induced them to come hither. It was a dwelling of the most miserable kind; and they gladly purchased and took possession of a property offered to them on easy terms. The method of purchasing public lands is here alluded to. 'The land in the various states has all been surveyed by direction of the government, and divided into portions of eighty acres each. For the sale of the land thus surveyed and laid down on large plans, a land-office is established in various central situations, where all the allotments of a certain district are sold, and the purchasers' names registered. Any person, therefore, who wishes to purchase one or more of these subdivisions, can see the plan, and select any that are unsold. They will even sell as small a quantity as forty acres; but as they do this merely to accommodate new settlers, no person already possessing eighty acres can purchase a smaller quantity than that at a time. In some of the

* A True Picture of Emigration, &c. Sixpenny pamphlet. Green. Leeds: Berrers. London.

older states the government lands are all sold off: it must there be bought; of private owners: but in Illinois and other new states there is plenty unsold. The government price everywhere is one hundred dollars for eighty acres. As there are myriads of acres yet in their native luxuriant wildness, any person may with impunity cultivate as much as he chooses without paying anything; and as a further inducement, when a person begins thus to cultivate, no other person can legally purchase that land till four years have expired from the time of his beginning to cultivate. By obtaining what is termed a pre-emption, the improvement arising from his own industry is as secure to him for four years as if he was the actual owner. Should, however, he fail to pay for the land before the term expires, an indifferent person may then purchase it; but this seldom happens. Every person purchasing land at the office must declare upon oath, if required, that no other party has an improvement on it. And if it be proved to be otherwise, such purchase is in every case invalid, and the fraudulent party liable to a heavy fine. An improved eighty acres was the first land we purchased: we obtained it in the following manner:—A person named Mr Oakes having heard that a family about to settle was sojourning at Mr B——'s, came to invite my husband to buy some venison, which he had killed with his rifle just before. My husband went with him, and in conversation found he was disposed to sell his improvement right; for the four years were not expired, and he had not entered it at the land office. For this right he wanted sixty dollars. My husband told him he would call upon him the next day, and returned to Mr B——'s, after buying a quantity of nice venison at a halfpenny per pound. The following day my husband and I visited at Mr Oakes's, who took us round the estate, showed us the boundaries, which were marked out by large stones set at each corner, termed the "corner-stones." Mr Oakes had broken up about twelve acres, three of which were sown with wheat, and the remaining nine ready to be sown with Indian corn, oats, &c. the following spring. As we liked the situation and land very much, and were wishful to be settled, the agreement was completed that evening, and the money paid and possession obtained the following day. The reader is aware that the sixty dollars given to Mr Oakes were only for his house, improvement right, sugar-making utensils, &c. One hundred more we paid at the land office at Quincy, and we obtained the usual certificate or title deeds; and thus, by the 1st of December, having spent about £30 in travelling, £35 more in land, &c. we were the rightful owners of a farm of eighty acres, with a log-house in the centre of it.

The emigrants now had a house, but no furniture, except two boxes, two beds, and a few cooking utensils; and for the accommodation of his family the husband made a rude kind of table and stools. The family meals consisted of hasty-pudding, bread, and a little venison, to which was occasionally added milk, given by a neighbour in hard lumps, such was the severity of the frost. The bread was baked in a flat-bottomed iron pan, which is almost the only oven used by settlers. The purchase of flour reduced the cash in hand, on which a large draught was further made in buying a cow and calf, a young mare, and two pigs. Only four or five dollars now remained of all they had brought with them, and part of the sum they were obliged to spend in buying sulphur, to cure the family of a disease called the 'Illinois mange,' which attacks all emigrants shortly after their arrival. Serious inconvenience was felt in the want of soap; but this was finally got over when the pigs were killed. They mixed a part of the fat with a strong solution of wood ashes, and an excellent kind of coarse soap was the result. With another portion of the fat they made candles. The severity of the weather was a great drawback on comfort; but there were other things to damp the spirits. They were several miles from any store where articles could be procured, and five miles from a church. They now

regretted the step they had taken in leaving home. 'We had indeed plenty of corn bread and milk, but neither beer nor tea; coffee was our chief beverage, which we used very sparingly, for want of money. All the water we wanted we had to thaw; and during the nights, on account of the severe frosts, we were very cold indeed, although we always kept the fire burning. Our bedclothes we had taken with us from England, and we were unable to procure any more, as they were dear, and our means almost exhausted. We had indeed some good land, but it was nearly all uncultivated, and we had nothing to sell except our cattle, which we wanted. The only ground of hope we had was in our industry and perseverance. My husband worked very hard; the little time we had to spare after feeding the cattle and procuring fuel was spent in splitting trees to make rails.'

As spring advanced, the wheat which had been sown began to spring up, and the family hopes revived. The first produce of the farm was a quantity of sugar, made from the sap of maple-trees. This was a seasonable boon. By dint of hard-working, nearly three hundredweight of sugar, besides a barrel of molasses, were realised. The greater part of the sugar was sold to a storekeeper for seven or eight cents a pound; the payment being in Indian corn for seed, meal, a little coffee, two or three hoes, and an axe. 'It was now the middle of March, when Indian corn, the most useful produce of that country, must be sown, or the season would be past. We had land and seed, but no plough, nor any team, except an old mare, that we feared would scarcely live while she foaled, and consequently we could not yoke her. What could we do? If we did not sow we could not reap: we should have nothing to feed our cattle with the ensuing winter. All difficulties are overcome by labour. We set to work with our hoes; I, husband, and son—the latter under ten years of age—and day after day, for three successive weeks, did we toil with unwearied diligence till we had sown and covered in nearly four acres. We should probably have sown more, had not the rains, which fall in torrents at this season, prevented us.' The thunder and lightning which accompanied these torrents were very appalling. A greater source of disquietude made its appearance in the form of vast numbers of mosquitoes. These attacked the family at night, so as to prevent sleep; and no way was found to rid the house of them except that of raising clouds of smoke from green boughs.

Towards the end of June, the wheat, which had been sown to the extent of three acres, looked ripe; and having borrowed a couple of sickles, the husband and wife went forth to reap it. A terrible misfortune ensued. The husband stumbled over a log of wood, and falling on the sickle, he cut his knee severely. Next day the wound swelled, and was very painful, and symptoms of fever were apparent. The situation of the poor wife is described by her as heartbreaking; but it is not the practice of intelligent Englishwomen to moan over evils that may be assuaged by personal activity. Our heroine applied herself with diligence to foment the injured knee; and in a day or two she had the happiness to see the swelling and feverish symptoms abate. 'My situation,' she observes, 'was still embarrassing. Our wheat was quite ripe, indeed almost ready to shake; and if not cut soon, would be lost. We had no means of hiring reapers, and my husband could not stir out; I was therefore obliged to begin myself. I took my eldest child into the field to assist me, and left the next in age to attend to their father and take care of the youngest, which was still unweaned. I worked as hard as my strength would allow; the weather was intolerably hot, so that I was almost melted. In little more than a week, however, we had it all cut down. Meanwhile my husband had continued to mend, and was now able to leave his bed and sit in a chair, or rather on a stool, placed near the wall for support to his back, and made further comfortable with the help of a pillow or two. The wheat was still unharvested, and exposed to

the rays of the burning sun, by which it was in danger of being dried, so as to waste on the slightest movement. It was absolutely necessary that it should be gathered together forthwith. Having neither horses nor wagon, we here encountered another difficulty. The work, however, could not be postponed. With a little trouble I got two strong rods, upon which I placed a number of sheaves near one end of them; I then caused my little son to take hold of the lighter end, and in this manner we gathered together the whole of the three acres. My partner had by this time so far recovered, as to be able to move about with the help of a strong staff or crutch; and thus he came to the door to show me how to place the sheaves in forming the stack. The reader may probably suppose I am endeavouring to magnify my own labours when I tell him I reaped, carried home, and stacked our whole crop of wheat, consisting, as before stated, of three acres, with no other assistance than that of my little boy under ten years of age. My statements are nevertheless uncoloured facts; and what renders them still less credible, the work was performed in addition to the attendance necessarily required by my young family and sick husband, and during the hottest part of the year.

As soon as the husband was able to work, he set about thrashing his wheat, which, when winnowed by throwing against the wind, measured eighty bushels. This quantity, which would bring a considerable sum in England, was, as a matter of necessity, sold to the storekeeper at his own terms. For a yard of common printed calico he exacted a bushel of wheat; and ten bushels were taken for two pairs of shoes; a little meal, a few pounds of coffee, a plough, and two tin milk bowls, cost the greater part of what remained of the wheat crop. Hopes which had been entertained respecting the crop of Indian corn now vanished. The grains had been sown too late, and were only hoed into the ground, whereas the land should have been ploughed. When the autumnal rains began to fall, the crop was cut, though much of it was still green. The little that was ripe was kept for seed.

The account which is given of the difficulty experienced in cutting the small crop of corn gives one a forcible notion of the troubles of settlers in remote situations. The instrument employed was a scythe, so old and blunt, as to render the work very toilsome. It would have done well if sharpened, but the family could procure no stone for the purpose. The narrator says she has heard her husband declare 'he would cheerfully work a fortnight for a good Yorkshire scythe-stone and a wrag whet-stone.'

October having come round, it was considered to be time to sow wheat; but where were the horses to plough the fields? A Mr Knowles was heard of who ploughed for hire, and a fifth of the produce was offered him in exchange for the operation of ploughing. Knowles declined the bargain—would not give credit; but said he would do the ploughing if the family would give him their watch. The watch, which had been brought from England, was accordingly parted with, and the wheat was sown as well as could be wished. In November, at the end of the first year in America, the members of the family had some reason for congratulation. They possessed land of their own, which was paid for; they had an increasing stock of cattle; a house over their head, and suffered no want of plain food. But all their clothes were getting into rags, and they had no money to buy new ones, and this materially aggravated their suffering from cold during the second winter. Hitherto they had contrived to keep clear of any serious debt, well knowing that debt is the ruin of a great number of settlers. One day they were waited on by a Mr Vanderrozen, who offered to sell them a cow and two young steers on credit; and heedlessly they made the purchase. It was a fatal step, deeply repented of. Vanderrozen's object was to get them into his power, and this power he speedily and remorse-

lessly exercised. On the point of being deprived of all by a sheriff's warrant, and turned adrift on the world, they were saved only by the interposition of Mr B——, who advanced money to pay the debt. An abundant produce of sugar enabled them to return fifteen dollars to their friend; and work was given for the loan of the remainder till all was paid. Forty pounds of sugar they exchanged for a sow and litter of pigs.

Matters were daily mending; but again came the period for ploughing, and still a team of horses was wanting. This is described as one of the most perplexing things connected with their agricultural labours. Their inability to plough the land was ultimately relieved by an unasked-for piece of kindness from a neighbour, who saw their difficulties. He ploughed the land gratuitously; and now they had the satisfaction of seeing twelve acres systematically put under crop. 'Till this time,' says the narrator, 'we had no garden; my husband therefore dug up about a rood of fine dry land, and fenced it round with brushwood, after the Yorkshire style of dead-fencing; the greater part of it we planted with potatoes, and the rest with other kinds of vegetables, obtaining the seeds and plants from older settlers. Before our wheat crop was ripe, we had finished the fence round the new field, and rooted up the greater part of the underwood growing thereon; most of the stronger timbers we allowed to stand, having previously cut the bark on the trunk, to prevent their growing; the rest we decapitated, and kindled fires round their stems to burn them away. This employment, and the attending to our cattle, employed the whole of our time till the wheat harvest, and I assure the reader we were not idle. At the usual time, about the end of June, we began to cut our wheat, retaining the old sickles which we had borrowed the year before.' The wheat harvest, at which father, mother, and son laboured, proved abundant; but by the carelessness of one of the little girls, the field took fire, and in spite of the united endeavours to quell the conflagration, a considerable portion of the crop was consumed. Seven acres were fortunately saved, and the sight of this quantity secure from the fire caused emotions of thankfulness. The toil-worn pair 'sat down and wept.'

The fire was the last great misfortune which the family experienced. Things gradually wore a brighter aspect. The early difficulties of settling had been overcome. With a portion of the wheat they purchased several articles of wearing apparel, paid off a small account for salt, and obtained gearing for a yoke of oxen; the value of forty dollars being left over in the hands of the storekeeper at interest. They were now enabled to plough the land with their own apparatus and oxen, which gave 'unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction.' After this, sowing and harvesting went on in regular course, and need not be particularised. A pre-emption right was bought from an adjoining settler, and by settling with the government at the usual price, a considerable addition was made to the family possessions.

At about a dozen years from the period of settling, the condition of affairs was as prosperous as could have been expected. Instead of the original log-hut, the dwelling consisted of a good house, provided with neat and suitable furniture. All were well clothed. Besides foreign luxuries, the family had plenty of good food, produced on the farm, such as beef, pork, butter, fowls, eggs, milk, flour, fruits, and vegetables. Places of public worship and schools had sprung up in the neighbourhood. 'We have at least twenty head of horned cattle, of which we kill or sell off some at every autumn; we have seven horses, including one or two foals; besides pigs, sheep, and poultry. Our land, which is of excellent quality, and very productive, extends to three hundred and sixty acres, more than a half of which is cultivated. Not wishing to manage the whole ourselves, we have two small farms let off, for which we receive as rent a dollar an acre. It is not difficult to let land

broken up at the above rate. Many who do not possess the means for purchasing land, are glad to rent a few acres, on which to grow provender for their cattle during winter, and food for themselves. I wish to make no boast of our possessions; but having told the difficulties we experienced at our commencement, I ought in fairness to state what our success has been. We have seen a neighbourhood rise around us; and in some situations where, at our first coming, everything appeared in its native wildness, small villages have now begun to rise. Means of comfort are now within our reach. We remember the time when we knew not where to apply for an article, if at all out of daily use; but by the increase of population, we can now easily obtain anything we require, either as food, physic, or clothing; and were we disposed to give up labour, we could live very comfortably on the fruits of our former toil.

To complete the lesson which this candid statement is calculated to enjoin, the narrator refers to the unceasing exertions which had been employed, and mentions that much of the success finally achieved was owing to the unpurchased labour of the younger members of the household; thus showing that a family of children, who are a source of continual embarrassment in England, are, on the contrary, a sure means of wealth to the emigrant.

We would conclude by recommending the pamphlet before us to the notice of parties in humble life who may be pondering on the subject of emigration. As presenting a graphic picture of what in most circumstances is necessarily endured before reaching the point of ultimate comfort and success, it is a useful contribution to popular literature.

ANECDOTE OF SPANISH EXILES.

FRESH in the memory of many readers may perhaps be the touching little episodes and scenes which were often enacted and witnessed in our kindly land during those years when so many Spanish patriots sought an asylum with us. Destitute refugees in most instances they were; and when rare exceptions occurred, from the exiled having friends to supply them, or from their having succeeded in bringing with them jewels and other valuables, it was beautiful and refreshing to behold the charity and generosity with which they usually shared all they could possibly spare from their own absolute necessities with their less fortunate brethren.

There came to reside in our immediate neighbourhood, at the time I allude to, a Spanish gentleman with his wife, who occupied humble apartments in the house of an ancient *ci-devant* domestic of ours. Mrs Dorothy was a prim and precise specimen of crabbed old maidism, though a really painstaking, well-meaning person at heart. Her domicile and its appointments, although without any pretensions to refinement or elegance, were scrupulously neat and clean; and as she depended upon letting lodgings for her support, it is to be supposed she was rather particular as to whom she received; children not being tolerated, from their destructive propensities, and foreigners specially eschewed because they were 'dirty.' Such being Mrs Dorothy's theory, we were at a loss to imagine what had led to her change of plan in favour of the Spaniards. Afterwards, indeed, the explanation seemed easy enough, as we thought it impossible that any one could resist the winning charms of the strangers' manners; and each day we heard from Dorothy herself new praises of her foreign lodgers: they were so quiet, orderly, and easily pleased; so polite and kind in their bearing; and their payments were so regularly anticipated, although their frugality was almost painful to witness. Dorothy was sure they were 'great people'; for although they had given their names only as Monsieur and Madame T——, she had accidentally seen miniatures set in brilliants, diamond stars, and other splendid ornaments; in short, Dorothy's obdurate heart was warmed in a way, I believe, it had never

been warmed heretofore. A few little offerings on our part of flowers and fruit, together with the sort of introduction of my being under the tuition of an accomplished Spanish lady, speedily brought about an acquaintanceship with the exiles; and we have the happiness of believing that in our home these charming persons passed some of the least irksome hours they had known since quitting their own sunny land. Dorothy was right as to her suspicions regarding their rank: they claimed descent from the ancient kings of Spain; and their clear olive complexions, blue eyes, and other decided characteristics, vouched (as they said themselves) for the truth of their claims.

The general was always engaged in writing during the day, but in the evening he often joined our domestic circle; and who that has ever heard a guitar in Spanish hands can listen to its lifeless strains when twanged by other fingers? Who that has ever listened to a Spanish voice chanting the Moorish romance, cares to hearken to the tame English ditties of to-day? With the aid of singing, dancing, and story-telling, many months passed away; and they sometimes half forgot their poverty and privations, and we the difference of rank between our guests and ourselves.

We had reason to fear that they were too liberal, too generous towards their unfortunate countrymen; for their own means we observed were becoming more and more straitened, and many little comforts, and even necessities, were abridged day by day; but who dared remark, or offer advice or assistance to them unasked? They indeed demanded, and we accorded, all imaginable sympathy and delicacy, but that was all.

One evening General T—— and his lady came to visit us, bringing with them a stranger, whom they named as Don Pedro——. This young Spaniard had been the general's *aide*, and the latter still continued to manifest a warm and affectionate interest in his welfare. Don Pedro inherited all that chivalrous grace of form and bearing which we are accustomed to associate in our ideas as the necessary adjuncts of a high-born cavalier; added to which, a shade of the deepest melancholy and dejection contributed to enhance the interest he excited, although this was easily accounted for by his position as an exile, in ill health, and penniless.

He had subsisted as yet on funds arising from the sale of the valuable trinkets which he had worn about his person, and also by giving lessons in Spanish; but pupils were scarce, and teachers numerous; and now, with broken spirits and a shattered frame, he had come to his friends General and Madame T——, to see what change of air and careful tending would do to restore him. Dorothy had consented to make room for the invalid; but, alas for the proud Castilian!—how could he consent to burden these kind friends when their means were so rapidly dwindling away? Besides, other claims were pressing; there were large families of exiles in the utmost necessity, delicate females and children tenderly nurtured; raffles were got up, fancy articles made and sold, and all was done that active benevolence dictated; but as time wore on, distress became more urgent, and at length General T—— consented to the repeated solicitations of Don Pedro, and permitted him to speak to his English friends about a raffle, as the best means of raising the full sum it was valued at, for a gold watch set with brilliants, the last treasure that Don Pedro owned. Madame, indeed, privately whispered that she did not think this sacrifice would have been tolerated by the general, had it not been deemed expedient that a trustworthy and competent messenger should immediately depart for Spain to convey despatches of importance and secrecy. Don Pedro was selected for the dangerous honour, and he undertook the mission with alacrity: 'For,' said Madame, smiling, 'he has left his love behind; and to be 'faithful in love, and gallant in war,' was the national characteristic. Means were required to carry out this arrangement, and the sale of the gold watch offered the only way of raising them. It had belonged to Don

Pedro's deceased mother, to whom her son had been fondly attached; it was a family relic and heirloom, of inestimable value to him; nor do I think even we ever clearly comprehended how agonizing the sacrifice was. Don Pedro's morbid delicacy and fastidious shrinking from all appeals to raise feelings of pity, we entered into and respected; but we did not sufficiently comprehend his veneration and love for this old relic, with its quaint setting and unwieldy bulk. But if we did not, there was one who *did*; and this was the last individual in the world whom we should have suspected of entertaining such sentiments. Mr Jeremiah Bunson was a privileged lounger and ancient intimate, taciturn and eccentric, and a professed hater of all foreign interlopers; he was a thorough-paced John Bull, abominating all languages save his own; and the poor foreigners had rather learned to dread his incessant growling and uncourteous bearing towards them. We knew, indeed, that 'the bark' was often heard when 'the bite' was wanting; and the readiness he evinced to exert himself for the benefit of the needy in the affair before us, proved the sincerity and goodness of his heart. He was not wealthy, although, being a bachelor, he had no but himself and his own whims to consult; and 'Jerry Bunson's whims' had passed into a proverb.

Two or three days after the subject was first broached, Mr Bunson informed us that he had been fortunate enough to find a purchaser for the watch, and there would be no occasion to establish a raffle; if Don Pedro intrusted him with it, the specified sum of eighty guineas would be paid down on the following evening. Poor Don Pedro! how pale he looked as he placed his beloved relic in old Jeremiah Bunson's hand: he struggled manfully, but could not repress some tears which rolled down his sunken cheeks. How ardently I longed to be rich, to have given him the money! I manifested to Jeremiah, when we were alone, the thoughts that were passing through my mind; but he only patted my head, and said, 'Pooh, pooh, silly child; the watch is a pretty bauble, and people like to have something to show for their money.' I muttered something concerning 'mercenary creatures' and the absence of all 'chivalrous feeling;' but Jeremiah chuckled, and coughed, and put the watch into his pocket.

The next evening the money was paid down as agreed upon, and in a few days Don Pedro was to start for Spain. At a very early hour on the morning of his departure he received an unexpected visit from Mr Bunson. This gentleman placed a small box in his hands, saying that the friend to whom he had consigned the watch, found it, on inspection, so much more valuable than he had anticipated, that he considered a sufficient sum had not been demanded or paid for it; but that as he could not afford to disburse more, and 'a bargain was a bargain,' he requested Don Pedro's kind acceptance of a keepsake, enclosed in this case, which he hoped in future days would serve to remind him of English friends, and of his watch being in safe hands. All that Jeremiah requested was, that it might not be opened till Don Pedro set foot on Spanish ground. This was readily promised, thanks expressed, and the exile departed. After many weeks had passed away, Mr Bunson received a letter by unknown means, bearing Don Pedro's signature, and written in Spanish, which of course rendered a translation necessary ere our worthy friend could profit by its contents. Of these I will not attempt a repetition; to English ears they would sound rhapsodical; but let us imagine what Don Pedro said when, on opening the box, he found it contained his lost, his beloved old watch! How happy Jeremiah was! He said he must learn Spanish, if it was only to read this letter from the noble youth; and I believe he did consult my preceptress on the subject; but after the first lesson, the attempt was abandoned in despair.

Don Pedro eventually obtained pardon, rank, affluence, and a bride in his own land. In after-years he again wrote to Jeremiah Bunson; and this time the packet contained not only the borrowed sum, but a

magnificent snuff-box set with diamonds, and portraying on the lid a likeness of the dark-eyed beauty, who, Don Pedro said, had learnt to pronounce Mr Bunson's difficult English appellation with gratitude for the kindness shown to her husband.

Over the fate of General T—— I must draw a veil: history has detailed it, with all its dramatic horrors; and little did we contemplate, when enjoying such intimate and close communion with these amiable foreigners, that the gentle manly heart would so soon cease to beat; and that a disgraceful death as a rebel would be the ultimate fate of him whom we had only known as the devoted tender husband, the attached friend, the generous single-minded Christian, and the chivalrous accomplished gentleman.

GARDENS.

THE word suggests a summer theme, but, like gardening, it has a portion for all seasons, and an interest for almost every mind: few there are who cannot find pleasure in the exercise of that primitive art; and those few, generally speaking, will be found themselves uncultivated within. The love of gardens is a feeling at once the most universal in its extent and the most salutary in its operation, of any that has been retained by modern society; it belongs to the primeval times, and keeps the freshness of old rustic nature about human hearts and homes through ages of dusty toil and mechanical civilisation. We cannot conceal from ourselves that much of life as it now appears has the artificial stamp upon it; our daily business, our habits of action and even of thought, our social arrangements, and our domestic manners, all bear the impress of machinery and making up: they were made up for us, in fact, before we knew them, or so much as entered this living world. But the roses that summer flushes so brightly in the rich parterre, the woodbine that blooms on the cottager's garden wall, or the bed of snowdrops that delights the cottage child, when the days are lengthening and the robin begins to sing—these are the forms renewed that come and go with the seasons, and are nursed beyond human comprehension or control.

The fields are far off to the inhabitants of cities, and those of the country know them to be the meadows or harvest ground that must be reaped and sown, the domains of utility tilled by laborious strength: beautiful are they in the first green of the corn, and rich when it waves wide and yellow in the autumn's sun and breeze. The trust, the life of the world are there; but the garden is the cultivator's own demesne, to which his leisure is given where his taste finds scope, and over whose wealth he rejoices as that which comes without either risk or misgiving; hence from the earliest date of history and civilisation men have delighted in gardening—the sage and the simple have found it equally attractive. It has been the amusement of princes, poets, and philosophers; minds of the highest order, in both ancient and modern times, have made it their chosen study, and unlettered hard-working men, in the rough byways of life, have selected it for their only relaxation. He was a curious, though not unphilosophic observer who remarked, that wherever taste and care were exhibited in the garden, whether pertaining to cottage or castle, the traveller might fairly reckon on civility and refinement in the household. Gardens are entirely unthought of by savage tribes. Those of them who plant roots or sow grain have no idea of the small enclosure for mingled ornament and use which is generally understood by that term among us. The garden occupies a large space in most people's home recollections: all whose childhood has been passed in the country will remember some little spot in which their earliest attempts at planting were made—how often the first roots were pulled up to see if they were growing; and when at length sounder principles of horticulture were acquired by the expanding mind, with what cheerful and earnest industry were the weeds removed, the

flowers trimmed, and, more than all, the requisite duties done to that first estate—better kept perhaps than the patrimony or the acquisitions of after-life; and when it grew to prosperity and bloom, under shower and shine, and hopeful labour, oh how great was the triumph, and how rich seemed the reward! In this sense the garden has its worldly uses, by initiating the young into habits of industry and forethought, not to speak of the far higher lessons it presents to the spring-time of their souls regarding that Infinite Wisdom that has so perfectly arranged what a German philosopher calls 'the harmonies of vegetable life.' It is sad to think how often such pleasant instruction is forgotten in ripper years; but the garden keeps its hold on the memory through many a change. This is beautifully expressed by the poet, who makes a dying child say—

'Brother, the little spot I used to call my garden,
Where we sat in early spring to watch the budding things.'

And another description of the childish garden and the laburnum-tree that had long survived the boy on whose birthday it was planted, has come home to the early recollections of thousands.

Solitary and isolated persons are generally garden lovers: the monks and nuns of old Catholic times were celebrated as such. Many of our now common flowers and even fruit-trees were first introduced by the gardening monks in barbarous and turbulent ages. Pilgrims and Crusaders occasionally brought them presents of seeds or slips from Syria and the south of Europe; by which means the cherry, strawberry, tulip, and pink, together with a vast variety of garden plants and trees, were propagated in England. The abbot of Sir Walter Scott's well-known novel, who, after the Scottish Reformation, quietly adopted the profession of a gardener, though a subordinate, is not the least interesting character in the work, and seems to have practised his chosen vocation to good purpose in the monastery. It is to the quiet cultivators of gardens for solace or amusement that many nations owe the introduction of some of their most valuable plants. Most people are aware that the potato was thus planted first in Ireland by Raleigh, at his Youghal garden; and wheat was introduced into Mexico by a negro slave, who found a few grains in sacks of American maize purchased by his master, and planted them in his own small garden in the twilight, when his work was over.

Emigrants and exiles have thus propagated the flowers and plants of their native country in far distant regions. The remnant of the Moors driven from Spain in the sixteenth century are said to have brought the orange of Seville with them into Barbary; and almost in our own day, some French refugees have added the vine to the plants of Southern Australia. In the story of 'Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia,' there occurs the description of a garden cultivated by her father, in the hours he could spare from hunting, for the family subsistence, in order to rear the hardiest wild-flowers of his native Poland, the only ones that would grow in the rigours of that climate.

The fathers of the church were in the habit of comparing the soul to a garden: probably the monastic custom already remarked made the simile familiar to their minds. 'Cultivate thy soul,' says one, 'as thou wouldst thy garden ground; root out the weeds year after year, for the seasons will renew them; cherish the flowers, and see that thou bestow most care on that which is most likely to fail.' Gardens figure conspicuously in the mythology of all nations living under a warm or temperate climate. The Mohammedan paradise is represented under that symbol. The Chinese speak of the gardens of the immortals, which are said to be situated among the mountains of Thibet, and blest with perpetual summer: nothing within their bounds can die or grow old, and several ancient sages are believed to have retired to dwell among their bowers; but for centuries mankind have lost the way, and no

traveller has ever succeeded in finding it, though the Chinese poets celebrate many who made the attempt; but few of them returned to their homes, and those who did so, could rest no more. There is a wild tradition among the Arabs concerning the gardens of the desert, which are believed to have been formed by an ancient tyrannical king at enormous expense and labour. They say that he had conquered all the nations of the East, and boasted he would conquer the sands also; but having at length completed his design, of which the Arabic legend retains a dazzling description, the gardens suddenly became invisible in the pomp of their richest bloom, and neither the monarch nor any of his successors ever again beheld them; but bewildered travellers have caught glimpses of them at times through the falling twilight, and given splendid though vague accounts of their gorgeous trees and flowers. The Hindoos believe that the widow who consumes herself with the corpse of her husband will expiate the sins committed by him and all her relations, and dwell with them in a magnificent garden for ten thousand lacs of years. In the legends of the north gardens have no place: the Scandinavian and Icelandic traditions speak only of halls and forests; and the old superstitions of Russia bear the same character. In those lands of pines and snow, gardens must have been unknown in earlier times, but civilisation has brought them in its train. The Norwegian cottager now cultivates a garden of his own, fenced round with firs, furnished with peas and turnips; and if the owner be tasteful, perhaps a bed of daffodils, or yellow crowsfoot, varied with the foxglove and a rose bush or two; for it is remarkable that some variety of the rose is to be found in almost every climate south of Greenland. The Royal Garden at Stockholm contains one of the best collections of plants now in Europe; and it is well known that more pine-apples are produced in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, in spite of its nine months' winter, than in that of any other capital in Christendom.

Asia was early celebrated for its remarkable gardens: those of Babylon, which rose on a succession of terraces, supported by ponderous pillars, to the height of the city walls, were famous in ancient times; and the floating gardens of Cashmere, though of a comparatively modern date, are not less so. They consist of enormous rafts, with sides like boxes to contain the soil, which is heaped in to a depth sufficient for the growth of large shrubs, and even trees; by these means a garden is formed, with arbours and parterres filled with the finest plants of the East, and generally a kiosc, or summer-house, in the centre. As the huge rafts, though moored to the shore with great cables and pillars, move with every undulation of the water, they are said to resemble floating islands, clothed with the richest bloom and verdure. Some gardens of the eastern world, especially those of Persia and Hindoostan, are of immense extent; but, like everything valuable in that direction, they are always attached to royal palaces, private individuals rarely expending much care or taste on their gardens, and the humbler classes scarcely ever seeming to think of such things. With public gardens the Asiatics are entirely unacquainted; that method of unbending the popular mind is yet in advance of their civilisation. Most readers are aware that gardens of this description are now in every city of Europe. Paris contains probably the oldest, and one of the most complete. The history of gardening exhibits many and strange revolutions: the old Romans had their garden walls painted in scenes and patterns like some of our modern apartments; but in respect of cultivation, their art went no farther than planting the fruits and flowers most congenial to the soil: all our conservatory and hothouse practices were unknown to them.

About the close of the seventeenth century, a mode of gardening was invented by Le Notre in France, which was soon adopted over all Europe, and of which the gardens of Versailles present the best specimen. The chief characteristic of Le Notre's style was excessive re-

gularity—trees were cut into fantastic shapes, beds were squared, walks and hedges were made straight by rule and line: if water was introduced, it was as a formal *jet-d'eau*, or a pond resembling a canal; where the ground sloped, it was laid out in a succession of terraces; and at every available point there was stuck the figure of a heathen god or goddess. While this stiff style ran its course on the continent, it was ridiculed by Addison in England, and gave place to a modified system of gardening, in which artificial wildernesses were interspersed with all sorts of oddities. A writer on gardens of this new style of art thus describes their appearance:—‘What in nature is dispersed over thousands of miles, was huddled together on a small spot of a few acres square: urns, tombs; Chinese, Turkish, and Hindoo temples; bridges which could not be passed without risk; damp grottos, moist walks, noisome pools, which were meant to represent lakes; houses, huts, castles, convents, hermitages, ruins, decaying trees, heaps of stones—a pattern-card of everything strange, from all nations under heaven, was exhibited in such a garden. Stables took the place of palaces, kennels of Gothic temples, and this was called natural.’ Pope, at Twickenham, had a garden of this character, which was adopted as a model.

Since this era of artificialities, gardens have undergone various changes of style, the taste which prevails in England having latterly spread far and wide. This new style of gardening consists in a happy blending of nature with art—it is nature directed, not tortured. The principal peculiarity of the modern English garden is the green and finely-shaven lawn, with patches of cultivated flowers and shrubs, and the whole interspersed with winding walks. Beyond this, we think, it would be difficult to go. If gardens have not reached perfection, it is at least something to say that the *jardin Anglaise* is now universal.

Perhaps the natural taste for gardening was never more strikingly exemplified than in the case of Saabye, a Danish missionary, who, with his wife, resided many years on the coast of Greenland. The missionary's house was surrounded by high rocks, which partially sheltered it from the fury of the northern storms and sea; but the mould on the stony soil in its vicinity was not deep enough for any root, and Saabye and his wife were obliged to transport the requisite additions from a considerable distance in a tub, having no other utensil suitable for the service. Thus the first garden in Greenland was formed; and the missionary planted it after the manner of cottage gardens in Denmark, with seeds sent him by the ship that came annually at midsummer. The results of his gardening experience in the polar regions are curious. It was not till the beginning of July that the frost of the long winter was sufficiently thawed to commence operations; there was then a summer of two months' duration and continual day, the vegetation being proportionally rapid: cabbages flourished remarkably well, turnips grew to the size of a teacup, lost their bitter taste, and acquired an agreeable sweetness; but Saabye's carrots were never larger than the stalk of a tobacco pipe. Celery and broad beans would not grow at all; peas ran into bloom, but did not set; and the missionary seems to have regarded these as the only flowers of his garden. Yet in that dreary and remote solitude, surrounded by the natives of the north, whose language they were years in acquiring, the devoted exiles found pleasant occupation and familiar memories of their far old home in the spot so hardly redeemed from sterility, and yielding at the best such scanty returns for their labour. Nor can the subject be wound up without recalling the observations of Lord Bacon in his essay on gardening:—‘God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures: it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks; and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegance,

as if gardening were the greater perfection.’ Yes, gardens are clearly significant of elegance. He cannot be a bad man who loves either flowers or gardens!

HOMES AND DWELLINGS OF THE HUMBLER CLASSES.

On this subject we copy the following from ‘Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper:—

‘The searching inquiries of the commissioners appointed to report on the Health of Towns have clearly demonstrated that the rate of mortality is greatly increased in those localities which are densely crowded, undrained, badly ventilated, and imperfectly supplied with water. An investigation of the sanitary condition of nearly one hundred of our principal cities and towns traces the same results to the same causes, so that the evidence adduced admits of no refutation. In the cellars of Liverpool and Manchester, in the wynds of Glasgow, in the courts and alleys of London, typhus constantly is present; and the dwellings of the poor in these districts are the abodes of pestilence and epidemics. The sole property of the working-man being his labour, and that labour being suspended when health is deranged, the sanitary question branches out into a financial question; and Dr Southwood Smith has justly remarked that of all taxes, the heaviest is the fever tax. To those, then, who have few or no sympathies with their humbler brethren, and are deaf to the calls of humanity, we must apply the argument derived from the pressure of poor rates, and appeal from benevolence to cupidity; interest and duty here act both separately and in combination to rouse the wealthier classes, where government does not interfere, to take such measures as may best promote the public health and diminish the rate of mortality. We are happy to state that an Association, having these objects in view, is now being formed under highly favourable auspices, having the title of the “Suburban Village Association;” and we have reason to believe that the plan originated with Lord Morpeth.

‘It is proposed to render the railway subservient to public health, by constructing houses at various stations, from four to ten miles distant from London, suited to clerks, artisans, and others of limited income, and to include in the rent a daily ticket to London and back again. To insure perfect ventilation, and to guard against overcrowding at any future date, only six cottages will be built to the acre, and each of them will have a good garden. As the Association is incorporated for a philanthropic purpose, and not with any moneymongering design, the dividends are not computed at more than five per cent. on the capital to be invested; so that the rent will not exceed that paid for rooms in the confined courts of the metropolis.

‘A project of this description merits the most complete success. As a pecuniary investment, nothing can be safer; and though it does not tempt the gambling speculator by extravagant gains, it offers to the prudent a moderate profit without any hazard. We may confidently affirm that buildings of the character proposed will never be depreciated in value, but will at all times readily find tenants who appreciate the advantages of pure air. The children of the labouring men brought up in these villages will be removed from the demoralising influences of the metropolis; and as it forms part of the scheme to attach a school and a church to each district, both religious and moral culture will receive due attention. Thus the Horatian precept will be acted upon, and these villages become nurseries in which sound minds will be trained up in sound bodies.

‘The principle here set forth in reference to the metropolis is equally applicable to the neighbourhood of all large and densely-crowded cities. The parties promoting the plan should bear in mind that they will not only obtain five per cent. on their investment, but save considerably in their poor rate. The children now vagabondising in the streets, and too frequently preparing themselves for the jail or the hulks, will be brought up in habits of industry and virtue, and when arrived at mature years, will be a benefit instead of a nuisance to the state. Among all the speculations that have been propounded, we know of none, in its direct and indirect consequences, more calculated to produce the best advantages to its originators and to those who will participate in the plan as tenants; while the incidental good that must accrue to society at large if the country towns follow the example of the metropolis is incalculable.’

[We cannot but approve of the scheme here alluded to for providing healthful homes for the humbler classes out of town on lines of railway. But we venture to predict that the parties for whom the benefit is more specially intended *will not take advantage of it*. They will still prefer living in mean crowded alleys, garrets, and cellars, near central thoroughfares, where their associates reside, and where public-houses and pawnbrokers are in convenient proximity. That small tradesmen, clerks, and others, who know the value of pure air, and aspire to a respectable mode of living, will gladly embrace the privilege offered by the Association, no one can doubt.]

THE SILK TRADE.

The recent disturbances in France are likely, and that soon, to lead to a most important event—namely, the removal of the fancy silk trade from Paris and Lyons to England. The apparent impossibility of conducting either this or any other manufacturing establishment with safety and profit to the capitalist, has already (but only as many had anticipated) turned the serious attention of some French houses engaged in the fancy silk trade to look out for some other locality, where their operations can be carried on without the interference of the Communists. In proof of this, there are now parties in Coventry and Manchester, and no doubt in London, recently arrived from Paris and Lyons as pioneers; and, from information that may be relied upon, there is every reason to believe that several establishments will forthwith be removed to England—but which will, in all probability, for the present be at Coventry, though London and Manchester cannot possibly fail to participate greatly in the benefits which this movement is sure to create. The Parisian and Lyonnese workmen will then learn, by bitter experience, if in no other way, that capitalists who have anything to lose will not permit the interference and dictation of Communists as to the mode in which business shall be conducted. It is therefore probable that the silk trade of Europe will permanently settle in England.—*Leeds Mercury*.

A HELP TO ENERGY.

To-day I found myself compelled to do something which was very disagreeable to me, and which I had long deferred: I was obliged to resort to my 'grand expedient' in order to conquer my aversion. You will laugh when I tell you what this is; but I find it a powerful aid in great things as well as small. The truth is, there are few men who are not sometimes capricious, and yet oftener vacillating. Finding that I am not better than others in this respect, I invented a remedy of my own, a sort of *artificial resolution* respecting things which are difficult of performance—a means of securing that firmness in myself which I might otherwise want, and which man is generally obliged to sustain by some external prop. My device, then, is this:—I give my word of honour most solemnly to myself to do, or to leave undone, this or that. I am of course exceedingly cautious and discreet in the use of this expedient, and exercise great deliberation before I resolve upon it; but when once it is done, even if I afterwards think I have been precipitate or mistaken, I hold it to be perfectly irrevocable, whatever inconveniences I foresee likely to result. And I feel great satisfaction and tranquillity in being subject to such an immutable law. If I were capable of breaking in after such mature consideration, I should lose all respect for myself; and what man of sense would not prefer death to such an alternative?—*Tour of a German Prince*.

TOO LATE.

Some men are always too late, and therefore accomplish through life nothing worth naming. If they promise to meet you at such an hour, they are never present till thirty minutes after. No matter how important the business is either to yourself or to him, he is just as tardy. If he takes a passage in the steamboat, he arrives just as the boat has left the wharf, and the cars have started a few minutes before he arrives. His dinner has been waiting for him so long, that the cook is out of patience, and half the time is obliged to set the table again. This course the character we have described always pursues. He is never in season, at church, at a place of business, at his meals, or in his bed. Persons of such habits we cannot but despise. Much rather would we have a man too early to see us, always ready, even if he should carry out his principle to the extent of the good deacon, who, in following to the tomb the remains of a husband and father, hinted

to the bereaved widow that, at a proper time, he should be happy to marry her. The deacon was just in season; for scarcely had the relatives and friends retired to the house before the parson made the proposition to the widow. 'You are too late,' said she; 'the deacon spoke to me at the grave.' Scores have lost opportunities of making fortunes, receiving favours, and obtaining husbands and wives by being a few minutes too late. Always speak in season, and be ready at the appointed hour. We would not give a fig for a man who is not punctual to his engagements, and who never makes up his mind to a certain course till the time is lost. Those who hang back, hesitate, and tremble—who are never on hand for a journey, a trade, a sweetheart, or anything else—are poor sloths, and are ill calculated to get a living in this stirring world!—*From a newspaper*.

THE KING'S HUNT IS UP.

[The following capital song is given by Mr Collier in his 'Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company.' It is supposed to be the production of a writer called Gray, who was held in good estimation by Henry VIII. and the Protector Somerset 'for making certain merry ballads'.]

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,
And it is well nigh day,
And Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.
The east is bright with morning light,
And darkness it is fled;
And the merie horne wakes up the morne
To leave his idle bed.
Beholde the skyes with golden dyes
Are glowing all around;
The grasse is greene, and so are the fresshe,
All laughing at the sound.
The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogges are running free;
The wooddes rejoice at the merry noise
Of hey tantara tee ree.
The sunne is glad to see us clad
All in our lustie greene,
And smiles in the skye as he niseeth hye,
To see and to be seene.
Awake all men, I say again,
Be merie as you maye,
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deere to baye.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Whilst the last generation was flourishing, there dwelt in what is now a famous city, not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer manifestation of that odd compound of incompatibles called 'human nature.' It was a Christmas eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so 'bitter cold.' The old lady put on an extra shawl, and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant, 'It is a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbours Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip; fill it full of wood; pile on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip.' These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again. 'Stop, Scip; you need not go now: the weather has moderated.'—*Boston Recorder*.

DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

If it is true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly.—*Milton*.

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DOING AND DREAMING.

In our multifarious correspondence there is a class of letters capable of more extended application than the writers imagine. These letters are confidential communications, generally from young men discontented with their position in life, and anxious for advice as to how they may contrive to emerge into circumstances better adapted to their tastes and genius. Almost all of them state frankly the reason why they have been induced in this emergency to address themselves to the 'Journal;' and that reason is, that it is the Journal which has touched with unwonted light 'the sleeping images of things,' which has stirred up their ideas from the bottom, and imparted a restlessness to their minds that seeks to relieve itself in some new course of action. Such, however, is not declared to be the effect of the mere expansion of mind brought about through the agency of literature; it refers more particularly to the authentic pictures we delight to give of the successful struggles of merit, and the rise of lofty and heroic spirits into power and fame, in spite of the adverse circumstances of fortune. Musing on these histories, warmed into generous enthusiasm, and stirred with emulative ardour, our inexperienced readers mistake the vague and romantic yearnings of youth for the throes of genius, and fancy that all they want to arrive at distinction is to be set upon the path.

Now we are not opposed to a moderate indulgence of the imagination; we think, on the contrary, that it tends to good. The inner life of a man is as important as his outer life; and the former, like the latter, must have its moments of unbending and recreation. Our dreams of fame may give birth, when the proper circumstances arrive, to action calculated to assist in realising them; and in the meantime they serve at odd moments to refine as well as amuse, and to float the free spirit above the cares and vulgarities of life. But the danger is, that this may go too far; that the dreamer may conceive a distaste or contempt for his ordinary avocations; and that, in fancying future greatness, he may neglect the sources of present comfort and respectability. It is therefore worth while to consider whether the vague aspirations alluded to afford any evidence of our being really superior to our present employment, and calculated to shine in another.

What has been the course of those remarkable persons who have risen from poverty and obscurity to be the cynosures of the world? Did their minds wander about in search of suitable employment? Did they feel an indistinct consciousness that they *could* do something, if they only knew what it was? Did they ask their way of the passers-by to the temple of fame or fortune? No such thing. They did their appointed work not only without aid and without a question, but

in defiance of remonstrance and opposition. If mechanists, they converted into magical rods the humblest tools of the humblest trades; if philosophers, the phenomena of nature were as open to them in a hovel as in a palace; if poets, they poured forth their golden songs from the garret or the plough-tail—

'They lisped in numbers—for the numbers came.'

It would seem, in fact, that vagueness and uncertainty are indications of a want of power, and that the very circumstance of a man's asking for advice shows his inability to act upon it.

Let us look into literature for an illustration of what we mean. The profession is thronged by individuals who have no chance, and never had a chance, of success. How does this come about? Through dreaming. They mistook sympathy of taste for sympathy of talent, the power to admire for the power to create, and plunged madly into a business for which they were prepared by no study, and qualified by no natural gifts. The history of persons destined to succeed in literature is different. Their first efforts come from them, as it were, unawares. Doubtfully, timidly, they cast their bread upon the waters, ignorant of the process it will undergo, and incredulous of the form in which it will return to them. But it does return; and in a form which makes their hearts beat and their eyes dazzle—Money! They care not for money abstractedly; but in this case it gives them assurance that the coinage of their brain bears a distinct value in the estimation of their fellow-men. God bless that first guinea! No after-fortune can compare with it. The most intellectual of us all may sink gradually into the peddling, shopkeeping propensities of social man; but in the midst of the very basest vulgarities of life, we return proudly—and some tearfully—to the recollection of our first guinea!

Literature, as Sir Walter Scott has observed, should be used as a staff, not as a crutch. Remarkably few are able to make it the sole means of a respectable livelihood. At the very least, no rational person would embark in literature as a profession without having previously ascertained whether he had the power to live by it. With definite and manly *plans* we have of course no fault to find—let such be formed, and receive due examination; but what we allude to is that unsettled cloudy state of the mind which unfits us for the present without having any influence upon the future. This state of the mind is more common and more fatal in youth than is usually supposed; and it is not the less so from its being induced by a mere mistake, which confounds the capability of doing with the habit of dreaming.

Again, we find from the history of men who have risen from obscurity to eminence, that although they may be, in the common phrase, 'the architects of their own

fortunes,' they are not the contrivers of those circumstances which have placed them in the way of fortune. While apparently preparing for what is to come, they are in reality merely following the bent of their own inclinations, till they are sucked, either gradually or suddenly, as it may happen, into the current of events. This is another lesson for dreamers. Things should be allowed to come about naturally. There should be a patient submission to circumstances; but let the best be made of them, and the rest will follow. If young persons have a consciousness of any taste or talent of a desirable kind, let them cultivate it quietly till the proper opportunity comes, and they find that they can trust to it for their advancement in the world. A remarkable instance may here be mentioned of the sort of fatality which governs the struggling genius. There was once a village lad whose name was Nicolas, and whose dream was Rome. This was no idle dream with him, for he had painted from his childhood. He would paint—he could not help it; and at Paris, to which he found his way, that he might look at better pictures than he could see at home, he copied some engravings from Raphael, which gave a still firmer bent to his genius. A gentleman who admired the arts took him with him to Poitou, from which he returned moneyless, painting his way as he went along, to Paris. He became unwell, and went home to his native place—the village of Andell on the Seine—and dreamed of Rome as he lay on his sick-bed. When he got better, he actually set out for Rome, and painted his way as far as Florence: but not a step could he get beyond that, and he returned almost in despair to Paris. Here at length he accidentally found a patron, who encouraged him to turn his face once more towards Italy; and in 1624 he did arrive at Rome. The result is thus told:—Here Nicolas lived for a long time, miserably poor, but supremely happy; starving his body, and banqueting his mind. He fell in with a sculptor called François Flamand, whose circumstances were similar to his own, and these two lived and laboured in a corner together, surrounded by the dreams and monuments of genius, and stealing out every now and then to sell their works for any pittance that ignorance would bid or avarice afford. But the pictures of Nicolas at length began to attract attention; and the humble artist was drawn from his solitude. This change of fortune went on; for although poverty or envy may retard the rise of genius for a time, when once risen, any attempt to repress it, however powerful, is like opposing a tempest with a fan. Every tongue was now busy with the new painter's name; every eye was fixed upon his face or his works; all Rome was shaken with his fame. This was soon told at Paris; and he who on former occasions had travelled thither a lonely, friendless, half-starving youth, was led to the capital of France in triumph, and overwhelmed by Cardinal Richelieu and the king with honours and distinctions. After the minister's death, he returned to Rome, and died there in the seventy-first year of his age, leaving the illustrious name of Nicolas Poussin a rich and glorious legacy to his country.'

It occasionally happens that the present business of our clients is of a nature which they think beneath their merits, and obstructive of their aspirations. In a state of incipient rebellion against their present employment, they long to be something else. A young draper, heart-sick of the counter, asks our advice—a teacher in a country school is dying to be a man of letters. We have no patience with these dreamers. Why will they not let things take their course? Earnest all the time in their respective callings, there can be no objection to their looking out for opportunities of advancement. For our part we should like as well as anybody to better our condition; and indeed sometimes, when we see public affairs going wrong, we have a wonderful notion of a seat in the cabinet! But after all, as there must be a variety of

employments, and people to fill them, the best way to manage is for each of us to *deserve* promotion, and hold fast by what we have got till we get something better. It is not the employment that makes us respectable, but our conduct in it. A footman on the stage, whose sole business is to deliver a message, has not a very dignified occupation; but nevertheless we expect him to get through it with intelligence and propriety; and if he fails to do so, from any notion that the part is beneath him, he becomes at once an object of indignation or contempt. This footman may be the author of the piece, or he may be capable of writing a better one; but the fact has nothing to do with his personation of the character which is his actual share of the performance.

And this brings us to a point at which our homely may conclude. The supposed capabilities of a man for another employment should never have the effect of making him despise or neglect his present one, however humble it may be. If it is worth our while to do a thing at all, it is surely worth our while to do it well. If there be any false shame on the subject, it ought to be banished by the reflection, that there are vast numbers of men of worth and talent superior to ours labouring, and labouring cheerfully, at still meaner employments. Besides, it should ever be borne in mind that, even in comparatively obscure situations in life, there may be, and is, the greatest earthly happiness. By a due culture of the faculties, by refining the sentiments, a common blacksmith may enjoy a satisfaction of mind equal to that of the greatest man in the parish. One who values genius merely as a means of advancement in the world, cannot know or feel what genius is. Yet on this false estimate are based a great proportion of the dreams which disturb the existence and fritter away the energies of youth. It is not spiritual, but temporal glory for which the common visionary pants; it is not the souls of men he desires to take captive, but merely their pockets: the paradise which opens to his mind's eye beyond the counter is composed of fine houses, gay dresses, and luxurious meals. The meanness of such aspirations enables us to say, without compunction, that he who indulges them no more possesses the intellectual capabilities he fancies, than he is likely to enjoy the substantial rewards of industry and perseverance.

THE HOUSE AND ITS VARIETIES.

THE dwellings of mankind possess one peculiarity unknown to those of any other order in the animated creation—namely, a boundless variety in their form, fashion, and materials. All other creatures construct their dwellings on the assigned plan of their species, which appears to be as certain and limited as the rest of their instincts: one lion's den exactly resembles another, and the nest of every lark is the same; time and generations make no change on their architecture: the Alpine vulture still builds his eyry in the cleft of the rocky precipice in the very form described by Pliny; and petrified nests of swallows have been found in the ruins of Petra resembling in every straw those attached to our hamlet eaves. Even such animals as display the greatest share of what may be designated the constructive instincts, act under the same law of perpetual uniformity. The tailor-bird never thinks of sewing another storey to the slender fabric of leaves and grass its active bill has appended to the boughs of the African palm, nor the bee of giving an additional side to the unwary six of his honey cells. But what immense dissimilarity prevails in the houses of mankind! Some have been gigantic edifices: for instance, the palace of Nadir Shah, in the ancient city of Delhi, which was said to occupy a space of three square miles. Had his majesty's chamber been situated at one end of it, and his breakfast room at the other, a morning walk out of doors must have been a superfluity. Some, again, have been

specimens of lavish wealth and splendour; such as the celebrated golden house of Nero, in which neither wood nor stone was visible, the very walls and roof being overlaid with gold; and in the centre was an open court surrounding the Temple of Fortune, built of a species of talc or natural glass, which contemporary authors assure us was as clear as crystal, and perfectly transparent.

What a contrast to these temples of despotic vanity is presented by the Hottentot dwellings of South Africa, which consist of a hut, or rather tent, formed of rush mats stretched on a few rude poles, and easily packed upon the back of an ox at any moment the owner may find it expedient to change his locality! The palace of a negro monarch is formed by a circular fence of wattles and clay, enclosing a number of huts built of similar materials, thatched with palm leaves, and provided with doors too low for entrance, except on the hands and knees. Each of the queens-consort is assigned one of these structures, by way of preventing quarrels; and in most cases it is expected the lady will build it for herself as soon as the marriage feast terminates. The dwellings of his courtiers and subjects in general resemble that of their sovereign; and an African capital may be erected in a week, and destroyed in an hour. The homes of our British ancestors, as described by the Roman writers, seem to have been little superior; and the celebrated exclamation of the valiant chief Caractacus, when, in his captivity, he beheld for the first time the wealth and magnificence of Rome, 'How could you, who possess so much, envy me my reed-thatched hut in Britain?' powerfully corroborates their statements. Yet the same country now contains Windsor Castle, Eton Hall, Chatsworth, and innumerable mansions that are reckoned among the most splendid in Europe.

The domestic architecture of different times and nations is indeed strangely diversified according to climate, habits, and civilisation. When the Spanish invaders of South America first reached the banks of the Orinoco, they found them occupied for a considerable distance by a people whom they denominated 'Tree Indians,' from their custom of constructing a kind of hut or cage of wickerwork for their families on the thick and spreading branches of their native trees, in which they lived during the six months of tropical rain in complete inundation, to which their country was subject; having laid up a small stock of provisions during the dry season, and dropping down, when the weather permitted, by a rope of cocoa-nut fibre to the canoe always made fast below, in search of whatever else the rainy season afforded. Almost at the opposite extremity of the world, the Icelander constructs his habitation with an outer wall of turf, about six feet thick and four high, enclosing its various divisions: on one side, generally facing the south, are three doors, painted red, which respectively open to the smithy, cow-house, and family residence. The latter consists of a long narrow passage with apartments on each side. Every chamber has a separate roof, and is lighted by a small pane of glass, or more commonly talc, four or five inches in diameter. Several families frequently inhabit the same house, and all their members find nightly rest in one apartment, which is also the general refectory. The citizens of Bantam, a town of Java, adopt a similar construction, but suited to their southern latitude. Each hut, or rather family group of huts, which are built somewhat in the African style, have a circle of cocoa-nut-trees planted round them, with a strong bamboo fence outside, by which the inhabitants are completely separated from their neighbours; and the town at a distance resembles a forest.

Many of the houses in the capital of Borneo Proper, which is situated on a sort of estuary, are built on rafts moored to the shore, so as to rise and fall with the tide; and the Dyaks in the same island hang up human skulls, by way of ornament, over the entrance of their dwellings. The houses of the Finlanders are

usually constructed of fir-trees, rudely squared by the axe, and laid, with a thin layer of moss between, upon each other: the ends, instead of being cut off, are generally left projecting beyond the sides of the building, and have a most savage and slovenly appearance. The roof is also of fir, sometimes stained red. The windows are frequently cut out with the axe after the sides of the house are raised.

The Kamtchatdales have two kinds of habitations—one for winter, and the other for summer. The winter habitations are sunk some feet under the ground; the walls are formed of trees laid over each other; the roof is made slanting, and covered with coarse grass or rushes. The interior consists of two rooms, with a large lamp fed with train oil, and placed so as to warm both rooms, and at the same time to answer the purposes of cookery. These houses are frequently large enough to contain two or three families, and fifty persons have been known to take up their abode in one of them. In that case, the dirt, smell, and soot issuing from the lamp are such as only a Kamtchatdale could endure. The summer house is supported on pillars, which raise it to the height of twelve or thirteen feet from the ground. These posts support a platform made of rafters, and covered with clay, which serves as a floor, whence the house ascends in the form of a cone, roofed with thatch. This apartment composes the whole habitation, and here all the family eat and sleep. The object of this singular construction is to have a space sheltered from the sun and rain, yet open to the air, in which their fish may be hung up and dried. It is afforded by the rude colonnade which supports these structures, and to their ceilings the fish are attached. Such is the style of building practised at the north-east extremity of Asia; nor are the popular fashions of its southern nations much in advance of this. The dwellings of their kings and satraps indeed exhibit a degree of magnitude and splendour for which nothing but the ruler's unlimited power over the inhabitants and resources of his country could account. This is more especially observable in the ancient palaces, whose vast ruins, now left in desert solitude, evince to the far-exploring traveller from Europe at once the former power and deep decline of the Asiatic monarchies. The palace of Chilminar in Persia, though long roofless, still stands a mighty monument of Eastern architecture. The walls are constructed of blocks of gray marble, apparently without cement; and a marble staircase, wide enough to admit ten horsemen riding abreast, leads from the lower to the upper divisions. In the before-mentioned palace of Delhi there are still to be seen the remains of a vast covered balcony, called the Hall of Justice, the walls of which were covered with pictures representing groups of animals, fruit and flowers, entirely formed of stones of various colours, according to those of the objects represented; and in the central group was the figure of the artist, who executed the whole in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was said to be a European. But the ordinary habitations of the East, which, like the usages of Eastern life, have remained the same for centuries, are but little indebted to comfort, and less to elegance. The well-known division of the harem exists only in the mansions of the rich and powerful, which, at least in Mohammedan countries, are generally constructed in the fashion introduced into Spain by the Moors of Granada, and still seen among the old houses of the peninsular towns—walls without windows to the street; a flat roof; and a small open court in the centre, into which all the apartments open and windows look.

It is curious to remark that the city of Bagdad, so splendid in the Arabian Nights and other tales of our childhood, at the present day consists of brick houses but one storey in height, and provided with a subterraneous flat in the form of cellars, to which the inhabitants retire in the extreme heat of summer. The subjects of the Birman empire are obliged by their government to employ nothing but wood and bamboo cane in the construction of their houses, in order that the

burning of towns by the enemy (which appears to be of frequent occurrence) may be less felt by the public. The Siamese have their habitations supported on pillars of considerable height, their outgoings and incomings being facilitated by a ladder, which is drawn up when circumstances make it expedient to cut off the communication. Most of our readers are acquainted with the fact, that great numbers of the Chinese reside in junks on their great rivers and canals, and whole generations are born, grow old, and die, floating on the waters. But even in the great cities of China domestic accommodations are on the following average:—The dwelling is generally surrounded by a wall six or seven feet high; and within this enclosure a whole family of three generations, with all their respective wives and families, will frequently be found. One small room is made to serve for the individuals of each branch of the family, sleeping in different beds, divided only by mats hanging from the ceiling; and one common room is used for eating.

Asia, however, affords specimens of the house kind which, though rarely in use among modern generations, have at least the advantage of singular durability—we allude to the rock-hewn habitations taken notice of by all European travellers. The famous city of Petra in Arabia has been the theme of admiration and astonishment to all the tourists of recent times; but another town, apparently far more ancient, and of greater extent still, exists in the north of Afghanistan, and is known throughout the East by the name of Bameean. The city consists of a great number of apartments cut out of the solid rock. It is said that in many of them the walls are adorned with paintings, which look still fresh after centuries of desertion and solitude; some of them are adorned with niches and carved work. There are supposed to be more than twelve thousand of such habitations in Bameean: the country of the Affghans abounds with them; but the natives, who are mostly Mohammedans, entertain a superstitious prejudice against inhabiting such homes. They have old traditions which declare them to have been the first habitations of mankind; and that strange city is casually mentioned by some of the classic authors: yet by whom its rocky abodes were excavated, who were its inhabitants, or what their history—all has passed from the recollection of the world, and exists only in fabulous or uncertain tales.

The ancient homes of the world were almost in every point dissimilar to those of modern nations: among the polished Greeks and Romans the houses of the wealthier classes were constructed with a portico in front, which opened into a large apartment intended for the reception of visitors, with its roof sloping down to the centre, in which there was a large square opening for the rain to run into a cistern, placed below for that purpose. Beyond this apartment were the rooms for family use: all the decorations of our walls with them took the form of marble; mosaic floors occupied the place of our Brussels carpets in classic estimation; and the most fashionable style for a dining-room was the representation in stone of crumbs and fragments of a feast; and apartments so finished were appropriately designated 'unswept halls.' Nor must it be forgotten that a Roman bedroom, though inlaid with coloured marble, had rarely, if ever, a window—a custom which appears rather to have originated in some mistaken idea than the deficiency of glass, which was comparatively well-known in those ages, and seems to have been used for ornamental purposes. Pliny speaks of glassy chambers; and Cardinal Maximen records that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, as some workmen were digging on the ruins on Mount Cœlius, they found a room belonging to an antique dwelling-house, the walls of which were covered with plates of glass, some of them tinged with various colours, others of their own natural hue. In the early days of Rome, any attempt at splendour in building or decoration appears to have been very unpopular; and a consul who found his new house

in this respect displeasing to his countrymen, demolished the fabric in a single night, in hopes of regaining their approbation. The abode does not appear, from this circumstance, to have been very substantial; but the remains of Roman dwellings which Italy still presents, prove how far the public mind had changed with the progress of wealth and time. The fashion of building storey above storey, though almost peculiar to Europe, was early introduced, as we find a law of Augustus prohibiting the erection of houses above the height of seventy feet, or about six of our modern storeys.

In relief to those lofty buildings and far old times, the less civilised nations of the earth still practise some curious modes of construction in their houses. The natives of Samar, one of the Philippine Islands, weave large wicker cages for themselves of bamboo, the floors of which are raised some feet from the ground, to allow the free circulation of air in that torrid climate; and the natives of New Guinea, who build in a similar fashion, secure their whole property, usually consisting of hogs, in the space below.

Some nations live entirely in tents—as the Bedouin Arabs, the Kourds, and the Calmuc Tartars; the aborigines of New Holland have no houses at all; but in this respect, as well as in others of equal importance, they seem to merit the designation of 'the French nihilist, who called them 'the lazzaroni of their species.' The variety in human abodes seems as endless as that of human character: none of them can indeed shut out misfortune; but after this somewhat lengthened survey, we presume the great majority of our readers will agree in the fact, that a comfortable British home, belonging to any of the industrious classes, is, like our country, with all its faults, preferable to most others; which conscientious conviction winds up for the present our notice of 'The House.'

ASHORE IN CALCUTTA.

In the outset of my sailor-life, when alive to curious foreign scenes, I do not remember being so much amused with any place as Calcutta, with its blended European and Eastern character. During a stay of seven weeks in the Hoogley, we had several holidays, on which the hands on board were allowed to go ashore, and our visits to the town, old and new, were productive of much merriment. Our first trip is vividly impressed on my recollection.

At four bells of the forenoon watch, ten o'clock by harbour counting, the decks had all been washed down and breakfast got over; a luxurious breakfast it was, too, every morning in our Indian life—a bunch of exquisite bananas, fresh butter in a plantain leaf, and 'soft tack' instead of hard biscuit, with fresh buffalo milk and the ship's tea. Very different from our fare at sea! And from the cook to the cabin boy, each might have all of this that was additional to allowance for little more than a penny—on credit too. The bread was in little cup-shaped rolls, newly baked, and brought off in Rahmoun's trading boat: the buffalo feed had only the drawback of being without fat, and white from the absence of the blood, which the Mussulman butchers, like the Jews, thoroughly abstract. After breakfast we washed ourselves carefully, those who required it shaved; and for the first time I took my best blue jacket, white duck trousers, and blue cloth cap with a gold band, and put them on before a little looking-glass fixed to the half-deck ladder. We eight apprentices dressed that day like midshipmen of a London ship. The foremast-men were already assembled at the windlass, in regular Jack-tar style, with tarpaulin hats made and polished by themselves in many a watch below during the voyage. The captain and mates were at the captain's table with a box of rupees, just got from the agent. First the men went aft, and received five or eight rupees each, according to their wishes; then we advanced and got two or three, the latter sum amounting to about six-and-sixpence at the time. The men went off in a

native tow-boat; as for us, we were committed to the leadership of the eldest of our number, and by means of boats, hailed for the purpose, we got ashore without injury to our finery. Above the landing-place was a group of palanquin-bearers, coolies, and punkah-bearers with their leaf umbrellas, all anxious for our patronage, telling us their names, and apparently desirous of submitting to anything if they could only have an opportunity of preferring their claims. Under the guidance of the old stagers, however, we all marched up in a body past the Sailors' Home, and under the balconies of the nearest houses, shining in the whiteness of their 'ohunam' plaster, that contrasted with their large green Venetians and with the trees at hand. We felt our feet firm on the solid earth again, albeit with a weather-roll in our own walk: we were free, with our own wages in our pockets to spend, while the far-famed luxuries of the East lay beyond those buildings, and a shilling here would go as far as five at home: some of us, too, for the first time touched the ground of India. Soon we sallied round the corner from the landing-place into a broad quiet street of large separate houses, where nobody seemed to be stirring; one double line of massive flat-topped mansions running into another, without visible doors, and the upper part full of tall windows carefully shaded; high walls leading from one to another, over which peeped luxuriant foliage, covered with rich flowers of the brightest colours, aromatically fragrant, and hanging still in the intense light. Light dazzled from side to side upon the white stucco; the balustrades of large buildings at a distance, the spire of a flat-roofed church, looked whiter in, as it were, increasing light beyond that shot through all the openings. There was neither causeway nor pavement, the road being only divided from the foot-walk by a gutter; and at first one or two *bheesties*, or water-carriers, sprinkling the red dust as they went along, from a whole buffalo-skin full of water slung over their backs, appeared: the sole passengers! At the next turning, however, we came upon a greater number of figures, all natives or sailors, for nobody else goes out in the daytime or on foot; hackeries, or Indian carriages, buggies, and shackling hackney-coaches, driven by parties of half-drunk seamen; palanquins, and coolies holding their parasols over their patrons—all began to be seen streaming along and across. Suddenly the long broad vista of Flag Street, the principal resort of liberty-gangs and strangers, burst upon us full of people. A snake-charmer with his basket was exhibiting to one group, and a black conjuror was lying on the ground making hideous groans of inspiration for pice. Orientals of all kinds—Jew, Malay, Parsee, grave pale-faced Armenian in white robes and high turban; Chinamen with slanting eyes, yellow skin, and gaudy dress; the common Bengalee in his dirty cotton, and the Hindoo clerk in his gauzy-looking fluent garments; the Mussulman with his large variegated caftan, the black Portuguese, and the Pariah with a cloth round his loins: they were swarming in our path, but made way for the boisterous English tars, who became more numerous as we advanced. In Flag Street—so named from the flag-staff at one end—were plenty of European shops, wine-houses, ginger-beer sheds, Portuguese taverns, and a hotel for the gentry. Here was the police-office, with its groups of *chokeedars*, or 'chokeys,' as the sailors call them, some of whom we saw trying to lug away a huge delinquent liberty-man to the 'black hole,' while his messmates made a rush which carried him safely off. Stands of palanquins to hire lined the corner of Frette Bazaar, a row of goldsmiths' and jewellers' shops as fine as any in Bold Street or Lord Street, Liverpool. The palkee-bearers lounged beside their vehicles, or ran grunting and chanting along, four in a band; curious-looking fellows they were, their hair tied up in a knot like women's, their faces marked with red and yellow ochre in a way peculiar to the low-caste workmen, and their naked bodies odorous with cocoa-nut oil.

Everything was delightfully fascinating, bewildering,

and different from anything we had seen before: it was like a vast magic-lantern with innumerable slide-pictures; for the variety of dresses, manners, and people in Calcutta is very great indeed. The preponderance in Flag Street was of westerns, from the Yankee to the Dutchman, skipper, tar, midshipman, and traveller. The natives in this part of the city were chiefly subordinates and hangers-on, with knots of Lascars, and a sepoy or two in their blue uniforms and stiff gray trousers. Here every one seemed ready to cringe to us, and get out of our course. None of those proud lords of Hindoostan, the Company's servants, were visible, except one sallow, bilious-looking face that glanced out of a carriage-window as it rolled past with its turbaned coachman, syces, and running footmen, who cleared the way authoritatively for the great sahib, and the yielding throng appeared to regard themselves as the dust before his wheels. In the first flush of the scene, I was reluctant to lose it for a moment even; but we entered a cool open tavern to drink some ginger-beer and Cape wine. As we sat, a host of little naked brown boys surrounded us with their blacking-brushes to clean our shoes, touching their heads, salaaming, and jabbering, whom it was impossible to get rid of; and I actually had my dusty feet polished three or four times over without vouchsafing a word, in imitation of the nonchalance of my companions, who satisfied them all with a couple of pice—little more than a halfpenny.

We issued forth again. Through Tank Square, a large open space occupied by a reservoir of water surrounded by a stone balustrade, close to St Andrew's Scotch church, we passed along other European thoroughfares, and got gradually into the native parts of the town. Here the throng and population thickened—not bustle, indeed, but confusion, variety, gesticulation, and talking incalculable: the streets suddenly became narrow lanes full of open shops, where the tailors, silk-merchants, and provision-sellers were sitting at work, and the goods were hung out like those in an old-clothes alley of Edinburgh, London, or Liverpool. A profusion of sweetmeats and other eatables there were, to us unpalatable; but all the fruits of India in their alluring novelty, silk handkerchiefs, shells, preserves, the delicious odour of sandal-wood, all attracted us in our progress. The various inhabitants paid us the utmost respect, although here the superior natives were more numerous, and preserved their own dignity, sometimes looking askance at the intrusive European with a jealous eye. In passing along these narrow thoroughfares we were beset by all sorts of dealers, each recommending his wares; declaring, in broken English, that they were the best and cheapest, and that all the other tradesmen were cheats. Our buying any little article was the funniest scene imaginable; for we were assailed with torrents of jargon, and there was a world of squabbling before the shopkeeper could be prevailed on to take a sixth of what he asked; and after all, he was more than paid for his wares.

After making a few purchases, on we pushed, as much lost in the network of lanes, alleys, bazaars, and sheds of bamboo and mud, as a ship without her compass; merely finding our way back again by chance, with the conjectures of an occasional hail from friends. Now we passed through a quiet court into a square with a tank amidst it; then into some new crowd, swarming under the hot white light, between the projecting covers of the open shops, dim and shadowy enough within. At intervals a cooler glimpse of air shot through from a passage behind; and once or twice we had to turn back out of a private court, shaded by a cocoa-tree or two, where the green Venetian windows peeped at each other, and perhaps a woman was seen sitting in an apartment. Now and then a white-robed Hindoo crossed with a servant holding the gaudy punkah over his head; and two or three times our susceptibilities were excited by the swift vision of a fantastic palanquin, with jalousies half-closed, in which reclined a young Hindoo girl, whose silver-bangled dusky arm was seen

holding her sandal-wood fan before her eyes. There were book bazaars, and handkerchief bazaars; the 'Old China Bazaar,' and the 'New China Bazaar,' where whole rows of Chinese shoemakers had their names in Chinese, Hindoostanee, and English above their doors. There was a bazaar for cheroots, and a large covered arcade called the 'Shell Bazaar,' devoted to every kind of shells and toys, from the gorgeous conch to an Indian bow and arrows. In one lane, full of courts and compounds, stood groups of dancing-girls ready to exhibit, with gong, tom-tom, and castanet. Through all this incomprehensible flood of Oriental life we at last hove in sight again of the stuccoed brick houses and Flag Street; towards which, in the afternoon, were converging from all directions the stray bands of sailors of every nautical nation. We went into a tavern to get dinner; and such a dinner it was to the youthful eaters of salt junk and hard biscuit! Each of us paid half a rupee (one-and-a-penny), for which we had a roast sucking pig, fowl, pork, beef, and yams; with Cape wine and French brandy at perhaps sixpence a piece. Cheroots and cigars of course were in plenty; and it was in a high-roofed, cool, upper room, earthen-floored, with grass matting; nothing else in it but chairs and table, besides a punkah frame hung from the ceiling, that swung over our heads at dinner, moved by unseen hands. The tall broad window had no glass in it, but was shaded by Venetians, through which the light came up green from the earth of a high terrace almost level to the room. Dinner over, we stepped out upon it amongst flowering shrubs. There was a veranda overhead. On one side the luxuriant branches of a tall tamarind-tree reached up from the ground, on the other a mango and a long-leaved plantain.

When we went out again, we found the court in front of our tavern crowded with English sailors, lounging, drinking, and joking, some of our own crew amongst them. The Calcutta taverns are kept by Portuguese and Jews; our host was of the former nation, and blacker than a Hindoo, his waiters the same. Exactly opposite was another tavern, whose landlord was a Jew; before it there was another throng of seamen, all 'foreigners' and Yankees, who betrayed a natural feeling of rivalry to us Englishmen. Jokes and retorts were exchanged in hailing key across the street, till some of the touchy Americans took offence, and a well-aimed shaddock knocked the pipe out of the mouth of an English foremast-man. This naturally led to an angry altercation and a row; but fortunately, before any mischief was done, a body of armed chokebards came down from the police-office; and having no wish to pass the night in the black hole, I hastened away with my companions.

There is no twilight in India, and the day was brought to a close while we were still loitering about. The sun went down with tropical suddenness. I remember promenading to the end of Flag Street in the dusk, tacking from side to side; now at the glowing red globe in an apothecary's window, now in the shadow of some palace-like building, where I recollect seeing a jackal slink along the dark gutter. We got to the ghât at the river's edge, where it was rushing fast down with the tide, while the large ships turning at anchor stood up in the uncertain glimmer along the water, that sounded upon their bulky sides in the intense hush. The fire-flies danced like sparkles of greenish light under the trees, the river mosquitoes bit insufferably, and the dew was beginning to fall in the chill abundance of an Indian night. So still it was, indeed, that you could hear from the woods of the opposite shore a whole chorus of strange sounds—the chirp, mutter, screaming, humming, and whispering of innumerable creatures, that burst forth as soon as it grows dark: above all, the wild unearthly cry of jackals hunting in the jungle, smothered in the recesses, and distinctly yelling again across the openings. We hailed for a dingy, and got on board at last, after being carried down half a mile from our ship.

Next day we were all busily at work, along with our Lascars, in breaking cargo, hoisting it out with the winch, and transporting it alongside to the lighter-boats; while two or three native clerks, in their white cotton dresses, stood noting it down on their tablets. In a week afterwards we had cast from our moorings, and dropping down the river, the spires of Calcutta were speedily lost to our view.

LITTLE OLIVIER OF BOULOGNE.

MANY years have now passed since my sister Lucy and I were saved from what appeared inevitable destruction, while we were bathing at Boulogne, by a young fisherman belonging to that place named Jean Baptiste Gélé. He saw us, from the cliffs on which he was walking, carried away by the tide towards the open sea, and with the greatest courage and presence of mind he succeeded, at the risk of his own life, in bringing us back to the shore. What made the fact of his being near us at the time the more remarkable was, that he had been drawn by lot as a conscript, and had received orders to march to Havre the very evening before our accident; but by means of the interest of a relation at the 'Mairie,' he had obtained leave to pass four-and-twenty hours longer in his native place, and had taken a solitary walk along the downs to hide his grief from his family, who were waiting for him to begin the last breakfast they were to partake of together. It was not till the evening of that day that my dear parents discovered to whom they were indebted for the preservation of their children; for although he had accompanied us home with our own servants in the morning, and seen us safe with our mother, he had not waited to tell the story of his heroic conduct; he had hurried back to his own poor old mother, who heard the neighbours in the street cry '*Vive Gélé!*' before she knew what had happened. When some of our party went to the cottage, they found only Catharine weeping over the loss of her son, for he had marched already to join the *depôt*.

The next day, Lucy and myself, who had pretty well recovered from the effects of our drowning, and were very anxious to see what could be done for Gélé or his family, set out early for the cottage. It was a bright, lovely morning, like the preceding one, on which we had so nearly looked upon the sun for the last time; the sea, which had then closed over our heads, lay calm and blue before us, and the people were beginning their day's work upon the shore. There were whole families down upon the quay, where the fishing-vessels were drawn up in a long line, some with their sails already nearly set, others with their crews hard at work, and the women and children, who carried the nets and baskets, looked almost as hardy as the men and boys, for they were used to carry the luggage of the passengers who landed from the steamers, and to do a great deal of rough work. We heard such chattering, and screaming, and shouting as we passed, that one might have thought they were all quarrelling instead of taking an affectionate leave of each other; but we soon came to a quieter spot at the farther end of the quay, where a long flight of stone steps led up a narrow street, built in a fissure of the cliff which opened from the downs. The houses were high, and turned their gables to the front; there were fishing-nets hanging over the iron bars that projected from the windows, nets hanging from the lamp-posts, and half-made nets dangling at the doors, so that the whole street seemed garnished with a grotesque imitation of tapestry: children were eating their bread soup out of earthenware pipkins on the steps, and mothers arranging their dwellings; but all stopped in their various employments to look at us as we passed, for they doubtless guessed who we were; and one little girl of about ten years old, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair neatly parted under the pink-checked handkerchief she wore round her head, stepped modestly up to us and offered to show us the house we were probably in search of. Her thick

petticoats were short enough to enable her to run up and down the stairs without the least trouble. She had on a tight-fitting little black jacket, and a very full apron—her whole costume being precisely like that of her mother and grandmother; but we wondered how she could trip along so nimbly in her little clattering wooden shoes, or sabots, as we followed her to the last house at the top of the street.

'Come down, Madame Lomier,' cried our young guide; 'here are the English ladies whom Gélé saved yesterday.'

'*Ma mère!*' exclaimed another voice close to us, but we could not imagine from whence it came.

The room was light, and very neat; a high comfortable bed, hung with red cotton curtains, occupied the recess farthest from the door; a round table stood in the middle of the brick floor, opposite the wood fire, and a bureau by the window; various gaily-coloured prints of the Holy Family and of the Saints were hung upon the whitewashed walls, with some Dutch pipes, an old sabre, and two or three other warlike weapons. We had not time to think again of the man's voice we had heard, for Catharine Lomier immediately appeared, and with the greatest earnestness and simplicity of manners she took our hands in both hers, and thanked God that He had restored us to our mother; and then throwing her apron over her head, she exclaimed, '*Mais moi! je n'ai plus mon fils*'—and burst into an uncontrolled flood of tears. We assured her that we were come on purpose to learn whether it was not possible to procure Gélé's discharge from the service, so as to enable him to complete the studies he had undertaken preparatory to passing his examination as mate in a merchant ship, after gaining which step, he would no longer be liable to being drawn by the conscription. This idea once suggested, Catharine brightened up directly, but expressed her fears that no interest would avail to procure so great a favour as the discharge of a conscript—the regulations of the government regarding such being at that time extremely rigorous. We promised most heartily to spare no pains in the attainment of this object, and then began asking her about the rest of her family. Her first husband had been a pilot, and was taken prisoner on board a French ship during the war, and after many long years of captivity, died in England, leaving her with two boys, Gélé and his brother Olivier, who was in the room.

'But where?' asked Lucy: 'I see no one.'

'Ah, poor fellow!' said his mother with a look of tenderness, 'he always keeps in the background; he dislikes being seen so much.'

At this moment the open door behind me was pushed back, and there, crouching down close to the wall, we beheld a figure that I can only describe to you with difficulty. If you can imagine a young and perfectly intelligent man, paralysed in every limb, trembling in every joint, and utterly unable to do more than drag himself on his hands and feet along the floor, yet evidently feeling acutely the painful effect produced by his appearance, you may have some idea of Olivier. I believe we were neither of us so foolish as to show the surprise and even shock we felt at this extraordinary apparition; but the poor cripple, by some unlooked-for effort, placed himself on a stool by the bureau, and then expressed his own fear lest he should have frightened us. 'When you entered the house,' he added, 'I was just going out, and I would not meet you on the threshold.'

We hastened to assure him that we could only feel pleasure in becoming acquainted with any of Gélé's relations; and by degrees his shyness was so far overcome, as to enable him to converse with us on his own situation. We found that Olivier had been a cripple from his birth, and dependent on the kindness of others for whatever comforts had alleviated his lot: his brother used to carry him out on his shoulders, while he was still a lad himself, to bask in the sun under the cliffs; and his mother and his stepfather Lomier watched over

him with unremitting care, and procured for him all the little amusements they could afford, and he was able to enjoy. But he had to bear the burden of idleness as well as that of suffering. He could do no work, not even that of mending the fishing-nets, and he had never learnt to read, because, as Catharine said, his trembling hands would neither hold a book nor turn a page; besides, she could not read herself, and no one else would have patience to teach him, excepting perhaps his father and brother, who were almost always at sea. This did not appear to us by any means a satisfactory reason for Olivier's being all his lifetime deprived of what might be to him a source of continual pleasure and improvement. We were struck, as we talked with him, by his singular likeness to Gélé: there was the same good outline of features, and the same dark-gray eye; in the one, so full of the determination and the triumph of active life and of self-dependence; in the other, brimming over with sensitive feeling. He had passed the years in which he could be made happy by the sunshine, or in watching the children at play upon the steps; not because these were not still pleasant things, but because there was no sunshine in his heart, and the consciousness of his own separation from his fellows was growing upon him. Lucy and I hastily agreed that it would be quite possible to teach him to read; but what time had we in which to instruct him, even supposing that we were allowed to come daily to the cottage? After our eight o'clock breakfast, we were engaged the whole day with lessons and masters; there was but one hour we could look upon as our own, and half that time would be occupied with the walk, though Catharine assured us she could take us a shorter way home than we had come with our maid. We knew that it must be a long time before any application would be successful on Gélé's behalf, and we were very anxious, during the next two months, to be of some use to his brother, who heard with delight our hope of giving him lessons. The following morning, therefore, with our mother's permission, Catharine Lomier came, soon after six, to escort us to her house. Many years have passed since Lucy and I took those early walks, and many joys and sorrows have succeeded each other in my life; but the recollection of them now brings me a feeling of fresh and buoyant happiness, like that of my childhood; for I then first truly learnt the value of time, and something of what one half hour wisely spent can do for the welfare of a fellow-creature.

Nothing could exceed the zeal with which Olivier applied himself to his new labours; the book was placed on the bureau before him, and by degrees he learned to turn the page himself. We taught him his letters, and left him eight weeks afterwards spelling out the gospel of St John; with infinite patience, too, Lucy taught him to make horse-hair bracelets, which one would at first have thought quite out of the question; but the possibility of his employing himself having once been shown to him, he was fast entering into a new state of being; his countenance had already become bright with intelligence. Instead of sitting in the doorway watching his neighbours, and wishing Rose (for that was the name of the little girl who first took us up the steps) would leave her work and come and talk to him, he now sat there with his book before him, happily engaged himself, and ready to hear with pleasure of her trips to the town with her basket, and of her expeditions with her younger brothers and sisters to the distant parts of the cliffs to gather shell-fish among the rocks; and he now began to consider how he also might be of use in his own little world.

When the following spring came, and we had obtained the boon we sought for Gélé, he and his father-in-law, Jacques Lomier, came over to England for a fortnight, during which time we saw him receive the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society in London in reward for his noble conduct. Numbers of the bravest and the highest-born of our own land were present at the festival, and welcomed the young French sailor with such

heartily congratulations, and such a liberal meed of praise, as might have made many a man vain of what he had done; but when the hall was ringing with acclamations, he hid his face in his hands and burst into tears. Perhaps he thought at that moment how glad his mother and Olivier would have been could they have witnessed his greeting in the country where his father had died, a prisoner of war. We heard with great pleasure that our pupil had improved himself so much during the winter, that he had now begun to give lessons himself. All that long and beautiful summer he assembled his scholars upon the steps I have so often mentioned; they were the children of the neighbouring families, who passed the greater part of their lives at sea, or down upon the shore, and never thought of gaining any education at all, unless, like Gélé, they intended to prepare for taking the command of merchant vessels.

Perhaps during the present disastrous time in France, when all old laws and regulations are broken up, or falling into disgrace, those relating to the seafaring population of Boulogne are changing too; but in the time I have been describing it formed quite a distinct community, in which no intermarriages were permitted with any other class. Lomier himself was a soldier when he first saw the widow of the pilot Gélé, and to marry her he became a sailor, and bore all the hardships of a life to which, till then, he had been wholly a stranger. One of the most curious of their privileges was that of the pilots' wives, four of whom were permitted to dance in the first quadrille of any ball honoured by the presence of a member of the royal family. But besides such state occasions, they had many merry meetings amongst themselves, in which their national good manners and peculiar costume appeared to great advantage. While Olivier was still only a child, his mother used to carry him to church at Boulogne, and more often to the chapel on the downs, where the sailors' wives were accustomed to pray for their safe return, and for God's blessing on their toil. She used now and then also to take him with her on a donkey to the 'guinguette,' or rustic ball held in the Valley du Denac, at which all their friends and relations assembled; but when he grew older, he became more and more afraid of being seen, and from one year's end to the other, he seldom went farther than the street in which he lived, or the downs just above it.

Rose le Blanc was one of the earliest and most promising of Olivier's pupils, and she soon undertook the duties of an assistant also, for she used to trace the letters upon a large slate with which he taught his scholars, and hold the book from which he read to them; and she saw that Olivier, whom she had pitied so much, was forgetting to think of his own misfortunes in his desire of instructing others. One bright autumn afternoon she came into the cottage leading her sister Thérèse by the hand, to see him before they set off for the long-talked-of 'guinguette.' They both wore their holiday dress, consisting of a black cloth jacket, a scarlet petticoat, and a muslin apron, under which were crossed the ends of the gay neckerchief: on this great occasion they wore stockings with embroidered clocks, and velvet shoes fastened with small steel buckles; Rose wore also her grandmother's long gold earrings and her massive chain, for her mother had these ornaments of her own, and she was the eldest daughter of the pilot Le Blanc; the neatest imaginable little round-eared cap, trimmed with delicate lace, completed her handsome costume. All fluttering with pleasure at the prospect of the fête, and yet almost doubting whether she would not now rather stay with Catharine and her son than leave them alone, she found to her surprise that they likewise were dressed in their Sunday attire. 'Ah,' said she, 'Olivier! I see that you are going again to the fisherman's chapel; how glad I am that you can earn money now to ride there!'

'I shall stop a few minutes *en passant* with my mother at the chapel,' replied Olivier cheerfully; 'but

we are going further still: I have never seen a fête, Rose, since I was a child, and I want to see you and Thérèse, and many of my scholars, dancing on the grass to-day. I should like to see every one around me looking as happy as you do now!'

Rose clasped her hands in delight at this announcement, and her blue eyes glistened with tears. 'Now then, Olivier,' she said, 'the great change has come! though not quite such a one as I used to wish to see.'

'My dear child,' said Catharine quietly, 'what are you talking of? My poor boy is no better; that, you know, is quite impossible.'

'You will laugh at me, Madame Lomier,' answered Rose blushing; 'but it seems to me that Olivier ought now to be changed outwardly as well as inwardly. Oh I wish some kind fairy would touch him with her wand, and make him a handsome young prince at once! But instead of that——' She stopped, and Olivier continued in a lower tone:

'The outward change, Rose, will yet come to me, when this mortal body shall put on immortality; but the work of preparation for that time is wrought by patience, and by love, and by exertion; if not that of active labour, yet that of the spirit; and this change began in me from the day I learnt to read, and tried to help others. You are the little fairy of my life, he added with a smile of peculiar sweetness, 'and you must promise to dance near me this evening, where I can see you as I sit upon my donkey.'

How gladly Rose promised, and kept her word, and how merrily the long summer evening passed away in the valley, I leave you all to imagine.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH ACT.

WE congratulate our readers on the passing of an act of parliament to enforce sanitary measures for England and Wales, the metropolis alone excepted. After years of agitation, through the press and otherwise, the public will now have the satisfaction of seeing a law put in practical operation to carry out principles which all we believe, acknowledge to be correct. The 'Public Health Act of 1848,' as it is called, falls short in some respects of what is desirable; but on the whole it forms a comprehensive and important piece of legislation, and marks a distinct advance in social history. It is matter for regret that private and local interests have prevented the application of the act to the metropolis; but this exclusion cannot be long tolerated; nor can any long period of time elapse before a similar law is extended to Scotland.

We may run over a few heads of the act. The chief management is in the hands of a general board in London, and by this board superintending inspectors are appointed. Towns and districts get the act applied by petitioning the board. When applied, the local management is reposed in the town council, or in a body specially appointed by rate-payers. The local board is to appoint a surveyor, inspector of nuisances, clerk, treasurer, and such other officers as may be necessary, including a legally-qualified medical practitioner, to be the officer of health for the district. With this assistance, the local board is entitled to order the cleansing and making of drains and sewers, and the removal of all nuisances; to prevent houses being erected without drains and all suitable accommodations; to order that houses already built, and defective in drainage, shall be drained and otherwise improved; and to cause all houses to be supplied with water, if it can be done at a cost of twopenny a week—which will generally be the case. The local boards have the power of regulating slaughter-houses, and of preventing the establishment of offensive trades. Streets are to be paved and cleaned by order of the boards, where this is not otherwise provided for; and new streets cannot be commenced without due notice being given. The local boards may establish and maintain public pleasure-grounds, erect water-works, and prevent interments in towns or under

churches and chapels. In them likewise is reposed the power of licensing and regulating common lodging-houses. Every such place must be registered; the number of its lodgers is to be specified, and it may be cleaned and ventilated by order of the board. Various minor regulations, all tending to preserve health, and prevent the spread of disease, are included in the act, which extends to 151 clauses, the whole seemingly so clear and intelligible, that we anticipate no difficulty in carrying their provisions into operation. What a splutter will the act make in those places which have hitherto nestled in filth, and resisted all reasonable remonstrance on the score of injury to health!

This useful act, however, cannot do everything. Certain social disorders which it cannot reach will still prevail, and for these some supplementary law will be requisite. We allude in particular to an evil which threatens to overpower all means of remedy, unless it meet with a speedy and efficient check. This is the overrunning of Great Britain by Irish pauper vagrants. Villages and small towns in the most remote localities are suffering under this infliction in a ratio equal to that of large cities. The burden of the irruption is raising the poor-rates to an intolerable degree, and all the ordinary methods of succouring the poor are becoming abortive. If we get up a House of Refuge or Nightly Shelter to afford temporary relief to houseless strangers, the charity is swamped by vast migratory hordes of Irish; if we establish a School of Industry for the purpose of receiving the half-beggar, half-criminal children who crowd our streets, we find we are only attracting ragged families from Roscommon, and educating and feeding youths who were born hundreds of miles distant. Attempts to repress mendicancy, crime, and disease, are little better than a burlesque, so long as such an inexhaustible fountain of misery is permitted to pour forth its polluting streams over the land. The active humanity of the last few years has greatly aggravated this social disorder. Nothing seemed more praiseworthy or Christian-like than to establish Shelters, to which mendicants seeking alms might be referred, and where they would at least be fed and lodged for one night. No doubt receptacles of this class prevented the scandal of paupers being seen to perish for want. But what is likely to be the consequence?—a circulating population, who beg and carry disease and demoralisation through the country, always assured that they will have board and lodging for nothing at each town they come to. Thus a family of beggars may now make an agreeable country excursion from Edinburgh to the vales of Tweed and Yarrow, taking in Peebles and Selkirk by the way, and then return to town; lodging each night in comfortable harbourages provided by public charity. A person living in town, and not making practical inquiries on the subject, can have no proper idea of the mischief which the schemes we allude to are producing. In the Night Shelter at Peebles, 1440 vagrant paupers, a large proportion being Irish, have been accommodated during the last six months. At this rate, a population greater than that of the town goes through it annually on a morning excursion; while, as is observed by a local report, the number of persons who apply for alms is as large as ever. But besides those who are admitted to Houses of Refuge, there is a numerous body of vagrants who, preferring a wild independence, take up their quarters at low lodging-houses, where a small payment is exacted. We are glad to observe that the provisions of the Public Health Act reach this class of dwellings, not only odious as a focus of demoralisation, but of contagious distempers; and the law will therefore speedily do what landlords, from a sense of what is due to society, should long ago have done. Yet the frightful evils arising from this source will not be thoroughly assuaged, unless the poor-law and police authorities, seeking, if necessary, new powers, shall put a stop to the influx of begging Irish, and send home those who are in the course of becoming chargeable on Scotch and English parishes. This is, in short, the monster grievance of

the day, and demands earnest and immediate attention. With the question of their own poor England and Scotland can easily grapple; but complicated with a provision for, and supervision of, such hosts of intruders, it becomes altogether unmanageable, and the philanthropist resigns the subject in despair.

WILLIAM ALLEN.

WILLIAM ALLEN, one of the most enlightened and untiring philanthropists of modern times, was the son of Job Allen, a silk manufacturer in Spitalfields, and in youth gave promise of that spirit of enterprise for which he was afterwards distinguished. At the age of fourteen he constructed a telescope to assist himself in the study of astronomy; and, as he mentions, not being 'strong in cash,' he contrived to make the instrument of pasteboard and lenses, which cost him a shilling. Homely as was the device, he adjusted the glasses so skilfully, that, to his delight, he could discover the satellites of Jupiter. Chemistry was, however, his favourite pursuit; and even when a child, he made frequent experiments in that science. He possessed good natural abilities, but they were not much cultivated by education, for he was employed in his father's business, to which he devoted himself with diligence and attention until his twenty-second year.

In 1792 he entered into partnership with Joseph Gerney Bevan, in a chemical establishment in London, and now his pursuits were congenial to his tastes. Success attended his professional labours; but his diligence did not by any means prevent his attention to general science, nor obstruct the operation of an earnest philanthropy. William Allen was a member of the Society of Friends, and that is almost saying that his views were practical, and directed to social improvement. Blessed with a kindly disposition and enlarged understanding, he seems from the beginning of his career to have invented and wrought out schemes of human melioration. To do good, not merely to talk about it, was the leading feature of his energetic character. Shortly after beginning business, he, in connection with Astley Cooper, Dr Babington, Joseph Fox, and others, formed a Philosophical Society; and he talks in his diary of 'sitting up all night preparing for lectures and making experiments.' He was introduced in 1794 to Clarkson; and the unity of feeling subsisting between them cemented a friendship which lasted for half a century. Mr Bevan retired from business three years subsequent to the period at which Mr Allen entered the firm, and the young man then became leading partner. He married, and we now see him happy and prosperous: his duties were his delight; and domestic love shed its hallowed influence on his path. Brief, however, was the duration of felicity; for, ten months after his marriage, death deprived him of his amiable partner, and left him with a motherless infant. This sad event for a time so completely unghinged him, that he was unable to continue his favourite pursuits. It did not, however, deaden his sympathies, for in 1797, in conjunction with a Mr William Phillips, he formed what was long known as 'The Spitalfields Soup Society,' to which he gave up all his energies. In March 1798, the name of William Allen appears also on a list of the committee of 'The Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor;' and these societies proved highly beneficial at a time when bread was seventeen-pence-halfpenny a loaf. But his benevolence was not confined to public charities, for he was daily seen entering the abodes of misery, and devoting himself to other

labours of love. It was, however, for a time only that his ardour in the pursuit of scientific investigation was checked; for, two years after, he resumed his labours in that branch of knowledge with renewed vigour. It is not generally desirable for a young man, who is anxious to succeed in one particular department of science, to divide his attention among others; but we can scarcely quarrel with William Allen, though we find him one day with Astley Cooper and Dr Bradley trying experiments in respiration; another with Humphry Davy making discoveries in electricity; on a third, freezing quicksilver with muriate of lime, &c. with his friend Pepys; and on the following, with Dr Jenner and others making observations on the cow-pox. About this time, too, he entered rather deeply into the study of botany, gained some knowledge of drawing, engaged a tutor to assist him in mathematics, improved himself in French and German, and made further observations in astronomy, besides aiding in the formation of geological and mineralogical societies, and becoming a member of the Board of Agriculture, where he gave frequent lectures. From this time his public engagements were so numerous, that we can here only glance at them. We are astonished, as we proceed, to find that a comparatively humble individual, in the course of a brief life, was enabled to accomplish such a vast amount of good as he effected.

In 1801, Mr Allen became a lecturer at the Askeasian Society (the name now given to the Philosophical Society before-mentioned). The next year he joined the Linnæan Society, and lectured on chemistry at Guy's Hospital. The year following he was elected one of the presidents at Guy's, and by the advice of friends, accepted an invitation from the Royal Institution, of which he was a member, to become one of their lecturers. In 1804 he gave (in the whole) as many as 108 lectures. He had now all but reached the pinnacle of fame, and wealth and honours lay temptingly before him. It is obvious, however, that his object was not self-aggrandisement or worldly applause, but that his motives were purely disinterested; for we find him devoting his property, talents, and health wholly to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. In 1805 he joined the committee formed by Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others for the abolition of the slave-trade. This iniquitous traffic had long drawn forth his warmest sympathies; and when quite young, he made a resolution never to use sugar (which was procured principally by the labour of negroes) until the freedom of the slaves was secured. This enthusiasm continued for forty-three years. Nor was his heart less feelingly alive to the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen. He recognised the claims of 'a man and a brother,' however low he had sunk in wretchedness and vice, and bent his energies to the reformation of the criminal code, especially to the subject of punishment by death. For this object a party of seven gentlemen dined together at his house in Plough Court in July 1808, and formed themselves into a society. The punishment of death was at that time inflicted for very slight offences. In 1813 we find him interesting himself for a young man who, being convicted of jumping in at a window, and stealing certain articles of very little value, was condemned to death. The following is an extract from a letter he wrote to Lord Sidmouth on the subject:—'Shall a person—to whom, be it remembered, society has failed in its duty, by suffering him to grow up in ignorance—for the crime of stealing to the amount of a few shillings, and without any aggravating circumstances, suffer the very same punishment which you inflict upon him who has been guilty of the most barbarous murder, and, in short, endure the greatest punishment which one human being can inflict upon another? To reform the guilty, and to restore them as useful members of the community, is a glorious triumph of humanity, and marks a state rising in the scale of civilisation; but to have no other resource than the punishment of death, reminds me of the miserable sub-

terfuge of a barbarous age, barren in expedients to save, strong only to destroy.' It is gratifying to state that the application was successful. In the same year Mr Allen became treasurer to the British and Foreign School Society; and the affairs of Joseph Lancaster were now in such a state of embarrassment, that a vigorous effort was necessary to prevent this excellent institution from falling to the ground, notwithstanding the indefatigable labours of its worthy founder. His heart was set on this new undertaking, for in his diary he says: 'Of all the concerns that I have anything to do with, the Lancasterian lies the most heavily on my mind.' This school business brought him into frequent communication with different members of the royal family, who had become its patrons. Among these was the Duke of Kent; and his royal highness conceived such a strong regard for him, that he ever treated him as a confidential and attached friend.

In 1813 we find our philanthropist forming fresh plans of benevolence in the erection of savings' banks. To a friend at Bristol he writes: 'Hast thou turned thy attention to the subject of a bank for the poor, in which their little savings of threepence or sixpence a week might accumulate for their benefit? I have consulted Morgan, the great calculator, and he is to sketch me a plan.'

These plans were carried into effect three years after. The same year, from a pure desire to improve the condition of the poor, he united with the schemes which Robert Owen was then carrying out at Lanark. He was urged to this step by the solicitations of his friends; but it subsequently caused him much distress of mind, owing to the very opposite views which he and Mr Owen held on the subject of religion. In the February of 1814, Wilberforce interested Allen and Clarkson for the Lascars and Chinese; and with them sought and obtained permission to visit the barracks at Ratcliff, where two hundred of those unhappy creatures were living in a most deplorable condition. The Lascari Society was in consequence formed for their relief. Mr Allen also associated himself with the Peace Society; and when the allied sovereigns visited London, a deputation from the Society of Friends presented addresses to them. The address for the emperor of Russia was sent to Count Lieven, and on the day following Mr Allen waited on that nobleman, to make arrangements for its presentation. Greatly to his astonishment, instead of a ceremonious reception, the count was awaiting his arrival in his carriage. Having invited him to enter, he said that the emperor had expressed a desire to attend a Friends' meeting, and proposed that they should therefore embrace the present opportunity. They accordingly drove off to Count Nesselrode's, where the emperor, the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, the Duke of Oldenburg, and the Duke of Württemberg joined them, and they rode together to the nearest meeting-house then open for devotion. The good people were no doubt surprised at this unexpected arrival; but there was no commotion. The strangers took their seats along with the rest of the congregation; and when the meeting broke up, expressed themselves pleased with their visit.

The year 1815 is marked by fresh labours in the cause of benevolence. Allen's ever-active mind now projected an institution for the reformation of juvenile criminals; and in the ensuing year, in the midst of these numerous engagements, he brought out a journal, entitled 'The Philanthropist,' the object of which was to show that each individual may in some measure alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and add to the amount of human happiness. In 1816 he entered upon another new and important sphere of usefulness, which was visits to the different European countries, for the purpose of ascertaining, from personal inquiry, the state of prison discipline, and examining into the subjects of national education, the condition of the poor, and liberty of conscience. After such investigations, he proceeded to the various courts, and made known his obser-

ventions, at the same time suggesting such improvements as were deemed necessary to the case. He was in most instances well received, though he sometimes had to contend with strong opposition from those who thought knowledge too powerful an instrument to be placed in the hands of the mass. He brought forth arguments showing the fallacy of this idea, and proving that ignorance is an insurmountable barrier to the progress of morality and civilisation. He also strongly maintained the rights of conscience, asserting that 'the business of civil governors is the protection of the people in their rights and privileges; but that they have nothing to do in matters of religion, provided that the good order of the community is not disturbed.' The first of these journeys was taken in company with several friends. After crossing to Calais, they passed through Belgium and Holland into Germany and Switzerland. At Geneva Mr Allen experienced a severe shock in the death of his second wife. He deeply felt her loss, and soon after returned to his native land. His second tour was commenced in August 1818. He was then accompanied by Mr Stephen Grellet. Their first mission was to Norway, and from thence they passed into Sweden. At Stockholm they had a private interview with the king, to whom they had previously sent an address on the important subjects before-mentioned. As their salutation on parting was rather uncommon, we will give the account from his diary. 'The king was most kind and cordial. While I was holding his hand to take leave, in the love which I felt for him, I expressed my desire that the Lord would bless and preserve him. It seemed to go to his heart, and he presented his cheeks for me to kiss, first one, then the other. He took the same leave of Stephen and Enoch [friends who were with him], and commended himself to our prayers.' The party then embarked for Finland, and journeyed on to St Petersburg. The emperor was absent when they arrived at the Russian capital; but they were kindly received by the royal family and their court. Alexander returned shortly after, and he showed that his professions of regard when in England were sincere, by receiving them without ceremony, and by treating them with the warmth and confidence of friendship. The following spring they left St Petersburg for Moscow, and after passing through Tartary and Greece, returned home through Italy and France.

A third journey in 1822 was undertaken principally from a desire to interest the Emperor Alexander in the abolition of slavery, and to plead the cause of the poor Greeks. They had several interviews at Vienna, and the emperor entered warmly into Allen's benevolent projects. Alexander was himself going to Verona, and he urged our philanthropist to visit that place. Here again they met—met for the last time on earth. Their parting was touching, for difference of station and the formalities of a court were overlooked in the warm gushing feelings of affection. They continued in conversation for some hours, being, to use his own words, 'both loath to part. It was,' he goes on to say, 'between nine and ten o'clock when I rose. He (the emperor) embraced and kissed me three times, saying, "Remember me to your family; I should like to know them. Ah! when and where shall we meet again!"' Mr Canning had desired the British minister at Turin to make inquiries into the real state of the Waldenses, who were suffering severe persecution. Mr Allen, who had proceeded thither on leaving Verona, agreed to accompany that gentleman into the valleys, and in consequence of the report they gave, some important privileges were granted.

In 1825 he established a School of Industry at Lindfield near Brighton; and about the same time (in conjunction with the late John Smith, M. P.) made trial of a plan he had long had in contemplation—a Cottage Society, now entitled 'The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes.' He was desirous of introducing this plan into Ireland, and we cannot forbear giving the following amusing letter from Miss

Edgeworth on the subject. After expressing her fears that the scheme would be found impracticable in the present state of the Irish peasantry, she says: 'Your dairy plans, for instance, which have succeeded so well in Switzerland, would not do in this country, at least not without a century's experiments. Paddy would fall to disputing with the dairyman, would go to law with him for his share of the common cow's milk, or for her trespassing, or he would pledge his eighth or sixteenth part of her for his rent, or a bottle of whisky, and the cow would be pounded, and repledged, and repounded, and bailed, and canted, and things impossible for you to foresee—perhaps impossible for your English imagination to conceive—would happen to the cow and the dairyman. In all your attempts to serve my poor dear countrymen, you would find that, whilst you were demonstrating to them what would be their greatest advantage, they would be always making out a short cut—not a royal road, but a bog road—to their own by-objects. Paddy would be most grateful, most sincerely grateful to you, and would bless your honour, and your honour's honour, with all his heart; but he would nevertheless not scruple, on every practicable occasion, to—to—to cheat, I will not say, that is a coarse word—but to circumvent you. At every turn you would find Paddy trying to walk round you, begging your honour's pardon—that off, bowing to the ground to you—all the while laughing in your face, if you found him out; and if he outwitted you, loving you all the better for being such an innocent. Seriously, there is no doubt that the Irish people would learn honesty, punctuality, order, and economy, with proper motives, and proper training, in due time; but do not leave time out of your account. Very sorry should I be, either in jest or earnest, to discourage any of that enthusiasm of benevolence which animates you in their favour; but as Paddy himself would say, "Sure it is better to be disappointed in the beginning than the end." Each failure in attempts to do good in this country discourages the friends of humanity, and encourages the railers, scoffers, and croakers, and puts us back in hope perhaps half a century. Therefore think before you begin, and begin upon a small scale, which you may extend as you please afterwards.'

In 1826 Mr Allen discontinued his lectures at Guy's Hospital, and his farewell address to the students was printed. It was so beautiful and appropriate, that it would be well if it had a wider circulation. The following year he was married a third time to a widow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. His choice was again a happy one, and tended to gild his declining days. This lady died before him, eight years after their union. He now spent a great part of his time at a small house near Lindfield, in the midst of the cottages for the poor he had been instrumental in erecting. It was his favourite retreat from the fatigue and bustle of public life. He had not, however, finished his career of usefulness. In 1832 he took another journey, which embraced Holland, Hanover, Prussia, and Hungary; and in 1833 he crossed the Pyrenees, and visited Spain for the same objects as before.

We cannot pass over a passage in his history which, though trifling, shows his character as truly as his public acts of benevolence. When upwards of seventy, he was obliged, from weakness, to discontinue those labours which had so long been his delight. To avoid the temptations to impatience often felt after a life of activity, and also with the idea of being useful, he endeavoured to make acquaintance with all the young people in his neighbourhood, and devoted much time to their instruction and amusement; thus, like the setting sun, he shed light and beauty to the last. His health gradually declined, and his death, which was peaceful, took place on the 30th of December 1843.

Few rise to the honours, and fewer still to the usefulness, which William Allen attained. Talent and fortuitous circumstances aided his progress; but the secret of his success was steadiness of purpose and unwearied

industry. His labours were systematic, which prevented either loss of time or confusion; and the strong sense of duty, which was the spring of all his actions, kept him from turning giddy with applause. His life teaches a useful lesson, and his example is not the least benefit he has conferred on the world. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

THIRD ARTICLE—BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

It was a curious 1st of November to northerners like us—no fires till the evening, leaves on all the trees, the country in high beauty, and the sun still requiring to be shaded from our eyes by an umbrella, without which protection many of the British inhabitants never stir out during the whole year. Pau now filled fast, fresh families arriving daily. Towards the end of the last month all the French officials had returned to their employments, and now the visitors were all pouring in from the watering-places, and the strangers from a greater distance. The streets soon looked busier, and the English chapel was quite crowded on Sundays. It is the custom for the new arrivals to call on all those they find already established. We had fulfilled our duty in this respect to the few we had found before us; and after we had called at the Mairie and at the Préfecture, we were repaid in kind by a shower of cards falling on our table daily, till the society had exhausted itself. We had a universal acquaintance, owing to a family connexion between us and a Bearnais noble. Rather an odd circumstance prevented my getting immediately into the regular business of visiting, for a business it is, and one very full of ceremonious punctilios.

The very agreeable society of this beautifully-situated town is composed of a great variety of people. There are the members of the local government, a few Parisians in search of health, some Spanish refugees, a Pole or two, a stray Italian, a very superior description of British to those who frequent the small French towns along the northern coast, and a selection from the officers of the regiments in garrison. Much has British money done for this pretty place. Houses for us to live in, shops to provide us with the many necessities we fancy requisite, carriages, doctors, have all sprung up within a very few years by the help of British gold. It would be a melancholy day for this part of France were the many foreign residents ever to take it into their heads to leave it. But this is not likely.

We were attracted to the window one very cold day early in the month by the buzz and tread of a multitude, and looking out, saw the whole street filled by a crowd that put the whole town into a commotion. It was St Martin's day, the great fair of the year. On going out, we found our way lay between rows of closely-set stalls, not only in our own neighbourhood, but in every street and lane almost in the town. The market-place, the space before the Préfecture, before the churches, all other spaces, indeed, were completely occupied by the stalls of the sellers and a mob of purchasers. The Haute Plante, where the barracks are, was really choked up with horses, ponies, mules, and the necessary attendants upon their sale, many of whom were Spaniards, who came from a distance, even from the plains beyond the mountains, with their spirited merchandise. They added considerably to the interest of this amusing scene, from their picturesque appearance, their commanding air and figure, their dignified manner, and very graceful costume—all, however, best admired at a distance, and behind the wind. They wore breeches open at the knee, and long stockings to meet them, both generally black; a brown or blue jacket, with open sleeves, in some cases ornamented with hanging buttons; a broad red sash round the waist; a turned-over shirt collar, when they had one

to show; and the beautiful sombrero, the brown felt hat with its broad flexible leaf, covering the black frills which fell in glossy lengths upon their shoulders. They walked like stage heroes, with an easy swing of the body when moving, not unlike the spring of our Highlanders; but they are a very much tatter race of men. The other commodities to be disposed of in this general mart for all descriptions of goods were for the most part the produce of the country, and such foreign wares in exchange as were likely to be of service to a simple people. The dealers, male and female, sat out in the open air the whole day, though the cold was very severe—a black gloomy frost, and the mountains white to their base. The people never seemed to feel the cold: all winter they sat out, or in their shops with open doors, or in their rooms with open windows; very warmly clad, to be sure, and the women always with chaufferettes to set their feet on, but no fires, except at intervals, in their kitchens; and there they remained, laughing, talking, singing, working, to all appearance quite as comfortable as I was beside my hearth heaped with glowing logs, with my screen, and my rugs, and my carefully-closed windows.

The horses brought to this fair of St Martin's were some of them very handsome, though small; they were generally unbroken, and a few looked as if it would not be an easy task to train them. The manufactured goods of the district were remarkable for their excellence. The linen and the knitting I have mentioned, they were quite equalled by the woollens. The blankets were beautiful; very soft, and very thick, and very white; with such handsome bright-red borders, that one of them would have bought the results of a whole hunting season from a North American Indian. The finer stuffs were very superior; the Barèges, made at Luz, the mousselines de laine and de chèvre, the tartans, were all superior to our own fabrics of the same sort. The fine wool of the Pyrenees, dyed in that clear atmosphere, admits of no competition. They were not cheap. Nothing from the loom is cheap in France except broad-cloth for gentlemen's coats. A lady finds the materials of her dress much more costly here than at home, except in the one article of millinery; and yet a woman dresses at less expense here than at home, although a single article the least out of the reigning fashion is never seen upon her. A French wardrobe is so small, it is not good taste to exhibit a daily variety of costume; and everything is of the best, wearing well to the end: no imitation lace, or imitation cambric, or slight stuff ever made use of. A degree of attention is paid to the care of all these valuables, which is the only true economy. I would not wish my young countrywomen to devote quite so much earnest thought to the business of the toilette as is the habit of most of their French neighbours, but it would not be unwise to take a lesson from them in their management of small funds for this purpose, or in the propriety with which ages, and seasons, and the sort of entertainments frequented, are attended to in the selection of suitable equipments, and in the refinement of despoiling all the frippery too successfully recommended to the British fair 'as cheaper than it ever could have been made for the money.' Not that a cultivated taste can altogether approve of French taste in dress. They are too fond of striking contrasts in colours; not always judicious in choosing what is best adapted to face, or figure, or complexion. They too servilely follow the exact pattern of the fashion. I never could reconcile my eyes to yellow bonnets with red ribbons inside of them; but the putting on is so inimitable, the fitting so perfect, the freshness so remarkable, that they all seem to be new out of the dressmaker's hands whenever they show themselves in public. The carelessness of their home wardrobe is no danger of our ever copying.

Our landlord called upon us about this very cold day, and taught us how to keep very much better fire. We had, with English neatness, made the servants remove the ashes every morning from the fireplace, while

wash the hearth, sweep all up clean and trim, and lay the wood on between the dogs, with a very tidy absence of all reliques of yesterday. As they sold the ashes to the washerwoman, they made no objection to this troublesome piece of neatness: but how much our English ignorance amused our landlord! He put an immediate stop to the traffic in ashes. He made them bring back all that were in the house, and he heaped them up behind the fire in a perfect bank, there to remain till the size of it should become inconvenient: a thick layer was spread over the hearth in which the logs were bedded; and certainly the degree of warmth thus produced was delightful. It was never cold long together, seldom for more than four or five days at a time, and this not very frequently repeated: the average is about thirty wintry days during the season; and the mornings were very rarely harsh enough to interfere with the early walk my brother and I were fond of taking.

One cold afternoon we walked out to call on some friends who were living in a very prettily-situated country-house. On our way we found all the public-houses very full of company, very loud singing proceeding from most of them. It must have been a holiday, for these merry-makings were not usual. The wine-shops are all distinguished by a 'bush,' a real live green bough, hung out over the open door, truly verifying the old saying; for the wine within being the country produce, was very far, indeed, from deserving praise. In a sort of barn belonging to one of these a dance was going on very merrily. The place was nearly filled by decently-dressed peasantry, footing gaily away in the regular figures of a set of quadrilles to a sort of a jig tune played on a fiddle by a man who was perched upon the top of a barrel in a corner. A quantity of straw had been swept up round him, for the double purpose of clearing the floor and keeping the barrel in its place; and the company, perfectly satisfied both with their ball-room and their band, paced away in the very height of good-humour. They were quite unaware for some time of any addition to their own class of spectators, and when they did discover us, they made way at the door to give us a better view of their proceedings. The fiddler at anyrate fared none the worse for this civility. There is something particularly agreeable in the native good-breeding of this whole nation, a charm in mere manner worthy of the study of philanthropists. Our friends were at home, fortunately; for the heat was great toiling up the steep hill under that bright, though wintry sun, even while the air was chilly. We rested a while, and then returned leisurely, intending to have another peep of the happy group we had left dancing. But all were gone. It was like a dream, or the change in a fairy tale. We were hardly sure we had hit the place. Not a soul but ourselves stood beside the doorway, and inside was the straw spread equally over the floor, and four quiet cows lying down to chew the cud upon it.

The next market-day was St Cecilia's, when we attended high mass in the church of St Martin's, for the sake of the music we expected to hear. The altars were all splendidly decorated with flowers and sundry elegant objects, in a manner pleasing to the feelings. I was, however, still more pleased with the blending of all classes of worshippers on the great open floor of the church, instead of putting them into pews according to rank. The prebstra for this occasion was arranged on benches in a semicircle behind the high altar: it was principally composed of the tradesmen of the town, each of whom was a tolerable proficient upon some one instrument, assisted by the military band and a very well-tuned organ, remarkably well played by the Spanish organist of the church. A young Spanish priest chanted part of the service in a way that quite surprised us; his voice was fine, his manner equal to it; altogether the music was very creditable. The Spaniards are, it seems, an essentially musical people, possessing native airs of great beauty in several styles. Almost all the population of all ranks throughout Spain play and sing agree-

ably, and where they devote themselves at all to the art, they excel in it. The organist was an admirable teacher, as was also a young Spanish lady of good birth, who had in better days followed her musical studies for her pleasure, and now, expatriated during the troubles, she supported her family by attending pupils. We are not in the habit of thinking the French fond of music, but I believe we are mistaken. They do not like the same style of composition we do, but they enjoy their own thoroughly, and they execute it perfectly well. The tradesmen class are capable of playing well in concert; many of their wives excel on the pianoforte; and the lady and gentlemen amateurs are often very superior performers, and so obliging in making their agreeable talent of use, that there was never any difficulty in society in arranging a band to dance to, all present offering their services in turn, to promote the amusements of the evening, with an engaging readiness which the more adorned their good-nature. There was no attempt at display, no timidity, no trifling; it seemed to be a simple duty to do one's best, and in general it would have been difficult to do better. At the smaller parties there was never any other music than what the company thus produced for themselves. When it went beyond this sociable sort of gathering, the tradesmen of the town were regularly engaged for the balls, and they played with a spirit which proved that they really enjoyed this employment of their leisure. French quadrille music is peculiarly exhilarating, well-selected, and admirably arranged: the dancing is more quietly graceful than we were even prepared for.

The tribute to St Cecilia paid, the church was cleared for a funeral, a side altar only remaining lighted. The coffin was brought in, surrounded by priests chanting a low monotonous sort of dirge, followed by a crowd of mourners, and placed upon tressels while the remaining ceremonies were performing. On quitting the church, the rain began to fall; and while hurrying along, a girl of a humble class, whom I had never seen in my life before, came up to me with such a pretty smile, and in the most graceful manner offered me her red cotton umbrella; as a thing of course, her gown was cotton, mine was silk. There appeared to be no question about my accepting it. I would not, for both our gowns, have pained her by a refusal. Whether it were this sudden shower after the heat of the crowded church, or the many changes of weather which I had neglected properly to guard against, I know not, but the *grippe*, our dreaded influenza, seized me. I thought myself very ill, but the maids laughed at me. They promised a complete cure if I would follow their prescription; and as my own let-alone plan had not answered, I tried theirs. It was very simple: a foot-bath of hot water poured on wood ashes, the softest emulsion ever compounded, and a tisane of thin gruel and brandy—it was quite effectual. I was perfectly well in the morning. These tisanes, with or without brandy, according to the nature of the ailment, were the principal medicines used here for all complaints, and as they supersede for the time any other nourishment, they probably answer the purpose in ordinary cases.

My happy recovery on the brandy and ashes was an auspicious moment for our two maids to announce to us, which they did very prettily, that they were going on a party of pleasure. They never asked leave, but appeared before me ready dressed within a short period of the time they expected a carriage to call for them, to take them and others to the country-house of a French gentleman, who had given his servants leave to invite a party of friends to spend the afternoon there. They were sure Madame, who was so kind, would never refuse them this little pleasure. Monsieur gave the *fête*, and provided the conveyances, and had certainly made a number of people very happy, and merry too, judging from that section of the company which left our courtyard. Our ladies were in full dress. Mademoiselle Louise wore a pretty cap with pink ribbons,

and a black silk apron; Mademoiselle Joséphine had a silk handkerchief round her head, and a silk shawl upon her shoulders, and a new striped apron with very large frilled pockets in it. Luckily for us we had friends glad to give us our dinner, so we had none of us cause to regret the holiday. These parties are not very common in the French houses, but amongst the servants of the British residents they are far too frequent. An eternal round of dissipation is going on among them, which made me rejoice I had brought no maid with me to be spoiled for my quiet English home. In the upper ranks the society was too small to allow of an incessant course of parties, and the rooms were too small to admit of large numbers in them. With a few exceptions, twenty or thirty people quite filled an ordinary drawing-room; the evening reunions were therefore more sociable than brilliant, the refreshments very inexpensive, the amusements a little carpet-dancing and cards. Whist and *ecarté* were the games generally played; but a good deal of gambling went on even among the ladies, who played much, and high, some of the younger ones preferring cards to dancing. They were married of course: very few unmarried girls are taken out into company, though this is more frequently done now than in former days, and I heard the innovation was approved of.

Some of the English gave dinners in the English style; very heavy affairs I thought them; but they were much approved of by the French, especially when fine capons from the north, or a salted round of beef, were produced at them. The cooks at Pau are good; the best have been taught at Bordeaux, and they manage all the meat part of the dinner very well. The little bits they buy for their dishes, and the singular delicacies they seek after, are odd to us. Calf's brains was a favourite *entremét*; tripe, admirably dressed, another. They bring home two slices of ham, a quarter of a pig's cheek, three ribs of a neck of mutton, never preparing for any to remain over, cold meat not being liked by the French. The fish was very good; brought from Bayonne most of it, and well dressed, except the red salmon, which was spoiled to my taste by the quantity of olive oil poured over it. The pastry and other confectionary rather disappointed us: there was no great variety in it, and it had always to be bought in from the shops, few of the cooks understanding that department, their skill extending no further than custard creams in cups—a sort of hot cake—and a plumpudding! made from an English receipt, and without which no dinner is ever given. Coffee, without milk, is always handed round after dinner.

The préfet having an allowance for the purpose of entertaining the town, had a reception every Monday evening, and two great balls during the season. One or two other balls took place in commodious apartments; and the commanding officer gave one to the garrison, to which every officer, with his wife, was invited, and a few of his private acquaintance besides. There were more pretty women at this gay and very pleasant assembly than we had noticed any other where. French men are in general very handsome, and their manner adds very much to their attractions: they are so quiet, so self-possessed, they can always command words to pay their little compliment, or to make their pertinent answer; and their attentions to our sex, of whatever age, are so respectfully obliging. The manner which in our own country belongs only to the very highest rank, is here characteristic of the nation. The charm it throws over daily intercourse is indescribable. The women possess less personal beauty—they want height and shape in figure, and outline in features—neither is their manner so agreeable as one less studied; but their powers of conversation are surpassing; they are animated without pertness, clever without pedantry, lively without being frivolous, and they have a particularly graceful way of saying what is pleasing. The Monday evenings at the Préfecture were very amusing—seldom more than forty people, who were all set down to seve-

ral small tables to tea on their arrival. The occupations of the company proceeded afterwards in a matter-of-course fashion, the consequence of pre-arrangement, which prevented the least appearance of fuss—an indecorum that would have been insupportable to these well-bred people. When there was dancing, the ladies and gentlemen played in turn, the quadrilles having been numbered beforehand, with the performers' names attached, and laid on the pianoforte, where all could see their parts. Simple refreshments, cakes, and syrups, were handed about; and before separating, chocolate and rum punch were offered. A ceremonious habit of assigning to a lady for the evening the seat she has been first conducted to, produced a degree of stiffness unsuited to our more erratic habits; yet it has its advantages, as we were thus always sure of a resting-place after any short excursion, by merely leaving a deposit on the vacant chair. I was much diverted on the first evening of our attendance by the manners of a very fine little girl, a child about seven years of age, or maybe more—they are so little, so slight, compared with our children. She belonged to a relation of the family on a visit to them. I noticed her a good deal, she was so intelligent, so perfectly at her ease, replying to my observations with a tact many British young women beyond their teens would give the world to possess in equal apparent simplicity. All this interested me. What amused me was a different thing. She became so familiar, that at last, taking a gentle pinch of my gown, and looking up in my face with a most engaging smile, 'Ah,' said she, raising the tiny eyebrow with a little knowing nod, '*velours de soie!*' When would a little English girl have begun to make her observations on such a subject?

At the balls, when the town band was engaged, a considerable degree of trouble was taken to make the evening pass off well. I will describe a ball at a French house, which, all things considered, was the best-managed of all we attended. On ascending the stairs, I was shown by a maid into a small room, containing every requisite for rearranging any accident to a dress which might be slightly discomposed. After throwing off my shawl, I was handed over to Monsieur, who received me at the door of the anteroom, and with his arm took me to Madame, by whom I was placed in an arm-chair, among other lady friends, in the middle room of three all open to company. Dancing went on in the outer room; the one I sat in was used for lounging in between the dances; the inner one was devoted to cards; it was Madame's bedroom, but in all respects furnished as a drawing-room, with the single exception of the bed: this was in the style now common with ourselves—a sofa with a canopy over it. The curtains and coverlet were of silk, and there were inner curtains of mullin, trimmed with lace. Several handsome cabinets were in this room, some old china, and two valuable paintings. Refreshments were handed round during the whole evening in much profusion on large silver waiters. There were dried fruits, ices in small glass saucers, and rum punch immediately afterwards, in addition to the ordinary list. The rum punch was in great request. Rum seems to be in high favour with the French. We never went anywhere without meeting it in some shape or other. At the dinners it was put into the jellies, and half the *bonbons* were indebted to it for their flavour. The company ate and drank incessantly; few of the various services were 'nodded away.' Just before breaking up, cups of chocolate, of rice and milk, and gravy soup, were presented, and very freely partaken of. The rooms were crowded, yet little confusion occurred, owing to the custom of numbering the *contre-dances*, and calling out the number on a new one being formed, when the partners, who have their engagements regularly entered on the tablets hanging from their wrists, find each other out with little difficulty—the ladies, whether married or single, always resuming their seats between the dances. There was very little parading for change of

air, no march for refreshments, these being perpetually handed about, and no introductions, the host and hostesses being considered responsible for the respectability of those they invited, and of course incapable of bringing together guests who would be unsuitable. Any gentleman may therefore ask any lady to get up and dance with him; but if she be unmarried, he must bring her faithfully back, at the conclusion of their engagement, to the side of her chaperone. The host and hostesses are incessant in their attentions to all assembled: half an hour never passed without a visitor finding himself addressed either by Monsieur or Madame in the way most calculated to leave an agreeable impression; for this unvarying politeness is quite an art. The French women were all prettily dressed—the younger ones, whether married or single, very simply, in light materials, with flowers. The Spanish ladies were more magnificent: the jewels worn by some of them were very costly.

There were no public amusements in Pau. There was a club for the gentlemen, which met in a large room over the market-house; but there was no established theatre—no concerts, except a very few given by a private society formed of the musical tradespeople, and such ladies and gentlemen as felt themselves capable of affording pleasure by joining the orchestra. A committee of management took the direction of these concerts, and generally contrived to engage the assistance of some professional star, to give a brilliancy to the performances. The tickets were presented to the audience by the members, who made up a small subscription among themselves to defray the expense of the lighting. The music was not first-rate, but the instrumental part was quite creditable. The stars were the least agreeable part of the entertainment to me—they were generally pianoforte players, educated at the Academy in Paris, and for the sole purpose, apparently, of astonishing, by the rapidity of their execution. This fashion of overloading a fine air with a variety of brilliant passages, equally applicable to any melody, partakes too largely of the wonderful to please an ear formed on the purer style of the old and severer masters. It is too much a mere display of the agility of the fingers: there is nothing satisfactory in the effect produced. It may be well to possess the power of commanding the instrument so perfectly; and in private, performers are right to study passages of difficulty; but the extraordinary combinations of noise and dexterity so characteristic of the new school, give little pleasure to lovers of true harmony.

POPULAR ERROR RESPECTING EATING FRUIT.

In the last quarterly return on the state of public health, some notice is taken of the common notion that dysentery, and other diseases of the sort, are occasioned at this season by eating fruit. That it is an error, is established by the fatality of these diseases to infants at the breast, to the aged, to persons in prison and public institutions, who procure no fruit, and by many such facts as the following, reported about the middle of the last century by Sir John Pringle in his classical account of the diseases of the campaign in Germany:—Nearly half the men were ill or had recovered from dysentery a few weeks after the battle of Dettingen, which was fought on the 27th of June 1743. The dysentery, the constant and fatal epidemic of camps, began sooner this season than it did in any succeeding campaign. Now, as the usual time of its appearance is not before the latter end of the summer or the beginning of autumn, the cause has been unjustly imputed to eating fruit in excess. But the circumstances here contradict that opinion; for this sickness began and raged before any fruit was in season except strawberries (which, from their high price, the men never tasted), and ended about the time the grapes were ripe; which, growing in open vineyards, were freely eaten by everybody. To this add the following incident:—Three companies of Howard's regiment, which had not joined us, marched with the king's baggage from Ostend to Hanau, where, arriving a night or two before the battle and having orders to stay encamped

for the first time at a small distance from the ground that was afterwards occupied by the army. These men had never been exposed to rain or lain wet; by this separation from the line they were also removed from the contagion of the privies; and having pitched close upon the river, they had the benefit of a constant stream of fresh air. By means of such favourable circumstances, it was remarkable that, while the main body suffered greatly, this little camp almost entirely escaped, though the men breathed the same air, the contagious part excepted, ate of the same victuals, and drank of the same water. This immunity continued for six weeks, until the army removed from Hanau, when these companies joined the rest, and encamping in the line, were at last infected, but suffered little, as the flux was then so much on the decline. Fruit, potatoes, and green vegetables are essential parts of the food of man; and it is only when taken to excess that, like other articles of diet, they disorder the stomach.

AN INDEFATIGABLE TEACHER.

In the commencement of this century, in the parish of Alsace, which contains 600 or 700 inhabitants, there was a teacher who, of his own accord, had organised his school very much in the manner I have been describing. I received my own first instruction from him, and what I have now to say—inspired by gratitude as much as by the desire of being useful—is only the faithful expression of my remembrances. The grave has long covered the mortal remains of James Toussaint, but his memory lives in the hearts of his pupils, who never pass his tomb without experiencing the greatest emotion, and bowing with respect. His school consisted of 120 pupils; the teacher, a descendant of one of the numerous Protestant families who had taken refuge in Alsace, had not received any other education than was then given in ordinary schools. He had learned the trade of joiner, and wrought at the Ban de la Roche, where a worthy rival of the pastor Oberlin, struck with his capacity and vocation for teaching, gave him lessons and excellent advice, and placed him at the head of a school, where, under his direction, he was initiated in the profession of teacher. From that position he was called to the one whose organisation I am now about to describe. Early in the morning—from five to seven in summer, and from six to eight in winter—he instructed the pupils in the first division: those from twelve to fourteen years of age. After them came the others in assembled classes, who received four hours' teaching each day. At five o'clock in the evening he held what he called the French school, which was a sort of innovation—French not being generally taught in Alsace at that period. After the school for French, at which a considerable number of adults attended, there was in winter, from seven to nine, an arithmetical class for young persons; and thus did this indefatigable man teach ten hours a day in winter, and eight hours a day at least throughout the year. Nor was this all; there were, besides, about ten children from ten to fourteen years of age, who, in order to be more thoroughly instructed, spent the whole day in the school-house, under the superintendence of the teacher and his wife, who assisted him greatly in his undertakings. By degrees he formed a sort of boarding-school at his own house, and something like a normal school, from which came many distinguished teachers, some of whom still live. Toussaint was also organist and notary of the mayoralty, and fulfilled all his duties with the greatest fidelity. When I add that this energetic man was a prey to a painful malady, arising from no fault of his, but from a defective organisation, which every day at the same hour caused him great suffering, it will be seen what can be effected by means of few materials, and even little science, provided that zeal is joined with some ability, and, above all, with love of one's vocation. The career of Toussaint was short: he died in 1811, scarcely forty years of age; but his work survives in his pupils, in the generation he has formed.

—*Willm on Education.*

WORK OR LEARN.

Many years since, when the late Lieutenant-Governor Phillips of Andover, Massachusetts, was a student at Harvard College, owing to some boyish freak, he quitted the university and went home. His father was a grave man, of sound mind, strict judgment, and of few words. He inquired into the matter, but deferred expressing any opinion until the next day. At breakfast he said, speaking to his wife, 'My dear, have you any tow-cloth in the house

suitable to make Sam a frock and trousers?' She replied 'Yes.' 'Well,' replied the old gentleman, 'follow me, my son.' Samuel kept pace with his father as he walked near the common, and at length ventured to ask, 'What are you going to do with me, father?' 'I am going to bind you an apprentice to that blacksmith,' replied his father: 'take your choice: return to college, or you must work.' 'I had rather return,' said the son. He did return, confessed his fault, was a good scholar, and became a respectable man. If all parents were like Mr Phillips, the students at our colleges would prove better students, or the nation would have a plentiful supply of blacksmiths.—*Louisville (U.S.) Presbyterian Herald.*

VOICE OF THE TENCH.

In the spring of 1823 I received from a friend a brace of very fine tench just taken from the water. They were deposited by the cook in a dish, and placed upon a very high shelf in the larder, a room situated between the dining parlour and cooking kitchen. On the following midnight, whilst writing in the dining-room, to which I had removed in consequence of the extinction of the fire in the library, my attention was suddenly excited by a deep, hollow, protracted groan, such as might be supposed to proceed from a large animal in extreme distress. It was twice or thrice repeated; and all my efforts to discover the source of the alarming sound were ineffectual. At length my ear was startled by a loud splash, succeeded by a groan more deep and long-continued than those which I had previously heard, and evidently proceeding from the larder. Inspection of that room at once explained the mystery. One of the fishes had sprung down from the shelf on the stone floor, and there lay with mouth open, and pectoral and ventral fins extended, and uttering the sounds by which my midnight labours had been so unexpectedly interrupted. Next day both fishes were cooked for dinner; and such is the tenacity of life in the tench, that although thirty hours had then elapsed since their removal from their native element, both fishes, after having undergone the processes of scaling and evisceration, sprang vigorously from the pot of hot water when consigned to it by the cook.—*Communicated by Dr Shirley Palmer.*

CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

I cannot help taking notice of an opinion which many persons entertain, as if the taste were a separate faculty of the mind, and distinct from the judgment and imagination: a species of instinct by which we are struck naturally, and at the first glance, without any previous reasoning, with the excellencies or the defects of a composition. So far as the imagination and the passions are concerned, I believe it true that the reason is little consulted; but where disposition, where decorum, where congruity are concerned—in short, wherever the best taste differs from the worst, I am convinced that the understanding operates, and nothing else; and its operations are in reality far from being always sudden, or when they are sudden, they are often far from being right. Men of the best taste, by consideration, come frequently to change their early precipitate judgment, which the mind, from its aversion to neutrality and doubt, loves to form on the spot. It is known that the taste (whatever it is) is improved exactly as we improve our judgments, by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise. They who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly; and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any sudden irradiation that in a moment dispels all darkness from their minds. But they who have cultivated that species of knowledge which makes the object of taste, by degrees and habitually, attain not only a soundness, but a readiness of judgment, as men do by the same methods on all other occasions. At first they are obliged to spell, but at last they read with ease and with celerity; but this celerity of its operation is no proof that the taste is a distinct faculty. Nobody, I believe, has attended the course of a discussion which turned upon matters within the sphere of mere naked reason, but must have observed the extreme readiness with which the whole process of the argument is carried on, the grounds discovered, the objections raised and answered, and the conclusions drawn from premises, with a quickness altogether as great as the taste can be supposed to work with; and yet where nothing but plain reason either is or can be suspected to operate. To multiply principles for every different appearance is useless, and unphilosophical too in a high degree.—*Burke.*

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

[From 'Glimpses of the Beautiful, and other Poems, by James Henderson,' a volume exhibiting a good deal of elegance both of language and sentiment.]

EACH at the dawn uprears its silver chalice,
When day-spring ushers in the dewy morn—
Gems that make bright the sweet sequestered valleys,
Day-stars that mead and mountain glen adorn!
God said 'Let there be light!' and lo, creation
Shone forth with smiles emparadised and fair,
Then man had Eden for a habitation,
And ye, bright children of the spring, were there!

Ye came to bless the eye when sin had clouded
The glorious earth with ruin pale and wan;
Ye came to cheer the heart when sin had shrouded
With peril dark and dread the fate of man!
Ye came to whisper with your living beauty
A lesson to the hearts that doubting stray;
To win the spirit to a trusting duty,
And guide the wanderer's steps in wisdom's way!

What though your accents, gentle, sweet, and lowly,
Unto the silent ear no sound impart?
Ye whisper words all eloquent and holy,
To wake the finer feelings of the heart!
Meekly ye tell your emblematic story
Of the Creator's love with pathos true,
For Solomon, with all his pomp and glory,
Was ne'er arrayed like any one of you!

Ay, ye have lessons for the wise, revealing
Truths that proclaim Jehovah's bounteous love;
And wisdom then grows wiser, nobler, feeling
How all that's good descendeth from above!
Ye touch the thoughtful soul with pure emotion,
When contemplation doth your beauties scan;
Ye fill the heart with calm, serene devotion,
And breathe a moral unto erring man!

INWARD INFLUENCE OF OUTWARD BEAUTY.

Believe me, there is many a road into our hearts besides our ears and brains; many a sight, and sound, and scent, even of which we have never thought at all, sinks into our memory, and helps to shape our characters; and thus children brought up among beautiful sights and sweet sounds will most likely show the fruits of their nursing by thoughtfulness, and affection, and nobleness of mind, even by the expression of the countenance. Those who live in towns should carefully remember this, for their own sakes, for their wives' sakes, for their children's sakes. Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank for it Him, the fountain of all loveliness, and drink it in simply and earnestly, with all your eyes: it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.—*Politics for the People.*

THE KINDLY GERMANS.

'Gellert's Fables,' says a memoir of that writer, 'appeared between the years 1740-1750—a time of literary drought in Germany. They were received everywhere with enthusiasm, and soon became the book of the nation. By their means Herr Gellert made his way into every heart in every family of all classes and conditions. They gained for him not cold admiration merely, but glowing cordial love. The substantial proofs which he received of this affection were not few; and the nature of the gifts frequently bespoke the *sincerity* of the givers. For instance, one severe winter day a countryman stopped before his house with a huge wagon, drawn by four stout horses. It was loaded with well-seasoned firewood, ready split for use. On being asked its destination, he replied that it was for Gellert—"For I shall feel more comfortable," he said, "when I am certain that the poor poet, who suffers us well while we sit in the warm chimney of an evening, has the means of warming himself well also."'

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BLOWING PAST.

It might almost be supposed from the conduct of mankind, that experience of the evanescence of worldly things had been lost on them. They do not keep in mind sufficiently how things blow past. There is at all times felt among large sections of the race the impression of some great event, or series of events, happening, or about to happen, by which they believe their destinies are to be eternally affected, or from which they apprehend the most serious and immediate dangers, but which, at the end of six months, are no more heard of, the simple fact being, that the whole thing has blown past. I do not know how many wars we have been about to have with one state or another, chiefly with America and France, within the last ten years, not one of which has taken place. There was the Macleod war (probably the very name is already forgotten), and the Boundary war, and the Prince de Joinville war, and the war about the Spanish marriages, all of which made a most alarming appearance in the newspapers, particularly those which occurred during the prorogations of parliament, and were, for their time, things that affected the spirits of men and the prices of stocks, but yet passed away into the region of forgetfulness without one particle of gunpowder being exploded on either side. People appear to be under a similar delusion regarding the importance of the time at the moment passing over their head. Almost every year that I can recollect has been regarded as constituting the most important era that ever was known, no one ever remembering that what is thought of the present was thought of the last, or reflecting that the same thing will be thought of the next, whatever may be the comparative character of its events. One might acquire some general sense of these absurdities by a retrospective glance over the leading articles of any leading newspaper. He would there see how often we have been under the most intense pressure from events, and crises, and conjunctures of policy in matters foreign and domestic, for a fortnight or three weeks at a time, but no more. At one time an alarm about the want of defences for our island; at another the Irish rebellion; at another the Chartists. Nothing ever comes off it. It blows past.

It seems a pity that the public should be continually under an agitation of anxiety, or something worse, on account of such things. We are anxious to do what in us lies to place them above such temporary impressions. We shall take, for instance, the present European crisis, which every one says has been totally unprecedented. Well, it is a strange year for revolutions. But what of that? Thousands of events similar to those which are calling forth our wonder have happened before, though not so many about the same time; and what is

the result? They have all blown past. Each, in its week, or its month, or its six months, has gone into oblivion (the 'Annual Register'), leaving scarcely any indication of its having ever passed at all. That which has been will be again. All of these troubles will float away like so many bubbles down the stream of time, succeeded by similar bubbles, but passing into nothing themselves. Will it not, then, have been a distressing consideration that so much uneasiness has been felt, and so many losses incurred in stocks, without any just occasion? Think of this, my friends, and read of matutinal revolutions in the 'Times' with patient and simply contemplative minds. Besides, I have some doubts about the very events about which all this pother is made. It is not sufficiently kept in mind that history is a muse which wears pockets, and must eat and drink. She scatters her priests over the earth, on the pretence that they may be present at the very making of the events, and send them hot and hot to her various temples in Fleet Street and the Strand. But, these gentlemen having so obvious an interest in the intensity of events, can anything be more likely than that they give them a certain depth of colouring which does not belong to them; perhaps here and there help out halting effects, or possibly (God forgive them!) make the whole story out of next to nothing? To be quite candid, I am sceptical respecting most of the alleged events of this wonderful year, for having lately passed through Europe almost from one side to the other, I found nothing changed or deranged, not one dish less at the table-d'hôtes, the same civility everywhere, no troubles or vexations beyond those usually arising from passports and custom-houses; and on conversing with a lady from Dublin about the state of things in that capital, I was assured there had not been so gay a season for a long time. I am not very sure that I was not in one Rhenish town at the very time when a revolution, or demonstration, or something of that kind, took place, and I knew nothing of it till a fortnight after, when I chanced to catch it up in a stray copy of 'Galigiani.' Against the journals on such points I pitch the hotels. They never admit that anything extraordinary has happened in their neighbourhood, but laugh at all those newspaper stories as, at the best, frightful exaggerations. Not a landlord did I meet with over the continent who did not deplore the absurd terror of the English for the so-called events, by which they had been deprived of the enjoyment of one of the finest summers for travelling and for continental residence which had been known for a long time. Now the hotels are surely as likely to know what is passing before their eyes as the correspondents of the various newspapers; and when I find one of these establishments conducting itself with unaffected serenity during the whole time that the city in which it is placed is said to be in a paroxysm of poli-

tical agitation, or in the hands of a mob or a national guard, I must confess that I feel inclined to believe the hotel, and to doubt the historian. But let any one go to the continent and judge for himself, and I feel assured that he will see this five-thousandth *annus mirabilis* in a very different light from that of Fleet Street. Everywhere the common affairs of life appear to be going on as usual—people in their shops, people lounging in the streets and other public places, nursery-maids walking out with their infant charges, the cafés and theatres very brilliant and attractive as usual in the evenings, mass going on in the morning in the old cathedrals, ladies and gentlemen travelling in all the various ways, and all the ordinary husbandry of the season going on in the country. It is impossible, in such circumstances, to believe that any great change has taken place. There may be a few new colours in the national flag, or a few foolish men sitting somewhere under a belief that they are regenerating their country; but that is all, and even that must soon, if the laws of nature remain as they have been, blow past.

It is of course only too true that circumstances occur occasionally of no such transitory nature. There are things which we cannot and should not suffer to blow past; but what I allude to is the state of chronic exaggeration in which we habitually remain, and which at this moment, notwithstanding the late deplorable events, contrast almost in a ludicrous manner with the social repose of the people. This affords a lesson.

But is not this a lesson which might well be extended even to the simplest matters? We often feel ourselves in circumstances which appear as if they would overwhelm us. After all, they blow past. They have done so; they do so every day: when they next recur, let us remember that still they must blow past. And not only this, but we may see how useful a thing it is to learn to let them blow past. Let us take all worldly things easily; let us give them an easy passage into the nothingness towards which they all hasten. There—fret your little hour—appealing from the present to the next moment, I care not, for then you must have blown past!

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

THE vast region forming the northerly part of North America, having Canada and the United States on the south, the south and the Arctic Ocean on the north, and extending laterally from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has long been in possession of the Hudson's Bay Company, an English association, having its headquarters in London. The history of a society of traders which exercises jurisdiction over a territory 2600 miles in length by 1460 in breadth cannot be uninteresting, and we propose to say a few words respecting its origin and character.

The capabilities of the shores of Hudson's Bay, a great sea comprised within the territory, for carrying on a trade in furs having been represented to Prince Rupert and others, shortly after the restoration of Charles II., they procured a royal charter of association in 1669, which conferred on them 'all the lands and territories in Hudson's Bay, together with all the trade thereof, and all others which they should acquire.' The first capital of the Company was only £10,500; but in 1690 they trebled this amount, having already formed establishments on Rupert's River, Moose River, the Albany, and the Severn. From this period till 1713 the new Company was engaged in almost constant war, the settlements changing hands again and again between them and the French; but when the peace of Utrecht left the English masters of this northern field, they set to work with great vigour to increase their

capital and extend their trade. In 1721 they caused several exploratory voyages to be performed; but these resulted only in the exploration of the western side of the Bay, and the discovery of the termination of the Coppermine and Mackenzie Rivers in the Arctic Ocean. The severity of the climate in this northern region may be judged of from the fact, that a glass containing brandy was frequently frozen to the tongue or lips of the drinker, and that the stream of cold vapour rushing into a room when the door was opened was converted into snow.

In the meantime the Company, in the pursuit of their trade, suffered some annoyance from private interlopers, known as the *coureurs du bois*, who followed their hunting adventures in all directions from the Canadian frontier. After the conquest of Canada from the French in 1759, the *coureurs du bois* were succeeded by a more formidable, because united body, composed chiefly of Scotch Highlanders, who, delighted with the sport-like business, at length threw their stocks together, and in 1783-4 formed the North-West Fur Company. Their central establishment was at Montreal; and their capital, amounting in a few years to £40,000, was increased threefold before the end of the century.

It may easily be supposed that the rivalry of the two companies was not of an ordinary kind, when their servants, the most daring and desperate adventurers in the world, met hand to hand in the primeval woods of America. There is but a step between such hunting as theirs and war, and the encounter of the rival fur-traders was frequently attended by bloodshed. Hunting and fighting by turns, drinking to madness among themselves, and joining anon in the dances of the yelling savages, our countrymen were looked up to by the wild men of the woods both with terror and admiration. Sometimes, when they were on the grounds of a tribe who had not yet been taught the abuse of spirits, the sober Indians gathered round in astonishment and perplexity to see the Canadians get drunk; but when the exhibition had acquired a character of frenzy, they fled in terror from the blazing eyes and gleaming knives of the rioters, who must have seemed to them to have lost all the characteristics of human beings. Still more lamentable is the picture of Indian intoxication. First friendship, then endearment, then misunderstanding, then strife, then murder; squaws stabbing their husbands, and husbands their squaws, in drunken madness; with the miserable children of both running from parent to parent, and rending the air with their screams. Such were the fruits of the first lessons in European civilisation.

The furious rivalry of the two companies demanded a corresponding outlay of money, and the North-West, being the weaker in this point, was at length obliged to yield. Though defeated, however, they could hardly be said to be subdued; for the principal partners obtained shares in the Hudson's Bay Company, the inferior officers were received into the united service, and the two warring factions became one great association. Montreal, the capital of the forest lords, sunk into comparative insignificance; but the territory at large was improved both in peace and business.

Since the union of the rival associations, the Hudson's Bay Company has enjoyed a complete monopoly; but although mere money-making is the prime object of the concern, it cannot be said that the Company has been unmindful of other matters. Latterly, it has stopped the trade in spirits within its territories, much to the benefit of the poor Indians; and this humane act never would or could have taken place if free settlements had been permitted. Giving the Company credit for this and some other proceedings, it could be wished that the association adopted a more liberal policy as respects general trade and colonisation. Their territory consists of three separate regions: the prairie country, inhabited by hitherto untameable savages; the forest country, producing the only export, fur; and the west

country, lying between the Rocky Mountain range and the Pacific. Of these, the vast forest country may continue to be their game preserve, as it is good for the else; but the fertile valleys of the Pacific are fitted to become the residence of a great and civilised population, while their temperate climate renders the fur they produce of comparatively little value, and the intervention of the Rocky Mountains protects the forest from the encroachments of their inhabitants.

The supreme management of the Company is vested in nine individuals: a governor, deputy-governor, and seven directors, whose seat is in London. A resident governor is appointed by this board, who, with the assistance of local councils, superintends the settlements in America. Under him are chief factors, each having charge of several posts, then principal and secondary traders, and then clerks. Promotion takes place according to merit; for in so stirring and adventurous a life, arbitrary patronage must be out of the question. The company's servants are almost all Scotchmen, chiefly from the northern counties, and in general they are well-educated men. There must be a strange fascination in the life they lead, to induce such persons to submit to its dangers and privations. 'The chief officers, including the governor himself,' says the compiler of 'British America,' 'often endure hardships which, to those accustomed to the comforts of civilised life, must appear almost incredible. They frequently spend months without seeing the inside of a house, going to sleep at night in the most sheltered spot they can find, wrapped in their cloaks, and a blanket which has served during the day as a saddle. Unless fortunate in the chase, they have no means of obtaining food, and are sometimes obliged to kill their dogs and horses to relieve hunger. Yet these hardy Scotsmen will find a livelihood in districts so desolate, that even the natives sometimes perish for want. Parties of them have spent whole winters on the banks of rivers or lakes, where their only sustenance was the fish drawn from the waters, without bread, vegetables, or any other article; the roasting or boiling of the fish forming their only variety. Yet amid all these hardships, such is their zeal in the occupation, that a complaint scarcely ever escapes their lips.'

The servants of the Company who undergo such fatigues, and on whom a heavy responsibility is laid, as respects personal behaviour and the treatment of natives, are a respectable and intelligent body of individuals. They are generally animated by a strong love of adventure; but pursue the chase only for their own amusement, or for the supply of their tables. The Indians, more especially of the wooded country, are the actual hunters, and diligently employ themselves in hunting the furred animals, and selling their skins to the Company. When engaged in the traffic at the various forts, the natives live at free quarters, sometimes for three months at a time. Without assistance, in fact, they would starve, for they never think of laying up a store of food for themselves. A party have been known, after spearing a great number of deer, merely to cut out their tongues, and throw the carcasses into the river, although they were absolutely sure that in a very short time they would have to endure all the extremities of hunger. The Company's forts serve them likewise as hospitals; and in winter the diseased and infirm of a tribe are frequently left there while the others are engaged in hunting. Since the use of spirits has been abandoned, their numbers are increasing; and under the constant efforts of teachers and missionaries, they have made some progress in civilisation. The number is at present estimated at 150,000.

The prairie country is traversed by Indians of quite a different character. They are fierce and independent; and the agents of the Company are obliged to act as if they were in an enemy's territory; being always well armed, and choosing in general the night for their journeys, in order to have a better chance of avoiding a rencontre. In the narrow country on the west of the

Rocky Mountains they are likewise of a fierce character, and carry on furious war with each other; but they have latterly begun to find it their interest to keep well with the Company, who have been able to reduce greatly their defensive forces. Sir George Simpson gives the following anecdote of prairie war:—'About twenty years ago, a large encampment of Gros Ventres and Blackfeet had been formed in this neighbourhood for the purpose of hunting during the summer. Growing tired, however, of so peaceful and ignoble an occupation, the younger warriors of the allied tribes determined to make an incursion into the territories of the Assiniboines. Having gone through all the requisite enchantments, they left behind them only the old men, with the women and children. After a successful campaign, they turned their steps homeward in triumph, loaded with scalps and other spoils; and on reaching the top of the ridge that overlooked the camp of the infirm and defenceless of their band, they notified their approach in the proudly-swelling tones of their song of victory. Every lodge, however, was as still and silent as the grave; and at length, singing more loudly as they advanced, in order to conceal their emotions, they found the full tale of the mangled corpses of their parents and sisters, of their wives and children. In a word, the Assiniboines had been there to take their revenge. Such is a true picture of savage warfare, and perhaps too often of civilised warfare also—calamity to both sides, and advantage to neither. On beholding the dismal scene, the bereaved conquerors cast away their spoils, arms, and clothes; and then putting on robes of leather, and smearing their heads with mud, they betook themselves to the hills for three days and nights, to howl, and mourn, and cut their flesh. This mode of expressing grief bears a very close resemblance to the corresponding custom among the Jews in almost every particular.' Let us add the following more satisfactory exploit:—'One of the Crees, whom we saw at Gull Lake, had been tracked into the valley, along with his wife and family, by five youths of a hostile tribe. On perceiving the odds that were against him, the man gave himself up for lost, observing to the woman that, as they could die but once, they had better make up their minds to submit to their present fate without resistance. The wife, however, replied, that as they had but one life to lose, they were the more decidedly bound to defend it to the last, even under the most desperate circumstances; adding that, as they were young, and by no means pitiful, they had an additional motive for preventing their hearts from becoming small. Then suiting the action to the word, the heroine brought the foremost warrior to the earth with a bullet, while the husband, animated by a mixture of shame and hope, disposed of two more of the enemy with his arrows. The fourth, who had by this time come to pretty close quarters, was ready to take vengeance on the courageous woman, with uplifted tomahawk, when he stumbled and fell; and in the twinkling of an eye the dagger of his intended victim was buried in his heart. Dismayed at the death of his four companions, the sole survivor of the assailing party saved himself by flight, after wounding his male opponent by a ball in the arm.'

The main staple of the fur-trade is the beaver, owing more to its abundance and to the steady demand for it in the hat manufacture, than to the value of the skin, which is inferior to that of the martin and sea-otter. The habits of the beaver are well known, and its almost human wisdom in the construction of its dwellings, and the government of the republics in which it lives; but one curious fact, not so well known as the rest, is mentioned by Dr Richardson, that although the animals do not begin building till the latter end of August, they fell the wood, like knowing carpenters, early in summer. Some are taken in traps by single adventurers; but trenching, which admits of the young animals being allowed to escape, is the only mode permitted by the Company. The canals leading to the beaver-house are stopped; the dwelling broken open by means of an ice-

chisel, and the parents speared; while the children are allowed to grow old enough to continue the line, and get up the fur.

The martin stands next in trade, and its fur is usually sold in Europe as sable, the real sable being but little imported. The minx, fisher, fox, and musk-rat (the last a kind of beaver) yield furs of less value. The black bear is very plentiful. It is killed by means of the fowling-piece, but is so fierce an animal, that the service is considered dangerous. The Indians treat him with great respect, even when they have slain him, calling him their relation and grandmother, and offering the pipe. The hide of the wolf is much used in Germany for knapsacks. This animal is killed chiefly by the spring-gun, although it not unfrequently cuts the cord and carries off the bait without troubling the piece to discharge itself. The sea-otter is confined to the coast of the Pacific, where it is caught on the rocks, or chased out to sea, and taken when exhausted. The lynx is a species of cat, but is timid, and easily killed.

The principal stations of the Company are York Fort, Moose Fort, Montreal, and Fort Vancouver. The first of these is the most important, and commands the whole region westward between Hudson's Bay and the Rocky Mountains, and northwards to the Arctic Sea. The inferior stations depending upon it are on the coast of the Bay, and on the principal lakes or rivers. Moose Fort is at the southern extremity of the Bay, and presides over the expanse of country as far as the Canadian lakes. Montreal is the centre of the Canadian business, although there, as we have remarked, the spread of population has greatly injured the game. Fort Vancouver is on the Columbia River, on the American side of the forty-ninth parallel which forms the line of the British territory; and in the vicinity is an agricultural settlement, composed chiefly of retired officers of the Company.

These, and their dependencies, are the trading stations; but on Red River, at the southern side of the territory, is the only settlement which is entitled to the name of a colony. This was formed by the late Lord Selkirk in 1813, with the view of carrying into practice his plans of colonisation. He purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company an extensive district, watered by the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, and with a soil well calculated for the purposes of agriculture. 'With respect to the Red River settlement,' says Sir George Simpson, 'it may be mentioned that the Hudson's Bay Company, after making the grant of land alluded to, appointed, by virtue of the powers given to them by their royal charter, a governor of the district in which the colony was to be planted; and Lord Selkirk nominated the same gentleman to take the principal and personal charge of his settlers. The first body of emigrants was composed chiefly of a small number of hardy mountaineers from Scotland, a party well adapted to act as pioneers, to encounter and overcome the difficulties they might meet with in their route. When the new governor of the district, thus attended, first arrived at the spot fixed upon for the settlement, he immediately began to prepare for the arrival of the first detachment of the regular colonists and their families, building houses for them, and making every practicable arrangement for their reception. In the beginning of the year 1813 the settlers amounted to about a hundred persons; early in 1814 there arrived about fifty more; and in the autumn of the same year their numbers amounted to two hundred. An additional hundred soon afterwards arrived at Hudson's Bay from the Highlands of Scotland to join the settlement; having been encouraged to migrate thither by letters they had received from their friends settled at Red River.

'During the first years of the establishment—owing to occurrences of a peculiarly unfortunate nature, over which the colonists had no control—the settlement advanced but slowly. From about the year 1821, however, it seemed fixed and secure. A considerable number of the Scotch, indeed, were at various times tempted to

remove to the United States; but the general body, consisting chiefly of Highlanders, Orkney-men, together with a number of half-breeds, remained fixed at the settlement. The latter class (half-breeds), of every stock, derive their aboriginal blood generally from the Swampy Crees, the similarity of whose language to that of the Chippeways would make one suppose they were branches of the same original trunk. Exclusive of the settlers above-mentioned, many of the old and retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company are in the habit of establishing themselves, with their families, at the settlement. Lord Selkirk died in 1820, since which event no efforts have been made to bring colonists to the Red River from Europe; but the census, which is taken at regular intervals, numbers at present above five thousand souls; and in spite of the occasional emigrations from the Red River towards the Mississippi and the Columbia, it appears that the population is found to double every twenty years.'

This colony has pushed itself forward along the banks of the Red River almost to Lake Winnipeg, at forty or fifty miles' distance. It has Catholic and Protestant churches, and a large and flourishing school. 'The soil of Red River Settlement is a black mould of considerable depth, which, when first tilled, produces extraordinary crops—as much on some occasions as forty returns of wheat; and even after twenty successive years of cultivation, without the relief of manure, or of fallow, or of green crop, it still yields from fifteen to twenty-five bushels an acre. The wheat produced is plump and heavy; there are also large quantities of grain of all kinds, besides beef, mutton, pork, butter, cheese, and wool in abundance. In addition to agriculture, or sometimes in place of it, the settlers, more particularly those of mixed origin, devote part of the summer, and then the autumn, and sometimes the winter also, to the hunting of the buffalo, bringing home vast quantities of pemmican, dried meat, tongues, &c. for which the Company's voyaging business affords the best market; and even many of the stationary agriculturists send oxen and carts, on shares, to help the poorer hunters to convey their booty to the settlement.'

On the west coast of the continent of America, intersected by the fiftieth degree of north latitude, and at some distance north of the Columbia River, lies Vancouver's Island, a British possession which, till the present time, has remained in a state of nature. With a view to the plantation of one or more settlements on this insular spot, the Hudson's Bay Company, as is well known, has acquired from government certain privileges. The ministers of the crown have been much blamed for turning over the task of colonising Vancouver's Island to a Company which has hitherto shown itself greatly averse to the spread of population upon its territory. We are not sure, however, that the experiments of government itself in that way have been so successful as to make emigrants desire very much to place themselves in its hands; and it should likewise be observed that the anti-colonising policy of the Company does not apply with nearly such force to the Pacific side as to the main portions of the territory. Properly worked, the privilege of colonising Vancouver's Island may prove of great public benefit. It is not to be forgotten that the original North American colonies were settled by trading associations; and how successful these settlements were, needs not to be particularised.

With respect to the capabilities of Vancouver's Island, it is thus spoken of by Simpson:—'The southern end is well adapted for cultivation; for, in addition to a tolerable soil and a moderate climate, it possesses excellent harbours and abundance of timber. It will doubtless become, in time, the most valuable section of the whole coast above California.' The natives appear to be interesting. 'Behind Point Roberts there was a large camp of about a thousand savages, inhabitants of Vancouver's Island, who periodically cross the

gulf to Frazer's River, for the purpose of fishing. A great number of canoes assisted us in bringing our wood and water from the shore, some of them paddled entirely by young girls of remarkably interesting and comely appearance. These people offered us salmon, potatoes, berries, and shell-fish for sale.' The channel between this island and the mainland does not in any place exceed six miles in breadth, and the shores on both sides are so mountainous, that the peaks are covered with perpetual snow. Along the whole coast the savages live well, having abundance of excellent fish and venison. Both men and women are well grown, with regular and pleasing features, and the girls decidedly pretty. 'The northern end of Vancouver's Island would be an excellent position for the collecting and curing of salmon, which, being incredibly numerous in these waters, might easily be rendered one of the most important articles of trade in this country. The neighbouring Newetees, a brave and friendly tribe, would be valuable auxiliaries not only in aiding the essential operations of the establishment, but also in furnishing supplies of venison.'

A contemporary periodical speaks thus of the island:—'Returning to the geographical situation of Vancouver's Island, we see that it not only possesses the most important harbours on the north-west coast of the American continent, but that it commands for eighty miles the straits which lead to those in the territory of the United States. It follows, then, of necessity, that this island must become the focus of all the trade which shall at any future period flow in the north of Western America. Men will not always circumnavigate the globe to convey merchandise from one point to another. They will not take goods round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, on the way from Canton to New York. The Oriental trade of America will *infallibly*, some day, find its way across the American continent. The time may be nearer than we like to predict, who shrink from the charge of extravagant enthusiasm; but whenever it does arrive, the Straits of Juan de Fuca will become the funnel through which it will be poured into the New World. For the same reason that Tyre or Venice rose to be great on the earth, will the people who dwell around those straits become mighty in their generation.*'

We have only to add, that the American government has already contracted for the conveyance of mails by steam between Panama and the Oregon territory; and this brings Vancouver's Island within the reach of regular correspondence.

FEMALE SELF-DEVOTEDNESS.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

NOT very far from a cathedral town in one of the mid-land counties, and on the banks of a broad and rapid river, there stood a low-built white stone-cottage, surrounded by colonnades and trellised work, whose tasteful garden, gay with brilliant and variegated flowers, and emerald lawn, sloped down to the water's edge.

This cottage was inhabited by three sisters, the two eldest still retaining traces of having been dowered in their youth with an extreme beauty, which had left only a faint and shadowy lustre behind; while the perfect repose of expression, which characterised the ordinary features of the youngest lady, was as far removed from apathetic indifference or lassitude of mind as sulkiness and discontent from heavenly resignation. The seclusion in which these ladies passed their lives had no mystery attached to it, while at the same time it was marked by somewhat of romantic interest; indeed many of the townsfolk had learnt to regard them much in the same light as nuns were looked upon in days of yore, their religious bias and charitable influ-

ence shedding a reflected lustre on the domain and adjacent lands.

The Misses Dynevor were the daughters of a deceased cathedral dignitary. Miss Rosabel, the second, had been betrothed five-and-thirty years before to a gallant officer, who fell in the Peninsular war: this shock completely prostrated and shattered her mind, and brought on a tedious illness. During many years, the eldest sister, Miss Floribel, had devoted herself to the sufferer with that devotion and patience which belong to the affections and heroism of private life; the minds of both were sobered down from youth's giddiness by that which had been a mutual grief; and even when time, the restorer and healer, progressed towards a cure, they looked on the world with different eyes and different wishes from those of their early days.

On their father's decease, determined to seek a retirement congenial to their habits and wishes, and finding Fawns Home put up for sale, they became the purchasers; and here they had dwelt for a length of time in monastic privacy. Their existence passed in a monotonous unvaried routine; and but for the fact of their domicile speaking for itself, and their old domestic and factotum Mr Matthew speaking for them, they might have been forgotten by the world around: for although their alms-deeds were judicious and abundant, yet it was literally true as regarded them, that 'the right hand knew not what the left did.' And as the almoner and dispenser of their bounties, the venerable Mr Matthew was as close and strict in observing secrecy as retainers imbued with no inordinate share of gossiping propensities usually are, so the details which transpired only aroused and tampered with curiosity without gratifying it.

The Misses Dynevor's nearest living relative was a paternal uncle, whose age did not much exceed that of his eldest niece, and who, having made a fortune in the East, was now expected home, unmarried and childless. The gossips of the cathedral town had already decided that the ladies of Fawns Home would be their uncle's acknowledged co-heiresses; and though no reason had ever been assigned for Miss Geneviève's sharing her sisters' seclusion, there were two or three grayheaded individuals who slightly remembered having heard rumours of a disappointment in love, which had soured her temper—for she had never been like her elder sisters: they were gay and beautiful young women, while Geneviève, as a plain and moping girl, had evinced few traits likely to gain her popularity or distinction.

But the peace and concord of the retired inmates of Fawns Home was undisturbed by conjecture or gossip: there affection and unanimity ever walked hand in hand. Each Sabbath morning a comfortably-awned boat might be seen waiting beside their garden steps, to convey the ladies, with their domestics, to the point of landing nearest the cathedral, to which a short walk conducted them; and where, ensconced in a deeply-curtained pew, they were entirely screened from observation. The occupants of the pleasure-boats, passing and repassing this river-road, often saw the figures of the three sisters gliding amid the colonnades or emerging from the shrubberies. Sometimes they appeared to be busily employed in gardening; sometimes sauntering, book in hand, or arm in arm, engaged in converse; sounds of music floated across the water at intervals; and in the summer evenings, the sweet scent wafted on the balmy breeze from the gardens of Fawns Home, and the delicious quietude pervading the place, tempted

* Simmonds's Colonial Magazine, No. 56.

many idlers to rest on their oars, while they spoke in whispers, as if unwilling to disturb the serenity. Colonies of song-birds seemed to seek refuge here, and the concert of the groves was unique and perfect; while beneath the overhanging boughs some graceful fawns might be seen standing on the river's brink, playfully darting away, or slaking their thirst with watchful glance. Intrusive visitors, in times gone by, had often endeavoured to penetrate within the pleasant precincts; but a firm and consistent rejection of all overtures which might tend to social intercourse overruled the difficulties of their position, and the Misses Dynevor, 'the nuns of Fawns Home,' at length found themselves and their strange ways uninterfered with.

A few months preceding the period at which I have introduced them to the reader, a new inmate had been admitted as a resident member of the well-arranged household: this was a girl of about fifteen years of age, who appeared to be under the peculiar care and patronage of Miss Geneviève. The young stranger, indeed, read to the elder ladies, whose sight was not so good as it had been; she also assisted them in tending the favourite flower-baskets; she helped them to feed the birds, and many other dumb pets; and her ringing laugh and bounding steps attended on them all by turns: they all loved and caressed her, and the fair girl was in some danger of being spoiled. When she first came, a good deal of sadness was perceptible; her mourning habit, indeed, might account for this; yet by degrees the soothing assiduities and tender caresses of Miss Geneviève completed the restoration to her natural happy cheerfulness, for youthful spirits are wonderfully elastic; and though by the hour together Mary Trevor would pour into her friend's ear oft-repeated tales of home and home's doings, that patient friend was never weary of listening to the details; while she sympathised with her charge, counselled and smiled, and finally won as much sweet and pure affection as one guileless human being can bestow on another.

One day during the summer following Mary Trevor's domestication, an unusual bustle and excitement pervading the orderly household signified that some event not in the usual routine had occurred: this was no less than the arrival of the Misses Dynevor's rich uncle, who may be introduced sitting in an easy-chair, placed by the open window of the pleasant library looking forth on garden sweets, and the sparkling river beyond, and saying, 'Well, niece Flory, if my looks had worn as well as *yours*, I should have much reason for content—he was a withered, yellow-looking gentleman, with inquisitive eyes, and a nose poking everywhere (like a thin Paul Pry without an umbrella)—'but Indian suns and Indian life don't tend to improve the complexion. And so you have mewed yourself up here all these years, and never thought of marrying (you are only a few years my junior, you know), and all for the sake of keeping poor Rosy company?'

'My dear uncle,' interrupted Miss Dynevor in a deprecatory tone, 'it is not every one who has a vocation for wedded life: I always had a desire to live as we are now doing!'

'Humph! you are a good girl, Flory, and a kind one,' answered her uncle; 'but there are three of you. Has Geneviève had "no vocation" for matrimony either?'

A silence which ensued was broken by the entrance of Mary Trevor; and on her being named to Mr Dynevor, he seemed rather puzzled, and musingly repeated, 'Trevor, Trevor! the name is familiar to me. When I was last in England, and you were quite a girl *then*, Jenny, had not your father an assistant chaplain of that name? Cecil Trevor—to be sure—now I am clear! He was a handsome lad, but a *little* too volatile for his vocation: I remember he had run through a mint of money at college, and his father threatened to disinherit him if he didn't retrieve and amend, by marrying a lady of fortune. Why, I thought he had a kindness for you, Jenny: I am sure you had for him.'

'Mary, my dear, will you go into the greenhouse and gather me a bouquet?' said Miss Dynevor, at the same time casting an appealing glance towards her uncle, who, however, was usually unobscrvant of such hints, and on whom the agitation visible in Geneviève's demeanour was lost, as well as the silent tear trickling down her cheek.

His attention, however, was diverted by this movement towards Mary, who left the room, followed by Geneviève. 'That is a very lovely girl,' quoth Uncle Dynevor. 'Her name is Trevor, you say? Any relation to the Cecil Trevor we have been speaking of? By the by, how *did* that affair end between him and Jenny: I thought she was destined for his wife?'

'And so she was, uncle,' answered Miss Dynevor: 'some other time you shall hear the history, and then you will reverence our sweet Geneviève's noble nature: all I have time to tell you at present is, that Mr Trevor has been dead many years, and the young girl whom you have just seen is now an orphan, Cecil's only daughter, and our sister's adopted child.'

Uncle Dynevor looked very uncomfortable and fidgety: he did not perfectly comprehend what he had been told, and curiosity was a kind of disease with him; the desire to gain information, as the feeling is mildly denominated, rendering him, when thwarted, taciturn and subdued: however, there was a dignity and decision in Miss Dynevor's manner which operated as a check upon further questioning at present. Mr Dynevor was of a suspicious as well as inquisitive nature; his suspicions were continually aroused as to the motives of any persons who might show him kindness or attention: he never forgot his wealth, and he imagined that no one else did. But with his three nieces he felt at ease on this point: for he knew they enjoyed an ample sufficiency, and beheld their contentment and independence of the world. He knew they desired no more riches, and began to feel at a loss as to how he should dispose of his own. These thoughts continually haunted him; and after he had sojourned for a space at Fawns Home, they took the form of words, as he walked one evening with Geneviève, evidently his favourite niece, on a pathway parallel with the river, and overhanging the stream. Her soft voice, speaking the thoughts of piety and love, emanations of a pure and tranquil mind, had a beneficial effect on the world-worn man; he felt soothed and peaceful, with a strong desire to indulge in confidential discourse; nor longer could he refrain from saying, 'I wish you had married, my dear Jenny, and had a numerous tribe of little ones around you; *then* I should have known what to do with my money; but now I've nobody in the world I care to give it to while I am alive, or when I am dead, for you and your sisters don't want it.'

The colour mounted to Geneviève's pale face as she answered in a low voice, 'Although I am unmarried, dear Uncle Dynevor, yet I have adopted children, who are inexpressibly dear to me: if you will assist me with a portion of your wealth for their benefit I shall heartily thank you.'

This was plain-speaking indeed; and Uncle Dynevor stopped in his walk up and down the terrace, and gazed with amazement on his niece; but the self-possession and calm truthfulness with which she met his glance disarmed all resentment, if resentment he had momentarily felt, on hearing such a proposition. Curiosity, however, was fairly aroused, and he begged for an explanation of her singular request.

'Uncle Dynevor,' said Geneviève, 'I know that you have desired to hear my simple story; and I will not allow any selfish shrinking from painful remembrance to withhold me from imparting the knowledge which may perhaps arouse your interest in behalf of the orphans under my care. I heard you say that you neglected Cecil Trevor: we were betrothed—and his father desired our union, as mine had powerful ecclesiastical influence, and I had the promise of a fair dowry. You must make great allowances for poor Cecil in what I

am about to relate. Alas! I scarcely know how to do so! You know, uncle, I was always a decidedly plain girl, and he was a passionate admirer of beauty: he forgot his engagement to me, and they pronounced him dishonoured when he married an obscure individual, whose virtuous conduct and fascinations of person formed the only excuse for so rash and imprudent an act. Disinherited by his own father, who died soon after, and utterly discarded by mine, who never forgave the slight, Cecil Trevor disappeared from the world altogether; and I heard that he had accepted a distant curacy, obtained through the kindness of a college friend, which barely afforded support for his family. Thither former clamorous creditors followed; debts and difficulties unceasingly harassed and oppressed him; and in six years from the date of his marriage, this high-spirited and gifted being sunk broken-hearted into the grave. On his deathbed he wrote to my father, who was then insensible, and on the eve of dissolution, imploring his interest on behalf of the widow and four children, who were left utterly destitute and unprotected. A few weeks afterwards, I made my way to poor Cecil's grave, and clasped his orphans to my heart. Mrs Trevor never recovered the shock of her husband's loss, to whom she had been tenderly attached, and continued ill health prevented her from making any personal exertions. It was impossible to separate Mary from her afflicted mother, so that her education has been much neglected; but she is an apt scholar, and a docile, affectionate child; and when she lost her surviving parent a few months ago, and came to reside with us, through the kind permission of my sisters, I felt as if some long-lost happiness had arisen within me, for now she is all my own. Cecil, my eldest son (you smile, dear uncle), is at college; he has shown a decided predilection for the church, and as I wish to give his brothers the same advantages, I am rather straitened for means sometimes. Now, can you understand my impertinent speech, dear uncle, and why I desire your assistance some day? Ah! could you but see my three boys, how good and beautiful they are, you too would love these fatherless ones!

'And is it possible, Jenny,' said Mr Dynevor, 'that you have done all this for the children of him who slighted and rejected you? Either your Christian charity must be perfect, or you must have loved Cecil Trevor to an extraordinary degree.'

'Ah! dear uncle, I am but an imperfect Christian,' and Geneviève's voice was tremulous, and the light of other days shone in her gentle eyes; 'but you are right in your other supposition.'

'This is indeed true love, Jenny!' exclaimed Mr Dynevor; 'and you are a noble creature. You must introduce me to your adopted sons; little Mary is my pet already, you know. Ha, ha! and so the old uncle has found a family ready made for him, with plenty of calls on his purse it would seem!'

Mr Dynevor embraced the earliest opportunity of informing his elder nieces that he was acquainted with the facts of Geneviève's story from her own lips: those worthy ladies added still further information, for they expatiated on their sister's generous conduct, how she had entirely devoted her time and fortune to comfort and support Cecil Trevor's widow and children; they dwelt on her self-denial, utter self-forgetfulness, her serenity, and uncomplaining cheerfulness of disposition. These were themes which the Misses Dynevor never wearied of; and although they did not speak of the conduct of the 'disinherited' in the same extenuating terms as Geneviève did, yet they allowed that he had died a humbled and a penitent man.

'He never was worthy of our sister,' softly ejaculated Miss Rosabel.

'It would be difficult to meet with any one who was,' peremptorily added Miss Dynevor; to which assertion her uncle cordially assented.

Mr Dynevor never again was at a loss how to dispose of his riches: and when surrounded, as he frequently

was, by the orphan family, with 'Mamma Geneviève' at their head, his blessed and newly-born feelings often made him say to himself, 'After all, what is the good of wealth except to contribute to the happiness and well-being of others?'

SNAKES IN AUSTRALIA.

MANY emigrants who arrive in Australia entertain exaggerated notions respecting the dangers arising from snakes. It is true all are of a venomous nature; but comparatively few persons suffer from them. The most common species are of various shades of brown, black, or slate colour; and in size they range from 12 or 14 inches to as many feet in length. It is believed generally that the smaller varieties are the most venomous; but there are scarcely grounds for this supposition, for I have known death to have repeatedly resulted from bites inflicted by the larger kinds. They differ in many points from the serpents of other countries, nor is there any representative of the rattlesnake family in Australia. They in general frequent certain localities in preference to others, and it is dangerous to walk in the bush in some places without particular caution; and no one should sit down upon any fallen half-decayed tree without a previous inspection of the spot. Twice in one forenoon, during a shooting excursion, did a gentleman, in stepping over fallen timber, very nearly place his foot each time upon a large brown snake, although he walked very circumspectly; and on the borders of a swamp near George's River I have known a dozen to be killed in the same space of time.

The largest kind is, I believe, a species of *boa*, called by the colonists in general the 'diamond-snake,' from the shape of the spots marking its skin: the names given to the different varieties are, however, conflicting, and vary in different localities. It sometimes attains to the length of 12 or 14 feet, but in general is much smaller. Respecting one of these, the following incident lately occurred:—A youth of ten years one day took a stroll in the neighbouring bush. He was walking along the margin of a swamp, when he espied a large diamond-snake lying coiled up in a pretty deep hollow, formed by the uprooting of a tree, and a little watching assured him of its being asleep. Not at all afraid, he cut a large stick with his pocket-knife, and sharpened one end, for he had noticed that the reptile lay with its head flat to the ground, and he did not wish to bruise its skin, for he had a brother who was studying medicine in Scotland, who had expressed a wish for specimens of natural history, and he considered this a good opportunity of securing a very fine one. He thought he could manage to pin it down by the neck, and then cut its throat with his pocket-knife, keeping it all the time in the hole it was then lying in, where he had it at advantage. He crept up, and succeeded cleverly enough in doing the first; but the last was no easy task: he had never before seen so large a snake, and had no conception of its strength. It was fortunate that the stick was strong and sharp, for he thus kept its head down, though, owing to the softness of the soil, he did so with difficulty; but he speedily found that instead of cutting its throat, he would be lucky if he could cut his new acquaintance in any way; for in spite of his precautions, the snake got its tail partly hooked round one of its assailant's legs, and the danger was imminent if more of the body should coil round. After many minutes' hard fighting, he managed, by a dexterous jerk, to cast off the portion entangled, and then threw the end of the pole from him, and the snake shaking himself free, would have made off; but his antagonist was determined not to lose him, and being now not so particular about the skin, a few blows from the heavy stick soon settled the business. He hung him over a low bough, and went for aid to carry him home; but on his return, it was discovered twined amongst the topmost boughs. The visitor, however,

mounted, and uncoiling the folds, jerked him down, as it was now powerless for mischief. It measured more than 10 feet in length, and was of considerable thickness. It was thought a bold act for so young a lad to attack alone so formidable a reptile.

In large towns there is seldom any chance of danger arising, although I have sometimes known carts, sent into the bush to collect firewood, to be the means of bringing snakes into Sydney; the wood selected being decayed, and often hollow, affording the opportunity of the reptiles' conveyance. A gentleman in that town once lost a valuable dog from the bite of one thus introduced into the yard where the animal was kept. Upon one occasion a man who was collecting fuel had a very narrow escape; he displayed great presence of mind; had it been otherwise, he in all probability would have been bitten. He had raised a large log upon his shoulder, and was about to carry it to the cart, when suddenly a snake glided over the wood close to his face and slipped off at the instant he flung the log from him. With the same movement he looked down, but no reptile was there; the ground at that spot was quite bare, and could not have concealed it; nor was it hidden in anyway by the wood. In short, he instantly became aware of the unpleasant fact, that the snake was in *his pocket*! He had on, besides his shirt, a pair of loose trousers, fastened round his waist by a leathern belt, the right pocket of which was large, and its flap hanging wide open; and into its open mouth had the reptile slipped on falling. For some time he stood, expecting every moment to see the head thrust out; but it kept still. With a quiet and gentle hand, therefore, he unbuckled the belt of his trousers, and slowly drew his feet together; and then gradually lowering the garment to his ankles, he cleverly freed his feet from the folds, the latter process being the more dangerous, as his bare legs might have suffered had the reptile then protruded its head. He then drew the trousers along by one leg, and shook out and killed it.

One variety is called the 'carpet-snake,' from the peculiar pattern formed by the colouring of its skin. These are fatally venomous. A party in an orchard were once much alarmed: one of their number having ascended a peach-tree to procure some of the fruit, had nearly grasped the folds of a carpet-snake, which was coiled up amongst the leaves. The fright of the discovery caused him to fall to the ground, though luckily without much injury in consequence. This snake was killed, as was also another by the same party, as it swam across the Nepean river; indeed I believe that most snakes can swim well, and that many errors have arisen by persons describing water serpents, which were in reality common land snakes. The banks of rivers, and particularly the margins of small creeks, are favourite places of resort for them in very hot weather.

Some of the smaller varieties are beautiful. One day, at a villa a few miles from Sydney, a lady stepping out from the window of the drawing-room on to the lawn, observed lying on the gravel walk a small crooked stick, finely covered with different-coloured mosses, as she thought. She stooped to pick it up, and examine it narrowly. It was a small snake!—one of the most deadly kind. Luckily she held it so slightly, that its first struggle caused it to slide from her grasp. She wished to have it preserved, on account of its beauty; but the gardener severed it with his spade.

Although perhaps there are scarcely any entirely harmless snakes in Australia, similar to those which sometimes inhabit the houses in the West Indies, it is probable that many are venomous, without being necessarily fatally so. Some gentlemen were once shooting in the woods in company with a black native, when one of them was bitten by a snake, which the black fellow fortunately saw before it escaped. The sufferer almost immediately became very ill, sick, and faint;

and naturally concluding he was doomed, he hastily pulled out his pocket-book, in order to leave some dying directions in writing. The black fellow, however, comforted him by the assurance of 'Beal you die yet; only murry yalla, by and by directly'—('You will not die yet; but only turn very yellow soon.') Nor did he die; and he did turn very yellow, although I could not ascertain whether this was owing to any action upon the liver causing retention of the bile, or to some other effect of the virus.

The inhabitants of Windsor once had an opportunity of witnessing the operation of sucking the wound caused by a snake-bite, as performed by a black fellow. The man bitten was employed in making the three-railed fences which in the colony are the substitutes for the more picturesque hedgerows used at home. He had stooped to lift a fence from a heap on the ground, and was bitten in the act; he was alone at the time, and had endeavoured to reach the town, which was at no great distance; but his strength had failed, and he was found lying in the middle of the road, vainly endeavouring to drink at a puddle collected there. He was carried into town, and a black fellow immediately summoned. Upon his arrival, making a great parade of the occasion and his office, he called for some salt; and placing a quantity in his mouth, began to suck. He pulled away for a long time, often causing great pain to the patient; and then, indicating that no one was to follow and watch him, he ran off for some distance in the bush. Curiosity induced one, or two, to creep after; and they approached near enough to observe that he spat with great vehemence, and with wild gestures; and, as they thought, with strange words in his own language. In about a quarter of an hour he came running back at full speed, saying he had not got it all yet; and recommenced sucking with renewed vigour; which he continued doing for many minutes more, and then repeated his former manoeuvres. In half an hour he sauntered back quite composed, and told the man he would not die. He did recover.

The lady above-mentioned who mistook a snake for a moss-covered stick, was once witness to a remarkable instance of fascination by terror, caused by the unexpected and sudden sight of a large serpent. She was strolling with a female companion in a spot where, owing to the frequent occurrence of little patches of low scrub, they were often slightly separated. Finding herself alone, after walking a little time, Miss B— turned to look for her companion, and saw her standing at some distance, apparently looking fixedly at some object a little way before her. After waiting a few moments, she spoke, but received no answer; and observing that her friend still kept the same posture, which was rather a strange one, she walked towards her, and when near enough to distinguish her features, was quite frightened at her appearance. One hand was placed, as for support, against a young sapling which grew by her side; the other was extended before her, at arms-length, in the manner of repelling; the body was slightly drawn back, the head thrown forward. Her eyes were fixed, distended, and glaring; the lips apart; there was no heaving of the chest; the whole frame was rigid and motionless. Miss B— was terrified beyond measure: she again spoke, but, as before, received no reply: she looked in the direction of her companion's gaze, but saw nothing, the ground for many yards being scattered over with a thin scrub. She moved closer up to her side, and again looked, and for a few moments was almost as much terrified. On the ground, at a few yards' distance, partly covered as though ready to spring, with its hideous head erect, and its fiery blazing eyes gleaming with malignity, its fangs exposed, and its forked tongue playing with a quick and tremulous motion—which, in the afternoon sun, assumed the appearance and construction of a minute stream of lightning—was a huge snake. Miss A— made a movement forwards, as though impelled irresistibly; and this recalled her companion from her

momentary trance of terror, who seized her by the arm with a loud scream, which startled away the reptile, and Mrs A— sunk down, completely overcome by the revulsion of feeling. The house was close by, and assistance soon procured. Mrs A— is a remarkably beautiful woman, and Miss B— often afterwards remarked what a magnificent study she would at that moment have presented to a painter of genius.

It must not be supposed for an instant, however, that any danger arising from these reptiles is of a nature or amount calculated to create any serious obstacle or drawback to the intending emigrant to the Australian colonies, any more than the same thing in respect to America or Canada, the West Indies or India. The above notes, scanty as they are, were all the personal observations and facts collected during many years' residence; and although perhaps they look formidable enough when collected, nevertheless many a resident in the colony of long standing, and who has perhaps never once seen a snake (and there are many such), will read this article with as much interest, and probably as great a sensation of novelty, as the intending emigrant who has not yet left these shores.

JOHN FOSTER THE ESSAYIST.

JOHN FOSTER, whose essays are justly ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day, was born in 1770, in the Vale of Todmorden, whose serene beauties, and the quiet associations of humble life, may be said to have moulded his retiring habits and vigorous cast of thought. Like Hall, Mr Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation; and after running his useful course, he died in 1843, at Stapleton, near Bristol, where he had resided for the last thirty years of his life.

Further than these few particulars, it is unnecessary to say anything biographically of Foster. The remarkable thing about him was his ardent and pure *thinking*. If ever there was a man who may be said, in the language of the old paradox, to have been 'never less alone than when alone, and never more occupied than when at leisure,' that man was John Foster. The exercises of the Christian ministry, in which a considerable portion of his life was engaged, were conducted for the most part in a noiseless manner, and in the shadiest nooks of the field of labour; so that when his now celebrated essays came forth to the public, they were to all, but a few, virtually anonymous publications. No one who has deeply acquainted himself with these admirable productions, will need to have repeated to him that profound laborious thought was the business of Foster's life; and the absence of this mental habitude in others, especially in those who occupied the more conspicuous positions in society, was often lamented by him with a bitterness which might almost have been mistaken for misanthropy.

This habit of mind showed itself in a remarkable manner both in his ministerial exercises and in his ordinary conversation. The character of both was such, as to impress upon the hearer the notion that he was merely thinking aloud. There was no physical animation or gesture, none of that varied intonation which commonly graduates the intensity of excitement. He threw out all the originality of his views, and the boundless variety of his illustrations, in a deep monotonous tone, which seemed the only natural vehicle for such weighty, comprehensive conceptions. This was only varied by an earnest emphasis, so frequent in every sentence, as to show how many modifying expressions there were which it was necessary to keep in distinct view, in order fully to realise the idea of the speaker. It may be added here, though it would be impossible, in a brief sketch like the present, to touch upon such a subject otherwise than in passing, that the same peculiarity is obvious in all his published productions. To a superficial reader their style might seem loaded and redundant, but on closer examination, it will be found

that this unusual copiousness of modifying epithets and clauses arose from that fulness of thought, and consequent necessity for compression, which compelled him, if he must prescribe limits to his composition, to group in every sentence, and around every main idea, a multitude of attendant ones, which a more diffuse writer would have expanded into paragraphs. Hence his writings are not really *obscure*, but only *difficult*, demanding the same vigorous exertion of thought in the reader which is exercised in the writer. The observation, therefore, of the late Robert Hall, in his well-known review of Foster's Essays, appears to be more ingenious and beautiful than critically correct. The error, however, if it be such, might almost have been expected from so perfect a master of the euphonous style as Mr Hall—a writer who, in the words of Dugald Stewart, combined all the literary excellencies of Burke, Addison, and Johnson. 'The author,' says Mr Hall, 'has paid too little attention to the construction of his sentences. They are for the most part too long, sometimes involved in perplexity, and often loaded with redundancies. They have too much of the looseness of a harangue, and too little of the compact elegance of regular composition. An occasional obscurity pervades some parts of the work. The mind of the writer seems at times to struggle with conceptions too mighty for his grasp, and to present confused masses rather than distinct delineations of thought. This is, however, to be imputed to the originality, not the weakness, of his powers. The scale on which he thinks is so vast, and the excursions of his imagination are so extended, that they frequently carry him into the most unbeaten track, and among objects where a ray of light glances in an angle only, without diffusing itself over the whole.'

Reference has been made to the solitary habits of Mr Foster's life. It must not be supposed, however, that he was, to use his own expression, the 'grim solitaire.' He chose as the partner of his retirement a lady whose talents and force of character he ever held in high and deserved respect. It is generally believed that when Mr Foster proposed to her that union which subsequently took place, she declared that she would marry no one that had not distinguished himself in the literature of his day, and Foster's Essays in 'Letters to a Friend' were the *billets-doux* of this extraordinary courtship. It is amusing to recollect that after the first evening which Foster spent in company with his future wife, he described her as a 'marble statue surrounded with iron palisades.'

The high walls with which his residence at Stapleton was surrounded, and which permitted not a glimpse of the house or garden, seemed to proclaim inaccessibility, and to say to the visitor, as plainly as walls can speak, 'No admittance.' No sooner, however, were these difficulties surmounted by the good offices of an old servant, who seemed a sort of natural appendage to her master, than a charming contrast was felt between the prohibitory character of the residence and the impressive but delightful affability of the occupant. His only hobby was revealed by the first glance at his apartments. The choicest engravings met the eye in every direction, which, together with a profusion of costly illustrated works, showed that if our hermit had in other respects left the world behind him, he had made a most self-indulgent reservation of the arts.

But the great curiosity of the house was a certain mysterious apartment, which was not entered by any but the recluse himself perhaps once in twenty years; and if the recollection of the writer serves him, the prohibition must have extended in all its force to domesticity of every class. This was the library. Many intreaties to be favoured with the view of this seat of privacy had been silenced by allusions to the cave of Trophonius, and in one instance to Erebus itself, and by mock-solemn remonstrances, founded on the danger of such enterprises to persons of weak nerves and fine sensibilities. At length Mr Foster's consent was obtained, and he led the way to his previously uninvaded

fastness—an event so unusual, as to have been mentioned in a letter which is published in the second volume of his 'Life and Correspondence.' The floor was occupied by scattered garments, rusty firearms, and a hillock of ashes from the grate which might well be supposed to have been the accumulation of a winter, while that which ought to have been the writing-desk of the tenant was furnished with the blackened remains of three dead pens and a dry inkstand by way of cenotaph.

Around this grotesque miscellany was ranged one of the selectest private libraries in which it was ever the good luck of a bibliomaniac to revel. The choicest editions of the best works adorned the shelves, while stowed in large chests were a collection of valuable illustrated works in which the book-worm, without a metaphor, was busy in his researches. A present of Coleridge's 'Friend' from the book-shelves is retained by the writer as a trophy of this sacrilegious invasion.

It will readily be supposed, from what has been said of the secluded habits of Mr Foster, that the intercourse of friendship must have been greatly sustained by means of correspondence. From the frequency of personal and private references in letters, a large proportion of such compositions must in all cases be withheld from the public eye, from ordinary motives of delicacy. Happily, however, without any violation of this decorum, a large body of Mr Foster's correspondence has been given to the world, the perusal of which by those who were not privileged with his friendship, must have mingled a more tender feeling with the admiration excited by his genius. The unrepressed exudation of his nature in these compositions invests them with the same charm which has been noticed as attaching to his conversation which we have designated as 'thinking aloud.' His accessibility by the young was one of the most beautiful features in his character, and will remind those of Mr Burke, who are acquainted with the more private habits of his life. The exquisite and redundant kindness of his letters to young friends is perfectly affecting, and show how necessarily simplicity and condescension are the attributes of true intellectual and moral greatness.

It would be next to impossible to convey to any one who was not acquainted with Mr Foster a correct impression of his personal appearance. His dress was uncouth, and neglected to the last degree. A long gray coat, almost of the fashion of a dressing gown; trousers which seemed to have been cherished relics of his boyhood, and to have quarrelled with a pair of gaiters, an intervening inch or two of stocking indicating the disputed territory; shoes whose solidity occasionally elicited from the wearer a reference to the equipments of the ancient Israelites; a coloured silk handkerchief, loosely tied about his neck, and an antique waistcoat of most uncanonical hue—these, with an indescribable hat, completed the philosopher's costume. In his walks to and from the city of Bristol (the latter frequently by night) he availed himself at once of the support and protection of a formidable club, which, owing to the difficulty with which a short dagger in the handle was released by a spring, he used jocosely to designate as a 'member of the Peace Society.' So utterly careless was he of his appearance, that he was not unfrequently seen in Bristol during the hot weather walking with his coat and waistcoat over his arm.

This eccentricity gave rise to some curious mistakes. On one occasion, while carrying some articles of dress, in the dusk of the evening, to the cottage of a poor man, he was accosted by a constable, who, from his appearance, suspected they were stolen, some depredations of the kind having been recently committed in the neighbourhood. Mr Foster conducted the man to the seat of an opulent gentleman, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening; and the confusion of the constable may be easily imagined when he was informed of the name of his prisoner, who dismissed him with hearty praise for his diligence and fidelity.

His was one of those countenances which it is impossible to forget, and yet of which no portrait very vividly reminds us. His forehead was a triumph to the physiologist, and surrounded as it was by a most uncultivated wig, might suggest the idea of a perpendicular rock crowned with straggling verdure; while his calm but luminous eye, deeply planted beneath his massive brow, might be compared to a lamp suspended in one of its caverns. In early life, his countenance, one would suppose, must have been strikingly beautiful; his features being both regular and commanding, and his complexion retaining to the last that fine but treacherous hue which probably indicated the malady that terminated his life. His natural tendency to solitary meditation never showed herself more strikingly than in his last hours. Aware of the near approach of death, he requested to be left entirely alone, and was found shortly after he had expired in a composed and contemplative attitude, as if he had thought his way to the mysteries of another world.

SHOPS.

WHEN Charles Lamb was asked his opinion of the Vale of Keswick, and the Hills of Ambleside, he frankly acknowledged that there was more pleasure for him in the London shop-windows, when lighted up and full in the frosty evenings before Christmas. This answer, though odd and unexpected, is not surprising. Where, in the wide world, is there such an exposition of artistic wealth and magnificence as is seen daily in the London shop-windows? No doubt some of the shops of Paris and New York rival anything of the kind in the British metropolis; but, taken as a whole, the stock and the array of the London shops are unmatched. All Orientals and Africans on visiting Europe for the first time are most struck with the splendour of the shops. There was nothing unreasonable in the request of an African king's son, whose tribe had been servicable to the French settlements on the Senegal, in return for which the young prince was taken under the protection of Louis XIV., and sent to receive an education in Paris. After having seen and been astonished at the French capital, Louis inquired of him what would be the most desirable present for his father, promising that whatever he selected should be sent, when the youth exclaimed, with a look of the most imploring earnestness, 'Mighty monarch, let me send him a shop!'

There is a curious instance of mistaken politeness recorded of the first Chinese ambassador at the court of Versailles. For the first few days of his residence he never passed the shop-window of an eminent hairdresser without performing the great *kowtow*, or ceremony of nineteen prostrations, before the waxwork fashionables it contained, supposing them, as it was at length discovered, to represent the gods of the western barbarians, placed there for public adoration in a richly-decorated temple. Such a mistake was natural for a Chinese. In his country, as well as throughout the whole East, the ornaments and magnitude of European shops are unknown. What may be called the grandeur of commerce is confined to the bazaar, a species of covered market-place, or rather temporary arcade, the greater part of which is composed of mere booths or sheds; and even there the display consists merely of quantities of merchandises, with little arrangement, less accommodation, and scarcely any of that ornamental ingenuity and minute attention to business which renders the shopkeeping of Europe so complicated and remarkable. The 'money-snaring machinery,' as a late divine called it, with which most of our readers, especially in large towns, are acquainted, is not yet dreamed of by the Orientals. The ample room, the front of plate glass, the costly fittings-up, and the splendid effects of lights and mirrors; the various functionaries employed, from the card distributor to the recorder of dissuaded customers; and the innumerable means of

printed advertisement, more or less practised by all our commercial world, merge in Asia into a small dingy room or tent, with a wide door, before which sits the merchant of silks or diamonds, as the case may be—the former article lying in piles around him, and the latter spread so as to display their size and quality to the best advantage on a table before him; while a slave at the door loudly enumerates all, and generally much more than could be found within; and another stands by to assist the merchant in the display of his goods, and show them occasionally, by way of confirmation to the statements of his companion at the door.

Such are the establishment and assistants employed by the wealthiest and most enterprising merchants among the primitive Asiatics, with the exception of some camels and their drivers, required for the carriage of goods in the celebrated caravans. These humble accommodations are considered perfectly sufficient; but commerce in Asia, though it occupies a somewhat limited and subordinate position compared with that of Europe, has a species of peculiar etiquette, which, however grotesque it would appear to a London merchant, is regarded by its disciples as indispensable to business. The Armenians, who divide with the Greeks and Jews the entire mercantile department of Western Asia, are accustomed to sit down and weep bitterly when they have sold any article of value, declaring that the purchaser has ruined them. The Jews, on similar occasions, rend their garments, which are said to be worn purposely for the sacrifice, with still louder protestations of ruin. In later years, owing to the influx of European travellers and manners, these demonstrations have become less violent, and are evidently but an Eastern version of the enormous sacrifices and unprecedented bargains set forth in our British advertisements. The Greek shopkeepers, in most of the Turkish towns, send a crier through the city to proclaim the arrival of new goods and their prices, every announcement being regularly concluded with a declaration that his employer is ruining himself, but must sell. At the great winter fairs of Asiatic Russia, merchants are to be found from the most remote cities of Hindoostan and Eastern Tartary; and travellers who have visited those scenes bring back curious accounts of their commercial fashions. The Mingrelians, who generally deal in the meerschaum pipes so highly prized and frequently imitated in Europe, consider it incumbent on them to absolutely refuse selling their goods to any customer, and the latter is expected to employ himself at least an hour in persuading the merchant to deal with him. Eastern time is not yet estimated according to railway reckoning. But a still more extraordinary custom prevails among the merchants of Thibet, famous for bringing the celebrated Cashmere shawls, the best quality of which is known to be manufactured in their country, a regular stand-up fight being required to take place between the seller and the purchaser on the disposal of any considerable quantity, the former obstinately rejecting the price to which he has already agreed, and the latter as resolutely forcing it upon him. Nor is it considered business-like to settle matters till a few blows have been exchanged on both sides, after which they peaceably shake hands, and the bargain is concluded. The Chinese carry on commerce more regularly than any other nation of the East; but those who come with tea to the Siberian fairs never transact business with their Russian customers till after what they designate a polite silence of half an hour, during which the parties sit looking at each other, chewing green ginger and tobacco; and their shopkeepers, whether at home or abroad, have a habit by no means unknown in Britain—namely, that of asking twice the amount they expect to receive.

Such are the courtesies and attractions of Oriental business; nor does it greatly differ in either appearance or practice from that of ancient Europe. From the scattered and scanty observations left us by old authors, it appears that the shopkeepers of the classic world

were in the habit of standing in their doors, extolling the quality and cheapness of their goods to the passer-by, swearing by Jupiter they had no profit on every article they sold, and placing their entire stock and premises under the protection of Mercury, the reputed god of thieves. Their mercantile accommodations in some respects corresponded to their habits. Even in Rome, when it was called the metropolis of the world, the richest shops were front apartments of small houses, the back-rooms of which the owner and his family inhabited; and the greater part of them were subdivisions of the ground-flats of houses belonging to the wealthier classes, from whom they were rented at no small valuation, as shops were reckoned among the sources of income by the nobility of Rome; and Cicero states in one of his letters that his had become so ruinous, as neither to be occupied by mice nor men. The earliest and best-preserved specimens of ancient shops were discovered by excavations made at Pompeii. The description of one of them, supposed to have been a cook's, is thus given by a writer on the subject:—'The whole front was entirely open, excepting in so far as it was occupied by a broad counter of masonry, into which were built four large jars of baked earth, their tops even with the surface of the counter; behind were two small rooms containing nothing of importance. The traces of a staircase indicate that there was an upper floor. At night the whole front was closed by shutters, sliding in grooves cut in the lintel and basement-wall before the counter and by the door. There was an oven at the end of the counter farthest from the street, and three steps on the left, which were presumed to support different sorts of vessels or measures for liquids.' Another of better description was of the same form; but the interior was gaily painted in blue panels, with red borders, and its counter was faced and covered with marble. The dimensions of the Pompeian shops may be guessed from an inscription found among their ruins, which states that Julia Felix, probably a lady of rank, owned no less than nine hundred of them; and the excavators remarked that no entire house appeared occupied with business. In those times commerce was in every sense conducted on a low and limited scale, and the pursuit of it seems to have been regarded, as it is still in the East, a somewhat inferior calling. Neither Greece nor Rome could boast those merchants, princely in character and fortune, by whose enterprise and liberality the maritime kingdoms of Christendom have so largely benefited.

During the ninth and tenth centuries, when Europe was in a state of complete anarchy and barbarism, owing to the dissolution of Charlemagne's empire, the Mohammedan invasions from the East, and the continual incursions of the northern Sea-kings, the only remnants of commerce that existed were in the hands of the Lombards, a Gothic people, who, having settled in Northern Italy, hence called Lombardy, on the ruin of the Roman power, were, after centuries of possession, driven out by Charlemagne for making war against the Pope; and being of the Arian faith, none of the Catholic princes would allow them to settle on their lands. The Lombards therefore betook themselves to traffic; and their style of conducting it was highly characteristic of the period. Their shops, or rather warehouses, were situated in the most solitary parts of Flanders and Lower Germany, built in the fortress fashion, with donjon keep and battlements, surrounded by a moat, which could be filled or emptied at pleasure by means of sluices; but there was no drawbridge allowed, all goods and customers being drawn up by a basket and pulley to the main entrance, a narrow stone-cased door about half way up in the building. Here the merchants lived in a kind of monastic society, bound by the strictest vows of celibacy and secrecy regarding the mysteries of their trade, and venturing forth only in well-armed companies—the military exercises being part of their daily avocations—for the purchase and transfer of goods from distant cities: on which occasions

they were attended by troops of archers, kept in constant pay for that purpose, but never allowed to enter the fortresses. When customers arrived, they were obliged to sound a trumpet, which was answered by the warder, who kept watch on the battlements night and day; when, if it was thought advisable, the basket was lowered, and they were drawn up, man by man, except in times of more than ordinary danger, when samples of the goods were let down to them, and the merchants arranged matters with them from one of the loopholes. It is doubtful if shopkeeping on this principle would pay in our generation; but we live in better times. A fine contrast to it was presented by the Alpine shops of Switzerland about a century ago: they consisted of lonely huts, built at the entrance of the principal mountain-passes, the door secured by a latch from the depredations of the wolf, and the low-latticed window revealing to the passing traveller cheese, bread, coarse cloths, and almost every article his necessity could require, each with the price marked upon it, which he was expected to deposit in the money-box standing hard by, there being neither salesman nor book-keeper; in fact, not an individual within leagues of the solitary shop, the shepherd who had thus risked his little all coming once a month from the heights where his flock remained for the summer, to count and carry off his profits. The ideas from which such arrangements grew were worthy of the Golden Age; but the mountain-shops have long disappeared since steamers began to go up the Rhone and across Lake Lemann: it is even said that fashionable hotels in many instances occupy their places.

There is perhaps no foil to the pomp of London shops so complete as the *Kasina* of Morocco. It is a part of the town where stuffs and other articles are exposed for sale, and is composed of a number of small shops formed in the walls of the houses, about a yard from the ground, and of such a height within, as just to admit of a man's sitting cross-legged. The goods and drawers are so arranged, that he reaches every article without, and serves his customers as they stand in the street. These shops, which are found in all the towns of the empire, afford a striking example of the indolence of the Moors. Here people resort as to an Exchange in Europe—to transact business and hear news; and independent gentlemen often hire one of these shops, and pass the mornings in it for their amusement.

Still simpler are the accommodations for business in more distant African cities: the capital of Abyssinia does not contain a single shop, the place of traffic being a great plain in the vicinity, to which the merchants proceed, each accompanied by a slave laden with goods, while the master carries an umbrella and a mat; on reaching a convenient spot the mat is spread, the goods arranged upon it, the slave holds the umbrella over his master, and the shop is opened for the day, to be as quickly closed in the evening.

To return nearer home: the mountainous districts on the north-west of Ireland have yet shops whose primitive simplicity rivals the scenes of African commerce: a cabin, situated on some wild hill-side, or where a by-way leads across a lonely bog, built of the native peat-moss, thatched with rushes, and having a large turf or piece of dry sod suspended over the entrance by way of sign, which indicates that milk, coarse provisions of all sorts, and occasionally malt spirits of illicit distillation, may be bought within. Of course the stock in trade of such warehouses is rather limited; but they have one convenience unknown to more splendid fabrics—that of being removed, premises and all, in the course of a forenoon, which is sometimes effected on account of the wind blowing too keenly in the ever-open door.

History affords no evidence that English shops were ever constructed on this free-and-easy principle; but from the allusions and illustrations of the period, it would appear that the majority of London shops in the reign of Edward IV. were crowded, dingy, and in many

instances temporary concerns, closely resembling the old Luckenbooths described in 'The Traditions of Edinburgh': their signs were in general one of the most conspicuous articles in which they dealt, suspended over the door or window, a custom also referred to in the above-mentioned work; yet some of the wealthier classes had painted signs even then, generally referring to some subject of Catholic legend, according to the spirit of the times; and their owners were accustomed to stand in their doors, dressed in velvet hats, long gowns of Kendal cloth, leathern girdles with a pouch at the left side, which was expected to answer the purpose of our modern till; and the shopkeeper's chief employment was to invite in all passengers, and advertise them of the quantity and quality of his goods.

Even so late as the reign of James I., we find that this task devolved on the apprentices; and Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Fortunes of Nigel,' has chronicled their accustomed cry, 'What do you lack? What do you lack, gracious sir, beauteous madam?' which, addressed indiscriminately to the passers on a London street, would have a curious effect in our times; but changes have come over shopkeeping as well as other matters since then. May we not add, that our shopkeeping fashions, in other words, our trading operations, are the basis of our country's prosperity? There was a larger meaning than seems at first obvious in Sidney Smith's proposal to alter 'Britain rules the waves,' to 'Britain rules the shops;' and when Bonaparte stigmatised us as a nation of shopkeepers, he uttered a true though unintentional eulogium on our national skill and success in commerce, which, from the signs of the times, would seem appointed by Providence as one of the most efficient instruments in forwarding the progress and improvement of society.

LIBRARY STATISTICS.

An article in the August part of the 'Journal of the Statistical Society of London' gives a view of the principal public libraries in Europe and the United States. The information conveyed by its figures is curious and important; but not so, we think, as even a 'subsidiary element' (according to the compiler's notion) of the educational condition of the states referred to. The people have rarely anything to do, at least in a direct manner, with the national libraries: that of the British Museum, for instance, existing solely for the benefit of the few scores of literary persons in London who resort to it. In like manner, the collections of pictures in the houses of our nobility and gentry give no indication of the state of art among the people; although the degree of liberality with which these galleries are exhibited may influence to some little extent the progress of popular taste.

England is not famous for liberality either in literature or art. We debate eagerly about education, and vie with each other in the unreserve of our confession of its importance: but after all there is more cry than wool. Knowledge is admitted to be a great and universal good; but we guard its avenues with the most jealous restrictions. Even the common highway of the alphabet must be approached only on certain onerous conditions; and the libraries said to belong to the nation are carefully locked up from their owners. This inconsistency prevails less upon the continent, where, generally speaking, the people are permitted to look at the monuments they have reared, and the collections of art they have made, and to read the books they have purchased. All the national libraries of Paris, for instance, with the exception of that of the Arsenal, are lending libraries, and so likewise are those of Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Dresden, Wolfenbuttel, Milan, Naples, Brussels, the Hague, and Parma. Besides the great public libraries of the capital, there are public libraries of considerable extent in most of the large provincial towns in France, and to these valuable works are occasionally sent at the expense of the nation. In our

own country there is nothing of this sort, if we exclude a few favoured libraries; and what is even the favour in this latter case but the liberty of robbing publishers of their property? Fortunately, the public as individuals does that which the public in its corporate capacity makes a point of neglecting. Throughout the British islands there are hundreds of large libraries supported by subscription, and from these, as well as from libraries of lesser size, there issue more copious streams of knowledge than are poured from perhaps all the great national libraries of Europe put together.

Proceeding to the statement before us, it appears that the number of libraries in Europe, either open to the public or deriving their support from the public, is 383, of which 107 are in France, 41 in the Austrian states and in the kingdom of Lombardy and Venice, 30 in the Prussian states, 28 in Great Britain and Ireland (including Malta), 17 in Spain, 15 in the Papal states, 14 in Belgium, 13 in Switzerland, 12 in the Russian empire, 11 in Bavaria, 9 in Tuscany, 9 in Sardinia, 8 in Sweden, 7 in Naples, 7 in Portugal, 5 in Holland, 5 in Denmark, 5 in Saxony, 4 in Baden, 4 in Hesse, 3 in Wirtemberg, and 3 in Hanover.

The magnitude of these libraries is by no means in proportion to the size of the towns that contain them, or the wealth or importance of the countries to which they belong. In Great Britain and Ireland, for instance, there are 43 volumes to every 100 inhabitants of the towns that contain the books, while in Russia there are 80 to every 100. In Spain, to every 100 there are 106; in France, 125; in the Austrian empire, 159; in the Prussian states, 196; in Parma, 204; in Mecklenburg, 238; in Hesse, 256; in the Papal states, 266; in Nassau, 267; in Tuscany, 268; in Modena, 333; in Switzerland, 340; in Bavaria, 347; in Saxony, 379; in Saxe-Meiningen, 400; in Denmark, 412; in Baden, 480; in Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, 551; in Hesse-Darmstadt, 660; in Wirtemberg, 716; in Saxe-Weimar, 881; in Hanover, 972; in Oldenburg, 1078; and in Brunswick, 2353 volumes. These are curious proportions; and if the magnitude of a public library were really any indication of the educational condition of the country, we should have to conclude that Russia was twice, and Brunswick fifty-five times, better educated than England.

If we restrict our view to the libraries in the capitals, we find our own place still lower in the scale. London has only 20 volumes to every 100 inhabitants, while Brussels has 100, Petersburg 108, Paris 143, Madrid 153, Berlin 162, Rome 306, Copenhagen 465, Munich 750, and Weimar 803. Thus the little city of Weimar is forty times better provided with books than the great Babylon of the modern world.

The number of public libraries in Europe exceeding 10,000 volumes in amount, is 383, and the aggregate number of volumes in all these libraries is 20,012,735. The following are the libraries, with the number of their volumes, in the capital cities:—

1. Paris (1), National Library, - - -	800,000 vols.
2. Munich, Royal Library, - - -	600,000 ...
3. Berlin, Royal Library, - - -	470,000 ...
4. Petersburg, Imperial Library, - - -	446,000 ...
5. Copenhagen, Royal Library, - - -	410,000 ...
6. London, British Museum Library, -	350,000 ...
7. Vienna, Imperial Library, - - -	313,000 ...
8. Dresden, Royal Library, - - -	300,000 ...
9. Madrid, National Library, - - -	200,000 ...
10. Wolfenbittel, Ducal Library, - - -	200,000 ...
11. Paris (2), Arsenal Library, - - -	180,000 ...
12. Stuttgart, Royal Library, - - -	174,000 ...
13. Milan, Brera Library, - - -	170,000 ...
14. Paris (3), St Geneviève Library, -	150,000 ...
15. Darmstadt, Grand-Ducal Library, -	150,000 ...
16. Florence, Magliabecchian, - - -	150,000 ...
17. Naples, Royal Library, - - -	150,000 ...
18. Brussels, Royal Library, - - -	133,500 ...
19. Rome (1), Casanate Library, - - -	120,000 ...
20. Hague, Royal Library, - - -	100,000 ...
21. Paris (4), Mazurine Library, - - -	100,000 ...
22. Rome (2), Vatican Library, - - -	100,000 ...
23. Parma, Ducal Library, - - -	100,000 ...

From the general list of 388 libraries, we may extract the following notice of libraries in the United Kingdom:—The British Museum, as above, 350,000; Sion College, 27,000; King's College, Aberdeen, 20,000; Mariachal College, Aberdeen, 12,000; Public Library, and New Public Library, Birmingham, 31,500; libraries in Cambridge, 230,000; libraries in Dublin, 139,000; Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, 160,000; University Library, Edinburgh, 96,000; Library of Writers to the Signet, 50,000; University Library, Glasgow, 50,000; Hunterian Museum Library, 12,000; Cheetham Library, Manchester, 19,000; Bodleian Library, Oxford, 218,000; other libraries in Oxford, 153,000; St Andrew's University Library (now one of the best conducted libraries in Great Britain), 53,000.

In the United States of America there are eighty-one public libraries, having an aggregate of 955,000 volumes, a third of which are in the states of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New York.

No European public library is older than about the middle of the fifteenth century: that of Vienna has now been open to the public since the year 1675. The National Library of Paris was founded in 1595, but was not made public till 1737. A century before the latter date, it contained about 17,000 volumes; and in 1775, this had increased to 150,000. Then came the Revolution, which made it a general receptacle for the confiscated libraries of the convents and private individuals. Some of these, it is true, were summarily disposed of 'for the service of the arsenals;' but even in this case the librarians had usually a right of selection; and the result appears in the fact, that this magnificent collection numbers to-day at least 800,000 volumes. The library of the British Museum was opened to the public in 1757, with 40,000 volumes, after having been founded four years. In 1800, it contained about 65,000 volumes; in 1836, 240,000; and at present it contains, as is stated, 350,000 volumes. The increase of this collection is mainly attributable to donations; one half of its entire contents having been presented or bequeathed. The Copenhagen library, on the contrary, which has increased in the space of a century from 65,000 to 410,000 volumes, has done so by means of purchases equally liberal and judicious. 410,000—374,000; purchase—donation; Denmark—England. What a curious parallel!

The average annual sums allotted to the support of the four chief libraries of Paris is L.23,555: a greatly smaller sum having sufficed, till two years ago, for the library of the British Museum. But since 1846, an increase of L.10,000 for the purchase of books has been made to our parliamentary grant, and the whole annual sum allotted to the service of the library is now L.26,552. We may thus hope to see our national library rise into a consequence more nearly corresponding than hitherto with the greatness of the country; since under the operation of the special grant, there are 30,000 volumes added every year to the collection. At the same time, in the name of the people generally, we cannot but object to the practice of confining grants of this nature to London. What is paid for by all should, in justice, as nearly as possible, be enjoyed by all.

THE MASONS OF PARIS.

SHOULD you, when in Paris, desire to see the method of building one of those beautiful edifices with which the French capital is adorned, the best thing we can recommend is, that you should rise early in the morning and proceed to the spot where an edifice is in the course of erection. If early enough, you will see arriving from all quarters a band of workmen clad in a characteristic costume, of which the following is not an inaccurate description:—A loose-fitting blouse of blue or white for some, for others a jacket of coarse cloth; a pocket stuffed with tobacco, and a short pipe, generally of clay, knowingly carried about the bowl, and a cotton pocket-handkerchief with red squares; pantaloons of coarse

cloth or blue cotton; enormously heavy and solid shoes, but no stockings or socks: the costume is completed by a cap or bonnet of cloth stuff, the material of which you suspect rather than recognise under the dabs of diluted plaster and yellow clay produced by stone-sawing, with which it is liberally adorned.

The wearers of this uniform are the artisans employed upon the building, who come to commence the labours of the day. Previous to beginning work, according to an ancient custom, they adjourn to the nearest wine-shop, where a sip of some trifle prepares them, as they think, for encountering their dusty occupation. This ceremony over, they adjourn to the boarded enclosure, where the work is carried on. Apropos of these rough-boarded fences: if encroaching on the public thoroughfares, they are allowed to be put up only on paying at the rate of five francs a metre each month they stand. When, therefore, we feel disposed to revile these ugly timber barriers that interrupt the circulation for months together, we have at least the consolation of remembering that they contribute to the enormous budget of the city of Paris, which enables the municipality from time to time to accelerate the march of improvement. Thus the public are compensated for the inconvenience they endure.

As the clock strikes six, every man hastens to resume his work on the spot where he left off the night before. Some climb up the ladders, and continue the careful laying of the stone blocks; others prepare the mortar or the plaster on the spot. If there be sufficient space to saw and hew the stones at the foot of the building, you will hear the grinding of the saw and the sound of the mallet and chisel on all sides; if not, you will see the barrowmen arrive from the stone-cutters' yard, bringing the stone-blocks already prepared for laying. Each companion-mason has a labourer assigned to him, who is bound to execute his orders; these carry the mortar which they have prepared to the upper storeys, and also stones of moderate dimensions, and perform every possible service, necessary or not, which is required of them, in the hope of being one day, sooner or later, served in their turn.

This labourer or garçon mason has been, from time immemorial, the faithful servant of a master or companion, as the mood may prompt. Thus a mason, perched on the upper storey, will call his garçon; the garçon, quick as thought, clambers up five or six ladders, leaps from scaffold to scaffold, from beam to beam. 'Now, my lad,' says the mason, 'go and look for my pipe!' and the victim descends with the prospect of another journey on equally important business. But when the term of his apprenticeship is expired, and he is a mason himself, he will have his garçon, who shall dance up and down in search of his pipe, or for a less sufficient reason, if he choose to make him.

If it were necessary in our day, when monarchs are confined by charters, constitutions, and representative chambers, to personify despotism, we could not choose a better example than the companion-mason, and we would add his garçon to the picture, as a living symbol of devotion and self-denial: we make use of the word mason, as the generic term under which all workmen in buildings are ordinarily classed; but the stone-cutter, the stone-setter, the plasterer, &c. have also their garçon or labourer.

The following is the value of the various workmen rated in current coin:—Stone-cutter, per day, four francs, four and a-half, and five francs; masons, stone-setters, &c. per day, three francs, three and a-half, and rarely four francs; garçons, barrowmen, and other labourers, per day, two francs, to two and a-half.

At taskwork, as labour is always rated at a higher value than time, a good workman can wonderfully augment his salary, earning from seven to eight francs a day. The stone-cutters generally work task-work. To counteract the too indulgent dispositions, the contractor keeps upon the premises a superintendent, with the title of master-companion mason, charged with entire authority over the workmen. It is he who rebukes the idle, fines the late-comers, and registers the absent; he runs from

room to room, sees that every hand is properly employed, and, in case of need, gives his counsel and personal assistance; and his services and advice are so much the more necessary, as every workman, upon meeting with a difficulty that seems to him insoluble, folds his arms peaceably, and waits till Providence or the master-companion comes to his assistance. The importance of this personage and his function it is easy to comprehend, as well as the care and caution the contractor should exercise in his appointment. It is necessary that he should not only be active and intelligent, but, what is more, incorruptible, and courageously proof against the too often irresistible arguments of the wine-seller. All these precious qualities are usually estimated at the price of from 180 to 200 francs a month by the contractor, who retains his services throughout the entire year, notwithstanding any lengthened cessation of labour through the occurrence of frost and wintry weather.

While we have been wandering through the building, and stumbling here and there among the poles and scaffolding, the time has flown—it is nine o'clock: at the first stroke of the bell everything stands still; and all rush away to breakfast. Let us see what kind of a thing is a French workman's breakfast. It is neither the meal porridge of the Scotch nor the tea and toast of the English. While the labourers eat modestly, in the open air, the morsel of pork, or the lump of sour cheese, together with huge wedges from the enormous loaf, which you cannot have failed to remark tucked under their arms upon their arrival at the scene of their operations, the companion-masons resort to the nearest wine-seller, who has prepared them an ample breakfast of their favourite soup, a kind of vegetable pottage, flanked with fried potatoes and other roots, among which the carrot ranks as a conspicuous delicacy—the bread, brought by the workmen themselves, forming the solid portion of the meal. The whole is qualified with a quantity of cheap light wine; and, last of all, a pipe. At ten o'clock all resume their work until two, when the soup and ceremony of the morning are repeated, and the day terminates at six in the evening.

The companion-masons, as well as the labourers, inhabit all quarters of the town, but appear to give a decided preference to the neighbourhood of the Hôtel de Ville, and the small dirty and narrow streets and lanes which abut upon the municipal palace, where the cheapest lodgings are to be met with. They sometimes unite to form a chamber, assembling at the house of a letter of lodgings, who follows, besides, the profession of tavern-keeper, or restaurateur. This worthy provides daily, or rather nightly, suppers for the workmen, and even gives credit to those out of employment whose characters are good.

The general rendezvous of the companion-masons is at the Place de Grève. From five o'clock in the morning they arrive there in crowds, some in search of work, others on the look-out for comrades; the *roleur* is also always there at that early hour: this functionary, so named from his keeping a list or enrolment of the parties wanting work, is engaged and paid by the body for the purpose of procuring employment for those in want of it; there also come the contractors to engage any number of workmen they may need. The carpenters and joiners frequent the Place de Grève as well as the masons; the locksmiths have chosen a domicile near the Pont-au-Change, where the wine-shop is an equally necessary appendage, an asylum, indeed, rarely deserted.

We have dwelt at some length upon the occupations of the masons, because it is only at the scene of their labours that their veritable physiognomy is perceptible. We ought now to say something of their pleasures: as we said before, these are of the calm and quiet sort, and on high days, consist chiefly in an extraordinary consumption of cold viands; giblet pies, more or less authentic; and salads furiously seasoned; and especially wine at six or eight sous a pint. The whole is varied by walks, of pure observation, to see the balls and dancing parties, the waltzes and polkas, which in every possible season are in full swing in the suburbs, and at the barriers of

the city. These scenes are not unfrequently attended with quarrels, in which the masons take a more active part; but the disposition to intermeddle and foment strife is unfortunately not peculiar to them, but shared alike by all the laborious classes of the French capital, so proud of its refinement in luxury and civilisation.

It is on fête days only that the mason makes any attempt at personal display; then he puts on his new blue coat with broad lappets, and bright metal buttons shining proudly in the sun; then he changes his heavy mud-coated shoes for boots, equally solid, but brilliant with blacking of the choicest polish: on these days of solemnity he brings forth his broad silver watch, the possession of which he more than intimates by a wide silk ribbon floating gallantly upon his waistcoat, and trinkets of glittering steel. The masons greatly enjoy their fêtes or holidays, the frolics on such occasions being to a certain extent tempered by religious observances. Besides these stated cessations from work, the masons enjoy certain occasional recreations connected with their professional labours. Two of these special festivities may be noticed—the ‘crowning with flowers,’ and the ‘conduct of comrades.’

The last thing done to a house is to polish and ornament it with carvings outside, and these operations are performed by the more skilled craftsmen, who are suspended by ropes on purpose. When this nice work is completed, the building is finished. Now comes the ceremony of crowning. All the artisans employed club together, and buy an enormous branch of a tree bushy with leafage, which they bedeck with ornaments of flowers and ribbons; then one of their number, chosen by lot, ascends to the top of the house they have just built, and erects the resplendent bouquet. As soon as the body of workmen see the joyous signal waving proudly in the air, the favours streaming in the light breeze, and the foliage gently undulating over the summit of the house, the foundations of which they dug but a few months before, they raise their united voices in a shout of applause and gratulation. This ceremony accomplished, they take two other bouquets, more remarkable for their dimensions than the beauty of the flowers with which they are loaded, and repair to the residences of the proprietor and the contractor. These parties, in exchange for the verdant and odoriferous offering of the workmen, surrender a few five-franc pieces, in the expenditure of which the day is merrily concluded, without any regard for the fatigues of yesterday, or anxiety respecting the uncertainties of the morrow. The crowning with flowers, a modest and charming solemnity, typifying the exaltation of nature over the triumphs of art, is one of those happy traditions which are but too rarely met with among the various bodies of artisans.

The ‘conduct of comrades’ is a ceremony much more in vogue in the provinces than at Paris. It is a mark of esteem conferred upon a workman who is leaving them by his companions, who take this mode of testifying their friendly regard and respect. This benevolent demonstration is principally in usage among the workmen affiliated to some one or other of the societies of companionship. On the day of departure they assemble in great numbers, every one clad in his festal garb, and accompany their departing friend to a certain distance from the town he is leaving. One carries his staff, another his knapsack, and bottles and glasses are distributed among the rest; they proceed on their journey, gossiping, singing, and drinking until the moment of separation; then they drink a general bumper to the health and prosperity of the traveller, and separate. Quarrels are rare at these festivities; for independently of the natural good-humour of the French, they indulge for the most part only in very light wines, which raise the spirits, but do not intoxicate to an injurious degree. What a step towards temperance would be the general use of these wines, instead of beer or gin, among our working-classes in England!

As might be expected in the case of a profession which embraces a greater number of operatives than any other, its members are not supplied by any one particular dis-

trict exclusively. It is not with them as with the water-carriers, who are mostly Auvergnats, or as with the charcoal-burners, who all originate in the calcined gorges of the Cantal. From the north as from the south of the kingdom, from the mountainous region of the Puy de Dôme, from Dauphiny or the level plains of Champagne from Bourdeaux and from Lille, from the Pyrenees and from the Moselle, from La Creuse and the Upper Rhine crowds of building operatives swarm regularly to the capital; and in the patois of the various races, as they gossip during the intervals of labour, you may recognise the sharp accent of Provence, the drawling pronunciation of Lorraine, and the unintelligible idiom of Alsace. These various parties are not all easily satisfied: thus during the recent erection of the fortifications of Paris, a whole gang of masons, from Flanders, abandoned the works because the flavour of the Parisian beer was not to their liking; and a party of English labourers on the Rouen railway, sick of soup, soddened salads, and sour wine, recrossed the Channel in the avowed search of British beef and ale.

An immense number of German builders also find occupation in France; and sometimes their importation is so recent, that the least ignorant, or, if you will, the most learned among them, is obliged to act as interpreter for his fellow-countrymen. The workmen from La Creuse are also very numerous, and their peaceable and honest conduct has acquired for them an honourable reputation for morality. Picardy, Normandy, Dauphiny, and the department of Hérault, supply excellent stone-cutters.

That class of workmen who spend their days in the laborious occupation of building the rough walls, are almost exclusively natives of the neighbourhood of Limoges. They are bound inseparably together by a strong spirit of clanship, and practise a rigorous economy, which their enemies revile as avarice. During the times of the recess, which commences about the 20th of November and lasts till the middle of March, they manage to regain, either singly or in small bodies, the country which gave them birth; there they carry the savings of the year, until at length, having accumulated enough to buy a small plot of ground, they return to their cherished country, to quit it no more, content with the humble independence, because it is the welcome reward of their own industry.

In a country like France, where the police keep incessant watch, with such touching solicitude, over all the citizens, we may well suppose that they have neglected nothing that could tend to maintain order and submission among the vast body of building operatives, or ever to enable them at any time to verify the conduct of each individual. Accordingly, we find that the administration has multiplied the regulations and ordinances affecting them from time to time, until at length it controls the operations of the companionships, fixes their itineraries, appoints their salaries, and allots the hours of labour throughout the year; lastly, it compels each man to keep a book, which is in some sort the account current of his conduct and position as a workman; this book is an abridged memoir of the owner's existence, as well as his cash-book and ledger; in it he must inscribe the date of his engagements, the names of his employers, the sums which he receives, and, upon the first page his own name, surname, profession, &c. according to the eternal formula. Though this *livret* is, for bad characters a register of faults, and an act of perpetual accusation for the honest, sober, peaceable, and industrious labourer it becomes a veritable book of gold, in which are inscribed his titles of nobility; honourable and just titles inasmuch as they spring from the practice of intelligence, industry, and integrity.

We could mention more than one illustrious individual who, by active perseverance, have ascended from the inferior ranks to a high position, and who look no without pride upon the humble book which was the confidant of their former deprivation and fatigue; and we may well pardon that pride which glances with complacency from the calculation of a princely revenue to the soiled and tattered pages of the operative's work-book.

TEMPERANCE STATISTICS.

There are at present in England, Ireland, and Scotland, eight hundred and fifty temperance societies, with one million six hundred and forty thousand members. In the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, there are nine hundred and fifty temperance societies, with three hundred and seventy thousand members. In South America there are seventeen thousand persons who have signed the temperance pledge. In Germany there are fifteen hundred temperance societies, with one million three hundred thousand members. In Sweden and Norway there are five hundred and ten temperance societies, with one hundred and twenty thousand members. In the Sandwich Islands there are five thousand persons who have signed the pledge of total abstinence. At the Cape of Good Hope there are nine hundred pledged members. It is ascertained that upwards of seven thousand persons annually perish in Great Britain through accidents while drunk; and the loss to the working-classes alone, through drinking, appears to be annually five hundred and fifty millions of dollars. The enormous sum of four hundred and ninety millions of dollars was expended in Great Britain last year for intoxicating beverages, and five hundred and twenty millions of gallons of malt liquors were brewed last year in Great Britain. In the United States there are three thousand seven hundred and ten temperance societies, with two million six hundred and fifteen thousand members, which includes the Sons of Temperance. In Russia all temperance societies are strictly forbidden by the emperor. In Prussia, Austria, and Italy, there are no temperance societies. In France the temperance cause, although yet in its infancy, is greatly on the increase. The first temperance society in the world, so far as discovery is known, was formed in Germany on Christmas day in the year 1600.—*C. K. Delavan of New York.*

IMPORTANCE OF FLANNEL NEXT THE SKIN.

It would be easy to adduce strong evidence in behalf of the value and importance of wearing flannel next the skin. 'Sir John Pringle,' says Dr Hodgkin, 'who accompanied our army into the north at the time of the Rebellion, relates that the health of the soldiers was greatly promoted by their wearing flannel waistcoats, with which they had been supplied on their march by some Society of Friends;' and Sir George Ballingall, in his lectures on military surgery, adduces the testimony of Sir James Macgrigor to the statement that, in the Peninsula, the best-clothed regiments were generally the most healthy; adding that, when in India, he witnessed a remarkable proof of the usefulness of flannel in checking the progress of the most aggravated form of dysentery, in the second battalion of the Royals. Captain Murray told Dr Combe that 'he was so strongly impressed, from former experience, with a sense of the efficacy of the protection afforded by the constant use of flannel, next the skin, that, when, on his arrival in England, in December 1823, after two years' service amid the icebergs on the coast of Labrador, the ship was ordered to sail immediately for the West Indies, he ordered the purser to draw two extra flannel shirts and pairs of drawers for each man, and instituted a regular daily inspection to see that they were worn. These precautions were followed by the happiest results. He proceeded to his station with a crew of 150 men; visited almost every island in the West Indies, and many of the ports of the Gulf of Mexico; and notwithstanding the sudden transition from extreme climates, returned to England without the loss of a single man, or having any sick on board on his arrival. It would be going too far to ascribe this excellent state of health solely to the use of flannel; but there can be little doubt that the latter was an important element in Captain Murray's success.'—*Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

TRUE BLUE.

Everybody has heard and made use of the phrase 'true blue;' but everybody does not know that its first assumption was by the Covenanters, in opposition to the scarlet badge of Charles I. and hence it was taken by the troops of Lesley and Montrose in 1639. The adoption of the colour was one of those religious pederstries in which the Covenanters affected a pharisaical observance of the scriptural letter, and the usages of the Hebrews; and thus, as they named their children Habakkuk and Zerubabel, and their chapels Zion and Ebenezer, they decorated their persons with blue ribbons, because the following sumptuary

precept was given in the law of Moses:—'Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them that they make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribbon of blue.'—Num. xv., 38.

GIVE PLACE, YE LADIES.

[A ballad copied in Collier's Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company: Date, 1566-7.]

Give place, you ladies all,
Unto my mistresse faire,
For none of you, or great or small,
Can with my love compare.

If you would knowe her well,
You shall her nowe beholde,
If any tonge at all may tell
Her beautie[s] manyfolde.

She is not high ne lowe,
But just the perfect height,
Below my head, above my hart,
And then a wand more straight.

She is not full ne spare,
But just as she sholde bee,
An armfull for a god, I sweare;
And more—she loveth mee.

Her shape hath noe defect,
Or none that I can finde,
Such as in deede you might expect
From so well formde a minde.

Her skin not blacke, ne white,
But of a lovelie hew,
As if created for delight:
Yet she is mortall too.

Her haire is not to[o] darke,
No, nor I weene to[o] light;
It is what it sholde be; and marke—
It pleaseth me outright.

Her eies nor greene, nor gray,
Nor like the heavens above;
And more of them what needes I say,
But that they looke and love?

Her foote not short ne longe,
And what may more surpris,
Though some, perchance, may thinke me wroge,
'Tis just the fitting size.

Her hande, yea, then, her hande,
With fingers large or fine,
It is enough, you understand,
I like it—and 'tis mine.

In briebe, I am content
To take her as she is,
And holde that she by Heaven was sent
To make compleate my blisse.

Then ladies, all give place
Unto my mistresse faire,
For nowe you knowe so well her grace,
You needes must all dispaire.

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.

Aquafortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen and sugar, and spirits of wine, are so much alike in their chemical composition, that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combustion of burning, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything in nature. The famous Peruvian bark, so much used to strengthen stomachs, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found of the same materials. *Scientific American.*

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GREAT MEN.

It is universally remarked that now-a-days there are no great men—no great statesmen, authors, artists, dramatic writers, orators, theologians, or philosophers. Everywhere we see but a lifeless mediocrity—cleverness, and sometimes brilliancy of acquirements—but no great depth, scarcely any towering genius, little courage or ability to soar to commanding heights. Where is there now any great scholar; where a Shakspeare, Milton, Scott; where a John Kemble; where a Newton; where anybody in the superlative? The days even of Bonapartes are gone! Ample scope is there for usurpation; but we look in vain for a Usurper! The Hour is come; but where is the Man?

This is exactly one of those subjects which admits of being treated *pro* and *con*. Much may be said on both sides, without any decided preponderance one way or another. In the first place, it will not escape observation that the alleged scarcity of great men is very much caused by a general advance throughout society. For one great writer in a period of literary darkness, we have now a hundred writers of ordinary, though no mean capacity, all actively exercising their pens. For one artist of inapproachable excellence, we have thousands who can at least please us with their productions. We have, to be sure, no Newton; but look at the multiplicity of minds turned to philosophic pursuits, each poring on the face of Nature, and occasionally disclosing new and interesting features. If no man towers over his fellows, it may be because all have to climb higher than the great men of former times did, in order to be conspicuous. Where discovery has been pushed to its limits, we cannot reasonably expect to have any more discoverers. There are mariners of as ardent temperament as Columbus, and as willing to encounter dangers, but in what direction can these longing geniuses go in quest of a new continent? In maritime discovery, as in many other fields, the work is pretty nearly done. America, the solar system, the principle of gravitation, the laws of chemical affinity, the balloon, the steam-engine, and a thousand other things, can be discovered only *once*. If physical science has not actually got to the end of its tether, all within the circuit of the tether has been gleaned so marvelously bare, that in these latter days we are left comparatively little to pick up. Lucky fellows those Newtons, Keplers, Columbuses, and Watts!

True in one sense; but let us not be led away by a prevalent tendency to exaggerate the glories of past times and despise the present. After making certain allowances as to the absence of such commanding intellects as that of Shakspeare—a man not for a day, 'but all time'—it may be fairly questioned if there ever was any period of the world's history which so abounded in

men eminent for their talents, respectable for their aims and acquirements. For anything we can tell, the discoveries to be made by these men and their successors may be as grand as those of Newton, as useful as those of Watt. Great as has been our advance, we are to all appearance only on the threshold of knowledge. All things seem to prognosticate that in a century hence we shall be looked back to as pigmies in the arts—'gatherers of pebbles on the shore.' The discoveries, the inventions, the researches of the passing hour are all calculated to convince us that there yet remains a field of inquiry, which appears the more boundless as we advance. But, setting aside any such hypothesis, and taking matters only as they are, we would be inclined to speak of the present age as relatively anything but contemptible either in arts or learning. That the individuals who excel do not rise into a distinguished pre-eminence, is accounted for by the fact—a fact become proverbial—'that the world does not know its great men,' at least not till it has lost them. As no man is great to his valet-de-chambre, so no man is thought much of who may be seen any day walking in the public thoroughfares. It is only when he is dead and buried, and no longer takes a part in commonplace concerns, that his merits are understood and appreciated. Washington, in the midst of his mighty struggles, was aggrieved by a thousand detractions. Priestley, whom we are now in the habit of looking back to as a great man, was very far from being considered great while he lived. Chased from his home by a fanatical mob, and coldly sympathised with by men of learning, he died an exile from the country which was unworthy of him. It would be telling a twenty-times told tale to go over the histories of 'great authors' from Homer downwards, who were treated not in the handsomest manner while they were living and pouring forth their deathless effusions. Unfortunately for men who in some way distinguish themselves in literature, arts, philosophy, or statesmanship, they are usually judged of while in life not exclusively in reference to their services or labours, but to a large extent in subordination to professional and other jealousies, or in connection with sectarian and party views. In Great Britain, a native has much less chance of gaining celebrity for his discoveries in science, or his excellence in art, than a foreigner. Had Liebig been a professor in a London instead of a German university, he would scarcely have been listened to with the patience and respect he has been. We should not only have been too familiar with his name and person, but have been jealous of his reputation. It is a totally different thing when we have to investigate the pretensions of a man who lives a thousand miles off. He is then, as respects our own affairs, as good as dead, and is not likely to trouble us. One can make nothing

by condemning him, while it is quite safe to praise him: we can in his case afford to be magnanimously impartial. No man receives such numerous and cordial testimonials of his high claims to consideration, as he who is going to quit the scene of his labours. Enemies hasten to swear to him an everlasting friendship. Rivals weep bitter tears that they are to lose so great a luminary from their system. The wailings on such occasions are ever put to good interest. We all know how to be generous when the generosity places any object of desire the more surely within our reach.

But more than this: all have small prejudices to cherish, and it is not usual to speak with respect of a person who in anyway deranges the complacency of foregone conclusions. The outer world, in a state of happy innocence, imagines that the learned, so called, are worshippers at the shrine of Truth. Alas! how few are there who are not followers of idols. Each has his cherished fancy, which he feels bound to combat for in all circumstances; and wo to the man who audaciously brings distrust on his opinions! While motives so ungracious, independently of considerations of a sterner and less creditable nature, are permitted to influence the judgment, can we be surprised that so few living men attain the distinction which we ordinarily call 'great'?

If in the present age there be any peculiar impediment to the rise of great men, it may be said to consist in a widely-diffused taste for and habit of criticism, the occasional unjudging severity of which has unfortunately the effect of repressing talent unsupported by ambition. If there be no great statesmen, have the public generally laboured to raise men into power in whom they can place unqualified confidence? Perhaps the critics are more faulty than the criticised. In the United States, as we are informed, the more enlightened portion of the community, from a regard for their own feelings, take no part in politics, and studiously keep out of place. And in our own country, it is pretty obvious that on similar grounds the 'best men' systematically refuse to come forward as candidates of office. An upright man, with no selfish purpose in view, does not choose to expose himself to obloquy, or to have his services paid in public ingratitude. Thus a people may lose something by being too quick-sighted in detecting errors. A charitable consideration of human infirmities has more than Christian duty to recommend it: it is the soundest policy.

So much for the general influences which tend to repress the growth of 'great men.' Let it, however, again be remembered, that in very many instances the check on greatness is independent of external circumstances. No individual can expect to travel on the path to fame without getting rubs by the way. The more prominent a man becomes, the more is he exposed to challenge; and it would be well for him not to mistake the cavillings of the envious, or the morbid grumblings of the habitually discontented, for the expression of a healthful and general opinion. The satisfied say nothing: it is only the brawler and busy-body who make themselves heard. Besides—and here, perhaps, is the pith of the whole matter—do the great in skill and intellect always conduct themselves in a way to disarm jealousy and secure approbation? How frequently men of talent, yielding themselves up to the petty impulses of a restless temperament, are observed to destroy the reputation which admirers are willing to accord, and to which even enemies could not properly, for any length of time, present a feasible opposition. In such cases the would-be-great man is less judged of by his talents than his failings. Great in science, literature, or art, he is perhaps infirm in temper, sensual in indulgence, weak in resolution, imperfect in his moral sense. The world may be captious, neglectful; much grievous wrong may sometimes be a consequence of unworthy jealousies; but, on the whole, a man's chief enemy is himself. When Horace Vernet suffered the indignity of

having his pictures refused admittance to an exhibition in the Louvre, did he fly into a passion, and go and kill himself as an ill-used man? No. Without muttering a word of complaint, he exhibited his productions elsewhere, and lived to be at the head of the French school of painting—a lesson worth taking by others besides artists. We repeat an advice formerly offered—NEVER COMPLAIN: the world flies from ill-used men. Go on, true soul! faint not in doing the work before thee; but do it quietly, and leave the rest to Him who overshadows us with the wings of his Providence! Remember that the small oppressions of coteries are but transient, and act with slight effect on the truly great—great in sentiment as well as intellect. We are each of us on trial, and if conscious of rectitude, need not fear the verdict of the tribunal. W. C.

THE SILVER MINE.

A young cavalier was riding down a street in the city of Mexico leading towards the Alameda, when his own name, pronounced in piteous accents, arrested his attention, and caused him to rein in his steed.

'Oh, Don Vicente, noble caballero, have pity on me, *por el amor de Dios*; for charity, good senor, save a poor Indian, who is innocent as a child unbaptised.'

The person who uttered this appeal was evidently, from his looks, his garb, and his speech, one of that unfortunate race who, originally lords of the Mexican soil, have been for centuries in reality, if not in name, the serfs of their Spanish conquerors. The cavalier could even distinguish by his pronunciation that he was an Indian of the Tarascan tribe, who differ in language, as well as in some traits of character, from the Aztecs, or proper Mexicans. His situation sufficiently accounted for the vehemence of his intreaty, since he was then in the clutches of two sturdy *alguaziles*, or constables, who grasped him by the shoulders, and hurried him forward with the least possible regard to his personal comfort. They stopped, however, when Don Vicente turned his horse and rode towards them, saying, 'What is the matter, *alguaziles*? Who is this man, and what has he done?'

To this question, put by a cavalier whose rich dress and high bearing bespoke his claims to attention, one of the *alguaziles* replied with gruff civility that the sanguinary ruffian had just stabbed a white man, a water-carrier, in an adjoining street, and they were conveying him to the *acordada*, or city jail, to await his trial. The 'sanguinary ruffian,' who, by the way, was a small, simple-looking man, the very personification of pacific meekness, earnestly protested his innocence of the crime. He declared that he had merely stopped from curiosity to witness the progress of a game of *monte*, which was going on in the street; there were many other bystanders, some of whom were betting on the fortunes of the principal gamblers. At length, he said, a quarrel had arisen, though about what he did not exactly know. Then knives were drawn, and presently a man fell dead, stabbed to the heart. Some of the people ran away, and among them a *carbonero*, or coal-porter, a large, strong, black-bearded man, who, he believed, was the real culprit. As for himself, he waited to see what would be done with the dead man; and when the police came up, to his amazement two or three of those present, and whom he had seen talking with the *carbonero*, had pointed him out as the guilty person; and that was all he knew about it.

'But, *hombres*,' said the cavalier to the officers, 'this Indian carries no knife. How could he have stabbed the man?'

'Oh sir,' replied the oldest *alguazil*, 'that is the very proof of his guilt. The murdered man was stabbed with his own knife, drawn out of his belt before he had any warning of the intention. It is a piece of true Indian craft and villany.'

'Do not believe it, noble Don Vicente,' exclaimed the Indian. 'Why should I murder a man whom I

never saw before? I, a poor labourer from Zitacuaro, who came to the city yesterday for the first time in my life.'

'Zitacuaro, did you say?' asked the young man, looking earnestly at the Indian. 'It seems to me that I have seen your face before? How does it happen that you know my name?'

'Oh, Don Vicente,' replied the Indian, 'I have seen you many times, when you have ridden by the village where I live to the *hacienda* of Loyzaga.'

The young cavalier blushed at this reply, and then answered with a smile—'It is very possible; and for the sake of that recollection, I will not quit you until I have made further inquiry into this strange matter. My worthy friends,' he said to the *alguaziles*, 'as your time is valuable, and the proverb says that justice must have the wherewithal to subsist, you will not refuse me the favour of dividing this doubt between you. And now, oblige me by returning with your prisoner to the spot where the murder took place.'

The officers did not hesitate to obey a command so agreeably enforced, and immediately led the way back to the place in question. A number of men of the lower classes were still collected about it, pursuing their various occupations and amusements of gambling, gossiping, or chaffering, as calmly as though nothing of importance had taken place among them. Some sensation, however, was created by the return of the *alguaziles* with the Indian, followed by Don Vicente, especially when the latter rode into the midst of the crowd, and inquired for the witnesses to the fight and the homicide. It soon appeared that though almost all had been spectators of the quarrel, very few had actually seen the man killed. Of those who had before been loudest in asserting the guilt of the Indian, the greater number now held their tongues, or disavowed any positive knowledge of the fact. Two only, both of whom were *carboneros*, stood out stoutly for the truth of their former testimony; and although Vicente had little doubt that the accusation was a villanous plot, concocted to screen the real criminal by the sacrifice of a despised and friendless Indian, yet as he had no means of proving the innocence of the latter, he was obliged to allow the *alguaziles* to convey him to the prison. He promised the poor fellow, however, that he should not be forgotten; and with this assurance Paquo Tormes—for such, it appeared, was his name—suffered himself to be led quietly away without another word of remonstrance.

Don Vicente was much annoyed to find that, while he was engaged in this act of benevolence, the time had slipped by during which he should have been upon the Alameda. Any one, indeed, could have seen at a glance that the handsome young cavalier was equipped for an appearance on that rendezvous of the Mexican *beau monde*. His wide-brimmed gold-laced hat, his embroidered jacket, trimmed with costly fur, his Guadaluaga boots of stamped leather, his enormous silver spurs, of more than a pound weight each, his superb *manga*, or riding-mantle, thrown over the front of his silver-plated saddle, the *anquera*, or housings, of stamped leather, fringed with silver, which nearly covered his horse, were all in the highest style of the native fashion. It was now with some mortification that he beheld several of his acquaintances returning from their accustomed ride, and was greeted by them with inquiries as to the cause of his non-appearance. It is but fair to say, however, that his vexation had little or nothing to do with disappointed vanity, but originated in a feeling of a gentler nature. A particular carriage was expected to be seen that day on the Alameda, containing at least one pair of the brightest eyes in Mexico; and it was before this vehicle that Don Vicente Aldama had intended to make his handsome *brazeador*, or prancing steed, display its most graceful caracoles, in the hope, or, sooth to say, the assurance, of attracting an approving glance from the said sparkling eyes. His friends indeed did not fail to inform him

that the carriage of the Conde de Loyzaga had passed three or four times up and down the Alameda; that the eyes of Donna Catalina had been seen in it as bright as ever, but roving about very uneasily; while the pretty face to which they belonged wore a very unusual expression of gravity and displeasure; all of which facts they related for his especial gratification. Don Vicente, however, did not consider the information in the least satisfactory, until it suddenly occurred to him that the incident which had detained him would form an excellent reason for a visit on the following morning, in order to request Donna Catalina's advice on the subject, and to solicit her interest with her father on behalf of the Indian; for the Count of Loyzaga was known to have great influence with the viceroy, the Marquis of Mendoza, who then governed Mexico. Congratulating himself on this bright idea, Don Vicente felt able to retort the rallery of his friends in a corresponding tone, and took his way homeward in joyous spirits.

Vicente Aldama was the descendant of a fortunate companion of Cortes, who had transmitted to his posterity large possessions in various parts of the new land which he had helped to conquer. The father of Vicente had been reckoned among the wealthiest proprietors of New Spain, at a time when the gentry of that country comprised the richest individuals in the world. But in one fatal night he lost, at the gambling festival of San Augustin, six of his seven great estates; and the next morning he was found dead in his room, with a pistol in his hand, and a bullet through his brain—a self-immolated victim to the evil divinity that has tempted so many to their ruin. This dreadful catastrophe had at least one good effect, as it gave to his son, then a youth of fifteen, a salutary horror of the gaming table, which he never afterwards approached. The income of his remaining *hacienda* was sufficient to enable him to live in handsome style both in the capital and at his country-house, between which, like most Mexican proprietors, he divided his time pretty equally. Now it happened that the estate of Don Vicente was situated at the easy visiting distance—as it is there considered—of about six leagues from the seat of the wealthy Conde de Loyzaga; and as the count had been a friend of his father, the young man was accustomed occasionally to ride over for the purpose of paying his respects to his noble neighbour. As he grew older, and better able to appreciate the lessons of wisdom and experience which flowed from the lips of the count, it was very natural, in the opinion of the latter, that the visits of the youth should become more and more frequent. The rest of the family, however, including Donna Catalina, the nobleman's bright-eyed daughter, ascribed these continual reappearances of Don Vicente to a very different cause of attraction. And even the count himself—conceited old fool as he was—began to have his suspicions.

This state of affairs will account for the anxiety and trepidation with which Don Vicente, on the day after the occurrence of the incident just related, presented himself at the stately town mansion of the count. The young lady, who was alone, received him with a cloud on her brow; but the shade of displeasure instantly passed away when her lover related the accident which had detained him from the Alameda on the previous day. Donna Catalina's interest in poor Paquo proved to be greater than he had anticipated. She thought she recollected the name, as belonging to one of the numerous labourers who were occasionally employed on her father's estate in the season of harvest; and with her sex's natural sensibility in the cause of the injured, she offered instantly to employ all her resources in his behalf.

'I do not think that we should apply to my father at once,' she said, 'until we have tried other means. He has an aversion to asking favours of the viceroy: they cost too much, you know,' she added with a smile. 'But an idea has just struck me respecting the evidence which you say is wanting. You men, Don Vicente

always imagine that you have a monopoly of sense and ingenuity in such matters; but we will try for once what woman's wit can do. Go, my friend, to your lawyer, and ask his advice, while I make some inquiries in my own way. Do not be mortified if I succeed where you are both at fault.'

Although Vicente was somewhat puzzled by this speech, he felt that he could do no better than trust to Donna Catalina's quick intelligence, of which he had had many previous proofs, and he took his leave, very well contented with the position of his own affairs, as well as those of poor Paquo. Donna Catalina immediately ordered her carriage, and drove at once to the spot where the murder had taken place. Her 'woman's wit' had suggested to her that, in the case of a disturbance in the streets, the female inhabitants of the neighbouring houses would be very likely drawn to the upper windows or balconies, from whence they would have a good view of whatever took place below. A very few inquiries sufficed to prove the correctness of her supposition. In the third house which she entered, she found that the mistress—the wife of a respectable tradesman—with her two grown-up daughters and their maid-servant, had all witnessed the quarrel from its commencement to the end. They were certain that the murderer was not an Indian, but a tall, strong man, with a thick black beard, and dressed like a carabonero. A messenger, despatched without delay to Don Vicente, informed him of this satisfactory discovery; and the strength of his affection may be judged from the fact, that he was more pleased than mortified by this proof of his mistress's superior acuteness. With the aid of his lawyer, he at once took the necessary steps for procuring the liberation of the prisoner. The regular forms of Spanish law required a few days' delay before this could be effected; but at length the Indian was released, and, as Vicente soon learned, immediately left the city, without stopping to thank either of the benefactors to whose exertions he owed his escape. Vicente, however, was too well accustomed to the peculiar character and manners of the Indians to be much surprised at this omission. He felt assured that Paquo would almost as soon have faced a loaded cannon as have entered the mansion of a wealthy proprietor, or a great noble, for the purpose of making a formal speech to the master or mistress of it.

Of a very similar kind were the sensations of Vicente himself, a few days afterwards, when he approached the residence of the Count of Loyzaga, with the intention of making a solemn proposal—not to Donna Catalina, of whose sentiments he had before pretty well assured himself, but to her father, who, he had reason to fear, might not be found so propitious. The result proved that his presentiment was only too well founded. The old noble drew himself up with a degree of hauteur and pomposity unusual even in him, and expressed his wonder that a young man, whom he had always treated as a friend, should have imposed upon him so unpleasant a duty as that of declining his alliance. He had a great regard for Don Vicente, both for his father's sake and his own merits, but really—not to speak of the difference of rank, which yet ought to be considered—the disparity of fortune put such an alliance quite out of the question. Besides, he added with great stateliness, he had already nearly concluded a treaty for the marriage of his daughter with the son of the Marquis of San Gregorio, which connection he considered most eligible in every point of view. It would always give him pleasure to see Don Vicente Aldama, either in town or at his country seat, on the footing of a valued acquaintance; but really his young friend must himself see that his present proposals were very ill-considered and altogether inadmissible.

What reply could Vicente make to such a speech? Could he deny his own comparative poverty, or the immense wealth of the Marquis of San Gregorio, whose son, by the way, he knew to be a pleasant compound of sot, gambler, and fool? Could he remind the count

that his own nobility was not of very ancient date, his grandfather having been a poor woodcutter, who had had the good luck to discover a silver mine, with the produce of which he bought his title and estates? Neither of these courses seemed to be exactly feasible, and poor Vicente could only make his bow (which he did with excessive stiffness) to the proud and selfish old noble, and take his way homeward in a state of mind approaching to desperation.

On reaching his house, he was surprised to find Paquo waiting in the entrance-hall, accompanied by another Indian, whose white hair and wrinkled face gave evidence of extreme age. Even in his present dejection, Vicente experienced a momentary pleasure at the sight of one whom he had befriended, and in whom Donna Catalina had taken an interest. This feeling of pleasure was all the reward which he either expected or desired for his charitable exertions.

'Well, Paquo,' he said, 'I am glad to see you here once more, and your father with you, to testify your gratitude. But you must not forget that the Lady Catalina is the person to whom you are most indebted.'

'This is not my father,' said the Indian, scratching his head, as though in some perplexity. 'He is—he is—my itzchingambaramaxtegni!'

'What is all that?' asked Vicente laughing. 'You forget, Paquo, that I do not understand Tarascan.'

'It means,' replied the Indian, rubbing his brow in deep meditation; 'oh yes! it means that he is the brother-in-law of my wife's grandfather. He lives at Trinandu, near Eparza, in the mountains of the Sierra Madre.'

'Vaya, Paquo,' said Don Vicente gaily; 'you must be a very worthy man, if your relatives come from as great a distance to show their interest in you.'

'Yes,' replied Paquo with great simplicity; 'and my uncle is a very good man too, but he does not speak Castilian. He has brought something to show you, senor.'

Paquo then addressed a few words in Tarascan to the old Indian, who advanced and laid at Vicente's feet a bundle carefully tied up in a blue cotton cloth. When opened, it was found to be filled with lumps of a gray mineral substance. Vicente took up one of them, and after closely examining it, exclaimed in some surprise—'Why, hombre, this is silver ore of the very richest quality! From whence do you bring it? Is your uncle a miner?'

'No, senor,' replied the Indian; 'but this is the case. Many years before I was born, when my uncle here was a young man, he was travelling over the Sierra Madre. The night came on very cold, so he made a great fire and lay down to sleep beside it; and in the morning when he awoke, he saw in the ashes something shining. He looked and found that it was silver; and he knew that he had discovered a very rich mine. So he covered it up with earth and stones, and he came away and told his own family, and no one else; and since then, we have kept it secret till this day. Now we have brought the ore to you, senor, to show that the story is true; and if you will go with my uncle and me, we will point out the spot.' And here Paquo stopped short.

'You wish me to work the mine, I suppose,' said Vicente, 'and share the proceeds with you?'

Paquo did not at first precisely understand this question; but when he was made to comprehend it, he shook his head, and said gravely, 'What could we poor Indians do with a silver mine? But perhaps you will give us something to buy tobacco with, and some new clothes?'

'What will I not do for you, my good Paquo,' said Vicente with emotion, 'if your story proves true?'

The young man's voice trembled with excitement.

* The relater does not vouch for the literal correctness of this word; it is possible that a few syllables may have been omitted.

for the visions which now unfolded themselves before his mental sight almost dizzied and confused him by their brightness. He wrote a hasty note to Catalina, imploring her to defer her consent to any marriage which her father might propose for only a single month, by which time he had the strongest hopes of a most favourable change in his position. Then taking with him two or three armed attendants (for the roads of Mexico in those days were no safer than at present), and an experienced miner, he set out on horseback for the Sierra Madre, distant about forty leagues from the capital. A Mexican Indian can rarely be induced to mount a horse; and in this instance Paqno and his venerable relative preceded the party on foot, at the usual regular trot in which the natives make their journeys. Notwithstanding the great age of the elder Indian, he kept ahead of the horses all the way, without appearing in the least fatigued on their arrival at the mountains. The silver vein was found exactly as he had represented it, 'cropping out' at the surface of the ground; and the miner declared that there could hardly be a doubt of the abundance of the mineral wealth which it contained. Vicente took instant measures for claiming, or, as it is called in Mexico, 'denouncing' the newly-discovered mine, by laying an information before the proper tribunal, and commencing the necessary works for the extraction of the metal; this being all that is requisite in that country to give a complete property in any mine, without reference to the previous ownership of the land in which it is found.

In less than a month the miner's predictions were amply verified. By that time it was known all over Mexico that Vicente Aldama was working a 'clavo,' or deposit of ore, which had already produced him fifty thousand dollars. The Conde de Loyzaga, therefore, with a promptitude which did honour to his paternal sensibility, complied with his daughter's request, first to defer, and then to break off entirely, the treaty with the Marquis of San Gregorio. He still declared, however, that he could not think of giving his daughter's hand to any one under his own rank; and possibly this declaration was the remote cause of an announcement which, before the close of the year, created some interest, though not much surprise in the city—namely, that Vicente Aldama had just been created Count of Esparza: a title for which, it was said, he had given half a million of dollars; but probably to him, with a seemingly inexhaustible mine at his command, both the money and the title appeared of equally trifling value, compared with the greater treasure which they were the means of procuring him.

The traditional account from which the foregoing narrative has been derived does not enlighten us with respect to the subsequent history of the personages to whom it relates. All that is certainly known is, that the fortune of the Aldama family, or at least a large portion of it, has survived the revolution which has swept away their costly title, along with much other rubbish equally expensive and worthless.

THE IRISH INUNDATION.

SOME notice was recently taken in this Journal of the influx of Irish into England;* but the Prison Inspector's Report on the Northern Districts, which has made its appearance since then, forces the subject upon us anew. In a country like England, already overstocked with labour, a large addition every year to the supply, beyond the natural movement of population, would be in itself a prodigious evil; but the addition in question is attended by circumstances that render it absolutely intolerable, and we feel that we should be neglecting our duty if we failed to make use of the peculiar opportunities we enjoy of access to the public, in calling attention to the subject.

At the time of the union between England and Scotland, the former was not an over-populated country; but still her supply of indigenous labour appeared to be quite great enough in proportion to her working capital. The intrusion of our countrymen, therefore, who naturally flocked to the richer field, was reckoned an insufferable hardship, and every means was adopted for compelling them to stay at home. This, as it turned out, was exceedingly fortunate for the 'beggary Scots;' for a strong monarchical government controlling, and finally annihilating the feudal influences, left them, for the first time since their existence as a nation, sufficiently at peace to enable them to develop the resources of their own neglected wastes; and the result was, that in process of time the jealousies and animosities of the northern and southern died away, and the two countries became one in mutual interest and mutual respect.

Ireland is now, so far as natural means are concerned, far better adapted than Scotland was then for the support of a large population. Setting aside the superior capabilities of the soil for agricultural purposes, it possesses a dormant capital in mines and other resources, such as, if brought into activity, ought to raise the people to a high pitch of prosperity. The Arigna iron mines are supposed to be equal in value to any in England; they are surrounded by coal-fields of almost unlimited extent; and are close to the water-highways of Lough Allen and the Shannon. Elsewhere throughout the country are found, as well as iron, the ores of copper, gold, silver, lead, manganese, antimony, cobalt, zinc, nickel, chrome, and bismuth; together with immense beds of coal, and what has been found of as great importance for like purposes, bogs of turf, convertible into charcoal for smelting, and already used extensively in generating steam. The lakes and rivers of Ireland facilitate in a very remarkable manner the means of inland transport; and their available water-force is estimated at half a million horse-power. Such is the country in which the mill-power actually in use amounts, including steam and water, only to 3650 horse-power; 'while all the rest,' as Mr Vereker observes, 'to the value of hundreds of thousands of pounds, flows, like Pactolus, carrying its wealth into the sea.' Such is the country whose inhabitants flock over to England by thousands, to fling their labour into an already overloaded market, to inundate our workhouses, harbour in our jails, and spread the gangrene of crime and mendicancy in the bosom of our population.

We have no design at present to inquire into the nature of the fatality which drives the unhappy Irish to our reluctant shores. The position of the country, however, apart from its causes, has never been more clearly stated than by Mr Nicholls, the poor-law commissioner. 'Ireland,' says he, 'is now suffering under a circle of evils, producing and reproducing one another. Want of capital produces want of employment—want of employment, turbulence, want, and misery—turbulence and misery, insecurity—insecurity prevents the introduction and accumulation of capital, and so on; and until this circle is broken, the evils must continue, and probably augment.' In the meantime, the great majority of the natural capitalists—the landlords—sneak quietly out of the way, carrying with them the keys of the treasures we have enumerated,

* See Sir Robert Kane's 'Industrial Resources of Ireland,' and 'Absenteeism Considered in its Economical and Social Effects;' the latter being a shilling's worth of striking facts and sound reasoning.

draining the soil, year by year, of its year's product, and spending in England, and other favoured lands, the money which, if laid out at home, would elevate their country to a par with the best of them. But our present business is not with the absentees, but with the inundation of pauper labourers, which the want of nerve, patriotism, and capacity of the landowners, throws upon our charity and our contempt.

In order to understand the conduct of the Irish of the pauper class abroad, we must remember their condition at home. They have never in their lives been their own masters: they have never fairly possessed even their miserable holdings; for their payments have, generally speaking, been merely instalments on a debt which hangs like a millstone round their necks: they have never acquired even the independence frequently given in England, by the voluntary acquittance of the landlord; for in Ireland the forgiveness of rent amounts only to the transference of the sum to the next year's account: they have never passed a year without starving and begging during a portion of it. Thus vagrancy with them is so regular, so absolute a necessity in the nature of things, as to be hardly considered a misfortune; and thus have they grown up from infancy, without pride, without self-respect, and, above all, without hope. When such persons find themselves in the comparatively wealthy towns of another country, they are indeed strangers—strangers in feelings and habits. They are drawn together by a natural attraction, and seek, as if by instinct, the darkest and dirtiest nooks in the place, where they remain, acting and reacting upon each other in mutual contamination. In such circumstances, even high wages can have no power to change their character. They spend the surplus in the lowest animal gratifications, and continue to burrow in filth and darkness as before. Such is the picture of the Irish in England, drawn by Mr Lewis, the poor-law commissioner, in his Report; but even in Australia they remain unchanged, crowding together in the back lanes of the towns, instead of pushing out, like other men, into the independence of the wilderness.

The effect of recent inundations of such visitors in Liverpool, as described in the thirteenth Report of Mr Frederick Hill, Inspector of prisons, is appalling. The following is the evidence of the governor of the Borough Jail:—'The present number of prisoners is much greater than at any former period, during the seven years that I have been governor of this prison. The number began first to increase materially at the beginning of this year, but has increased most rapidly during the last three months. In the three months ending November 30, 1846, the whole number of committals was 2304, and the daily average number of prisoners was 583; but in the three months ending November 30, 1847, the number of committals was 2680, and the daily average number of prisoners 701; and the number of prisoners has now risen to nearly 800. The increase has been chiefly among prisoners committed for petty offences—particularly for vagrancy and pilfering—and has been almost entirely among the Irish. In the three months ending November 30, 1846, the number of Irish committed to the prison was 818, or about thirty-five per cent. of the whole number of prisoners; but in the three months just ended, the number of Irish was 1129, or forty-two per cent. of the whole number. Thus it appears that of 376 committals, the increase in the whole number of committals in the last three months, as compared with the three months ending November 30, 1846, 311 were of Irish prisoners. The increase in the number of men has been somewhat greater in proportion than among the women. It is well known that in some instances the Irish have committed offences with the express

object of getting into prison. If to the number of prisoners coming direct from Ireland, those of Irish parentage (though born in England) be added, three-quarters [Mr Hill says one-half] of our prisoners are generally Irish. The proportion of Irish prisoners has been rapidly increasing for the last three years, and particularly during the year now closing. Three years ago, the number of prisoners in the year who were born in Ireland was 1439 out of 4932, or less than thirty per cent. of the whole number of prisoners; but last year it was 2680 out of 6769, or forty per cent. of the whole number. Thus out of a total increase in three years of 1837 prisoners, 1241 were Irish. The portion which the Irish form of the whole population of Liverpool is less than half their share of the criminality of the town; and this is not only the case with petty offences, but with serious offences also. The number of felonies last year committed in Liverpool by persons born in Ireland was 222; while the whole number committed by persons born in Lancashire was only 369, though there are more than three times as many people in Liverpool who were born in Lancashire as were born in Ireland. During the last three years, the number of felonies committed in Liverpool by Lancashire people was actually diminished, notwithstanding the increase in the population; but the felonies committed by the Irish have more than doubled, having increased from 108 in the year 1843-4, to 222 in the year 1846-7. The very names of the prisoners and their brogue show how many of them are Irish.'

To talk of the moral effect of a pestilence like this among the dense population of Liverpool would be a waste of words; but it may be worth while showing, on the same authority, the cost we are at in finding lodgings in prison for our visitors. 'The cost of the prisons last year, exclusive of the interest of the capital expended in the building, was nearly £10,000, of which forty per cent., or £4000, must be considered as the expense falling on the borough of Liverpool for prisoners strictly Irish, not to speak of the great cost of the prosecution of these offenders, and of the expense of police in watching them. Owing to the insufficiency and bad construction of the present prison, a new prison is about to be erected, the cost of which is estimated at more than £120,000. Of this great expense, forty per cent., or £48,000, is caused by this same class of prisoners; or, including all prisoners of Irish parentage, three-quarters of the sum, or £90,000, must be put down as the estimated expense to the borough of Liverpool of providing prison accommodation for Irish prisoners.' To have the pauperism of Ireland thrust upon us is bad enough, viewed economically; but this costly mass of crime *must*, we venture to say, be rejected, or else, as Mr Vereker suggests, the absentee landlords taxed to cover the amount. The late alteration in the law of settlement does not affect the evil in the new shape in which it appears. Perhaps the most disheartening feature of the whole case is the fact, that an English prison is considered by many of the Irish an agreeable alternative, as compared with a return to their own country. In the county prison at Salford, where more than a third of the prisoners were Irish, or of Irish parentage, an example of this occurred, according to the following evidence of the chaplain:—'There were five Irish in the prison, three men and two women, for refusing to give information respecting their places of settlement in Ireland, so as to enable the interrogating magistrates, if they thought fit, to order their removal to their own country. Two of them had been in the prison more than four months, two more than six months, and one seven months. I saw them all, and found that they were quite aware that they could at any time obtain their liberation from prison if they were willing to give the information required of them.'

We have no desire to enter into the question of race, now so commonly discussed; holding, as we do, that the Celt is as fully entitled as the Saxon to the good offices of his fellow-men in the attempt to change what is

objectionable in his character. It will be more to our present purpose to show, from the results of actual experiment, that the change as regards the Irish *Assess* is not impossible nor even difficult; and to suggest as a corollary from what we are about to state, that the failures hitherto experienced may have been owing to the imprudent manner in which assistance has been rendered. The noble achievement of Lord George Hill,* in reclaiming not only the seemingly impracticable waste of Gweedore from a state of nature, but its miserable inhabitants from ignorance, poverty, idleness, and crime, proves our position of itself. The truth ought no longer to be mined. The long course of mismanagement of lands in Ireland is substantially the foundation of Ireland's misery and wrongs. The intolerable evil is not political; it is social. According to the original compact on which lands are held from the crown, the understanding surely is, that the party holding them shall do good service to the state. It never could be meant that private proprietorship should impart the privilege of covering the land with woods, and rearing up hordes of human creatures in semi-starvation. And yet this has actually ensued over a large portion of Ireland. As things stand, the compact may be said to be broken; and it may very fairly be a question in what manner the state should interfere either to enforce allegiance to the tenure, or to recall a gift which has been so grossly abused. English capital waits but for an opportunity to pour itself into the lap of Ireland, and how disgraceful that this cure for so many evils should be indefinitely postponed, all through the existence of a pauperism for which common sense, not to say legal obligation, points out a remedy.

Above, we have alluded to Gweedore, and are happy to be able now to give publicity to another experiment of quite a different nature, but with a termination as favourable. This experiment, it is true, has been on a small scale, and in a mountain parish containing only between 2000 and 3000 inhabitants; but it affords much encouragement, as well as much instruction, to the philanthropist.

The Ring district, as it is called, is situated on the western side of the Bay of Dungarvan, and is inhabited by persons who derive their chief support from fishing. During the dreadful season of 1846-7, these poor creatures were in a far worse state of starvation than usual, having been compelled to part with their nets for food, and even to burn their oars for fuel. Their case was brought by the vicar of Ring before the Waterford Auxiliary Relief Committee of the Society of Friends; and that body determined to attempt something in their favour, not by means of charity, but in a way that was likely to educate and cultivate any dormant feelings of self-respect that might lurk in their nature. This plan was to give trifling loans on certain terms, and to distribute these loans according to character, not mere destitution. 'The loans, varying from 10s. to L.3, were to be expended solely for the repair of boats and providing fishing apparatus; and whilst provisions were high-priced, a small weekly allowance of meal, as sea stores, was given gratis to each boat's crew for a short period. One month after the loan was made, repayment was to commence in weekly instalments of not less than sixpence in the pound. The sums thus received, it was announced, would be immediately re-lent to other parties, and the persons assisted were therefore encouraged to do their part in benefiting their neighbours, by paying in a greater sum than the stipulated amount whenever the week's fishing proved successful; and the expectant applicants exercised a salutary vigilance that there should be no undue remissness in the payments. In order still further to induce punctuality, and likewise to aid these miserably poor people, without compromising the feelings of independence and self-reliance, which the committee were most anxious to cherish, it was also stipulated that if the instalments of

sixpence in the pound were regularly paid up for thirty weeks—that is, 15s. in the pound—the remaining 5s., or twenty-five per cent., would be remitted as a bonus; but any person getting four weeks into arrear would be disentitled to this allowance; and this arrangement has had a very beneficial effect.

'The sum originally lent was L.20; this was subsequently increased to L.50, which, with L.7 from the London Ladies' Association for Promoting Employment, L.6, 2s. 6d. the produce of clothing sold, and twenty barrels of meal, constituted the whole amount advanced. With this, and the repayments, 178 loans have been made; and the parties thus assisted have, it appears, besides (with little exception) regularly paying up their instalments, been able to maintain themselves and those dependent upon them—at a time, too, when, in the surrounding parishes, the poor-law guardians were overwhelmed with wretched objects imploring relief.'

Towards the close of last year, a deputation from the committee visited the district, and were much gratified by the 'happy countenances, independent bearing, and consciousness of self-respect' apparent among the fishermen.' Being desirous of conferring some tokens of approbation, they distributed as prizes to the most punctual in their repayments a number of the warm, comfortable woollen shirts worn by sailors, called Guernsey frocks; and when the news was spread, it effected more than a score of processes emanating from a court of law.' In the Second Quarterly Report a very remarkable change of another kind is noted. The hamlets of the district were formerly so filthy, and contagious diseases so prevalent in them, that the Board of Health interfered with the most stringent measures. Its efforts, however, were unavailing. Nothing short of stopping their rations could induce the wretched inhabitants to use the lime and bricks that were supplied to them gratuitously. But all this is now at an end. A wish to please their benevolent visitors operates more strongly than legal constraint or the fear of death; 'their houses have been all newly thatched, and the whitened walls and neatly-sanded floors give an appearance of cleanliness and comfort to their humble dwellings.' Our readers, we are sure, will bear with us while we give one more quotation, taken from the Fourth Quarterly Report, dated in July last:—'I have much pleasure in stating, with reference to our Loan fund, that the people here are every day appreciating the value of it more and more, and, by their general good conduct and punctual payments, have convinced me that were such a course more generally adopted among this class of persons along the Irish coast, the benefits conferred would be incalculably great, for the small sums that we give are only intended to assist industry, not to foster or support idleness. And here I may mention a curious fact, for the accuracy of which I can vouch with confidence, that the parties on whom such loans have been conferred have prospered to such a degree in their different speculations, that they are all impressed with the idea that there is *some charm* in the "Friends' money;" and several persons whose circumstances disentitled them to any relief from our funds, have come to me soliciting a loan, saying that their boat required a sail or a new cable, and if I advanced them the price of it, they would repay me *immediately the full amount* advanced, without expecting to be allowed the usual abatement of twenty-five per cent. for regular payments; adding, that unless I complied with their request, *their crew would abandon them*. And how are we to account for this extraordinary success? How explain whence originated this strange impression among them, unless by attributing to industry, perseverance, and sobriety, what they ascribe to talismanic influence? for they know perfectly well, that to meet the weekly payments, they must labour constantly with diligence and assiduity, so as not to fall into arrear. They must also be temperate and correct in their general conduct, otherwise they forfeit all claim to further assistance; and hence the most mysterious may be solved.'

It will be seen that in this case the good Quakers placed themselves in the natural position of the landlord, and by means of a very trifling outlay of money, operated an almost magical change on the character of the people—keeping the little settlement together, instead of permitting its inhabitants to drift away to Liverpool and other towns, and there sink from beggars into thieves. This latter process, be it observed, is the *consequence* of their wanderings; for in their own country, although offences against the person are numerous, those against property are comparatively rare. But we must likewise observe that the experiment in question applies only to individuals having some occupation independently of their land. We are not prepared to say that the loan system would be of any use to mere cultivators; for the abuses connected with land are so enormous, and of such long standing, that it seems hopeless to attempt any reform, unless of a more decided kind. In a separate publication the writer has given an anecdote bearing upon this point, which may be worth repeating here. It refers to the western coast, and to individuals who were able, in ordinary seasons, to extract a wretched living from their small holdings of land. 'A gentleman, as my informer told me, commiserating the condition of the people, who patiently endured the pangs of hunger, when the sea before them teemed with wholesome and delicious food, purchased a boat for the purpose of making an experiment. He invited some of the most destitute among them to accompany him to the fishing, promising, in return for their share of the labour, to give them a due share of what they caught. They refused to labour without wages; and after in vain endeavouring to make them comprehend that his offer was much better than the ordinary rate of payment, he added to the chance of the fishing a day's wages. On this they consented. The fishing was completely successful; and, in addition to supplying their families with abundance of excellent food, they made some money by selling what remained. This was all their benefactor wanted. His experiment had succeeded; for it had convinced the people that they were able, by their own industry, to make a comfortable and independent subsistence. "I lend you my boat," said he, "till you are able to purchase one for yourselves. Go, and make a good use of it. Be industrious, and be happy." "But the day's wages?" cried they. The day's wages! Argument was vain. They demanded a day's wages as before, and would not stir without. Their benefactor gave up his attempt in shame and sorrow, and the unhappy savages returned to their hunger and their despair.'

It will be remarked that even in this extreme case some little *management*, such as would have been practised by the Quakers, might have accomplished the object; and for ourselves, we believe, that if the gentleman, instead of employing them to *work*, had said, 'Hollo, boys, come and have a bit of sport!' he would have been followed eagerly by the whole community without fee or reward. But however this may be, the question still recurs as to the obligation of England to receive into her bosom the crime and beggary of a country whose fixed capital is hardly touched, and whose working capital is expended in stimulating the industry of other nations. We have no hesitation in giving it as our opinion that this is altogether wide of our duty, and that immediate steps should be taken to compel the Irish capitalists, great and small, to do theirs, either by imitating the Friends in person, and on the spot, or by forming a national fund for people of more courage, humanity, and patriotism to work with. We say that the absentees should be compelled; for the fact of their being absentees shows that they will do nothing without compulsion. The imposition of a special tax, in a case of this kind, would be hailed with delight by every man, woman, and child in Ireland; and by confining the Irish inundation to their own shores, it would have a bene-

ficial effect upon the character even of the absentees themselves, by relieving them from the withering and deadening sense of shame they must feel in walking our streets, and reading our daily records of beggary and crime.

A STEERAGE EMIGRANT'S JOURNAL FROM BRISTOL TO NEW YORK.

April 26.—Left Cumberland Basin at seven o'clock, and passing by the Hotwells, gave three cheers to the multitude on the shore, which was returned by the waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. Reached King-road, and came to anchor at ten. Printed articles read by the captain. Rules nailed up to the mainmast: no swearing allowed on board; no smoking below deck; no lights after ten o'clock; and no steerage passenger to go abaft the mainmast.

27.—Got under weigh. Most of us busy unpacking: pots, kettles, frying-pans, and the like, begin to show out; and a certain disorder, called sea-sickness, begins to show its nose. Fine pickle below. Very poor appetite myself. Pipe my only solace.

29.—Little boiling, toasting, or frying this morning. All down except four of us. Cooks' galley free of access: the busy scene of cooking deferred till hungry appetites awake anew. A little doing in the gruel way. *A/ft/noon*.—More gruel in requisition.

30.—A poor little swallow picked up on the deck quite tired; by intreaties suffered to live. For dinner, partook of fried eggs and bacon; the first meal with a good appetite since on board. My provision-chest, lashed on deck, I scarcely dare open. I have apples, some good cheese, and butter; that is pretty generally known. 'Pray, sir, when are you going to open your chest? I hear you have some nice cheese; should like to beg a bit.' Another—'Have you any apples to spare? I hear yours is fine fruit.' A third—'How I should like to taste your bacon! I am told it is the best on board.' Many wet jackets to-day: much fun and pastime on board. I was soaked; but salt water, it is said, produces no cold. My pipe a cure for all. Now we go on gloriously, and are in the great and much-talked-of Atlantic. Most of the passengers alive again. A prayer-meeting held below, at which many engaged.

May 1.—In the course of this sail much toiling about; plates, dishes, and the like suffered wreck. Some alarm below: boxes and packages out of place; one tea-kettle, with hot water, showing off to the terror of some females; children crying; men busy replacing things. What a crowd! No place to call my own. Here is my corner, dark as one's pocket: four berths, with five inmates, close to my heels: in an angle sleeps the under-steward; then over me are two in a berth; then inside the partition, arm's-length from me, is the fore-castle, where the sailors sleep. Two holes, cut for air, often admit water upon us, through the ship's heaving: and that is not all; here is the sailors' loud hoarse changing watch, that dins in the ear, and jars and mars the little peace in shape of rest. Say nothing of being often heaved from side to side; and should the ship in the night take a fresh tack, then, to our discomfort, heads are down and heels up. Then, after her bows, and next to us, is a farmer and his family. The old man is a Universalist and a preacher. His creed I hold not with, though his counsels often are savoury. His daughter is agreeable; she is my pudding-maker. Next to these folks is an angle with four berths, filled with two young men, a married couple, a married and single woman, and a married man. Then follows one side of the ship in double rows like a street and street-houses—that is, from the fore to the main hatch—glutted with boxes and other packages; the boundaries marked out by some cumbersome article placed there. Overhead, as if for safety, are suspended beef, ham, and the like, with caps, bonnets, and twenty other articles. The walking way is reduced to a narrow zig-

zag, ten inches at most. There lies somebody's bag to be trod on. 'Who has had my map?' 'Why, I just borrowed it; but my little boy has let it fall overboard.' Water-jars and pitchers, with a tea-kettle or two, often form a group, lashed together for safety; but the annoyance of the ship sometimes disturbs their repose in the night, and makes them cry out; and the sufferer has a nose, a lip, or a body broken, to the no small tease of its owner.

2.—Passengers now pretty well; pots, kettles, and the like in requisition: two large fires and the cooks' galley all full and crowded. To prevent accidents, a chain runs across and over the grate; but sometimes this wont do: there's a see-saw, then a capsize, and a scald perhaps follows. Much fun and pastime on deck; three fiddles, and some dancing. A stiff breeze; ship began to roll, and we soon danced to another tune.

4.—Orders for a general cleaning below. All hands mustered on deck. Much bustle and clatter. Great scrubbing and fumigation; lost some beer and cider on the occasion. Opened my chest: oranges spoiled; bread ditto; and plumcake spoiling. Pipes, and a dance to wind up.

5.—Hard squalls. Few ventured up. With difficulty reached the cooks' galley to light my pipe. Crawling back, saw a female sitting near the capstan. A wave was coming, nearly mast-high; I saw it before me, but could not evade it: held fast: like a deluge it poured in upon us. I turned round to see what became of the poor woman. She was washed to the other side, much frightened, and quickly removed below. Several came up to view the scene: paid for peeping; another mountain-wave laid them as flat as flounders. Little cooking to-day. Much grumbling among the women. One poor man I *did* pity. His wife complained that she and the children were hungry, and they must have dinner. 'Here is the pan; come, go and cut some bacon, and I'll break some eggs in a basin.' 'Why, how unreasonable you are to suppose that I or any man can cook in this weather: I can't, nor wont. Give the children some bread and butter.' 'No I shan't; I will have some bacon fried; and I am sure you can do it if you like.' Obedient-like, loaded with ham, eggs, and bacon, he proceeded to do his best; but on his way to the fire he was arrested, washed down, and returned to his wife (who had prepared and laid out the little table) with the frying-pan only. 'There, I told you how it would be; but you would have your own way.' She looked mighty sulky, but said nothing. Did not escape myself: the cook had got me some lobscouse in a tin pot, and I went below, thinking to have a good supper: placed it on a box for a table, and had not left it a minute, to get my spoon, when the ship rolled, and turned my junket upside down. I was hungrily disappointed, and got laughed at into the bargain.

6.—Still squally. Busy scene in the cooks' galley. 'I say, who has taken my kettle?' 'I was here before you.' 'My pot shall go on; yours is hot.' 'I helped to light the fire, and will have my chance before you.' 'There's my wife out of patience; I can't make it boil if it wont.' In the middle of this squabbling in comes the water in hogsheads, and drowns out the whole. The old saying, 'There's many a slip betwixt the cup and lip,' often verified. You have your food within an inch of your mouth—comes a roll of the ship, and you are both off—the food one way, and you another. Sometimes, by way of security, I jammed myself between two boxes; but even this would not always do. Neighbours' tea-things suffered much; more borrowers than lenders; children crying; women scolding; men enjoying the joke.

10.—A shark passed us: bait thrown out, but no catch. Wedding on board: three bottles of brandy given away on the occasion. Began my second ham; very good, but no bread. Upset some soup that was given me. Job verily would have complained had he been here. A sheep killed; mutton ninepence per pound.

12.—On deck to light my pipe. Hard work to reach a fire. Coming therefrom, met a good ducking. Wished I could not smoke: should save many a wet jacket. Much providing. Some broth overdone; some not done enough; and some not likely to be done at all. Glad I am out of the cooking at all events. General promenade among the women. Invited out to tea.

17.—Potatoes short on board; spared two pecks; was paid 1s. 6d. Here comes a little fellow who has been well all the voyage, and can run the deck while all else are glad of a friendly rope. They tell me it is often so with children. Twelve o'clock—the sailors' happy hour. At the cry of 'Grog, ho!' from the steward, each man bottles a gill of rum; this, unless when there is extra allowance, is a day's quantum. For their food they have plenty of good boiled beef and pork every day; boiled peas and soup twice a week; pudding once, and potatoes twice. Red herrings they call old soldiers, and chiefly eat them for breakfast.

20.—Bad news to-day: tobacco very scarce on board; my last morsel nearly in the pipe. This morning partook of some coffee-royal; which is brandy mixed in the boiling coffee, well sweetened. Butter sold on board at 1s. a pound; beer and cider 1s. a bottle; brandy 3s.; rum 2s.

22.—Spoke the 'Sisters' from Sunderland to St Johns. We were so near as to converse without the speaking-trumpet. To be an eye-witness, and close alongside of a ship in full sail, with every stitch of canvas out, was a real picture. In the afternoon the mate and four men in a boat sailed to an American fisherman about a mile off. Two bottles of rum and some pork were put on board, to exchange for cod fish. In about an hour they returned loaded. There was quite a rage on board for fresh fish, and the captain was willing enough to sell it. Frying-pans, pots, and the like in active requisition; all hands busy washing, cleaning, cutting up, dressing, or eating their fish: it was truly a bustling time. When they were satisfied, they began to recollect that it cost threepence a pound, and to complain that it was dear. Asked by several, 'Did not you buy any?' 'Thank you, no—I am not partial to fish, particularly when it costs threepence a pound.'

23.—Smoking out of fashion: good reason, no tobacco on board; a famine quite; a few pounds would be worth something just now.

24.—Fine weather; enjoyed my meals; but no tobacco.

26.—Very stormy; little doing; a solitary individual was seen holding on his kettle for boiling, at the risk of being swilled; got a complete turn upside down; much laughter as he crawled below. Found some tobacco unexpectedly; considerable pleasure therein.

June 2.—Good water scarce; much complaining; plenty in the hold, but not to be got at. Few pots boiling; long faces and short dinners. *Mem.*—Potatoes boiled in salt water with the rinds on; ate good; but bad if pared—a secret worth knowing. Fresh meat and pudding good, boiled in half-salt water. *Half-past four.*—Land seen from the mast-head; much joy and rejoicing; drank my last bottle of beer; most of us had a peep through a glass. At ten, made out a beacon, and the sailors had an extra allowance of grog. At eleven, went below for a little rest; made up my bed for the last time, and wished for the morrow. Pleasant to find you have crossed the Atlantic without accident.

3.—Glorious morning! To the right is Long Island; to the left is Jersey State. What a fine country! Here at last is America. Yonder is Sandy Hook, with a lighthouse. What neat wooden cots by the water's edge! Observe those forests of trees, with a house here and there peeping through the foliage. The sight now before us compensates for all our toil and trouble; it is worth coming to see, if to return immediately back again. *Three o'clock.*—Reporter came on board for papers and clean bill of health; many questions asked

him; but the principal one was—'Had he or his man any tobacco?' 'No luck about the house,' and the disappointment great. He left us at four, hoisting up signals to telegraph our arrival. Thirty miles from New York, and reckoned the news would reach in nine minutes. *Six o'clock*.—Pilot stepped on board; numerous questions asked; tobacco not forgotten; and the negative proved a laugh against some of us. Shortly after the newsmen came for letters, papers, &c.; but no tobacco. Names called over, and one dollar twenty cents each had to pay the captain for hospital money and custom dues: children same price.

4.—Up on deck by four in the morning. Arrived opposite Staten Island. What a number of windows the houses have! No tax, as in England. At seven, reached what is called the quarantine ground; can proceed no farther without being examined by the doctor. Two sail near us under quarantine: afraid we shall add to the proscribed list, for one of our cabin passengers is ill. Just saw the doctor, who says he will be well enough to pass. All right. *Eight o'clock*.—All hands ordered on deck: signal hoisted for the hospital doctor. Two men came on board; these were custom-house officers. Then the doctor. Each passenger's name was called over, and every one had to pass in review before him. Then all below was examined; and the ship being pronounced healthy, was permitted to pass. The passing and repassing of steamboats enliven the scene. Almost all are on deck: the women and children much diverted with seeing the fishes play.

5.—Most on board providing their last meal. Biscuits by wholesale trod under foot. My kit sold to the captain for two shillings and fourpence. Near upon half-past eleven our ship took her station at what is called Elephant Wharf. Carmen, visitors, and inquirers stepped on board; and at the end of forty days, once more I trod on *terra firma*, quite well, grown much stouter, and in full health during all the voyage. Repaired to an eating-house; dined off various dishes, including green peas, and paid a shilling. Considered this not a bad specimen of America, and looked forward to days of comfort.

FLUCTUATION OF MARRIAGES.

In the Eighth Annual Report of the Registrar-General, recently published, which contains a summary of the particulars relating to the births, marriages, and deaths in England that have been registered in 1845, we find an interesting paper upon the fluctuation which marriages have undergone during a period of ninety years—that is, from 1756, shortly after the Marriage Bill prohibiting clandestine marriages in England was passed, and since which time marriages have been registered.

During this period they have proceeded at fluctuating rates of increase or decrease, curiously and exactly in accordance with the apparent or real condition of prosperity or adversity of the country. As a general rule, the diminution or augmentation of the price of corn has been rapidly followed by an increase or lessening of their number, although occasionally other circumstances have intervened, exciting temporarily a greater effect upon the prospects of the country than that of the more abiding one produced by the price of provisions.

Notwithstanding the occasional fluctuations, the number of marriages, upon the whole, has gone on steadily increasing; so that while there were but 96,600 persons married in 1757, there were 287,486 in 1845—being as from 1 to 3. So, too, the average number married annually during the ten years 1756–65 was 112,549, and during the ten years 1837–46 it was 248,050; the latter—the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the former—being more than double the number of their ancestors.

After presenting the table of the annual number of marriages for the period alluded to, the Registrar enters into a detailed account of its various fluctuations, confronting these with a summary of the political, commercial, and fiscal conditions of the kingdom at the various periods in question. We may present a very abridged notice of a few of these fluctuations:—

1757–64.—Between 1757–61 the marriages rose twenty per cent.—being nearly as great an increase as in 1842–5. The price of food continued low, and the enthusiasm of the nation was roused by the spirit and success with which Chatham conducted the French war. The increase was especially large in the towns; and thus while in London 5823 were married in 1757, there were 9376 in 1763.

1762–7.—The rise at this time was rapid—from 126,142 to 152,896—being coincident with a fall in the price of wheat. Pitt became prime minister in 1783, and excited the hopes of the nation to the highest point by his delusive scheme of a sinking fund and his new treaty with France. Manufactures, too, flourished.

1788–92.—The number of married persons, which had fallen again in 1788 to 140,064, rose, coincidentally with a fall in corn, to 149,838 in 1792. Capital, which had been accumulating, was now directed into the rashest speculations in *canals*, to be followed by a terrible reaction in 1793, when the bankrupt list rose from its average of between 500 and 600 to 1300, and the number of persons married fell to 145,760, and to 143,504 in 1794. In the local histories of towns the differences might often be found explicable. Thus in Birmingham, in 1788–9, the numbers were 782 and 903; but in 1790–2 they fell to 649, 705, and 606, the town having sustained an immense reduction of its trade by the discontinuance of the use of shoe-buckles. The Registrar suggests that the depressed state of the population, which the marriage returns exhibit, may afford some explanation of the celebrated riots in 1793. Manchester, which was flourishing in 1790–2, returned 1122, 1301, and 1657 as the numbers married; but after the revolution of 1793, these sunk to 1235.

1795–1803.—The marriages continued to diminish from 1793; and under the influence of the severe winter and dear bread of 1795, the numbers married were only 137,678, being almost exactly the same number as that registered twelve years back: but with the return of cheaper times they rose again higher than they had ever yet been in 1798 (158,954). This increase took place in spite of the immense war-burdens the country was charged with, and the extension of the poor-law to domiciliary relief; and was in part fostered by the great manufacturing improvements, and by Mr Pitt's extraordinary declaration in 1796—that a man had a claim to relief just in proportion to the numbers of his family, on the ground of having enriched his country with the greatest number of children. The numbers swallowed up by the war must, however, not be forgotten. The minister's hint was taken, and the baptisms rose from 247,218 to 262,337. The marriages, however, again fell off in 1799–1801 to 155,114, 139,702, and 134,576 persons; but again rose in 1803 to 184,788 persons, being a fluctuation of forty per cent., and the greatest on record. The years 1799–1800 were years of scarcity and high prices, wheat falling from 11s. the quarter in 1800, to 5s. in 1803.

1812–1815.—Remarkably little variation took place from 1804 (171,476) to 1811 (172,778); but the four years 1812–15 were years of great fluctuation—namely, 164,132, 167,720, 185,608, and 199,888: the price of wheat being in each respectively 129s., 112s., 76s., and 66s. In 1812, too, war with America had been declared, while in 1814–15 the Allies were in Paris.

1815–22.—Immediately after the war the numbers sank from 199,888 in 1815, to 183,892 in 1816, and 176,468 in 1817—the latter being years of deficient harvest, and gloom having taken possession of the public mind. But from that time the prospects of the country slowly and gradually improved; and the num-

ber of persons married also slowly augmented to 1821, when they amounted to 201,736—exceeding those of 1815 only by 1848. The price of corn was 66s. in 1815, 78s. in 1816, 98s. in 1817, and fell to 87s. in 1818; and to 76s., 68s., and 56s., in 1819–21.

1822–8.—Within this epoch falls the terrible year of speculation mania (1825), when, however, the number of marriages was not so great as might have been expected to be the case during the reign of the delusion. The mania was, in fact, chiefly confined to gambling in shares and loans, and was restricted to a comparatively small class of the community in towns, as contrasted with the recent railway mania, which gave employment and high wages to thousands upon thousands throughout the country. From 209,446, in 1824, the numbers rose to 220,856—wheat being at 69s. as compared with 64s. in 1824; and although in 1826 corn fell to 59s., the collapse of the excited hopes of the country was followed by a decrease of the persons married to 209,882; but by 1828 the numbers had more than recovered themselves (222,348).

1828–37.—In 1829 wheat rose from 60s. to 66s., and the numbers sank to 208,632. Trade had become depressed; riots occurred in the manufacturing districts; and during the next four years fluctuations occurred according to the progress of important political events then in action. In 1833 and 1834, cheapening of provisions and a great commercial development took place with a corresponding increase of the numbers.

In 1843 the numbers were 247,636, and increased in 1844 to 264,498, and in 1845 to 287,486.

The Registrar-General remarks, that the marriage returns indicate the periods of present or anticipated prosperity almost as distinctly as do the funds the hopes and fears of the money market. It appears, 1st, That marriages always increase at the termination of a period of war, when a great number of persons are discharged from active service with small pensions, and still more from the stimulus given to employment by the greater activity of trade and extension of commerce. Such increase took place at the Peace of Paris, the Peace of Amiens, and at the close of the last war. 2d, While wages have a limited range, the price of corn undergoes great variations; and, with few exceptions, marriages increase when corn is cheap, and decrease when dearth prevails. 3d, The establishment of new or extension of old employments, giving an increase of income to greater numbers, is always followed by a notable increase of marriages, as is seen in respect to the cotton manufacture, the canals of the last century, and the railways of the present. 4th, Increase of marriages accompanies the periodical epidemics of speculation which are witnessed in this country. 5th, 'The nation is sometimes extraordinarily sanguine. A statesman of genius, like Lord Chatham, at the head of affairs, produces the same confidence in a country as the presence of a Cæsar, Napoleon, or Wellington on an army. Great victories, the joy of peace, large financial or political measures, new discoveries in science, new applications of the powers of nature, the opening of kingdoms and continents to commerce, raise public feeling to a state of exaltation, long before the slightest improvement in the material condition of the population is realised by those measures that are likely to have ultimately that effect; and such periods are almost invariably accompanied by an increase of the number of marriages.'

The various causes influencing the increase or diminution of marriages differ in energy, and may be combined, or even opposed to each other. But after any extraordinary increase of their number, or any unusual consumption of the comforts, stimulants, or necessities of life, a corresponding diminution is always found, testifying to the very uncertain description of that prosperity, immediately on the occurrence of which so many hasten to incur the additional responsibilities of the married state. 'Wealth may be suddenly destroyed, but a sudden creation of wealth is impossible for it is

the produce of skill and labour; and though skill moves *per saltum* in inventions, human labour advances slowly, as generation follows generation.' In the invariable decline of marriages following an increase of their numbers, they have never fallen back to the original numbers—population increasing faster than they. While the marriages increase in times of prosperity, it is a general rule that the proportion of marriages to the population decreases as the mortality decreases, and that marriage takes place later as life becomes longer.

A few interesting facts relating to the 143,743 marriages performed in England in 1845 may be added. Of these, 129,515 were performed according to the rites of the established church, and 14,228 not according to these rites—a proportion of nearly 9 to 1. About 18,000 licenses are granted by Doctors' Commons and country surrogates annually—yielding a revenue of at least L.36,000 per annum. There were 9997 marriages in registered places of worship other than churches; 3977 in superintendent-registrars' offices; 180 according to Jewish rites; and 74 between Quakers: 6287 men and 19,376 women were married under 21 years of age: of the men, 4·37 per cent. were minors, and 13·48 per cent. of the women; 18,176 (or 12·64 per cent.) of the men were widowers; 12,369 (or 8·60 per cent.) of the women widows; 47,665 (33·2 per cent.) of the men and 71,229 (or 49·6 per cent.) of the women signed the register with marks! 2 in 3 of the men, and only 1 in 2 of the women, wrote their names—and this in the middle of the nineteenth century!

How much is it to be regretted that, for want of proper marriage registers in Scotland, there can be no analysis of the above nature presented respecting that part of the United Kingdom!

THAT WHICH MONEY CANNOT BUY.

MR WAKEFIELD was the proprietor of the fine farm of Stoke in the county of Somerset, and passed for the richest yeoman in the neighbourhood. He began life as a small farmer, and everything succeeded with him: the wind which blighted the harvest of his neighbours seemed to pass harmless over his fields; the distemper which decimated their flocks spared his; whenever he wanted to buy, the prices were sure to lower in the market; and if he wished to sell, they generally rose as opportunely. In fact he was one of those spoiled children of fortune whose numbers in the lottery of life always draw a prize, and who can afford to begin an undertaking, just as we plant a slip of osier, leaving to the rain and sunshine the care of bringing it to maturity. Deceived by this continued career of good fortune, he had ended by glorying in his success, as if it had been but the due reward of his own industry. He himself attributed this easy conquest over every difficulty to the skilful employment of his money, to which he assigned all the wonderful powers with which the magic wand of fairies was in former days supposed to be endowed. In other respects, Mr Wakefield, jovial, friendly, and kind-hearted, had not contracted any of those vices which are too often the attendants of prosperity, but his self-importance made him now and then appear a little ridiculous. One morning, as he was busily employed superintending the masons and carpenters, who were employed in making some additions to his house, he was saluted, in passing, by one of his neighbours, an old retired schoolmaster, who had laboured hard in his vocation for forty years. Old Allan, as this personage was called, lived in a small house of rather mean appearance, in which he had dwelt for many years, happy in the respect which was felt for him by all his neighbours, on account of his excellent character, and thankful for the small share of this world's goods which had fallen to his lot.

The proprietor of Stoke warmly returned his salute, and exclaimed gaily, 'Well, neighbour, I suppose you are come to see my improvements: come in, friend, come in: one is always in want of a little advice from

such a philosopher as you.' This epithet of philosopher had been bestowed upon the old schoolmaster in the village partly from esteem, partly in *badinage*; it was, at the same time, a harmless criticism on his taste for 'wise saws and modern instances,' and a homage which was rendered by all to his cheerful temper and the undisturbed serenity of his mind.

The old man smiled good-humouredly at the summons thus addressed to him by the wealthy farmer, and pushing open the gate, entered his enclosure. Mr Wakefield then showed him, with the satisfied air of a proprietor, the new additions he was making to his already extensive buildings; by means of which he would now have an excellent lock-up coach-house, several spare rooms for his friends, and a small conservatory wherein his wife might indulge her taste for exotics.

'All this will cost a great deal,' said Mr Wakefield; 'but one must never regret the expenditure of money when it really adds to one's comfort.'

'You are in the right,' replied Allan: 'a man who has nothing to annoy him, is worth two discontented men any day.'

'Without reckoning, besides, that we shall gain in health by the change! And this reminds me, friend Allan—do you know that when I was passing your house yesterday an idea struck me all of a sudden?'

'That must happen to you more than once in a day, neighbour, I should suppose,' replied the schoolmaster with a smile.

'No, but, without joking,' resumed Wakefield, 'I have found out the reason of your suffering as you do from rheumatism: it is the fault of that row of poplars which masks your windows, and shuts out the air and light.'

'Yes,' replied the old man, 'at first they formed only a little leafy wall, which was refreshing to the sight, attracted the birds as a nesting place, and allowed a free course to the sun's cheering rays. I used mentally to bless my neighbours the Rengtons who had planted such a border to their garden; but since then, the wall has risen in height, and that which at first lent a charm and gaiety to the scene, is now transformed into a source of gloom and of discomfort. Thus is it too often in life—that which seems graceful and amusing in the child, is hateful and repelling in the man; but now the thing cannot be helped, so it is as well to make the best of it.'

'Cannot be helped!' exclaimed the farmer; 'and why not? Why should not the poplars be cut down?'

'To have a right to do that, one must buy them first,' objected the schoolmaster.

'Well, then, I will buy them,' said Mr Wakefield: 'I shall not regret the price, if your rheumatism will only leave you in peace.'

Old Allan expressed the warmest gratitude to the proprietor of Stoke; but the latter laughingly exclaimed, 'Do not thank me: I only do it to prove that money is good for something.'

'Say for a great deal,' replied Allan.

'I should say for everything!' rejoined Wakefield. The schoolmaster shook his head. 'Oh, I know your opinions, old philosopher,' continued the farmer; 'you look upon money with a sort of prejudice.'

'No,' replied Allan, 'I look upon it as an instrument, which may be powerful in our hands either for good or evil, according to the spirit in which we use it; but there are things in the world which do not bow before its rule.'

'And I say that it is the king of the world!' interrupted Wakefield; 'I say that it is the source of all our enjoyments in life, and that to escape from its influence, one must become an angel in Paradise.'

At this moment a letter was placed in his hand; he opened it, and had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he uttered an exclamation of joy, and exclaimed triumphantly, 'Here is another proof of what I have been saying: do you know what this letter contains?'

'Good news, I hope,' replied Allan.

'My nomination as justice of the peace.'

The schoolmaster offered his sincere congratulations to the proprietor of Stoke on his attainment of this little distinction, which he knew to have been long the object of his ambition, and which he felt that his friend justly merited.

'Merited!' repeated Wakefield; 'and can you venture to say in what respect I have merited it, my good neighbour? Is it because I am the cleverest man in the neighbourhood? My next neighbour, Mr Hodeon, knows ten times more of the law than I do. Is it because I have rendered greater services to my neighbourhood than anybody else? Here is old Lawrence, who, by his courage and presence of mind, saved ever so many people from being burnt in the late conflagration, and who last year found out a means of curing the rot amongst the sheep. Is it because there is no other honest, right-minded man in the parish of Moweton? Are not you here, Father Allan—you who are old Honesty himself, dressed up in a coat and pantaloons? It must therefore be quite clear to you that I have received the appointment simply as the most influential man in the parish, and that I am the most influential, because I am the richest. Money, my friend, always money! A few minutes ago, I was proving to you that it could purchase health and comfortable ease: now you see how it procures me an honourable appointment which I wished for: to-morrow it will satisfy some new desire. You see, therefore, that the world is a great shop, whence everything is to be had for ready money.'

'Has Peter sold you his dog?' inquired the schoolmaster, waiting a decided answer.

Wakefield looked at him with a smile, and then clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed, 'Ah! you want to prove that my theory was at fault! You defied me to persuade Peter to give me up Growler for his weight in gold.'

'His weight in gold!' said the schoolmaster; 'that would be a great deal; but I know that the shepherd loves and values his dog as if he were his bosom friend.'

'Well, this bosom friend is now in my possession!' triumphantly rejoined the farmer. Allan started with surprise. 'Yes,' replied Wakefield, 'he has been mine since yesterday. Peter had signed a security for his sister: yesterday the bill fell due, and the money was not forthcoming: he came himself to offer to sell me Growler.'

'And the dog is here?'

'Yes, chained up in the inner yard, where he has been supplied with everything which constitutes the happiness of a dog—namely, a well-filled trencher, and a kennel comfortably lined with straw; but come and see for yourself.'

The farmer led the way into the yard, followed by the schoolmaster. They had no sooner entered it, however, than they desecrated the trencher upon, the chain, broken, and the kennel empty. The dog had taken advantage of the night to break his chain, and to escape over the wall.

'Is it possible,' exclaimed the astonished farmer, 'he has actually made his escape?'

'To return to his old master,' observed Allan.

'And what on earth has he gone in quest of down there? What can he have wanted?'

'That which you could not purchase with him,' gently replied the old schoolmaster; 'even the sight of the man who nourished and cherished him until now! Your kennel was warmer, your provision more abundant, and your chain lighter than that of Peter; but in Peter were centered all his recollections, as well as his habits of attachment; and for the beast, as well as for the man, there are some things which can neither be bought nor sold. Money can purchase indeed almost every earthly good, except the one which lends its value to them all—*affection*. You are a wise man, my friend; do not forget the lesson which chance has thus taught you: remember, henceforth, that though one may in-

deed purchase the *dog* for money, one can only acquire his faithful attachment by tenderness and care.'

'Yes,' replied the farmer thoughtfully, 'I now see that there is something which money cannot buy.'

NATURAL LAW OF CLEANLINESS.

In these days of universal wash-house, bath, and scouring propensities, it may be amusing as well as interesting to learn what has been long since taught in the kingdom of nature by the silent but impressive method of example.

In endeavouring to illustrate our subject, we shall not enter into its minute details, but seek to glean the general truth from a variety of facts cursorily mentioned. Beginning even with inanimate nature, we find the lesson of cleanliness on her first page. Who that surveys the most ordinary landscape, unfitted perhaps to inspire the poet or awaken the imagination of the romancist, can point to any stain upon its smiling face, if the defiling contact of man be not manifest? The fresh raiment of the fields, the hard features of the rocks, the stream descending in clear, sparkling, laughing, tumbling waters, or stealing in slower measure through the plain; the spotless aspect of the driven snow, the smooth-laid surface of the sandy shore, the deep pellucid waters of the great ocean—these are all *clean*. There is no spot of filth to be seen in them, except when the purificatory process is actually going on. Then the heavens assume what we might perhaps consider a filthy aspect—the sky becomes clothed with sackcloth, the hills disappear in murky fogs, the mountain stream comes down in floods of mud, hurling along heaps of degraded materials; the sea casts up its mire and dirt, and at these times the law appears suspended; but, on the contrary, this is the very process itself by which the general result is obtained. In a little while all this seeming disorder ends, and the landscape only looks cleaner than ever when it is over. A vast practical benefit results from a chain of circumstances apparently so trifling as the gathering and discharging of a rain-cloud. All the impurities which a state of change necessarily entails are thus removed; not only is the face of the earth renewed, and the crowding vegetation which luxuriates upon its fertile bosom re-invigorated, but it is also washed *clean*, exposed afresh to atmospheric influences, while the gatherings of previous weeks are all swept down and deposited out of sight beneath the surface of the blue wave. Water thus appears the principal restorative of beauty to nature's countenance; but it is no doubt aided materially by winds, which scatter into the air the dust and other extraneous particles, which might and do collect upon the face of all natural objects.

We have a series of beautiful illustrations of the same attention to cleanliness of appearance in the vegetable kingdom, which, though in accordance with received usage we class them under inanimate nature, we conceive to have a just claim to a different position.* The provisions for cleanliness, however, are principally of the passive order. At first sight, one would be inclined to believe it almost impossible that a blade of grass, in immediate proximity as it is to a filthy soil, could be kept clean; the dirty splashings of a shower, or the down-pressing influence of a breeze, would suffice to take all the beauty out of an artificial grass-blade. How different the result! Pick a handful of the tender herb from the worst field, the very slushiest meadow, and it is found clean, fresh, shining, without a spot of dirt or any such thing, so that it looks as though it had but just left the hands of the Great Artificer. This result is principally due to the lustrous coat of *silex* with which the blade is provided, and the polished, glittering surface of which denies attachment to a spot of dirt. Grass, however, is by no means the only class of plants furnished with a similar provision, a glazed

surface, evidently intended principally for this end. While meditating upon this subject, we have been much struck with a thought probably new in its application. Before our study stands a beautiful evergreen; here are leaves which were new just a year ago; clouds of dust have enveloped every artificial object exposed during the same period; but the leaves of this holly are as glossy and clean as though the creation of last week. Let the reader extend this remark, and remember how large a number of evergreen plants are apparently specially provided with highly-varnished surfaces for this very purpose, that the leaves, being peculiarly liable to become dirty, by reason of their long duration, may effectually resist the polluting influence of time. It is not forgotten that other ends may be in view also; but it is a well-known fact to the naturalist, that in the works of creation many effects are produced by a very limited number of causes. That this cleanliness of aspect is, however, due to something more than a nice disposition of surface, will appear when we reflect upon the utter impossibility of keeping any artificial substance, however highly polished, in a similar condition of cleanliness when exposed to similar dirt-disposing causes. Look at our window-panes, for instance: here is a surface which should resist filth, if that were all that is necessary; but a little time elapses, and while the evergreen leaves are ever fresh and shining, the reflected pane has become clouded with dirt. This effect is doubtless attributable to the cutaneous transpiration which is constantly taking place, and which loosens the attachment of dirt, so that the next shower washes all away, and the leaf is as glistening as ever. The velvety clothing of other plants contributes likewise to the same end; for dust will not, and water cannot, adhere to such a surface. Our beautiful and delicate companions the flowers are also furnished with a wax-like structure, by which means they are able to cast off the accidental pollutions of the ambient air. This effect is materially assisted by the position of the parts of the vegetable creature, such as the generally dependent curve of the leaf, the drooping of flowers; and at the period of their death, the dead portions drop, by a natural process, from the stem, fall to the earth, and are speedily hidden from view in the soil, from which, in a little while, they come not to be distinguished. Doubtless, also, the sober brown colour of the mould, as well as the generally subdued tone of every natural landscape, adds much to the clean and unsoiled aspect of the whole, by, as it is commonly called, hiding the unavoidable dirt. The opposite effect would have resulted had the ordinary colours of earth been similar to its extraordinary ones: what, for example, would have been the uncomfortable-looking condition of things if the earth had been bright-red, or yellow, or blue, in its ordinary tones? Things, however, have been differently ordered; and while we survey all nature, we may fully join in the expressions of Dr Macculloch, and say that it presents that 'universal book of cleanliness and neatness, which is as striking as if there was a hand perpetually employed in no other office, preserving an order which we cannot maintain in our possessions without constant labour.'

Few minds will be found, we believe, which will resist the evidence here adduced to the existence of a law of cleanliness in creation; but if we turn to the animal kingdom, the testimony becomes quite conclusive. Many precautions against dirt in this, as in the other division of nature, are *passive*. No one that looks upon the glittering corslet of a cockroach, inhabiting, as it does, the dusty cracks and crannies of our kitchen floors all night, and spotless as it is, can deny the conclusion, that there is an admirable proviso against filth in this insect. And the same may be said of the metallic-coated family of beetles, whose burnished backs repel alike the minutest speck of dirt or the heaviest peltierings of a summer shower; and the wing-covers of these beautiful insects are without doubt, while they

* *Edin. Indications of Vegetable Tealness. Journal No. 126.*

are the shields, also the dirt-repellers of the delicate gauze-like wings so artfully folded up beneath them. Again, in the same division of zoology, consider the down and hair-clothed insects; or those that are cased in the loveliest array of scales, as the butterflies; nothing defiling will stick here, and the unsoiled aspect of every such insect sufficiently testifies the perfection of the arrangement. The glossy surface of the hair of animals is a similar provision for a similar end; and the facility with which it repels water, man often recognises, and applies to his own purposes for coats, aprons, hats, or caps.

We probably judge rightly in supposing that the active demonstrations of cleanliness are the most interesting, and are likely to be the most impressive. The several means by which this is accomplished, supply us with the order in which we shall mention them. These are *combing*, *brushing*, *licking*, and *washing*, four divisions to which nearly all may, we think, be reduced. One of the commonest and most curious examples of combing, for the purposes of cleanliness, may be observed by closely watching a common garden spider. These insects are particularly exposed to dirt; the dust of the air, particles of their webs, or defilement from their prey, become entangled in the hairs of their legs, and would probably both materially add to the discomfort and to the disability of the insect for its active life, were they not removed. The wants of the creature have not been forgotten, and its mouth is furnished with serratures like the teeth of a comb. The insect puts its leg into its mouth, and gradually draws it through these teeth, so as entirely to comb off every particle of dust and dirt, which it then collects into a pellet, and carefully tosses away! In order that this operation may be thoroughly done, and no part of the leg escape, a little curved hook is added, which bends down over the edge of the comb, rendering the escape of any part of the leg impossible. When this self-cleaning operation is perfect, the insect with fresh strength betakes itself to its occupation. This curious fact appears long to have been unnoticed, and was first discovered by Mr Rennie, who mentions it in an interesting paper published at the Royal Institution. The bird well known as the fern-owl, or night-jar, has an instrument on purpose to effect this object, a real comb. One of its claws differs from all the rest in length, and in the remarkable fact of its being serrated or toothed like a comb; and such is the intention of the contrivance. It was long mistaken for an instrument with which to wound its prey. Other naturalists perceiving its resemblance to a comb, and considering the whiskers of the bird, conceived that it was intended to comb the bird's whiskers. But against this ingenious hypothesis it must unfortunately be mentioned, that some of the species possess the comb without the whiskers, in which case its function must be, on that supposition, unnecessary. The celebrated Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist of America, decided the question by finding in the 'whip-poor-will,' a bird belonging to the same group, and the inner edge of one of the claws of which is also pectinated, portions of down adhering to the teeth. He therefore very rationally concludes that this instrument is most 'probably employed as a comb to rid the plumage of the head of vermin, this being the principal, and almost the only part so infested in all birds.' In another portion of that splendid work, he mentions that the night-heron, or 'qua-bird,' possesses also a pectinated or comb-like claw, which has from thirty-five to forty teeth, and is used for a similar purpose to that in the last case mentioned.

Under the head of *combing* we are doubtless to include what is called the 'preening,' or, more correctly perhaps, the pruning of birds. Probably no creatures are more attentive to personal neatness than the generality of birds, and this they principally effect by embracing their feathers with the beak, then drawing the beak to the extremity, by which means all dirt and soil are speedily removed. In this healthy exercise it has been

well said they have been 'commanded to delight,' for while it is a sanitary act, it is also one which seems to afford them great gratification. Were it not that this beautiful part of creation is always thus employed, what filthy objects would many become who have to seek their food in mud or in the earth! But, as Drayton has said, they are always

'Pruning their painted breasts.'

and thus, under the most disadvantageous circumstances, the lustre of the bird of paradise, or the snowy purity of the swan, is never to be seen dimmed by dust or defiled by mud. Still, under the division 'combing,' we may mention the most familiar example of all, the common blow-fly. Who that has watched the ludicrous care with which this insect attends to its personal appearance, has not been reminded of human actions. When we remember our own manoeuvres with the clothes brush, and compare them with those of the fly dusting his jacket, the action has all the oddity of a caricature. How carefully he sweeps down the wings, and then his eyes and head, as if he were on the very point of presenting himself at court, or to the considerations of some fair friend! The microscope reveals his instrument. It consists of two rounded combs placed at the bottom of the foot, and consisting of two or three rows of teeth, somewhat like a currycomb; and this contrivance perfectly removes all extraneous matters, so that the cleanly insect flies off a complete beau, if lustre and absence of dirt would constitute one.

Brushing is the next division. The bee gives us a good example in point. This unwearied insect, in her perpetual search for honey, has to penetrate many flowers, which abound in pollen or farina—the light delicate powder produced by the anthers of flowers. When she comes home, she looks quite an altered character, all dusty as she is with yellow pollen, so that she could scarcely be recognised as the modest brown insect which the morning saw depart from the hive. The principal cause of this is the hairiness of her body, the pollen particles sticking fast in the pile. The insect stops, and raising her hind-legs, which are set with thick hairs, she brushes every particle clean off; but as the pollen is valuable, she does not throw it away; on the contrary, she kneads it into little masses called bee-bread, and then enters the hive, having stowed it away in certain little pockets behind. Many spiders are provided with brushes of close-set hairs, which effect the same purpose; and the foot-cushions of the cat must be considered as instruments of similar intention. We are often presented with examples of *licking* as an operation of this kind. The cat takes incessant pleasure in it, and is very particular about her children too, whom she licks continually when they are young. Other animals have similar propensities, and hence arose the popular myth about the bear licking her cubs into shape, when she was, in fact, only giving them a maternal purification. Insects are equally fond of it, and repeatedly lick one another. By the same means they free their eggs or pupæ from dirt. Every one must also have witnessed again and again the scrupulous care with which many animals *wash* themselves. Birds are very fond of this practice, and perform the operation with a skill which evidently manifests that the instinct is heaven-taught. To get a mind-drawn picture of this feat, let the reader think of the manoeuvres of a duck at a pond, or the more stately performance of a swan in a stream.

One of the most curious illustrations our subject admits of was discovered by the talented entomologist before-mentioned. It is a special apparatus for cleaning a very peculiar insect. At the bottom of a hole near an old tree Mr Rennie found a curious grub, which he had never seen before. Taking it home, with a few small snails found in the same place, and watching the creature, he found it employed in a very anomalous manner. Its tail was turned up, and bent over its back, and every now and then removed again. For some

time the object of the creature in this occupation was a complete mystery. At length the tail was examined, and the most singular apparatus was there found. In shape it was somewhat like a shaving brush: under the microscope it was found to consist of a double row of white cartilaginous rays, which were retractile at the will of the creature, like the horns of a snail. In the interspace was a funnel-shaped pocket, which turned out to be a sort of little dust-hole. Now this was its manner of operation: the tail was bent up over the back, and applied to any part of the insect's body; the creature then caused the rays to retract, so as to make the whole act somewhat like a boy's sucker, thus drawing off every particle of dust and dirt from its glossy skin. This done, they were stored up in the little pocket until it was quite full, and then the insect, by a vermicular motion of the same instrument, caused the collected matters to be expelled in the form of a little pellet, which it was careful to deposit out of the way.

Not only are animals commanded by the Author of their being to pay this regard to their personal cleanliness, but the homes of many among them are patterns of neatness and order. How often may we be amused at the diligence of the spider in keeping her net clear of the smallest particle of dirt! what lines will she not cut away and lay down again to secure this end! What a miracle of skill and neatness is a bird's nest, and how assiduously the parent birds remove every impurity from it! Even the proverbial filth-lovers, swine, are uncommonly particular in their homes; for it is well known that no creature is so anxious to have a clean and comfortable bed. And very probably the dirt-encasing gambols of these animals are to be excused on the score of an irritating cutaneous affliction, or are intended to resist the stings of insects. Let us hope, as we close this short article, that the lessons it is calculated to convey will not be forgotten. Let our poorer classes take just shame to themselves to be alone in their filth. While every domestic animal teaches wisdom, and while all creation exhibits the same pervading principle, will they be content to run the risk of opposing a plain precept of nature? Theirs is not all the blame, when we remember that even statesmen are only just alive to this oldest of all truths, coeval with the very institution of the present scheme. When it has been our lot to visit dirty habitations, and when we remembered the wide-spread lesson taught us in creation, often have Heber's words risen to recollection with a sigh, reminding us that

'Only man is vile.'

YOUR BUSINESS IS UNDER CONSIDERATION.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PETIT SENN OF GENEVA.

EVERY administration in the world—whether it be the executive of the state, or a corporation board, or a committee, or an individual 'dressed in a little brief authority'—has a greater or less store of dilatory phrases to which recourse is had for the purpose of answering urgent applications, putting off the impatient, satisfying the clamorous, and giving to all petitioners the impression of unceasing labour in their cause. At the head of these phrases for answering everything and everybody, the sentence surely deserves to be placed, 'Your business is under consideration.' Admirable phrase! admirable for the very vagueness of its definiteness and the very definiteness of its vagueness. Laconic too! as brief as could possibly be desired. It is eminently an administrative phrase. Unparalleled in its applicability, it adapts itself to everything—furnishes a full reply in itself, or an admirable backing to an objection or excuse—accounts for the most protracted delay in any kind of business under the sun—is an answer to every question, and the only answer to some questions. All committee-rooms echo with it—all council chambers resound with it. It is a sentence, in short, which should be engraved

upon the threshold of all government offices and the seats of all government officials, in order that, should the latter be absent, and the former closed, the anxious applicant need not call again for the answer he will most assuredly receive.

But the more closely we examine the full bearing and import of this combination of words, the more admirable it must appear to us. An individual inquires, 'How is my business going on?' and I, an official somewhere or other, reply, 'It is under consideration.' 'Under consideration?' Observe the satisfactory ambiguousness of the words. Had I said 'under my consideration,' or 'under any one's consideration,' I should have reduced it at once to the value of the unit; but now not only am I included, but everybody else who works with me: the entire body of which I am a member are clearly designated. There is nothing whatever to prevent your imagining the heads of government engaged in the matter; the applicant, if a novice, of course concludes it at once to be so, and pictures to himself the whole administration engrossed by his memorial, employed upon the means of redressing his grievance or granting his petition. What can satisfy him if he be not content with every wheel of government turning for him, and for him alone?

'Under consideration.' You are not left a word to say: objection you can make none. Had you been told 'It has been considered,' you might naturally have asked, 'What was the decision?' Or had it been said 'It will be considered,' you might request, with all due humility, to be informed at what period it was thought possible it might come to your turn to engage the attention of the body to whom your business has been submitted. But it is quite another matter now. The words are, 'It is under consideration;' that is to say, at this very moment every effort is being made to do you full justice, every energy is put forth, every nerve strung in your behalf: the attention of every one is riveted upon you, and you alone. What more would you have? You stand, with open mouth, completely arrested, fixed to the spot by this answer, unable to articulate more at the very utmost than an 'Ah!'—a little prolonged it may be—and you can but bow politely and retire, as fully satisfied as your temperament or knowledge of the intrinsic value of words permits you to be.

'Under consideration.' You may have these words repeated to you for twenty years successively; but with what show of reason can you complain of the cool, cautious, deliberate inquiry into every circumstance of your case, or of the length of time employed in the investigation of your business? What is it you want? That it should 'be considered.' Well, and have you not been told that this is precisely what is doing? You have absolutely nothing left to say. If not completed sooner, it is because it is impossible to proceed more rapidly in doing the thing well. Surely you would not have it slurred over? And you cannot, in conscience, require that your case should be considered oftener than *always*.

Most valuable phrase! What tiresome circumlocutions, what troublesome explanations, what framing of excuses, are spared by it to authorities in general! Officials may slumber as sweetly on these few words as in an easy-chair. The phrase is the very ottoman of power, the downy pillow of bureaucracy, whence it may meet every proposal of amelioration, every expectation of improvement, every desire for a new order of things by a few words—the true talisman of *statu quo*—'It is under consideration.'

And now that it has been itself 'under consideration,' who will not thank me for having made this feeble effort to hold up a phrase playing so important a part in parliamentary proceedings to the enthusiastic admiration and gratitude of those who make use of it? I write not for the ingrates who are unreasonable enough to feel indignation at its being addressed to themselves.

REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.

In the 'Times' of September 13, appears a long paper communicated to the Board of Health by an officer of rank long resident in India, descriptive of an alleged remedy for cholera. The prescription, which is said to be of Arabian origin, is stated to have been found unflinching in its efficacy, and to be well worth the attention of the faculty. We extract the following passages referring to the method of treatment:—

The ingredients employed are, asafoetida, opium, and black pepper pulverised. The dose for an adult is from a grain and a-half to two grains of each; if pure, one and a-half grains will be sufficient. These ingredients are to be made into a pill.

The pills so made up, one dose in each, are to be kept ready for use in a phial well closed, as it is of great importance to check the disease the instant of its attack.

The best mode of administering the pill is not by swallowing it whole, lest it be rejected in that state, but by chewing it and swallowing it with the moisture of the mouth, and a very little brandy and water to wash it down. The next best way of administering the medicine is by bruising the pill in a spoonful of brandy and water, and then swallowing it.

Much liquid must not be given; but to relieve the thirst, which is great, brandy and water by spoonfuls occasionally is the best mode.

The dose should be repeated every half or three-quarters of an hour, according to the urgency of the symptoms, until they have been subdued. From three to five doses have generally been sufficient for this, although as many as eight have been given before health has been restored in bad cases.

Should great prostration of strength prevail, with spasm or without spasm, after the other symptoms (vomiting, purging, &c.) have been subdued, the medicine must not be wholly left off, but given in half or quarter doses, so as to keep up the strength and restore the pulse.

Friction, with stimulating liniment of some kind, ought to be applied carefully to the stomach, abdomen, and legs and arms; and when pain in the stomach has been severe, and there was reason to fear congestion of the liver, eight or ten grains of calomel have been given with good effect.

In cases of collapse and great prostration of strength, the application of the tourniquet to the arms and legs has been recommended, in order, as it were, to husband the vital power by limiting the extent of the circulation. This may be tried, using a ligature of tape or other substance, if the tourniquet be not available.

The favourable symptoms of recovery are, restoration of the pulse, returning warmth of the body, and sleep; and after being refreshed by sleep, the recovery being complete, a dose of castor oil may be given.

[A subsequent correspondent of the 'Times' remarks, that as the swallowing of the medicine, as above, may create nausea and vomiting, the pill should be swallowed whole in a small quantity of diluted brandy. This is a matter of detail, which we suppose cannot be difficult to arrange.]

PEDESTRIANISM IN THE BRICKYARD.

A Gloucester paper says:—'There is a lad in a brickyard who walks, or rather runs, over a space of ground equal to sixty miles daily. Nor is the space travelled by any means the most arduous portion of his task; for he has to carry, during thirty miles of his journey, a mould or hod, containing wet clay, weighing together more than 12 lbs., and for the other thirty miles he has to carry back the empty mould weighing 4 lbs., and he has to stoop and pick up the mould no less than six thousand times! What is the gathering of a hundred stones in a single hour compared to the unintermitting exertion of this poor overworked boy, whose labour is running, stooping, and lifting, is continued for eighteen hours in succession, during which time he removes upwards of twenty-four tons of wet clay? Prodigious as all this appears, we have the authority of the boy's employer that the fact is literally as above stated, and further, that it is not a solitary performance, but has been done for five successive days during the present week. The daily earnings by this amount of labour are stated to be half-a-crown.'

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in summer-time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That glimmer on the sea:
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.
The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.
It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

—*Newspaper.*

HYDRAULIC POWER.

An engine, moved entirely by the pressure of water, has been exhibiting in operation in the premises of the Water Company for the last few days. The engine is constructed upon the horizontal principle, the cylinder being two inches diameter, and length of the stroke twelve inches. It can be worked at a speed of from sixty to eighty strokes a minute, but it is calculated to work at thirty-nine, at which speed it is equal to three men's power. We particularly observed the motion of the slide valve, which was opened and shut almost instantaneously with a very pretty mechanism, leaving the passages open for a considerable period during the stroke—thus allowing the water to discharge itself freely from the cylinder, a difficulty hitherto experienced in the working of hydraulic engines. The engine, we understand, was made by Messrs Steele and Sons, Lilybank Foundry, at the request of the manager of the Water Company, and is entirely an experimental engine. It proves the efficiency of water as a motive power when applied in this manner, and will be found of great benefit to those requiring a small supply of power, as it can be erected in any position or situation, and requires no preparation to put it in a working state, nor any particular knowledge in the management, as it is set agoing, and put off, by the simple turning of a stopcock. One great advantage connected with a hydraulic engine is, that it may be placed in any part of the premises, wherever it is found most desirable, without any risk of fire—a drawback at all times to the utility of ordinary steam-engines. It is on that account particularly valuable for wrights, &c. where a danger of fire exists. The engine has attracted considerable attention, no doubt from the consideration of the many useful purposes it can be applied to. Messrs Paxton and Sinclair, tea and coffee merchants, Reform Street, had a quantity of coffee ground by the application of the power, in presence of a number of spectators, who testified their admiration of the neat and efficient manner in which the machinery was propelled. We understand it is the intention of these gentlemen immediately to avail themselves of the invention throughout their operations.—*Dundee Warder.*

[At Peebles, we lately saw a wheel of small size and diameter, which is turned by no more water than what is conveyed in a leaden pipe of about an inch in the bore. The power, which is employed to work a pump in connection with the public gas-works, is equal to that of two or three men. How easy would it be to fit up machinery of this simple kind in cities—how inexpensive the power! A pipe of water introduced into a dwelling for domestic or other purposes, might in the first instance be led to the top of the house, and made to turn a wheel in making its descent to the lower floors. The world has not yet awakened to hydraulics.—*Ed. C. E. J.*]

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GLANCES AT PARIS IN SEPTEMBER 1848.

It was with strange feelings and expectations that I arrived, at six o'clock of a September morning, at the station of the Northern Railway at Paris. I had seen the city eighteen months before for the first time, and been delighted with its singular brilliancy and cheerfulness. Then all was apparent peace and prosperity. It had since been the scene of a singular revolution, and the seat of a civil war, recalling by its character early and ferocious times, and forming a strange intrusion into the moral life of our age. We had heard much of the sad change which had consequently taken place in the domestic circumstances of the great mass of the citizens, and of this I expected to see many prominent symptoms even as I walked the streets. It was therefore with an almost nervous apprehension that—having at length got my baggage passed in the waiting-room, and my lady companions put along with it into a voiture—I set forth on foot, in order to while away a little of the morning by a quiet promenade to our destined hotel.

The first observations were disappointing—that is, agreeably so; for nothing met my eyes but the usual accompaniments of morning in a large city—shops opening, streets cleaning, people going to their employments, market vehicles and peasant women coming in with articles of consumption, and so forth. Nothing like depression or distress was observable. 'Yes,' I thought, attempting to explain it, 'after all, people must work, and people must eat. The common routine of human life will proceed, with little variation, even in the most historical circumstances. I might have thought of all this before, if I had reflected.' Remembering that some of the fiercest struggles of the affair of June took place in the Faubourg St Denis, I went a little out of my way in order to pass through that district. Even there, however, men were calmly sweeping out or brushing up their shops. There were the usual appearances of low life, but all was quiet and inoffensive. At the Boulevard, where there had been some of the strongest barricades, I looked in vain, round and round, for marks of the strife. It was not for some time that I discovered a few white marks on the triumphal arch—here and there small defacements of the sculptures—also an adjacent *Commerce des Vins* (which I afterwards learned had been the seat of an insurgent committee) spotted here and there over its painted surface with bullet marks. But the tide of humble city life flowed under that arch, and past the battered wine-shop, as if there had been not a musket fired in Paris since the Fronde.

I subsequently spent nine days in this city of revolutions, and at no time could discover any great change in external and obvious things. The usual crowded streets, the usual affluence of goods in shops and shop-

windows, the usual cheerful cafés overflowing with customers. As nice dinners as ever at *Very's* and the *Trois Frères Provençaux* in the Palais Royal [for the meantime, and until further orders, Palais National]. Ladies sitting and chatting at work, as before, under the trees in the Tuileries Gardens, while the children played around them with skipping-rope and ball, and their white-capped *bonnes* bore along their infant charges, as yet insensible to the bane of political strife. There are, indeed, some obvious enough changes—for example, every palace and public building labelled with the words '*Propriété Nationale*,' and all these and the churches too inscribed with '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.' Still, the general outward appearance is much as it used to be. So are many of the common experiences of a stranger. For instance, although we are told that so many lodgings are vacant, our party found it not very easy to obtain suitable accommodation at a reasonable rate. In shopping, the ladies discovered that all things, jewellery included, are at their ancient prices. 'Yes,' the people said, 'things are *beginning* to be as they were;' but I question if the change in these respects ever actually was as represented. We went to one of the St Cloud *fêtes*, and found that beautiful park crowded in the usual manner with well-dressed and happy-looking people, bent on amusement, and largely indulging in it. Mountebanks were tumbling and dancing in front of show-booths: *cafés chantants* were in full flow of custom: merry-go-rounds, horizontal and vertical, went round as merrily as ever. The only difference in the multitude of little shooting-galleries was the prevalence of poor Louis Philippe's bust among the little stucco marks set up for the sportsmen. There evidently was money to spend, and the same ingenuity in inducing its expenditure, as of old. Then we went to the principal theatres—all well filled. That pattern audience at the Théâtre de la République (formerly Théâtre Français) sitting with such drawing-room-like propriety and quietness to behold Rachel as Andromache, as in days past. Seventy muslined nymphs drawing the usual applause in the ballet at the French Opera—and so on. So it was in the main everywhere, as far as positive things and things which we may call objects were concerned.

After a little time, such differences as really exist began to be observable. It was seen that, amidst the rows of shops, there were a few, yet, after all, only a few, closed, and to let. Amidst the carriages in the streets, a private one of any kind was a rarity, and I only saw one presenting aristocratical luxury and elegance. The multitude, even in the Tuileries Gardens, and in the first-class theatres, was almost wholly of a plebeian or middle-class character—scarcely any fashionables. Some remarked that it was the season of the year when cities are usually emptied of their richest inhabitants; and

this no doubt accounts in part for the phenomenon, but only in part, for, as others observed, Paris was in a great degree an exception to the common rule—the French being, as a nation, little addicted to country life, and the fact being, accordingly, that the *beau monde* used never altogether to desert their city residences. One new feature, of great significance, soon came under observation. Walking into the palace of the Luxembourg one day, we found its great galleries used by soldiers as a barrack. In the magnificent Panthéon, where a marbled solitude once reigned, there are now two thousand five hundred troops bivouacking. You see their straw-beds along the diced floor, and the men engaged in various occupations—some burnishing their accoutrements, some taking meals, a few reading newspapers; while out of doors, women selling food and liquor at stalls give the place much the appearance of a fair. Peeping one day into the beautiful new court of the Hôtel de Ville, we saw a range of cannon, and a number of horses in an extempore stable reared against the walls—the latter ready of course to draw out the former into action at a moment's notice. In many spaces of free ground throughout the city there are little camps for the soldiery. One comes much under attention amidst the shows of the Champs Elysées. I often sauntered about it to observe, which I did for the first time, the arrangements of a camp, and the forms of camp life. The tents are in regular rows, with crossing lanes, of various breadth, between; beds of straw within; shingle kitchens on the outskirts of the square. Sentinels, continually walking along on the outside, forbid all intrusion. Vivandieres—that is, female dealers in articles of consumption required by soldiers—hover about with kegs painted tricolor, or take up a permanent stand with little stalls. To see all the paraphernalia of active warfare in the midst of a fine city, while streams of omnibuses and cabs, and all the usual objects of a crowded thoroughfare, present themselves on the other side of a thin screen of trees, has a curious thrilling effect; although one cannot all the time but feel that this military force is the best assurance of peace and quiet which the circumstances admit of. Such are perhaps the most important of the tangible novelties in the condition of Paris at the time when I saw it; but these are, after all, as nothing in comparison with the changes that have taken place in the domestic conditions and prospects of individual men and families.

Confidential conversation soon brings out the general expression of suffering which the revolution has given rise to. Almost every person has a special tale of woe to tell: business lessened in amount and in security, property reduced in value, the future troubled and clouded. It appears as if the new state of things were one which nobody wished, and which all would already willingly see exchanged for another, if that were possible without producing worse evils. Each man speaks as if he were obliged to submit in this matter to some power beyond himself, and which he cannot control. 'We have got the republic, and we must make the best of it.' Such is the general remark, implying anything but that favour for the existing institutions which Burke would have recognised as their cheap defence. I could not doubt, from what I heard, that numberless persons have been brought to know privations which they never formerly dreamt of, and that there was much downright misery among the labouring poor. And yet, with reference to the very lowest class of the population, I could not but remark it as a strange thing at the conclusion of my nine days in Paris, that I had not once been accosted by a mendicant, whereas I do not know any British town where a well-dressed person could walk through a single street without more or less of that kind of molestation.

Having felt much interest in regarding the events of February and June in their romantic aspect, I took an early opportunity of seeing the localities in the company of a friend who had been an eye-witness of some of the chief proceedings. Right opposite to the front of the

Palais Royal, we see what might be termed the stump of a nearly isolated house—that is, merely its lower storey, the rest having evidently been destroyed by fire and otherwise. A screen of boards, separating it from the street, bears the usual array of placards which covers every spare foot of wall space in a large city. This is all that remains of the municipal guard-house, where a party made so obstinate a stand against the February insurgents. They were compelled to do so by their commander; and the consequence was, that, except a few who broke through into an adjacent house, and escaped, the whole were destroyed along with the building. My friend had seen the beautiful glass-covered gallery in the Palais Royal filled with the wounded insurgents on this occasion. When I remarked how curious it was to see the place now, with all its gay cafés and shops as brilliant as ever, he added, 'Oh yes; and in the very afternoon of Louis Philippe's departure from the palace, the Tuileries Gardens had their usual crowds of ladies walking about. Nay,' said he, 'I can assure you of it as a fact, that in the evening of the day of the revolution two Parisian gentlemen went into a café, sat down to play at dominoes, and never once during the evening made a remark on the public events of the preceding few hours.' I thought of Sicilian swains dancing beside the chinks of the cooling lava. It will be remembered that the Panthéon was the scene of some of the fiercest struggles in the June affair. It formed the post of the extremity of the left wing of the insurgents' chain of operations. Accordingly, as I expected, the face of this superb building was thickly interspersed with bullet marks, by which much of the architectural ornament had been defaced. The door was getting wholly renewed, for this had been broken by a cannon-shot, which it was found necessary to discharge before the people would surrender the post. We saw with thrilling sensations the trunk of a colossal statue at the head of the room, and a hole in the wall immediately behind it, the memorials of the progress of this shot in its fearful mission. The respectable-looking old man whom we remember showing the place with such pride in its days of perfect beauty, pointed to these things and to the military intruder on his domain with a sort of broken-hearted air. All along the Rue St Jacques, a narrow street descending from the Panthéon to the river bank, the bullet marks on the faces of the houses were many and frequent. Painted plaster fronts were indented, or we saw the fresh plaster filling up what had lately been holes. Bits of the mouldings of windows were broken off, and there were significant renewals of spokes in the outer shutters so universal in Paris. At the junction of this street with the quays, several buildings, or walls of buildings, appeared to have been renewed, or at least newly plastered over, since the insurrection.

In a progress which I next made through the Rue St Antoine to the Place de la Bastille—the seat of central action, and the part most obstinately defended by the insurgents—I observed even more signal traces of recent warfare. The bullet marks are there very numerous, particularly upon the corner houses. A respectable café in an exposed angle still showed its broken mirrors within, along with many patches of new plaster without. One could not but be a little amused at seeing some of those whimsical pictures of *ages-femmes* with fresh babies in their arms, which abound in this, as in other districts of Paris, standing up in all their usual composure of aspect, with two or three bullet holes drilled in them. The greatest show of destruction was presented at the eastern outlets of the Place de la Bastille, where the barricades, it seems, had been of unusual strength. From the Place, the troops and artillery had poured all their force on these posts, with due effect on the desperate men who defended them, but to the ruin of several of the adjacent houses. We saw the cleared stance of one which had been wholly destroyed. Others had been patched up. It was just within the opening of one of these streets that the poor Archbishop

of Paris, having cleared the barricade, and entered into conference with its defenders, telling them that God had willed all men to be brothers, and to love one another, fell under a random shot. As we stood on the spot, one of our party pointed out, on the front of a public-house—for even trifles in such a case have an interest—the word *LIQZUAS*, which appears in the common print representing this piteous tragedy. I made a pilgrimage also to the *Barrière d'Italie* on the other side of the river, where General Brea was assassinated. Some geological ramblings in the preceding year had made me familiar with the place, so that I had a perfect conception of it from the newspaper reports. A tall rail crosses the street, with a wide gate where entering merchandise is taxed, and a narrow gate beside it, usually shut. Here the insurgents had had a strong post, with a sort of guard-room in a neighbouring house. The unfortunate general, having gone amongst them with another officer to endeavour to effect a peace, was conducted to the guard-room. There an alarm of treachery took possession of the combatants, and both officers were mercilessly slaughtered. I inquired about the affair of an octroi man attending at the rail. 'I saw General Brea,' said he, 'come through that gate (pointing to the narrow gate) to speak to the men.' Never to return!

I was curious to see some of those groups of the June insurgents which still filled the jails of Paris; but this I failed to accomplish. It was even with a difficulty, and only by the energetic kindness of a deputy of the Thiers party, whom I had once conducted to some public places in Edinburgh, that I obtained access to a sitting of the National Assembly. It meets, as is well known, in a wooden building of very plain character, just fitted to hold nine hundred members in pews around its floor, while a few spectators are accommodated in certain narrow galleries around the upper part of the room. The day being one of routine business, there was little excitement on the occasion; yet I could not behold the place, and the members as they successively came in and took their seats, without intense interest. After all, the whole scene had more of a common-world air than one expects from a popular council forming, as it were, the legitimate successor of the Constituent Assembly and Convention of former days. The members—though here and there an abbé with his black cap, or some other extraordinary figure, meets the eye—are generally very practical-looking persons, such as one sees at ordinary public meetings in England. The hussiers, walking about in formal dress of antique cut, with swords by their sides, gave a slight tinge of dignity to what otherwise must have been pronounced as unmixed simplicity. Marrast, the president, did not take the chair at first, but came in about the middle of the proceedings. He is a mean-looking little man, of unpromisingly short forehead. 'There is Lamartine!' and I saw a tall slender man of thin visage and mild aspect enter and place himself in a front seat. 'That is Thiers,' and behold a neat little man, with a round sallow face and ray short hair, seated a little behind Lamartine. The Abbé Lamennais was pointed out to me, and I afterwards had some conversation with him; a thin old man, with eyes which seek the ground, but a face of great mind-life and sensitive never-resting lips. Pierre Bonaparte sits among the Mountain men, with the sick square head and Italian complexion of his uncle. The end of a seat next the tribune is a soldier-like person in a closely-buttoned blue coat and a moustache. Here is a portrait in every print-shop window, which gives no room to doubt who he is. It is General Cavaignac: a Wellington-like man, with much iron character in his composition, but probably a sterling character at bottom. The business of the house proceeds amidst disregarded cries of *En place* and *Silence*, as groups cumber the floor and the entrances, and an incessant chatter goes on. At length an unexpected silence produces universal stillness—Cavaignac is called

on by a member to state how his government stands at present, and what are its prospects. All is silence as he ascends the tribune. He speaks, in short pithy clauses, like cracking musketry, and with the easy dash of a soldier. There have been little clouds between him and some parties in the Assembly, but they are of no moment, and are passing away. For the future, he can only adhere to his resolution to preserve order by all the means in his power. A more violent assailant succeeds, but the house listens with impatience, and he descends grumbling. Then Marrast asks those who have confidence in the government to stand up, when the whole house instantly seems to spring to its feet. 'Le tout!' I hear a neighbour exclaim with delighted surprise. It is not, however, quite the whole house, for when the malcontent are requested to rise, a handful at a far corner stands up, though only to receive the derision of the majority. And so ends the sitting.

During my week in Paris, the elections for the Seine were going on, and producing considerable excitement, which, however, seemed chiefly to expend itself in placards on the walls. The critical state of the ruling power in France was shown by the uneasiness felt with regard to the expected arrival of Louis Bonaparte—a person in himself of no sort of importance. Fresh outbursts of the wild party were generally expected, though not without a confidence that they would be put down. As an illustration of the strange appositions of things likely to occur at such a time, M. Marrast was giving his splendid weekly reception to probably three thousand worshippers of power on the Saturday night, when between six and seven hundred of the June men were passing amidst wind and rain through the first step of their march into a hopeless exile. On the same evening I went with two English friends to mingle in the shrunken attendance at the usual reception of M. Lamartine, for whose character as a man of letters I of course felt undiminished respect. Two rooms, hung round with a number of very pleasing pictures by Madame Lamartine, among which is included an admirable full-length portrait of her husband, sufficed to receive easily all who came, amongst whom I saw no remarkable persons besides Pierre Bonaparte and the Sardinian ambassador. It was impossible to look in the face of Lamartine, and hear a little of his conversation, without becoming impressed with the full force of that amiableness of character which seems to have partly been at the bottom of his failure. Men of fine feelings are not for great political crises, though their thoughts may have helped to bring them on.

I here found myself somewhat awkwardly placed, as the only person with the British conservative feelings of the present crisis, in the midst of a set of gentlemen whose sentiments went to very opposite results. A Parisian expressed to me a wish that we should soon have a republic in England, to which—not thinking it worth while to give a serious reply—I only answered very quietly, 'Not, I hope, till the English are republicans.' I could see that the words told. They do, indeed, badinage as they were, touch the whole case of France at the present moment. It has the misfortune to be a republic, while not one-fourth of the people have any positive affection for that form of government. Any government, as we well know, with a small amount of cordial support from the people, must, in order to live, be a tyranny. France, therefore, being under a rule which rests on so narrow a basis, necessarily exhibits practical restraint, while nominally conducted on the broadest democratic principles. It is but the simplest converse to this fact, that a despotism which all were well affected to, might be practically more liberal than the reddest republic that ever breathed. And it necessarily follows that, for those who desire to be under a liberal and gentle rule, the object ought to be, not to set up some new form of ideal excellence, but either to maintain that which already possesses a decided preponderance of popular affections, or to set up that which may be most likely to obtain such a degree

of support. France has been surprised into a republic; but as this form, though certainly it has not a third of the sincere suffrages, has more than any other would now be likely to obtain, her only wise course will be to maintain the existing system with all possible energy, as the best that can be had, though in such circumstances true freedom must be long in abeyance, and an oligarchy, like those of the Swiss cantons, may, after all, be the best result to be hoped for. The peculiar misfortune, however, of France—a misfortune perhaps inseparable from those to whom free institutions are a novelty—is, that no ten persons with peculiar opinions have the least idea of its being their duty to abstain from imposing these at the sword's point upon the remaining thirty-five millions. Hence continual insurrections, and, as a necessary consequence, continual fresh encroachments on liberty. Hence the ludicrous contrast between the omnipresent inscription, '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*,' and the actual state of things; while in England, under a well-supported constitutional monarchy, no man can recollect having ever in his life experienced anything like personal control, much less annoyance, from the government. It is highly instructive to read in recent events the utter failure of theoretical plans to answer the purposes expected of them, while a mere accident of time, like the British constitution, maintains political peace, and enables the people to follow out their economical pursuits in perfect freedom and security. In the streets of Paris and of Frankfort, bodies elected on ultra-democratical principles, and which theoretically ought to be, accordingly, a perfect representation of the popular will, have been attacked with military force by dissatisfied minorities, as if they were no better than the ancient despotisms. If such be their character, the principle of election has failed. If from any cause these representative bodies are not true representations, the principle of election has failed. Give the minority the upper hand, the principle of election has even more signally failed. Or say that the minority is to be kept down by the strong hand, equally has the whole idea failed to produce a mild and tolerant government. In short, it is palpable that all political dreams are pregnant with great disappointments; the extreme advocates of such kinds of regeneration being ever, as by an irreversible doom, the most direct agents in their frustration.

R. C.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

SOME excitement has been created within the past few weeks by the discussions in the French Academy of Sciences on the subject of the planet Neptune, from which it would appear that the newly-discovered divinity does not possess all the potency with which he has been theoretically invested. On some hands, it is asserted that the discovery is no discovery at all, and that M. Leverrier, whose reputation has become famous throughout the civilised world, and who has been honoured with medals and diplomas, is entirely mistaken in his calculations. The true state of the question, however, is, that M. Babinet, an old and eminent member of the Academy, affirms that Neptune, in so far as observations have been practicable, does not satisfy all the necessities of the case, leaves the perturbations of Uranus to a great extent unaccounted for, and that its actual orbit does not coincide with that laid down by theory. Without disputing M. Leverrier's claim to the discovery of Neptune, M. Babinet contends that the discrepancies can only be reconciled by supposing another planet, for which he proposes the name Hyperrion, to exist beyond Neptune—the combined action of the two being then sufficient to explain away the difficulties that have been started. M. Leverrier replies, that time and further calculation will prove the influence of Neptune to be such as was ascribed to its mass: and thus the matter rests for the present. There is little doubt, however, that the discussion will set astro-

nomers on the *qui vive* wherever an observatory is to be found.

In connection with astronomy, another interesting subject—that of *Bolides*, meteors and shooting-stars—is attracting notice. Most readers are aware that the most generally-received explanation respecting these phenomena, some of which are of periodical recurrence, is, that they are fragmentary remains of a planet revolving in an orbit round the sun, which orbit being crossed, or nearly approached, twice a year by the earth in its revolution, we are thus brought into such proximity as to see the swiftly-moving objects, which, with rare exceptions, are invisible at other times. The theory now advanced (Sir J. Lubbock, in Taylor's 'Philosophical Magazine') assembles these bodies into a group of planets, revolving round the earth with incredible velocity, some of them performing the circuit in less than two hours. We see them because they reflect the sun's light shining on their surfaces, and their almost instantaneous disappearance is accounted for by their sudden immersion within the shadow of the earth. It is supposed that the meteors seen from time to time in different parts of the world are nothing more than these petty planets pursuing their ordinary course. The theory is ingenious; but evidently a large number of observations must be made before any accurate data can be established. If the measures contemplated for this object can be carried into successful operation, we may hope to hear something definite on what has so long been a subject of mere wonder—shooting-stars. Meantime the inquiry may be regarded as another evidence of the systematising spirit of the present day.

The stars, as every one knows, have in all ages been made use of as time-measurers; but it was reserved for the nineteenth century to discover a perpetual clock in the north polar sky. Pontécoulant, somewhere in his writings, speaks of 'immense pendulums of eternity beating the ages;' but here we have that which will mark the hours. We refer to the Polar Clock, invented by Mr Wheatstone, and exhibited at the late meeting of the British Association at Swansea; and from the report, as published in the 'Athenæum,' we abridge an account of the instrument and the principle of its construction:—'A short time after the discovery by Malus of the polarisation of light by reflection, it was ascertained by Arago that the light reflected from different parts of the sky was polarised. The observation was made in clear weather, with the aid of a thin film of mica and a prism of Iceland spar. He saw that the two images projected on the sky were, in general, of dissimilar colours, which appeared to vary in intensity with the hour of the day, and with the position, in relation to the sun, of the part of the sky from which the rays fell upon the film.' The law assigned for this phenomenon may be thus familiarly explained: suppose a spectator standing at such a height, with the sun overhead, as to overlook the whole circumference of the earth down to its central line, he would see that at the equator the polarisation was most intense, and diminished gradually upwards to the pole, where it would become nil. This law, however, is not universal in its action, as certain neutral points have been discovered since it was enunciated; and as regards the instrument in question, it is more a consideration of the plane of polarisation than of the intensity. In the words of M. Babinet:—'For a given point of the atmosphere, the plane of polarisation of the portion of polarised light which it sends to the eye, coincides with the plane which passes through this point, the eye of the observer, and the sun.' This statement is fully verified by the facts.

'Let us now,' continues Mr Wheatstone, 'turn our attention to the north pole of the sky. As the sun, in its apparent daily course, moves equably in a circle round this pole, it is obvious that the planes of polarisation at the point in question change exactly as the position of the hour circles do. The position of the plane of polarisation of the north pole of the sky will, at any period of the day, therefore indicate the apparent or true solar

time. . . . These points being premised, I proceed to describe the new instrument, which I have called the Polar Clock or Dial:—At the extremity of a vertical pillar is fixed, within a brass ring, a glass disk, so inclined that its plane is perpendicular to the polar axis of the earth. On the lower half of this disk is a graduated semicircle, divided into twelve parts (each of which is again subdivided into five or ten parts), and against the divisions the hours of the day are marked, commencing and terminating with six. Within the fixed brass ring containing the glass dial-plate, the broad end of a conical tube is so fitted that it freely moves round its own axis; this broad end is closed by another glass disk, in the centre of which is a small star or other figure, formed of thin films of selenite, exhibiting, when examined with polarised light, strongly contrasting colours; and a hand is painted in such a position as to be a prolongation of one of the principal sections of the crystalline films. At the smaller end of the conical tube a Nicol's prism is fixed, so that either of its diagonals shall be forty-five degrees from the principal section of the selenite films. The instrument being so fixed that the axis of the conical tube shall coincide with the polar axis of the earth, and the eye of the observer being placed to the Nicol's prism, it will be remarked that the selenite star will in general be richly coloured; but as the tube is turned on its axis, the colours will vary in intensity, and in two positions will entirely disappear. . . . The rule to ascertain the time by this instrument is as follows:—The tube must be turned round by the hand of the observer until the coloured star entirely disappears, while the disk in the centre remains red; the hand will then point accurately to the hour. The accuracy with which the solar time may be indicated by this means will depend on the exactness with which the plane of polarisation can be determined. One degree of change in the plane corresponds with four minutes of solar time.' It may be necessary to observe that the Polar Clock is to be fixed, as a sun-dial, out of doors; the proper azimuth may be obtained by the sun's shadow at noon. It must be set by placing the hands to correspond with the true solar time. 'Turn the vertical pillar on its axis until the colours of the selenite star entirely disappear; the instrument will then be properly adjusted. The advantages a Polar Clock possesses over a sun-dial are—1. The Polar Clock being constantly directed to the same point of the sky, there is no locality in which it cannot be employed; whereas, in order that the indications of a sun-dial should be observed during the whole day, no obstacle must exist at any time between the dial and the places of the sun, and it cannot therefore be applied in any confined situation. The Polar Clock is consequently applicable in places where a sun-dial would be of no avail—on the north side of a mountain, or a lofty building, for instance. 2. It will continue to indicate the time after sunset and before sunrise; in fact, so long as the rays of the sun are reflected from the atmosphere. 3. It will also indicate the time, but with less accuracy, when the sky is overcast, if the clouds do not exceed a certain density.'

An instrument graduated for Europe, or any place north of the equator, would be useless when carried to the south of the line, as the planes of polarisation move in opposite directions in the two hemispheres. In the northern, the motion is backwards, or contrary to that of the hands of a watch; in the southern, it is forwards, or with the hands. And, as a curious analogy, it may be mentioned that the movements of storms in either hemisphere precisely correspond with those of the planes of polarised light, as here described.

As yet, much cannot be predicated of the practical value of this truly ingenious instrument; but in scientific hands many interesting or useful applications of it will doubtless be discovered. Owing to the cloudy state of the atmosphere, it was not found possible to test it more than once during the Swansea meeting. A French writer puts in a claim for some of the honour accruing

from the invention, and recommends that as Malus made his discoveries on polarisation in the garden of the Luxembourg, a Polar Clock should be fixed in some conspicuous part of the grounds as a monument of his genius.

QUAKER LOVE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

MANY years ago I spent a day in the town of Elm's Cross, and although no adventure befell me there to fix the place in my memory, I see it before me at this moment as distinctly as that picture on the wall. I had an impression all that day, however erroneous, that it was Sunday. There was a Sunday silence in the streets, a Sunday gravity in the passers-by, a Sunday order and cleanliness in their habiliments. The lines of houses were ranged with the most sober decorum, and the little lawns which many of them possessed were laid out with the square and compass. The trees were not beautiful, but neat, for nature was not indulged in any of her freaks at Elm's Cross; and indeed it seemed to me that the very leaves had a peculiarly quiet green, and the flowers a reserved smell. The majority of the better class of the inhabitants of this town were Friends; and it appeared—if my imagination did not run away with me—that, through the influence of wealth and numbers, they had been able to impress the external characteristics of their society upon the whole place.

But no; my imagination could not have run away with me; for the moment imagination enters Elm's Cross, it is taken into custody as a vagrant, and kept in durance during its sojourn. There one loses the faculty of day-dreaming; and although I was a young fellow at the time, half-crazy with sentiment and love of adventure, even the fair Quakers, some of whom were beautiful, in spite of their bonnets, had no more effect upon me than so many marble statues. But perhaps it will give a better idea of the spirit of the place, if I say that the only one of them on whom I bestowed a second look had arrived at that time of life when the controversy begins as to whether a woman should be reckoned a young or an old maid.

This middle-aged person (not to use the offensive expression offensively) was, like all Quakers when they are beautiful, beautiful to excess. Retaining an exquisite complexion, even when her hair was beginning to change, she seemed a personification of the autumnal loveliness which makes one forget that of the spring and summer. Her voice, mellowed by time, was better calculated to linger in the ear than the lighter tones of youth; and it harmonised well with her soft, dove-like eyes,

'That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon.'

Yet there was no feeling in this love, such as we of the world demand in the love of her sex; the richness of her cheek was as cold as the bloom of a flower; and as, with noiseless step, and demure nun-like air, she glided past, I felt as if I had seen a portrait walk out of its frame, a masterly imitation of woman, but only an imitation.

This was why I turned round and looked at her again; and as I looked, a kind of pity rose in my inexperienced heart that one so fair should pass through life unstirred by its excitements, untouched by its raptures, even untroubled with its sorrows. As the novelty wore off, I hated the cold formal air of everything around; the atmosphere chilled me; the silence disturbed me; and the next morning I was glad to launch again upon the stormy world, and leave this lonely oasis to its enchanted repose.

Some time after, when giving the history of this day to a friend, who proved to be personally acquainted with the place and people, he told me that the lady on whom I had looked twice had been for many years not only the reigning beauty of Elm's Cross, but the benevolent

genius of the town and neighbourhood; and he related a passage in her early life which made me qualify a little my opinion as to the passionless tranquillity of her feelings, and the uneventful blank of her history. Not that the thing can be called an adventure, that the incident has any intermixture of romance—that would be absurd. It passed over her heart like a summer cloud, which leaves the heavens as bright and serene as before; but somehow or other it infused a suspicion into my mind, that however staid the demeanour and decorous the conduct, human nature is everywhere alike—that the difference is not in the feelings, but their control.

Her father was one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the town, and Martha Hargrave was an only child, the expectant heiress of his fortune, and likewise possessed, in her own right, of £5000, safely invested. In such circumstances, it may be supposed that when she grew up from the child into the girl she attracted not a little the attention of blushing striplings and speculative mammas. These were, with the exception of one family, of her own Society—for Mr and Mrs Hargrave were Quakers of the old school, and confined themselves almost exclusively within the circle of Friends. The exception was formed by a widow lady and her son; the former an early intimate of Mrs Hargrave, now living on a small annuity, from which, by means of close economy, she contrived to save a little every year to pay for her boy's outfit in the world. Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of a mother's doting affection; he was a fine, spirited, generous, handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, of whom he was the playmate in childhood, the friend in youth, and something more after that. How it came that a penniless boy thought as he did of the Quaker heiress, may seem a mystery; but it must be recollected that the conventional distinctions of society make little impression upon children brought up together upon terms of equality. Richard looked upon Martha as his sister, till he began to feel as a personal injury the admiring looks that were thrown upon her from under the broad brims of the young Quakers; and even when the fact at length forced itself upon him that she was rich, and he poor, that she rolled in a carriage, and he walked on foot, that her parents were among the first people in the place, and his only one a solitary and almost indigent widow, the encouragement of his fond and unreflecting mother, and of his own gallant heart, triumphed over the misgivings of prudence; and the affection of the boy was suffered to ripen, unchecked, into the love of the young man.

While this process was going on with Richard, in Martha the wildness of childhood sobered gradually down into the demure circumspection of the Quaker girl. Her step became less buoyant, her glance less free, her speech less frank, her air more reserved; and as time wore on, Richard occasionally paused in the midst of one of his sallies, and looked at her in surprise, in a kind of awe, as if he already felt a foreshadowing of the approach of majestic womanhood. But nevertheless, when he came one day to bid her farewell before his exodus into the world, her heart was too full of the memories of her childish years to remember its new conventionalism, and she stood before him with her hands crossed upon her bosom, gazing in his face with a look of girlish fondness, that was made still softer by the tears that stood trembling in her beautiful eyes. He was to proceed to London, to be completed in his initiation into mercantile business, and might be absent for years—perhaps for ever—for his mother was to accompany him; and Martha felt the separation as her first serious distress. Richard was old enough to be aware of the nature of his own feelings; and perhaps if Martha had been in one of her grand moments, he might have dared to appeal to the growing woman in her heart. But she appeared to him on this occasion so young, so gentle, so delicate, that he would have thought it a profanation to talk to her of love. As the moment of parting arrived,

he drew her towards him with both hands; his arms encircled her waist; and—how it happened I know not, for the thing was wholly out of rule—his lips were pressed to hers. The next moment he started from his bewilderment; his eyes dazzled; Martha had disappeared. He did not know, when in the morning the stage-coach was carrying him from Elm's Cross, that a young girl was sitting behind a blind in the highest room of that house watching the vehicle as it rolled away, till it was prematurely lost in her blinding tears.

I am unable to trace the adventures of Richard Temple in London; but they appear to have been comparatively fortunate, since, at the end of only three years, he was a junior partner in a young but respectable firm. He had seen Miss Hargrave several times during the interval; but I need not say that their intercourse had entirely changed its character. Richard was not only interested, but likewise in some degree amused, by the transmutation of the young girl into the demure and circumspect Quaker. In essentials, however, she was not altered, but improved and exalted; and even her physical beauty acquired a new character of loveliness as the development of her moral feelings went on. But over all, there was what seemed to the young man, now that he was accustomed to the common world, an iciness of manner, which repelled his advances; and he continued to love on without daring to disclose the secret of his bosom. What matter? It was no secret to her whom it concerned; for friend Martha, with all her demureness, had a woman's heart and a woman's eyes. At the end of the three years I have mentioned Mrs Temple died, and Richard, now alone in the world, and with tolerable prospects in business, began in due time to ask himself, with a quaking heart and a flushing brow, whether it were possible for him to obtain the Quaker girl for his bride. After much cogitation on this subject, and a thousand misgivings, his characteristic daring prevailed; and addressing to Martha an eloquent history of his love, accompanied by a frank statement of his affairs and prospects, and a solicitation for permission to woo her for his wife, he enclosed the letter, open, in a briefer one to her father, and despatched the fateful misave.

The reply came from Mr Hargrave. It was cold, calm, decisive. He was obliged by the good opinion entertained by his young friend of his daughter, but Martha had altogether different views. Setting aside the oppositeness of their circumstances and position in this world, which would in itself be an insurmountable objection, their religious views were not so much alike as was necessary in the case of two persons pressing forward, side by side, to the world which is to come. He hoped friend Richard would speedily forget what, to a rational-minded person, ought to be hardly a disappointment, and, when his fortune permitted it, select from his own denomination a wife of his own degree. This insolent letter, as the young man termed it, had no effect but that of rousing the fierce and headlong energy of his nature. He knew Martha too well to believe that she had any share in such a production; and he wrote at once to Mr Hargrave to say that his daughter was now old enough to decide for herself, and that he could not think of receiving at second hand a reply involving the happiness or misery of his whole life. On the following day he would present himself at his house in Elm's Cross, in the hope of hearing his fate from Martha's own lips, even if in the presence of her father and mother.

When Richard Temple passed across the Dutch-like lawn of the house, with its drilled shrubs and flowers describing mathematical figures on its level green, and ascended the steps, as white as driven snow, his hand trembled as he raised the knocker, and he felt his heart die within him. The sound he made startled him by its incongruous want of measure, and he looked round timidly, as if he had committed an indecorum. When the respectable middle-aged servant marshalled him up stairs to the drawing-room, he followed the man with

deference, as if he had something to say in the decision. The room was empty, and he stood for some time alone, looking round upon the walls, the furniture, the books, the flowers, and reading in them all the ruin of his hopes. There was an unostentatious richness in that room, a method in its arrangement, a calm assumption of superiority, which made him quail. The answer he had come to demand was before him. It spoke to him even in the whispered cadence of the trees beyond the open window, and the unhurried entrance of the air into the apartment, loaded with faint sweets from the garden. The loneliness in which he stood seemed strange to his excited imagination, and the silence oppressed him; and when at length the door slowly opened, unaccompanied by the sound of a footfall, he started in nervous tremor, as if he expected to behold the entrance of a spirit.

Martha entered the room alone, and shutting the door, glided composedly up to Richard, and offered him her hand as usual. The clasp, though gentle, was palpable; and as he saw, in the first place, that she was paler than formerly, and, in the second, that a slight colour rose into her face under his searching gaze, he was sufficiently reassured to address her.

'Martha,' he said, 'did my letter surprise you? Tell me only that it was too abrupt—that it startled and hurried you. Was it not so?'

'Nay, Richard.'

'Then you knew, even before I dared to speak, that I loved you with all the guilelessness of my infancy, all the fire of my youth, and all the deep, earnest concentrated passion of my manhood. Do you know of the reply my letter received?'

'Yea, Richard.'

'And you sanctioned it?'

'In meaning,' but here her voice slightly faltered: 'if the words were unkind, be thou assured that they came neither from my pen nor my heart.'

'Then I was deceived in supposing—for I did indulge the dream—that my devotion had awakened an interest in your bosom? That interest belongs to another!'

'I never had a dearer friendship than thine,' said Martha; and raising her eyes to his, she added after a pause, in the clear, distinct, silvery tone which was the character of her voice, 'and never shall!'

'Yet you reject and spurn me! This is torture! It cannot be that the difference in our worldly circumstances weighs with you: I know you better, Martha. Neither can you suppose that on my part there is the slightest tinge of mercenary feeling, for you know me better. Will you not give me at least hope? There are fortunes to make in the world that would satisfy even your father: we are both young; and to win you, my precious love, I would grudge neither time, nor sweat, nor blood!'

'Richard,' said the Quaker girl, growing still more pale, 'no more of this, in mercy to thyself—and me. Thou mayest agitate and unnerve, but never change my purpose.'

'What is your purpose?'

'To honour my father and my mother.'

'That you may enjoy long life in the land!' said Richard with a bitter smile.

'That I may honour through them my Heavenly Father, who is above all. Farewell, my early friend; return into the world, where thou wilt forget Martha, and may the All-wise direct thy course!' She extended her hand to him as she spoke, and he grasped it like a man in a dream. The reply he had demanded was distinct enough in her words, but a thousand times more so in her look, manner, tone. He felt that expostulation was vain, and would be unmanly; and as she walked away, with her noiseless and measured step, and her hands folded before her, he felt indignation struggling with admiring and despairing love. The figure paused for an instant at the door; but the next moment Martha disappeared without turning her head.

Richard never knew, neither can I tell, whether any

one watched the stage-coach that day from the upper window. Not even a prying servant could whisper anything of Martha, or guess at the nature of the interview that had taken place. She was pale, it is true, but so had she been for some time. Her health, it appeared, was not good; her appetite was gone; her limbs feeble. But this would go off, for her manner was as usual. She was assiduous in the discharge of her duties, kind to every one, loving and reverential to her parents. Still she was not well, and her father at length grew alarmed. They took her from watering-place to watering-place; they amused her with strange sights; they tried every day to give some new direction to her thoughts. Martha was grateful. She repaid their cares with smiles, talked to them cheerfully, and did all she could to seem and to be happy. But still she was not well; and when many months had passed away, the now terrified parents, after trying everything that science and affection could suggest for the restoration of their only child, consulted once more. The nature of the step they ultimately determined upon may be gathered from the following communication received in reply to a letter from Mr Hargrave:—

'RESPECTED FRIEND—The inquiry thou directedst has been easy. I am connected in business with one (not of our Society) to whom the young man is well known, and by whom he is much esteemed. Richard Temple is wise beyond his years. He is of quiet and retired habits in his private life, and is an energetic and persevering man of business, and will, I have no doubt, get on in the world. That this is the opinion of my friend is clear, for I know that he would willingly give him his daughter to wife, who will bring her husband a good dowry as well as a comely person. But Richard, when I saw him last, was not forward in the matter. His thoughts, even in the company of the maid, seemed preoccupied—doubtless by business. Since writing these lines, I have been informed that he visits Elm's Cross in a few days, to arrange some matters connected with his late mother's affairs, the last remaining link of his connection with the place.—I am, respected friend, &c. EZEKIEL BROWN.'

This letter determined Mr Hargrave to recall his rejection of Richard Temple; and the effect of a conversation he had upon the subject with his daughter proved, to the unbounded joy of the parents, that as yet she had no organic disease.

For some days Martha, though happy, was restless. It seemed as if joy had more effect than grief in unsettling the demure Quaker, for at the slightest sound from the lawn or the street the colour mounted into her face. At length an acquaintance, when calling in the evening, informed her that she had just seen Richard.

'Thou rememberest Richard, Martha?' Martha nodded.

'He is grown so comely and so manly, thou wouldst hardly know him.'

'He will call here, peradventure?' said the mother.

'Nay. He has already taken his place in the coach for to-morrow.' Martha grew pale; and the mother hurried out of the room to seek her husband. That night Richard received a friendly note from Mr Hargrave, begging him to call in the morning on business of importance.

When Richard found himself once more in the silent drawing-room, his manner was very different from what it had been on the last occasion. He was now calm, but gloomy, and almost stern; and he waited for the appearance of his inviter with neither hope nor fear, but with a haughty impatience. Instead of Mr Hargrave, however, it was Martha who entered the room, and he started back at the unexpected apparition in surprise and agitation. The colour that rose into her face, and made her more beautiful than ever, prevented him from seeing that she had been ill; and when she held out her hand, the slight grasp he gave it was so momentary, that he did not discover its attenuation.

A painful embarrassment prevailed for some time, hardly interrupted by common questions and monosyllabic replies; till at length Richard remarked that, his place being taken, he could wait no longer, but should hope to be favoured with Mr Hargrave's commands in writing. He was about to withdraw with a ceremonious bow, when Martha stepped forward.

'Richard,' said she, 'I have no fear that my early friend will think me immodest, and therefore I will speak without concealment. Tarry yet a while, for I have that to say which, peradventure, may make thee consider thy place in the coach a light sacrifice.'

'How!'

'Richard,' she continued, 'thou didst once woo me for thy wife, and wert rejected by my father's commands. Circumstances have brought about a change in his feelings. Must I speak it?' and a slight smile, passing away in an instant, illumined the bright flush that rose into her face. 'Wert thou to ask again, dear friend, the answer might be different!'

So long a silence ensued after this speech, that Martha at length raised her eyes suddenly, and fixed them in alarm upon Richard's face. In that face there was no joy, no thankfulness, no love; nothing but a blank and ghastly stare. He was as white as a corpse, and large beads of sweat stood upon his brow.

'Man! what meaneth this?' cried Martha, rushing towards him; but he threw out his hands to prevent her approach, while the answer came hoarse and broken from his haggard lips.

'Ruin—misery—horror! But not for you,' added Richard, 'cold and beautiful statue! Not for you, beneath whose lovely bosom there beats not a woman's heart! Pass on your way, calm, stately, and alone; softened by no grief, touched by no love, and leave me to my despair. Martha, I am married!' And so saying, he rushed out of the room. Mrs Hargrave had just entered it unobserved, and now stood beside her daughter. Martha remained in the same attitude, leaning forward, gazing intently at the door, till the noise of the street door shutting smote upon her ear and her heart, and before her mother could interpose, she fell senseless on her face.

It is said, and said truly, that men recover more speedily than women from love disappointments. The reason is, not that they feel them less deeply, for the converse is the case—the strength of the male character running through all its emotions—but that the cares and struggles of life, and even the ordinary contact with society into which they are forced, serve gradually to detach their thoughts from the sorrow over which they would otherwise continue to brood. Women, at least in the class affected most by such disappointments, have more leisure than men. The world has fewer demands upon them; and they can only exhibit their mental power and loftiness of resolve by making wholesome occupation for their fevered minds. Of these women was Martha Hargrave. Although stunned at first by the blow, its very suddenness and severity compelled her to reflect upon her position, and summon up her energies. She did not permit her sympathies to lie buried in one absorbing subject, but cast them abroad upon the face of society; and wherever, within the reach of her influence, there was ignorance to be instructed, vice reclaimed, or misery relieved, there was Martha ready, a ministering angel at the moment of need. Under this moral discipline she recovered her bodily health. The fresh roses of youth continued to bloom in her lovely cheeks long after her hair had begun to change its hue; and so the gentle Quaker commenced her descent—gradually, gracefully, glidingly, but still demurely—into the vale of years.

The process was different with Richard Temple; but still of a kindred character. To say that he did not repent his marriage would be untrue; but still he had honour and integrity enough to cherish the wife he had married in return for her love. He devoted himself to business, and to his rapidly-increasing family: pros-

pered in both; and in due time arrived at the enjoyment of at least ordinary happiness. But at length a period of commercial calamity came, and Richard suffered with the rest. His fixed capital was still moderately good; but he was embarrassed, almost ruined, for want of money. One day during this crisis he was in his private room in the counting-house, brooding over his difficulties, and in the least promising mood that could be imagined for sentimental recollections, when a letter was placed before him, the first two lines of which informed him, in a brief, business-like manner, that Martha was dead. The paper dropped upon the floor; and covering his face with his hands, he abandoned himself for a long time to the deep and painful memories of his early years.

On emerging from this parenthesis in the commoner cares of life, he took up the letter to place it on the table; when, on glancing over its remaining contents, he found that poor Martha had bequeathed to him her watch, and the whole of her original fortune of £5000. This completely unmanned the man of business; and throwing himself back in his chair, he sobbed like a child. Although the money was of infinite importance to him at the time, freeing him from his present embarrassments, and paving the way for the splendid fortune he afterwards acquired, he attached a far higher value to the personal keepsake. When he had become quite an old man, it was observed that, as often as he opened the drawer in which the relic was kept, he remained plunged in a deep reverie, while gazing long and earnestly upon this first—last—only token of Quaker Love.

A LOOK INTO A DIRECTORY.

LITTLE either to interest or to instruct, one would suppose, could by any process of literary ingenuity be extracted from the pages of that proverbially dry book—a Directory. If a tale-writer wants to put his hero into the most forlorn of all mental conditions, the customary process is to put him into a wayside inn on a pouring day, with the Directory for all his landlord's stock of books. Perhaps we may succeed in showing that the Directory is not such dry diet as it has been considered, and that, rightly taken in hand, it may afford a tolerable supply of curious and interesting, as well as, what no one denies, useful information. It is right to state at the outset that the 'Post-Office London Directory' is that which has been employed by us. We have confined our dippings exclusively to that section of it which is called the Trades' Directory, being, in fact, a sort of classification of different trades, with the tradesmen's names and addresses beneath each head. Our amusement has been to collect from this part a few odd facts and figures about the numerous varieties and ramifications of trade which it displays. Putting these under appropriate divisions, we are presented with a series of singularities well deserving attention, and repaying the trouble—which is saying a great deal, seeing that this analytic process is both toilsome and time-consuming.

Our attention was first directed to the list of those who gain their livelihood by remedying the defects of the human frame, of course excluding from this place the mention of all branches of the medical profession. And the first on our list we find to be artificial eye-makers! Although injuries of these valuable organs are not uncommon, yet in very few instances is the attempt made by the sufferer to supply the detriment to his countenance occasioned by the loss of one eye by adopting an artificial or glass eye. Doubtless, then, the artificial eye-makers not only supply living human beings with eyes, but also prepare the brilliant eyes with which stuffed birds and beasts glare upon us. With this addition to their business, we yet learn from the Directory that there are but three pursuers of the trade in the metropolis. The next class of defects relates to missing arms, or legs, or hands, left possibly on

the field of battle or in the hands of an operating surgeon. This presents a wider field for enterprise; and of those who devote themselves to such mechanical ingenuities as these, we find our authority gives us the number of at least twelve. That, as the barbers say, indispensable ornament, 'a fine head of hair,' leads us in a progressive ratio to those who undertake, with varying degrees of pretension and success, to furnish this ornament to persons to whom nature has denied it. Thus we learn that upwards of two dozen persons in London devote themselves to the making of perruques, including those who manufacture the strange-looking things called bar-wigs for the gentlemen of the long robe. As it is necessary, however, to have a contrivance by which a sort of adhesion may be effected between the wig and the head it adorns, a peculiar branch of art is the manufacture of wig-springs—so peculiar, in fact, that we find but one wig-spring-maker in all London. Defects connected with the mouth and teeth furnish employment to a still greater number of persons, who would fain dignify their pursuits with the honours of a profession. Of these practitioners of dentistry the metropolis contains the large number of between two and three hundred. This art, however, has its subdivisions; and thus there are two or three who manufacture the teeth, others the plates, and others, the general mechanical part of the business. The great metropolis has its corns, and supports in considerable affluence 9 corn-cutters, or, to speak *a la mode*, chirpedists. It has also its defects of vision and hearing, and for their alleviation keeps employed 5 or 6 professional aurists, and the same number, or rather more, oculists. Its commoner ailments are committed to the care of the large staff of physicians, surgeons, and general practitioners, together with chemists and druggists innumerable.

London, the mother of two million children, must be fed. Looking, then, to the list of those on whom the task devolves, we find, in the first place, a corps of 2500 bakers. It has been calculated that this corps consumes and disposes of in all about 1,000,000 quarters of wheat each year. Four-fifths of this is made into bread, and distributed among the inhabitants of the metropolis in the shape of quartern loaves, to the number annually of 15,000,000. The bread thus provided cannot—so at least say they who can afford to say it—be consumed without butter, and we find 990 buttermen coming in to the rescue, with 11,000 tons of butter every year, and 13,000 tons of cheese! Bread and butter are suggestive of tea and sugar; and we find the large number of 3000 grocers and tea-dealers helping to spread our tables with the luxuries and comforts of the East. We are thus also naturally conducted to the dairy, which employs 900 established dairy-keepers, with a whole army of Welsh and Irish milkmen and women, and professes to afford an annual supply of 8,000,000 gallons of milk, but, as will be readily conjectured by those who are familiar with the anomalous aspect of this fluid in London, great uncertainty attaches to all statistics about it. Her dinner-table is supplied with meat by upwards of 1700 master butchers, with their men; and the annual number of beasts slaughtered for use, including oxen, sheep, calves, and pigs, amounts, as is calculated, to 1,701,000. Her more luxurious children spend £80,000 a year on poultry, and employ therefore a proportionate number of poulterers. Her supply of fish is the duty of more than 400 chief fishmongers; and although it is impossible to give a correct estimate, her annual consumption of this article cannot fall short of 15,000,000 pounds, and is probably above that quantity. Her vegetables and dessert are the occupation of nearly 1300 green-grocers and fruiterers, and, it is supposed, cost annually about £1,000,000 sterling. Her table is supplied with wine by 1000 merchants; and, alas! her poor are poisoned with intoxicating beverages by eleven thousand public-houses!

On account of the great distance from place to place, and the manner in which a 'connection' is scattered,

it is customary for butchers, bakers, fishmongers, green-grocers, and some other tradesmen, to send out their respective wares in spring-gigs, or, as they are usually termed, 'Whitechapel Carts.' In London and its environs the number of these vehicles is very great. Milk is usually served from pans suspended by a yoke from the shoulder. The supplying of milk (from the pump as well as the cow) is considered a good trade; and we can at all events certify that 'our milkman' and his wife on a late occasion went to the Opera as gaily attired as 'the best of 'em.' If this instance of 'the way the money goes' be thought surprising to strangers, it will give them a notion of the extent of trade carried on in apparently insignificant situations, when we mention that 'our fishmonger,' who occupies a little shop scarcely larger than a sentry-box, is rated at £500 a year by the income-tax commissioners. The greater number of these small tradesmen, as they are ordinarily termed, are far from economical in their habits, though it must be owned they earn their money by a course of industry beyond anything exemplary. To return from this digression.

The clothing trades of London are numerous, and in many instances on an extensive scale. It is commonly alleged that the fair sex are exclusively addicted to the extravagance of dress. Whether what we are about to state will roll away this disgrace or not from them, we dare not affirm; let gentlemen, however, be made acquainted with this truth, that our parent city keeps for us alone 2880 master tailors, while, for the other sex, her establishment of milliners of the same position only amounts to 1080. We are bound, however, to add, that she also sustains upwards of 1400 chief linen-draper and haberdashers. Her boot and shoemakers number about 2160, and her hosiers between 300 and 400. We have taken a Directory of the year 1821, and on contrasting the numbers there to be counted of persons belonging to these different occupations, find that at that period—a quarter of a century or so ago—there were, so the Directory gives it, but 320 master bakers, 880 master grocers, 160 master fishmongers, 810 wine-merchants, 880 linen-draper and haberdashers, the same number of boot and shoemakers, and 1040 tailors. Could reliance be placed on these books, how valuable an amount of information would they present! But in the case in question, although there cannot be a doubt that an enormous increase has taken place in this period in the number of tradesmen, yet the figures last quoted, which we have obtained by carefully counting them in the pages of the Directory of that period, are by no means to be taken as accurate representations of the state of the metropolitan trade at the time.

The number of persons employed, in consequence of the subdivision of labour, upon a single article of general requisition, has often attracted observation. The pages of a Directory are rich in information upon such subjects. Take, for example, a watch, and let us notice how many master mechanics are employed in its construction. There are 9 cap-makers, 42 case-makers, 15 dial-plate-makers, 1 silversmith of watch and clock countenances, a number of enamellers, engine-turners, and chasers, 9 engravers, 15 escapement-makers, 8 finishers, 4 fusee-makers, 23 case gilders, 12 watch-glass-makers, 10 hand-makers, 2 index-makers, 24 jewellers of holes, 5 joint-finishers, 3 makers of watch-keys, 4 dealers in watch-materials, 25 watch-motion-makers, 1 pallet-jeweller, 2 pallet-makers, 3 pendant-makers, 3 pinion-makers, 36 secret-spring-makers, 10 watch-spring-makers, 11 tool-makers, 5 wheel-makers, and 686 so-called watch-makers! Thus there are 25 distinct and well-marked branches of this trade, or, in all, about 968 master tradesmen, of course employing a large number of operatives, engaged in the construction and sale of the watches of our metropolis. The construction of a carriage, though not quite so largely divided among a number of hands as the last, yet supplies us with a goodly list of different artisans occupied therein. Thus our authority indicates to us the names

and abodes of numerous carriage-lamp-makers, grease-makers, body-makers and body-benders, axletree-makers, headers, blind-makers, carvers, founders, painters, ironmongers, japanners, joiners, lode-makers, platers, spring-makers, and wheel-makers—in all, 171! In the formation of a four-post bed there are 8 or 9 different trades called into operation—the bedstead-makers, the bed-screw-makers, the turners and carvers of the pillars, the fabricators of the sacking, of the mattresses, of the feather-bed, the French polishers, and the upholsterers.

We have been interested also in noticing to how large an extent the manufacture of apparently unimportant articles employs the industrious citizens of our community. Thus there are 30 tradesmen whose sole occupation it is to rend laths for building. There are 19 large manufacturers of Lucifer matches! each employing perhaps his 10, 20, or 30 men; and the manufacture of match-boxes alone exclusively employs 5 masters. There are 17 master manufacturers of beads; and there are 56 tobacco-pipe-makers! There are upwards of 40 manufactories for the preparation of ink and other writing fluids; and for blacking there are 55 of greater or less eminence. There are 18 makers of printers' ink, 3 makers of printers' blankets, 14 makers of printing presses, 11 printers' smiths, 16 typefounders, and 12 stereotype founders. There are as many as 9 makers of different sorts of bellows; there are also 16 masters who earn their livelihood by dealing in bones. The merchandise of ice will probably soon assume a far greater importance than it claims at present; but even now, exclusive of the confectioners and fishmongers, who have long dealt in this article, there are 5 or 6 ice-merchants—we were going to write, living by ice alone, at anyrate drawing a large and profitable income from its sale. The formation of our fair metropolitans' fans, where they are of home manufacture, is the livelihood of 5 fan-makers; and the construction of our doctors' pill-boxes employs about nine wholesale manufacturers, a demonstration to some extent of our famous character as pill swallows among the nations of Europe. Of umbrella-makers there are nearly 200, which is also suggestive in its way as to our equally famous instability of climate. There are 8 manufacturers of mourning and wedding rings. There are 23 restorers of smoke-begrimed pictures; and, incongruous union! there are 20 dealers in the article yeast alone.

There are some peculiar trades mentioned in the Directory, the very name of which will probably excite a smile. Thus there are 2 professional exterminators of bugs, the 'sign' of one announcing that he is favoured with royal patronage. Then there is another extraordinary trade, teapot handle-making. Visiting one of the places enumerated in the Directory, we found that here was the owner of a shop dependent for his living on making handles and knobs to teapots. Besides him, the great metropolis supports 3 others. There are also 12 manufactories for—dolls! for the delight and solace of the London little girls. China-menders are 3 or 4 according to our authority; but without doubt this is far below the mark. There are 4 purveyors of asses' milk, which is retailed, as we are informed, at four shillings the quart; we hope unsophisticated, though that is extremely questionable. London also boasts of 3 manufacturers of silver thimbles; and possesses 5 professed makers of widows' caps. If the Directory is correct, there is but 1 manufacturer of coal shovels in all London. Every one must have noticed the beautifully-natural flowers which are occasionally used for garnishing cold-dressed meats at breakfasts or suppers, some of them of so much elegance, as fairly to compete with the productions of the flower garden. Ornaments of a similar character are often seen in the windows of our butter salesmen, cut in the resemblance of pine-apples, &c. These are very commonly cut out of turnips, and tinted with water-colours; sometimes, however, a pre-eminent canary-bird can be cut out of a carrot when its hue is not too deep. Would any one believe that the making of these trifles was the serious business of life to several individuals?

So it is. How many more there may be we know not, but the Directory points us to one at least whose sole occupation is vegetable ornament cutting.

We beg, in conclusion, to offer one word of caution in accepting facts as they are here stated. Although we have great reason to believe that the Post-Office Directory is a most carefully-prepared book, neither it nor any work of its class can be strictly depended on for an exact statement of the truth as to the number and variety of metropolitan trades. This may, however, be safely affirmed, that the errors in number in the statements here detailed are always on the hither, not the farther side; they are short of, rather than exceed the truth. And as all trades are equally understated, it is fair to suppose that the proportional relation of different trades is exhibited with tolerable accuracy in this paper. We believe we are also justified in supposing that the interesting nature of our results has satisfactorily confirmed our prefatory remarks, and will compel novelists in future to select as a receipt for the megrims some other book than a good Directory.

AN INCIDENT ON THE PACIFIC.

SOME years ago I was rambling amidst the various groups of islands scattered over the great Southern Pacific Ocean. I had reached Rorotonga, from Sydney, in a vessel called the 'Samuel and Mary,' which was driven on shore and knocked to pieces by a hurricane about three weeks after I had left her at that island.

From the fragments of this wreck, Makea, the king, or rather head chief of Rorotonga, had built and rigged a small vessel for himself, and which was navigated for him by an American, who had resided for nearly twenty years on that and the adjacent islands. And as this vessel was about to proceed on a kind of exploring voyage, intending to visit a great number of islands in quest of cocoa-nut oil and arrowroot, to be purchased from the natives, I resolved, as she intended to call finally at Tahiti, whither it was my wish to proceed, to embark on board of her for the voyage, as I was in no particular hurry to get to the place of my destination, and was glad, moreover, of the opportunity of seeing many rarely-visited islands, which the occasion presented.

At the last of the Navigator group which we touched at, however, we found several natives who had been waiting some months in the hopes of a vessel calling which could take them back to their own island, called Aitutaki. They had been cast away, and in the following manner:—They had on their own island built a vessel for themselves in the white man's fashion; the only resemblance to which fashion was, that it certainly was not a canoe. We were told that it was a most miserable thing when finished, but the natives themselves were very proud of their handiwork. Well, they put to sea, intending to go to an island called Wateoo, about 150 miles off; and so conceited were they as to their ability to navigate their craft, that they actually refused the offer of a sailor living on the island to steer their vessel for them. The consequence was, that during a storm or head wind which occurred in the night, they missed their course; and when day broke, no land was to be seen! For many weeks did they toss about that immense ocean, which must be sailed over ere its vastness can at all be comprehended, ignorant of their position, and whither they were driving, suffering, as may be imagined, very great hardships from hunger and thirst. The sea in that latitude has a strong westerly current, which carried them all the way to the Navigators, near which group they were picked up by a whaler, who burnt their vessel, in order to prevent its becoming a coffin for them, and then landed them on this island, where they had ever since resided, having been treated with the utmost kindness and humanity by its inhabitants.

They were of course very anxious to embark on board of us. The American, our captain, if I may give him

the title, was in all respects a thorough-bred Yankee, his long stay in these islands having robbed him of none of his original 'down-east' acuteness. He listened quietly to all that the candidates for a passage had to say for themselves, and then drew out to me in a most villainous nasal twang, 'Wa'l, I 'spose I'll take 'em; my wife's a native of their islands, and she tells me it will 'blige her. Besides, they'll give me a pig a piece for passage money, and I guess they finds their own fixins (Anglice, provisions); and I've a notion I'll get all the 'ile and arrear-root on their island, and tother tradin', for 'a most nothin', if they have any gratioode. And, as you say, it's a Christian dooty to help 'em.' I thought that he might have omitted the last motive with a good grace, considering that he was to be so well paid for the job.

As there was very little trading at this particular island, we had only to wait until we got our new passengers with their 'traps' on board. I was much amused by a little incident which took place before starting. The canoes were alongside with the provisions for the natives, consisting of bananas, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, &c.; all of which, as well as the pigs for passage money, had been supplied by the generosity of the people they had been so long staying with. The passage money was being counted and examined by the skipper with a critical eye, before being consigned to the enclosure which had been got ready for them, when all at once I heard him loudly protesting against the currency of one of the coins. In other words, one of the pigs was so decidedly small and lean, that he positively rejected it. 'Do you call that 'ere crittur a pig?' said he: 'I call it the *ghost of an uncommon tall rat* in a gallopin' consumption: I declare it ain't got strength to grunt, let alone squeal!' And in spite of protestations that it was the only one he could get, the poor fellow was obliged to paddle ashore to seek out another. I saw him stand on the beach for some minutes gazing at the pig, the cause of his perplexity. But apparently he soon decided upon a course of action. Bundling the animal once more into the canoe, he quietly paddled round a small sandy point, where he was hidden from the ship's deck, where no one but myself was watching his movements. I had the curiosity to ascend the rigging to see what he could be after, as there were neither huts nor pigs in that direction. I got to the mast-head just in time to see him run his canoe on the beach, and drag out his pig. To my astonishment, he then plunged the luckless animal entirely under water, and held it there for some time. Again and again did he repeat the operation, until the poor grunter could have had but little breath left. In about twenty minutes he boldly returned to the ship, and offered the pig to the captain. He looked at it. 'Wa'l,' said he, 'I guess that *has* more belly on it, it has;' and certainly it did look fatter, for it had been forced to swallow about half its own volume of water. 'Put it along with the rest.' I did not like to betray the poor fellow, for I thought the Yankee had been well paid already for his task. He partly discovered the trick, however, before we had been long under weigh. Acting as his own butcher, he selected the hydropathic patient as the first subject for the knife; and his astonishment at the huge gush of water which followed his incision was great. I suppose he must have considered the pig diseased from dropsy, for he handed it over to the natives, who, being let into the secret by the culprit, had no scruple in eating it.

In order to replenish their stock of cocoa-nuts, we stood in for a small group of islands called Palmerston's Island, circled by one large reef; in fact one of those remarkable coral formations which are termed 'atolls,' in contradistinction to what are called 'fringing or barrier reefs.'

No one who has not sailed over the Pacific can form any distinct conception of the remarkable appearance presented by these varieties of the coral formations, more particularly by that variety called in the Indian

Archipelago 'atolls' or 'lagoons,' with islands rising within them. Fancy, in the middle of the ocean, across whose bosom you have been swiftly moving for weeks, a snow-white circle, of greater or less diameter, formed by the breakers lashed into foam by the waves of the ocean coming into contact for the first time with the rampart of coral. Outside this circle are the dark-blue heaving waters of the profound sea; within is a smooth expanse of brilliant light-green, calm, and comparatively shallow water; this circular reef, covered by its foaming breakers, and enclosing these quiet waters, is, strictly speaking, a true atoll. But sometimes the still waters within contain low islets, formed of sand, and the soil created from the decomposed corals, which branch in delicate beauty of form and colour in every portion of the lagoon. The encircling reef also may in some parts raise itself above the reach of the furious breakers, and on the soil there formed, as well as on that of the low islets within, the most luxuriant vegetation of the tropics quickly springs up. Sometimes, indeed, the barrier reef is wholly raised above the breakers, and thus within the snow-white line of surf, which forms a superb fringe to it and to the blue ocean, a beautiful belt of foliage, composed chiefly of the graceful and towering cocoa-nut, embraces the calm waters within. Altogether, it is a striking and very lovely scene, and the colours are intense.

Palmerston Island, the name given to the little group of islets which we were now approaching, and which were densely covered with cocoa-nut trees, we supposed to be uninhabited, as they were but sand-heaps, though supporting so plentiful a vegetation. But as if to make good a saying of our captain, 'that you will everywhere find a Scotchman, a crow, and a Newcastle grindstone,' here, in this lonely spot of ocean, we did fall in with a native of the 'Land o' Cakes.' As we approached the island late in the afternoon, we were surprised to see a canoe emerging through an opening in the reef, and, what astonished us yet more, it hoisted a white sail (the sign of white men being there), as the natives use sails made of matting. When she came alongside, two white men jumped on board. One was evidently an American. His companion also betrayed his country by his speech. Ere he had uttered a few words, I hailed him as a countryman. No one who is not a Scotchman, and has never wandered in strange and far-away lands, can tell the delight which filled both our minds when we discovered that we were natives of the same fair city—Perth. Our subjects of conversation for the next hour they remained on board may be easily imagined. Pleasant to me was the accent of his tongue; pleasant the reminiscences of his youth, for they recalled those of my own, and the scenes by the bonny Tay where they were laid.

This young gentleman was of a respectable family. His father was British consul for many years at the capital of one of the northern powers. He himself was an engineer, but had gone to Australia, where his brothers were stock-keepers, or squatters, as they were termed, at Moreton Bay. Not finding his employment in Sydney to this liking, he took it into his head to unite a little speculation with a little wandering over the Pacific Ocean. Cocoa-nut oil at that time was selling in Sydney at L.40 a tun; and as it cost but L.15 to make it at the islands and bring it there, he determined to try his hand at the job. He invented a machine, in the first place, for the purpose of preparing the nuts—a process which is performed by the natives with great labour by hand, with a piece of flint or shell. His apparatus he took to Tahiti, and from thence he sailed for this place, in company with the American and three or four natives to assist him. But they had used up all the cocoa-nuts fit for their purpose, and were, moreover, tired of the game: the more so, that all their stores were exhausted, and they had been living for three months on fish and sea-fowls' eggs, both of which could be procured in great quantities. Their first cry out was for tobacco; they said they did not

care about their beef and biscuit having run out: so long as their tobacco lasted they were contented. We supplied them liberally with the weed, as well as a part of our flour and biscuit; and having obtained a stock of green nuts for the natives, we left them, as they declined coming with us, being certain that, although he was so far behind his time, the captain of the vessel which had left them there would still call and take them off. Nor were they disappointed, as I saw my friend three months afterwards at Eimeo, an island near Tahiti. He told me that the cause of the delay consisted in the vessel having made a direct trip to Sydney, instead of calling for them on her way. They were picked up, with all their stock of oil, a few days after we left them, and taken to Tahiti.

We called at numerous islands before we reached that which was the residence of our native passengers. Perhaps no people in the whole world are fonder of their own particular homes than are the South Sea islanders. The impatience and longing of those with us to get once more a glimpse of their own dear island home was extreme. Every morning at daylight, with eager eyes would they be on deck scanning the various islands we passed, and never did the watch cease, until one morning, as I was going on deck, I heard a tremendous yell, and 'Aitutaki, Aitutaki!' shouted out with a perfect transport of passionate delight and eagerness. As we neared the shore, they became more and more excited. There is no proper anchorage; but ships lay off and on in a particular bay; and as we coasted round the island to reach it, and as they recognised each well-known object on shore, which was a mile distant then, I thought they would all go 'daft' together. At last one could stand the slow movement of the vessel no longer; he was pointing with trembling earnestness to some spot on the beach, when all at once he uttered a yell and sprang clean overboard. One or two followed his example, so eager were they to tread once more the soil of their dear island. They had been absent six months, and of course had long ago been given up as lost. Such a scene as ensued when the meeting took place! All the population had assembled, and at the unexpected sight of their long-lost friends, such a yell arose! Such rubbing of noses together; such howlings of joyful recognition! As our Yankee skipper said, 'I guess it 'ud require forty donkeys to describe the *echo of it*.'

All belonging to the vessel were treated with the utmost kindness; indeed I do not remember anywhere spending a happier week than that of our sojourn amongst these simple and hospitable islanders; and it was with regret that we left them to steer our course to Tahiti.

INFORMATION FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

We are in the daily habit of receiving letters soliciting information and advice on emigration; and to all these we have but one reply—that we have no special knowledge on the subject beyond what we communicate from time to time in this Journal, and that we shrink from the responsibility of influencing the decision of strangers in a question affecting the whole of their future fortunes. Even when drawing the attention of our correspondents, as we now desire to do, to the 'Emigration Circular,' the existence of which, we fancy, is less widely known than it ought to be, we would caution them against gulping its details without examination or thought, as matters coming from authority. The 'Circular' is a closely-printed pamphlet, containing about the same quantity of matter as one of our numbers; it is issued by the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners, and published, in order to render it accessible to all, at the low price of twopence.* The last

number appeared at the end of July, and the next is intended to be issued next spring.

The reason why we would suggest that some caution should be used in receiving many of the most interesting particulars, communicated even in a work the respectability of which is beyond suspicion, is simply that correctness is *impossible*. At home, prices are comparatively steady, or, if they move, they do so gradually, and with so obvious a tendency, that the limit of the rise or fall may frequently be foreseen. In a colony, on the contrary, but more especially a new colony, in addition to a more than ordinary share of other kinds of uncertainty, the fluctuating amount of population forms a new and peculiar element in the fluctuations of the market. There, in fact, is the true school for the study of political economy. In an old country we may be mystified by a thousand artificial complications, but in a new one we can trace the movements of the simple machinery, and observe the operation of the natural law of adjustment between prices and supply. The arrival of a single cargo of goods or emigrants may change for a time the whole aspect of a limited colony, and falsify the most important items in its 'Circular.' A little attention to this fact will prevent much disappointment. If we are told, for instance, that in Australia the wages of common artisans are 8s. per day, and are invited—common artisans being scarce at the money—to flock out in thousands or tens of thousands to this new El-Dorado of labour, what do we understand by the invitation? Reflecting persons will perceive that it is of the *extravagance* of the tariff the colonists complain, and that their desire for a fresh multitude of hands is merely the desire to obtain labour at a price they can more easily pay. To suppose that, if the summoned thousands obeyed the call, they would be engaged at 8s. per day, is an absurdity. The price of labour would adjust itself according to the supply; and if that was greater than the colony could in any way use, the emigrants would find that out of the frying-pan at home they had leaped across the ocean into the fire.

The first question an intending emigrant asks is, to which colony he shall betake himself? The answer to this will depend upon various circumstances. The three principal fields of emigration are the North American colonies, the United States, and the Australian colonies, including New Zealand.

In estimating the inducements offered by these several fields, we are without materials for including the United States, but hope to have some early opportunity of throwing light upon this branch of the subject. The commissioners are more communicative with regard to New Zealand; but at any rate, a sixpenny pamphlet, of sixty-four well-filled pages, comes just in time to serve as an appendix to this portion of the Circular, and we shall make free use of it, though not without expressing our sense of obligation to those who have favoured the public with so cheap and useful a compendium of the latest information.*

The demand for labour in the North American colonies is at present almost confined to New Brunswick. In Canada, the paralysis occasioned by the late commercial difficulties still continues, although a reaction is confidently looked for. In Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, the demand for additional labour is very limited; but in New Brunswick the rate of wages is steadily advancing to a higher point than it has ever before attained. The reason is explained to be, that the number of able-bodied labourers has latterly borne too small a proportion to that of the whole body of immigrants; and the government agent states, 'that 1000 good and healthy labourers (with their families equal to 5000 souls) would find employment in various parts of the province during the season of 1848 at fair wages.'

* By Charles Knight and Co., and Smith, Elder, and Co., London; but sold no doubt by all other booksellers.

* The Emigrants' Guide to New Zealand. By a Late Resident in the Colony. London: Stewart and Murray, Old Bailey. 1848.

In New South Wales, the demand for labour is confined to shepherds, farm servants, agricultural labourers, and female domestic servants; but all these are much wanted, and would meet with great encouragement. In Port Philip, in addition to these classes, there is a demand to some extent for carpenters, masons, bricklayers, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, and other mechanics. This report continues to the end of last January. In South Australia, agricultural labourers, shepherds, miners, mechanics, and female domestic servants, are the principal hands wanted; and notwithstanding a recent pretty abundant supply, the high rate of wages is maintained. The government secretary, however, in that colony remarks, 'that although no reduction has yet been effected in the rate of wages by the arrival of immigrants, it must be anticipated that their continued influx may produce a change in this respect;' and he suggests that it would be well, 'in order to prevent the disappointment which would in such an event be naturally felt by those who may be induced to emigrate with expectations founded on the present scale of wages, that they should be warned, before leaving England, of the probability of such a contingency.' This warning they received not long ago from ourselves, in the midst of the most wildly-clamorous invitations from the colonists, and equally hearty responses of the press.

There is one feature, however, in the reception of immigrants into South Australia which is deserving of special notice. A house in Adelaide is prepared for young unmarried females who have no friends or relations on board, and who are removed thither on their arrival, and at once find themselves surrounded with every necessary comfort, and with persons of their own sex to assist them in obtaining desirable situations. The following notice greets the poor solitary shrinking female as she first sets foot upon the new world of the antipodes:—'To newly-arrived female immigrants. The committee of ladies appointed to watch over the interest of the unmarried female immigrants newly arrived in the colony, offer their protection and encouragement to every respectable young woman who, landing on the shores of South Australia, feels the want of a home. The governor has kindly promised to supply rations, and to provide rooms for present accommodation. Ladies will visit the young women, and assist them to procure desirable situations.' This document is signed by Mrs Bagot, Mrs Farrell, and Mrs Giles; and these ladies, we are sure, will not derive less pleasure from their philanthropic labours when they know that their names, through such agencies as ours, are even as household words in every cottage in England.

In New Zealand, the classes most in demand are shepherds, agricultural, farm, and other labourers, and domestic servants. To a less degree there is also employment for mechanics, such as miners, shoemakers, and tailors. Mercantile clerks and young men of no trade or capital always fail to obtain situations. But it is not less new than delightful to find that there is already a strong rivalry carried on in the labour market by the natives. The following extract respecting them is from the 'Emigrants' Guide,' and is copied there from a report of the superintendent of the military roads in the district of Wellington, dated last January—some months later than the information in the Circular:—

'They rapidly improve as workmen, and it is extraordinary that men whose previous lives have been passed in uncontrolled idleness should now work for months together so incessantly, as to rest but one hour out of ten, and under such restriction, as not to be allowed to smoke or even to talk, to the interruption of their work; yet this result has been obtained by means so slight, as to appear quite insufficient. An idle workman is occasionally fined sixpence, or if so talkative as to interrupt work, he is placed alone without listeners; if he has given satisfaction, he perhaps receives his week's wages in crowns, or, if otherwise, in sixpences. If a

troublesome character, he is discharged; and though the superintendents of parties have been detached many miles from any Europeans, besides their overseers, in the wildest and most inaccessible places, there has never been an instance of violence towards them or the overseers. The greatest crime has been that of stealing an axe by a discharged native, when another of the tribe, after working all day, travelled all night to recover it, and returned with it in time for work the next morning.'

It is mentioned that out of sixty natives employed upon one work at Auckland, there was not one who could not read, and only one who could not write his own language. The money obtained by these people for their labour on the roads is spent, according to the 'New Zealand Spectator' of 1st March last, either in the purchase of clothes and other necessities, the produce of English manufacture, or else invested in stock, horses, or cows, thereby adding to the permanent wealth of the colony. But there is another side to the medal. 'We want land, labour, and capital,' says the last quoted authority. 'The roads now in progress open up fresh districts to the settlers, but the absentees in too many instances interfere to prevent their profitable occupation; there is an absolute scarcity of labour of all kinds, and but little prospect of a remedy for this want; the wages of labouring men are from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. a day, while female servants are hardly to be procured on any terms. An influx of fresh capital would materially assist in developing the resources of the colony.'

In Van Diemen's Land, according to the latest information, there is a great demand for free labourers; and in Western Australia, labourers, shepherds, and female servants are in great request.

It would occupy too much space to give the rate of wages in the several colonies for the different trades, but we select a few of the more common hands, in order to give an idea of the relative proportion.

A blacksmith receives from 5s. to 5s. 2d. per day in the North American colonies, where his expense for board and lodging is from 10s. 6d. to 13s. 6d. a week. In the Sydney district of New South Wales his wages are 5s. 6d. per day, and in the Port Philip district, 7s.; in South Australia, 6s. 6d.; in Van Diemen's Land, 4s. 6d.; in Western Australia, 8s.; and in New Zealand from 3s. to 5s.

A bricklayer receives from 5s. to 7s. in the North American colonies; 5s. 6d. in Sydney; 7s. in Port Philip; 6s. 9d. in South Australia; 5s. 6d. in Van Diemen's Land; 8s. in Western Australia; and from 5s. to 7s. in New Zealand.

A carpenter and joiner, 5s. 3½d. to 6s. 3d. in the North American colonies, and 5s. 6d. to 10s. in Australia, the highest rate being given in New Zealand. These may suffice for common examples.

The difference in prices is in proportion. In South Australia the best bread is 1½d. per lb., and in the other Australian colonies from 2d. to 2½d. per lb.; while in the North American colonies it is from 1½d. to 2d. per lb. Fresh meat from 2d. to 3d. per lb. in Australia, excepting Western Australia, where it is 4½d.; and in the North American colonies, beef from 2½d. to 4d. per lb. (to 8d. in Newfoundland), and mutton from 2d. to 4d. Potatoes from 5s. 10d. to 9s. a cwt. in Australia, with the exception of Van Diemen's Land and New Zealand, where they are only 3s.; and in the North American colonies, 1s. 6d. to 4s. per bushel. Tea, 2s. to 3s. per lb. both in Australia and America.

The relative cost of passage is another subject of interest. The cabin passage to North America is from L.10 to L.20, including provisions. The cheapest is from the Irish ports; the next from the ports in the Clyde; the next from Liverpool; and the next from London. Intermediate, from L.5 to L.10; the same without provisions, L.2, 10s. to L.7. Steerage, with full allowance of provisions, L.4 to L.7; without provisions beyond the legal allowance, L.2, 5s. to L.5, 10s.

Cabin passage, with provisions, to New South Wales,

L.55 to L.100; intermediate, L.40; steerage, L.18 to L.20. Cabin passage to Van Diemen's Land, L.50 to L.90; intermediate, L.35; steerage, L.18 to L.20. Western Australia and South Australia, cabin, L.60 to L.90; intermediate, L.40; steerage, L.18 to L.25. New Zealand, cabin, L.60 to L.100; intermediate, L.40; steerage, L.18 to L.25.

In the 'Circular' and the 'Emigrants' Guide' full information will be found on the subject of free passages.

In Upper Canada, the present price of crown lands is 6s. 7d. sterling per acre; in Lower Canada, from 3s. 2½d. to 4s. 11d.; in Nova Scotia, 1s. 9d. per acre, in lots of not less than 100 acres. In New Brunswick, the land is sold by auction at an upset price of 2s. 8d.; 50 acres being the smallest quantity.

In Australia, the lowest upset price is L.1 per acre. This is considered to be much too high in a country where the bulk of the capital is sunk in flocks and herds, requiring thousands of acres for each establishment. The question is argued shrewdly in a shilling pamphlet, entitled 'Sydney's Australian Handbook,' professing to teach emigrants how to settle and succeed in Australia.*

'As to the class of men who should emigrate thither,' says that work, 'the first is the labourer, with no capital, but stout arms and a stout heart, not burdened with any ridiculous fears about blacks and bushrangers. If he can get landed in any Australian port—Sydney, for choice, as the London of the colony—he is quite sure of good wages and plenty of food, with no expense for fuel, and very little for clothes. He has no long winter to endure, as in Canada, and no severe frosts to guard against by coats and flannels. A wife, provided there are no helpless infants, is no disadvantage. As I have before observed, a previous knowledge of agriculture, which is indispensable in Canada, is quite unnecessary on an Australian stock or sheep-farm. For shepherds or hut-keepers I prefer Manchester, Birmingham, or Sheffield men, even if they never noticed a sheep before except in a butcher's shop, to the best English, Scotch, or Welsh shepherd. Townsmen are better educated, quicker witted, and less prejudiced. European shepherds have their trade to learn over again. The agricultural labourer is useful on a farm, and can do better for himself when he comes to settle on land of his own.

'To obtain a shepherd's situation, a man has nothing to do but start at once for the bush. Instead of wasting his time in the emigration barracks, or in Sydney, let him strap his blanket on his back, take a bit of bread, some tea, sugar, and tobacco, and take any of the main roads into the interior, and hire at the first station where there is a vacancy for a man of his sort. He will be at scarcely any expense, if at any; but he will get a hearty welcome, a bed, and a bellyful. Should he be benighted, a camp out under a tree will do him no harm, as there are no dangerous beasts in Australia.

'Professions are, and always will be, rather overdone. To succeed in trade, a man must have a great deal of colonial experience, and rather a Yankee spirit.

'Among mechanics, the clever Jack-of-all-trades is the man. It is impossible to carry a box of tools on your back. A good bush carpenter will do anything with an axe, an adze, and a few other things, but when you get to a station they find you tools.'

The 'Circular,' as emanating from government authorities, bears no reference to the United States. Our impression, however, is, that, Australia excepted in reference to sheep-farming, the States are greatly preferable as a field of emigration for nearly all classes of persons—artisans for the towns, and labourers and agriculturists for the country. A greatly-preferable point in the States is the cheapness of land (about 4s. 2d. an acre), and the perfect ease with which it can be purchased at once at a land office. In settling in the States, there is of course the disadvantage of becoming the

citizen of a foreign country; but it may be doubted whether the intolerable mismanagement of the colonies is not fruitful of much greater discomfort. On this delicate matter each party must be left to judge for himself.

Column for Young People.

THE PEACOCK.

A TALE FOR LITTLE GIRLS, AND QUITE TRUE.

'WHAT a beautiful peacock we saw to-day, mamma, at Mrs Forrester's!' said Fanny to her mamma.

'Very beautiful indeed, Fanny,' said her mamma. There was silence for some minutes, when Fanny again spoke.

'Mamma, I would give the world for a peacock.'

'Softly—softly, my child,' said her mamma: 'consider for a moment what you say. Would you give your papa and mamma for a peacock?'

'Oh no, indeed, mamma: I did not mean the people in the world—I only meant the world itself.'

'You spoke very foolishly then, Fanny,' said her mamma; 'for there are a great many peacocks in the world.'

'Well, mamma, I believe I meant my own world—my dolls, my playthings, my pigeons, my Pussy. Oh, poor Pussy, I should not like to part with you; but I think that I would give even Pussy too for a peacock. Pray tell me, mamma, about peafowl. Did you ever see a peacock before?'

Fanny's mamma answered, 'Yes, I have seen many, and know a good deal about them; for when I was a little girl like you there were a great many about the country where I lived, and I was very fond of rearing them. They came originally from India, where they are larger and more beautiful than with us. But they are now common in many parts of the British islands; but in the northern parts, such as where we now live, they are scarce, and difficult to rear. In the south, where I was brought up, the peahens had all the trouble themselves; and when the little ones could fly, which was very soon, the hen would sometimes take wing, followed by her entire flock, and migrate to some other demesne; but then, in lieu of our lost one, a peahen belonging to some one else would alight with her brood in our farmyard. If you take down the proper volume of the Encyclopædia, you can read all about them yourself, and then I can tell you anything more that you wish to know concerning them.'

Fanny got the volume of the Encyclopædia, and found the place she wished for, and was quite astonished at finding that there were eight species of this beautiful bird. Her mamma desired her to read aloud the first on the list—the 'Cristatus, or common Peacock.' When she had finished reading, she put the book into the bookcase, and again sat down; then turning to her mamma with an anxious countenance, she said, 'Oh, mamma, how I wish I had a peacock—it is so beautiful! How could I get one?'

'I wish, Fanny,' said her mamma, 'that it was in my power to gratify you, but I know of no way of procuring one at present; and I am sorry for it, as I like young people to have living pets, as taking care of them teaches the exercise of judgment and forethought, besides drawing forth the best affections of the heart, and also gives an amusing occupation for leisure hours; and it is beautiful to see wild creatures become tame, and able to hold communion with mankind. When I was a little girl, I was given two gilt cages, with a goldfinch in one, and a canary in the other; they sang delightfully, but I did not care much about them, and am ashamed to say that they would have been often neglected, only for my brother, who was two years older than myself, and who was fond of small pets. He took care of them when he found that I forgot to give them seed and fresh water, and to clean their cages regularly; and when all the family went to the country-house for the summer, and he only was obliged to stay in town, except a servant, the canary and goldfinch became his companions, along with a Tom cat; and it was extremely amusing to see the order in which he had them. He began at first to tame them by placing their cages on the breakfast-table, and helping the birds to a few crumbs and bits of sugar. The cat was left to sit on the carpet, and supplied with a saucer of milk with bread broken into it. So he had something to do; and if he attempted to look too lovingly at the birds, he was scolded or slept. In a short time my brother opened the doors of

* Pelham Richardson. London: 1848.

the cages, and the birds would come out and eat their crumbs on the table.'

'Where was the cat then, mamma?' asked Fanny.

'Just sitting in his allotted place,' said her mamma; 'at my brother's feet. In about another week my brother let the cages stay hanging on the wall, but opened their doors, and the little birds came flying and singing to eat their breakfast with him; and when they had finished eating, they used to sing for him until he had finished also. Then they used to fly to their cages when he rose from table, and then he fastened their doors until the next morning. The cat alone was his dinner companion, and sat very gravely on a chair near him until my brother had dined, when the cat got his dinner on a plate on the carpet. The cat and birds became at length so familiar, that the birds used to fly round him, and even to peck at his nose, and hit him with their wings, while he sat quite demurely with his eyes half shut, never pretending to see them.'

'Mamma, pray tell me what became of them at last?' said Fanny.

'The goldfinch died at last of some kind of illness, and the canary was given away when my brother left home, and the lady who got it one day placed the cage close to an open window, with the door open; some noise in the room frightened the bird, and it flew off over the roofs of the opposite houses, and she never saw it again; the cat lived to a good old age, respected and loved by all who knew him.'

'Thank you, mamma, for your story. I think I am like you, for I do not like little pets, or any pets in cages. Oh how I should love a peacock! Indeed, mamma, I would give all my nice things for one.'

Fanny was a good little girl, and very affectionate, and her mamma was anxious to indulge her in any reasonable wish; so the morning after the above conversation, she asked if her thoughts were still occupied about the peacock.

'Yes, indeed, mamma,' said Fanny. 'I was dreaming all night of the lovely one we saw yesterday—all shining in blue, and green, and gold; and I was so sorry when I awoke that it was gone.'

'Well, Fanny,' said her mamma, 'I was thinking also of the peacock; and I think I can make out a plan by which you can have one.'

'Oh, mamma, how?—what way?' said Fanny with delight, all sorrowful expression disappearing from her countenance.

'First, then,' said her mamma, 'I must tell you that my plan does not require you to part with your dolls, your pigeons, your playthings, or your kitten; but you must pay a far greater price for your peacock—you must take a considerable degree of trouble, and have patience and perseverance for a long time before you obtain your wishes. Do you think you can undertake all this?'

'I am sure I can, mamma,' said Fanny, clapping her hands. 'I shall not mind any trouble; and, mamma, dear mamma, you shall see how persevering I can be. Do, pray do, mamma, tell me what I have to do? I do not care for the length of time, if I get the peacock at last; and I will have him so tame, to follow me about, and to feed out of my hand.'

'I will tell you my plan now,' said her mamma, 'and then you will be a better judge of what you have to undertake. Pray did you not see a peacock at Mrs Forrester's yesterday?'

'I do recollect, mamma,' said Fanny, 'seeing an ugly thing there; but the peacock was so beautiful, that I did not mind anything else.'

'And yet, Fanny,' said her mamma, 'your hopes of procuring a peacock depend chiefly on that ugly thing. This is the beginning of June, and the peacock must have laid some eggs. I asked Mrs Forrester if she intended rearing any peafowl this season, and she said that she did not, as they were too troublesome. Now if Mrs Forrester will be so kind as to give you two or three eggs, we can get a farmyard hen to hatch them; but you will have much trouble with them, they are so delicate, and must be kept so carefully from the cold. The domestic hen, however, will be a great assistance to you, as she is a tender nurse, and will not bring the young birds to roost on high trees, as a peacock would do. Then you must remember that it will be three years before you will see such a splendid bird as Mrs Forrester's: but in two years it will be very hand-

some if it lives. And now tell me, Fanny, do you think that you can take all this trouble, and persevere for so long a time, to obtain a peacock?'

'Indeed, indeed, mamma, I shall think nothing of the trouble,' said Fanny; 'and you know that all the time I shall have the pleasure of seeing the dear little peas growing larger and stronger every day; and I will bring them out in the sun every fine day, and put them in again before night. Indeed, mamma, they will be no trouble to me.'

'Then,' said her mamma, 'we had better begin our work at once, and walk over to Mrs Forrester's, and ask for the eggs.'

'I am sure,' said Fanny, 'that Mrs Forrester will give them to me; for she said yesterday that she would wish to know what present I would like best, as I am her godchild. I am certain that she will be glad to give them to me.'

Fanny and her mamma were soon ready, and on their way to Mrs Forrester's house. When arrived there, they found Mrs Forrester at home, who heard the whole story of Fanny's wishes, and her mamma's plan for gratifying them, and immediately sent to look for the peacock's nest, which was found; and to Fanny's great joy three beautiful, large, pale-pink eggs were brought in, and presented to her by Mrs Forrester; and Fanny carried off her prize, with many good wishes for her success in hatching. She was able to procure a hen desirous of sitting the next day, and made a comfortable nest for her in a small room on the ground-floor, and placed the precious eggs under her wings.

I need not say how anxiously Fanny reckoned the days as they passed; but I will tell you how regularly she took the hen every day and fed her, and gave her water to drink, and then watched her for half an hour, while she ran about the yard to refresh herself, and then put her on her nest again: her mamma allowed her time to do all this immediately after breakfast.

Fanny did not expect to see her little pets until the twenty-eighth day of sitting; but on the twenty-sixth day, when she took up the hen, she heard a few short, sweet, musical notes, like the soft tones of a flute; she examined the eggs, and found that the sounds proceeded from them: two of them were chipped at one end. She gently replaced the hen on her nest, and ran to her mamma with a face radiant with smiles, to tell her the good news. Her mamma told her not to disturb the hen until the evening, when she might venture to take a peep at her treasures again.

Fanny's joy was unbounded when she returned, to see two beautiful little creatures speckled white and brown, with long graceful necks, and long wings, and large innocent-looking eyes; and they were uttering soft sweet notes continually. Fanny was in raptures, and remembered no more her past trouble. Some little girls may wonder that Fanny was so much delighted; but Fanny was a lively creature, with strong affections.

By her mamma's advice, Fanny did not feed her little pets that night, but left them to be kept warm under the hen's wings until next morning, when she steeped some crumbs in warm water for them; but they only stretched out their long necks and looked at it, but did not know how to eat it. So Fanny opened their bills a little, and put small bits into them, to teach them. By her mamma's directions, she carried them and the hen to the front of the house in the sunshine: the hen immediately began to pick small seeds of grass for them, but they only stretched out their long necks and looked at them: the hen then went to the soft clay and scraped away until she found a little worm, which she held up exultingly in her bill to them; but her strange nurslings only looked at it, although she chuckled and called to them. The poor hen then appeared quite at a loss how to please them; but she fell to work again, and this time she scraped up a fat earwig, which she held up to them as before. This fare appeared to please their fancy, for one of them ran over and took it, and devoured it eagerly. The hen scraped again, and seemed quite contented as earwig on earwig disappeared down their long throats, and never was at fault again to know what pleased them. Fanny also gave them oatmeal and barley-cake broken small. She took great care to bring them into the house every evening; and when the cold weather came, she kept them in the house on severe days, and fed them there; and they got so tame, that they ate from her hand, and perched on her feet and hands. They always came in to the parlour at breakfast-time, to get crumbs on

the carpet; and Fanny was very happy to have them, and every one praised her for the constant care she took of them.

When they were six months old, their kind nurse, the hen, forsook them; and Fanny was fearful about them. But her place was immediately supplied by a little bantam-cock, which took them under his protection and patronage; and it was very droll to see him marching along, followed by the peafowl, which were three times as large as himself; and when he got food, he called them and divided it for them; he also roosted with them. He continued his attentions and self-imposed care until they were able to take care of themselves, and long afterwards, for bantam-cocks are particularly affectionate; and it was not the first time that Fanny's had taken the care of orphan chickens.

When June returned, Fanny's mamma and Mrs Forrester were so pleased with her attention and perseverance, that they each made her a nice present. Her mamma gave her a house for her peafowl, open at the sides, and roofed with boards on the top, which was portable, and could be placed wherever there was most shelter. It was painted green, and looked very pretty in the shrubbery. Mrs Forrester's present was a silver peacock, beautifully chased for a brooch: so she was doubly rewarded for her trouble and care, and her nurslings proved to be a cock and hen. The peacock is now in full beauty and splendour, and walks about like an emperor, to the great delight of Fanny.

A LADY FREEMASON.

The Hon. Elizabeth St Leger was the only female ever initiated into the ancient mystery of freemasonry. How she obtained this honour we shall lay before our readers. Lord Doneraile, Miss St Leger's father, a very zealous mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened Lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting, and it is said that never were the masonic duties more rigidly performed than by them. Previous to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of masonry, Miss St Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a lodge-room. This room at the time was undergoing some alteration; amongst other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part. The young lady having heard the voices of the freemasons, and prompted by the curiosity natural to all to see this mystery, so long and so secretly locked up from public view, she had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scissors, and witnessed the ceremony through the two first steps. Curiosity satisfied, fear at once took possession of her mind. There was no mode of escape except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnised, and that being at the far end, and the room a very large one, she had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way; and with light but trembling step glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and gently opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly tyer with his long sword unsheathed. A shriek that pierced through the apartment alarmed the members of the lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, in the first paroxysm of their rage, her death was resolved on, but from the moving application of her younger brother, her life was saved, on condition of her going through the whole of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of masonry. The lady was cousin to General Anthony St Leger, governor of St Lucia, who instituted the interesting race and the celebrated Doneraile St Leger stakes. Miss St Leger married Richard Aldworth, Esq. of Newmarket. Whenever a benefit was given at the theatres in Dublin or Cork for the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, she walked at the head of the freemasons with her apron and other insignia of freemasonry, and sat in the front row of the stage box. The house was always crowded on those occasions. Her portrait is in the lodge-room of almost every lodge in Ireland.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

WAIT NO LONGER!

ON for such an education—
Knowledge prospering in the land,
As shall make this busy nation
Great in heart as strong in hand.

Knowledge free and unencumbered,
Wearing no dogmatic fetters;
Quickening minds that long have slumbered;
Doubling life by living letters.

Knowledge that shall lift opinion
High above life's sordid bustle:
Thought claims limitless dominion—
Men have souls as well as muscle.

Knowledge that shall rouse the city,
Stir the village, shake the glen;
Teach the smelter in the smithy,
And the ploughman, they are men.

All who will may gather knowledge,
Prompt for every earnest wooer;
Indifferent to school or college,
She aids the persevering doer.

Shall we wait—and wait for ever,
Still procrastination ruling;
Self-exertion trusting never—
At ways dreaming—never doing?

Wait no longer—Hope, Faith, Labour,
Make man what he ought to be:
Never yet hath gun or sabre
Conquered such a victory!

COMPENSATIONS.

Do you not perceive, then, that evil is necessary for the development of good: can you say that misery is not essential for happiness? Illness is the exception, to health, yet what should we know of health unless illness existed to indicate it? If at this moment you were on a sick-bed, your condition would induce pity from your friends—virtue again emanating from evil. They would do all in their power to ease your sufferings—kindness, another virtue, is thus manifested. You would feel grateful for their attention—gratitude, you see, springs up! If you bear your affliction with fortitude—again good arises! If, on the contrary, you are impatient, those around you refrain from saying or doing the slightest thing to irritate you—goodness again emanates from the same soil! At length you become stronger, and then, being slightly ailing, you feel comparatively happy—thus happiness has absolutely arisen from that which, in its positive nature, is an evil; and the very affliction which made you grieve, is, by a slight transfiguration, not altering its original nature, a subject for congratulation and pleasure! Thus, Alfred, depend upon it, however we may doubt the perfection of the laws of the Creator, all is completely in accordance with benevolent design; and when you complain of the existence of evil in the world, you complain of the very element which develops goodness.—*Affection.*

DEATH.

Death comes equally to us all, and makes us all equal when it comes. The ashes of an oak in a chimney are an epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high, or how large, that was; it tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou wouldst look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard into the church, and the man who was the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to purify them? This is the patrician, this is the noble flower, and this yeoman, this the plebeian bran.—*Donne.*

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O RUS!

'O Rus, quando,' &c.—'Oh country! when shall I see thee again?' may now be repeated with a more profound feeling than at any former time, for it begins to seem greatly problematical if such a thing as the country ever again can be seen. We still talk of going to the country, and when we do go out of town, and find ourselves amongst corn-fields, or by river sides, or in the midst of woods, we are apt to think or suppose, or to speak as if we thought or supposed, that we really are in the country. But a little reflection in such circumstances soon convinces us that we are not in the country at all—that is, what we have always understood to be the country. From our earliest days, we have been taught to regard the country as a place in direct contrast to the city. In the one place all is artificial, or man's work. In the other all natural, or God's work. Now, what so forcibly strikes me is, that things are not now in a more natural state in the country than in the town. Nay, I sometimes feel tempted to prefer that kind of country which Mr Paxton can make in the midst of a large city, to that larger out-of-town kind; simply for this reason, that Mr Paxton's landscape is fully the more successful in excluding artificial objects and disturbing associations.

I am far from saying that the country ought to be uncultivated, in order to satisfy one's ideas about it. On the contrary, agricultural economy enters into these ideas. We think of the simple farmers of Horace and Virgil, the sunburnt Sabine wife, the oxen bearing the inverted yoke on their languid necks, the *latis otia fundis*, the *errantes greges*, the *mugitusque bovm*: all these things, if to be had genuine and unsophisticated, would only add to our enjoyment of the old idea of the country. But, spirit of Flaccus! what wouldst thou have thought of a large farm, with all its modern mechanism, converting it into a mere food-producing factory? Shade of Maro! where would have been thy Georgics, if thou hadst had to include considerations as to Mark Lane, and competition with the markets of Odessa and New York? Can we imagine the former poet lost in the delights of grapes and wine in *remoto gramine*, if that *remotum gramen* had been soiled with the smoke of a steam-engine, belched from a red brick chimney, which rears its tall form over the steading to the utter deformation of the landscape? Why, the very gleaners, perhaps one of the most pleasing features of old farm life, are no more. Their work is done by a machine, in order to add infinitesimally to the accounts of produce. Call you this the country?

Professor Wilson has sung—for his prose articles are noble poems—of the beauties of the Scottish streams, and the pleasures of angling in them. But let the angler be careful of his choice amongst these streams, that he

may plant himself on one whose banks are not ticketed with threats against trespassers. Mr Stoddart celebrates the troutling which he enjoys in and about Kello; but Mr Stoddart knows that it is a fearful joy which any stranger could snatch with a rod in his hand in that neighbourhood. His better course would be to join the Anglers' Club, which is fain to lease a bit of 'Tweed's silver streams glittering in the sunny beams,' in order that it may catch its fish in peace. The Highlands one might suppose to be too wide to be beset by any such restrictions. Let any one who thinks so try to penetrate Glen Tilt. It looks like the country, but it is all a deception. It is merely a shop where game is kept for sale, and to which none can be admitted but those who are disposed to become customers. The country!—with ground officers and gillies walking about it. As well call the Surrey Zoological Gardens the Vale of Tempe. *O Rus*, again!

There are some things in which one never learns lessons from disappointment, but continually renews the effort, only to be disappointed once more. Such are one's annual autumnal attempts to see the country. With elated feelings we go to take out our ticket by the stage-coach. We make the journey in a semi-delirium, thinking, 'Well, now, after all my year's toils, I am going to have two or three charming days in the country.' We get to our destination, some famed and favourite place of resort, where there are inns and lodgings for visitants like us. Say it is the Bridge of Allan, which really is a place of considerable rural merits, at least in comparison with others. Full of eager expectation, we set out to explore its most celebrated walk, which we have been told conducts through a delightful woody valley. Behold, on the other side of the pretty rocky channel of the stream, a railway cutting through the hazel banks! There is the panting, smoking train coming up, with no one knows how many passengers, first, second, and third class, or how much goods traffic. The spoil banks have spoiled hundreds of the ancient oaks and birks of Allan Water, and tamed one whole side of the valley effectually. And this is called the country! 'After all, your walk through the woods on the undisturbed side is pleasing.' With every fifth tree bearing the inviting shop-bill of Messrs Shaw and Baldwin, haberdashers in Stirling! This the country! O Flaccus and Maro—the country! This very village, not many years ago, was really a village, with pretty rustic objects about it, and nothing else. But it is the very fate of such places to be loved too well, and to perish in that love. City folks flock to them because they are sweetly rural, and never rest till, having converted them into smart towns, they discover that they are sweetly rural no longer, and so desert them. And thus it is that the flood of sophistication spreads over the land, until it is at last difficult

if not impossible, to find one spot which answers to our old ideas of the country. And once more we cry, 'O Rus!'

I have now wandered pretty nearly over the whole of this island of Great Britain, and at length I am pretty nearly convinced that it contains no such thing as country. I once got to a charming place in a nook of Devonshire, which seemed at first sight a perfect Elysium, and sitting down on a stone, I said, 'Well, here now at last is one little place really simple and rural; here is one last vestige of the country.' Looking round, I beheld on a wall close by me an advertisement of Life Pills! On another occasion I found myself in an exquisitely-beautiful nook of the Firth of Clyde, a spot apparently so inaccessible, that I thought life might there be dreamt away without any intrusion of the base ideas of the artificial world, and with nothing around one but a few primitive-minded swains and gentle damoiselles. Behold, on turning a corner, a whole nest of boxes belonging to Glasgow citizens, and a ticket advertising the rest of the ground 'To Emu' on the most advantageous terms, while over the neighbouring knowe came the smoke, and hiss, and plunge of a steamer, which, as the more lengthened announcement of the newspapers was sedulous to tell, called twice every day to take up and let down passengers! Look abroad, and it is all the same. In the most retired spots in Switzerland you are beset by men, women, and children, bent on converting you into capital, by being your guides to waterfalls, by selling you toys, or exercising force on your feelings of charity. The very shepherds far up among the Alpine solitudes, if there be anything fine about their situation to attract visitors, convert their chalets into auberges, and quickly lose the fine edge and flush of savage innocence in a thirst for francs and batzen. Ascend Vesuvius, and you will be pulled to pieces among competing guides. Travel in Arcadia, and it is odds against your escape from being robbed. The Castalian fountain itself is now probably, like St Anton's Well on Arthur's Seat, dealt out to the passing traveller for coppers. In short, every part of the earth proclaims that the country, the true country as it was of old, is a lost idea. We may cry 'O Rus!' till we are hoarse, but we never again shall see the country. We must rest content to have it only as a poetical tradition.

It is surely a very sad consideration that, in the development of things in our age, anything so delightful should so utterly perish. Some will bring it forward as a consolation that what comes instead is of more real value. 'It is not merely,' they will say, 'that farms become more productive under the exalted mechanical system to which they are now subjected, or that a pretty valley is rendered all the better thing by affording a line for railway communication; but, in the advance of all these materialities, the basis is laid for grander moralities also. Space being more densely peopled, greater social and political problems are worked out, and man, on the whole, undergoes an exaltation.' Well, I don't know—I have my misgivings. Be it observed the country is one of the things which has hitherto operated most largely on the human race—its green and its bloomery have solaced the eyes of men in all times; its solitudes have afforded a field where his soul could relax itself in meditation, and drink in the pure refreshing spirit of nature. Can they now want all this, and yet be the same beings? Will the future generations be quite what they ought to be in all respects, if there be no burns in which, while young,

they may paddle, and no gowans which their infant hands may pu', and their infant eyes gaze into till the silver-set gold becomes a heart idea for ever? I fear me not, and cannot but anticipate that O Rus! must yet come as a wail from many lands.

VISIT TO THE PRISON AT READING.

A SHORT time ago, when at Reading in Berkshire, I took occasion to visit the prison of that place—a large and handsome building, with courtyards, occupying an airy situation on a knoll outside the town. The establishment, in its actual organisation, differs little from the prison of Pentonville, and some other new jails throughout the kingdom, and so far there was no perceptible novelty to engage attention; the only thing probably which renders it worthy of special notice, is the reputation it has obtained for the successful reclamation of criminals; and it may be well to know how far such a result is founded on any peculiar method of treatment.

The system of discipline pursued at Reading is a blending of work with moral and religious instruction; the inmates are confined each in a separate light cell, as is now almost universal in prisons of this class; and in these cells, except at intervals of exercise in the outer courts, and when attending chapel, or when consigned to an infirmary, they may be said to live from the period of entrance to departure. After visiting different wards, and looking into various cells, I was enabled to remark wherein lay the chief difference between the course of life in this and other establishments. It was evident there was less work going on. The Central Prison at Perth may be compared to a manufactory—the prison of Reading to a monastery. My own impressions have always been in favour of giving prisoners plenty of work. I have considered labour to be in some respects synonymous with virtue, as idleness is with vice. And this is no new view. *Labors et ore* is not a saying of yesterday. That the framers of the new prison system now generally in vogue have entertained similar opinions is pretty obvious—the loom, plane, hammer, have become instruments of discipline. Instead of yells, and the clanking of chains, the corridors of our prisons resound with the brisk movements of the shuttle. All this, one is inclined to believe, must be an improvement; but the authorities of Reading prison give it as their conviction that work may be carried too far as a moral engine, and therefore within their domain they have substituted religious instruction and meditation for much of the usual course of labour.

I was interested in hearing explanations on this subject; and they were freely and kindly offered by the Rev. Mr Field, the chaplain of the establishment, who has recently given to the world a work, the best of its kind, on the separate system of imprisonment.* Before making any comment on the extent of the instruction afforded, it may be proper to follow Mr Field through his description of the daily life in the prison, beginning with the admittance of a prisoner. 'On the prisoner being conducted to the inner gates of the jail, his commitment having been examined by the officer in attendance, and the doors being closed, the constable is no longer responsible for the safe custody of his charge. Escape, either by violence or cunning, being next to impossible, handcuffs and irons are now removed; the person of the prisoner

* Prison Discipline; and the Advantages of the Separate System of Imprisonment, with a Detailed Account of the Discipline now Pursued in the New County Jail at Reading. By the Rev. J. Field, M.A., Chaplain. 2 vols 8vo. London: Longman. 1868.

is searched, and all things taken from him which would be either useless or injurious to him whilst in confinement. He is then lodged, for a few hours at most, in a reception-cell, there to await the inspection of the surgeon, who daily visits the prison. This examination having been made, the prisoner is next led to the baths, being shown, as he passes, the dark cells, which, as a preventive to breaches of discipline, he is kindly forewarned are provided for the punishment of the refractory. Whilst allowed the needful indulgence of a warm bath, his own clothes are removed to be fumigated, and laid up until his liberation, and he is provided with all requisite apparel at the expense of the county. The process of cleansing and clothing having been completed, the prisoner is next conducted to his appointed cell; if for trial, in a wing which is distinguished as the Jail, in which safe custody alone is the object sought and insured; or if convicted, in some part of the House of Correction. The cell being furnished with books, &c. the inmate finds relief in his seclusion, means of improvement are at once within his reach, some profitable employment is permitted, and the diligent occupation of time, though not enforced, is encouraged.

His course now begins. At six o'clock in the morning he is summoned from bed, opens and shakes up his bedding, washes himself, cleans the cell and corridor, and rolls up his hammock. At eight o'clock he breakfasts, and then usually spends some leisure time in preparing a lesson for the schoolmaster, which he has been recommended, but not compelled to learn. At ten minutes past nine the bell rings for chapel, to which the male and female prisoners go, each individual five paces apart, to prevent communication, the women with their veils, and the men with the peaks of their caps down. From ten till eleven the prisoner takes exercise in the airing-yard, or else is employed at the pumps. From eleven till twelve, on alternate days, he receives instruction from the chaplain in a class, and on the other days assists in cleaning the prison, or employs himself, if permitted, in working at his own trade. From one till three—Instruction, work, and receiving a visit in his cell twice a week from the chaplain. From three till four—Exercise in the open air. From four till six—He is visited in his cell by the schoolmaster, when class lessons are repeated, and he is privately taught writing, arithmetic, or something else calculated to improve the mind or to be of advantage in after-life. Intervals occupied as before. Six—Supper; after which the remaining space is devoted to mental and moral improvement exclusively, till eight o'clock, when the prisoner goes to bed.

Each cell is 13 feet in length, 7 in breadth, and 10 in height, and besides being well ventilated, is kept at a proper temperature by pipes from a hot-air apparatus. Provided with a table, seat, and every needful accommodation, the cell is also lighted with gas; and, in short, nothing is wanting to render the apartment a pleasant and healthful place of residence. Unfortunately, when discharged from his prison home, the subject of so much attention finds himself exposed to that terrible necessity—*independent exertion*. Referring to this stage of his course, Mr Field observes: 'His situation is most perilous and painful. He is probably destitute, and his character is lost. Hence means of obtaining the necessities of life by honest industry are seldom afforded. Those whose advice and example might tend to strengthen good resolutions and encourage reformation treat him as an outcast; whilst former companions in crime invite his return, offering assistance and relief. Rejected by others, he is welcomed by them. Allured by promises, and almost compelled by threats to abandon recent purposes of amendment, who can estimate the force of temptation to which the poor liberated offender is exposed? In order to stay the return to crime, by providing for the day's necessities, a small sum is given to every criminal on his discharge from Reading Jail; and if his conduct during his imprisonment has been such as to induce the hope of his refor-

mation, it is the practice of the chaplain to recommend him to the kind consideration of the clergyman to whose parish he may be returning, as the most effectual means of rendering good determinations steadfast. Sadly imperfect, however, must our system of criminal treatment yet remain until some plan for the employment of the released offender shall furnish him with the opportunity of obtaining an honest subsistence by his own efforts.'

In this last sentence Mr Field points to what has been often referred to as a desideratum—places of voluntary refuge, where work would be given to released prisoners till they could find employment elsewhere. We would, however, recommend great caution in attempting the establishment of any such institutions. While they might benefit a few, to the greater number they would in all likelihood only prove places of rendezvous, where new depredations could be conveniently planned; and at the very least, they would be *national workshops*, with crime as a qualification for admission. The very projection of a scheme of this kind shows the danger to which society is exposed by the plans of an inconsiderate philanthropy. In pampering the most worthless part of the community at the expense of the toiling millions, it will generally be agreed we have gone far enough. A serious objection to the separate system of imprisonment is its enormous expense. The prisoners are handsomely lodged, well fed, and a large body of respectable individuals, including a governor and chaplain, require to be employed. In the prison of Reading, the average cost of maintenance of an inmate is 10s. 6d. per week; and reckoning expense of trial, &c. the county is put to an outlay of at least L.30 for each convicted prisoner. The expenses incurred for such purposes, however, ought not to be grudged, if the end is effected. But there lies a question. The system of separate imprisonment is expected to work beneficially in two ways—by the terror it inspires, and the reformation it effects. Compared with the vicious and inhumane practices formerly in use, it seems all that wisdom and philanthropy can suggest. If we suppose a clown transferred suddenly from the tumult of a village taproom to the stately sobriety of a drawing-room, filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, we shall not imagine so wild a change as that experienced by a criminal caught up from the midst of his associates and placed in a prison conducted on the separate system. Seclusion, stillness, order, decency, respectability—how terrible do these things appear to such a man! The world seems to be turned upside down. The morality he has laughed at is no longer a jest; the religion he has spurned is no longer a fable; the person he has mocked is his master. It is no wonder that he believes the tales he has been told of so terrible a system creating insanity; and indeed many prisoners endeavour to take advantage of the supposed fact by pretending to turn mad!

Pleasant speculations these; but unfortunately something can be said *per contra*. It may happen that many persons do not value liberty very highly, particularly when associated with destitution; they may rather have a liking for quarters at 10s. 6d. a week paid for by the public. The warm bath, the regular diet, the clean clothing, the light work, the books to read, and the well-ventilated apartments, which our splendid prisons invitingly offer for their acceptance, have doubtless charms for a certain class of minds. Thus in abolishing a harsh routine of penal discipline, revolting to humanity, and practically valueless as a means of reformation, we may have either gone too far in an opposite direction, or been forgetful of the new conditions into which society seems to be merging. The subject at all events demands careful consideration. Some of the humbler classes of the people are becoming so destitute, so lost to all sense of decency, that it would not be surprising to see a general run made on the prisons. In the prison of Liverpool, as it appears, a number of Irish vagrants are (or

were lately) confined for refusing to tell to what parish they belonged. In the circumstances of these homeless wretches, was imprisonment a punishment? We would venture to say that they never were more comfortable in their lives. 'If you don't tell where you come from, you will be sent to prison,' says the magistrate. 'Thank you, that is exactly what I want,' replies the vagrant. 'But consider the loss of character.' 'I care nothing for character: I want food.' 'The only food you will get is bread and water.' 'Better than not be fed on anything at all.' 'If you go on this way, and defy the law, you will be transported.' 'Nothing would be more pleasant.' When society comes to such a pass that people reason in this way, it is time to look about for some other corrective than prisons.

The number of re-commitments to the best conducted prisons in Scotland is said to be from sixty to eighty per cent. According to a late Report, the re-commitments to the prison of Edinburgh 'was as high as seventy per cent.' In the evidence taken on the subject before parliament, the following is given by one of the directors of the Prison Board of Scotland:—'You say that the attempt to combine those two results, the reformation of the criminal, and the deterring of evil-disposed persons, has hitherto failed. Do you think your experience of it has gone on so far as to enable you to give that opinion generally?' 'No: I would speak with the caution which I feel to be proper in such a case, because we have not had very long experience; but looking to the experience of five years, and the result—which shows that sixty-seven per cent. of those who have passed through the General Prison have been ascertained to have been re-committed—it does not seem to me that the combined system is producing such good effects as could be wished.' Turning to the Report respecting the prison at Reading, presented to the magistrates of Berkshire, Michaelmas 1847, we find it stated that of 840 prisoners, who were in custody during the previous twelve months, '297 had been before in custody either in this or other counties, and of these 96 had been previously confined in your present jail.' Comparing this result with that stated in relation to Scottish prisons, Mr Field takes no small credit for the superior system of management in the prison to which he is attached. 'In the General Prison at Perth,' says he in his work on prisons, vol. i. p. 173, 'the officers are exemplary; the order maintained is excellent; all the prisoners are in separate confinement, and none less than twelve months. But there the fatal plan which has been referred to is followed [excess of industrial labour], and the effects are disastrous both to the culprits and their country. The Inspectors' Reports, and the evidence quoted, show us that not less than eighty per cent. of the criminals discharged from this prison are re-committed? How, then, shall we account for the fact, that of criminals of the same class released from the jail of Reading, the proportion re-committed does not amount to one-tenth of that number? The cause is easily described; because at Reading, whilst industrial training is not disregarded, it is subordinate to, and not suffered to interfere with, Scriptural, and therefore corrective instruction.'

On hearing a similar explanation from Mr Field personally, and after going from cell to cell, and listening to chapters from the New Testament, delivered from memory by the very contrite-looking prisoners, I felt as if at length the anxiously-considered problem of prison discipline had been satisfactorily solved. Reflection, however, suggests doubts as to the validity of the results said to be achieved. I may not deny the evidence of the amiable chaplain, earnest in the performance of his sacred duties; and yet there is reason to fear that fallacies lurk under his statements and comparisons of which he is not aware. It may be thought scarcely fair that he gives the go-by to the 297 out of the 840 who had already been in prison elsewhere, and fixes only on the 96 re-commitments to Reading prison. Such is not an exactly logical set-off against the re-

commitments to the prison at Perth. This last-mentioned prison is for all Scotland, as respects long confinements—the Reading prison, as far as we are aware, is only for Berkshire, or at least a limited district; and we are not presented with any evidence as to how many of the 840 prisoners find their way afterwards into prisons in distant parts of the kingdom. But supposing the comparison instituted as regards the ratio of re-commitments to be correct, we must still be on our guard against the possibility of error. It is true the amount of religious instruction imparted in Perth prison seems to be small, while the amount of work pretty nearly fills up all the time; but this is not the whole cause of the vast disproportion of re-commitments. Scotland has few parish workhouses, into which destitution may float and find a harbourage; the able-bodied poor are not entitled to relief; the means for procuring employment are much more scanty than in England; a concurrence of causes—among others, the long suppression of harmless recreations and the neglect of matters of refined taste—has engrafted wide-spread habits of intemperance, with a lamentable abandonment of self-respect; in fine, the large towns are crowded with a population as abject and vile as the *lazzaroni* of Naples, and in circumstances fully more hopeless, while, as if to aggravate this enormous evil, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and some other cities—the prime fountains of crime—are suffering from an influx of Irish in the last stages of destitution. That in such circumstances our prisons should be crowded, is not very wonderful, nor does it the least reflect on the course of discipline pursued, that it fails to prevent the return of offenders to what must be to them a comfortable home. Here the evidence of the Lord Justice Clerk, our chief criminal judge, on the subject:—'Even on the separate system, and for a long period, imprisonment has really no tere for the bulk of offenders; and the better the system, it is an undoubted result that the dread of imprisonment will and must be diminished. After these offenders are all taught to read, and get books to read at extra hours, if reformation is not produced, at least the oppression of imprisonment is over to people of coarse minds, and living a life of wretchedness out of prison. And hence I am sorry to say that with those who are not reclaimed in our prisons, the dread of imprisonment seems to have entirely vanished. And I understand that among the community at large in Scotland, and with magistrates and police officers, the feeling is very general that, owing to the comforts necessarily attending a good jail, the separate system, looked on first with alarm, has now no effect in deterring from crime those who are not reformed.'

The general result at which we would arrive respecting the separate system of imprisonment is, that it is a failure. Here and there, from some particular circumstances, as at Reading, the percentage of re-commitments may be moderate; but taken altogether, the number of those who are again convicted and imprisoned is considerable. A large number, indeed, suffer imprisonment four, five, and even six and eight times. Much of this no doubt is imputable to the practice of consigning young delinquents at first to prison for short periods—a time not sufficiently long to produce any good effect, but, on the contrary, calculated to harden the mind against moral and religious impressions. Reform in this particular is eminently desirable, though in such a way as to discriminate between petty and accidental misdemeanours and the offences of those who have, to all appearance, entered on a course of vice. So far the scandal of repeated imprisonments might, to a certain extent, be removed; but many other alterations for the better would be required in our social polity before the separate system of imprisonment can be said to have justice done to it. As matters stand, it is our deliberate impression that this system, with all its excellences, and under regulations which may be pronounced perfect, is too greatly in advance of the present state of society, particularly in Scotland. The error, if any,

however, is on the side not of cruelty, but humanity; and we should be more rejoiced to see the people brought up to the level of the prisons, than the prisons depressed to suit the degraded condition of the people.

W. C.

THE WAXEN HEAD.

A CAT, good-natured *bavard* was Lieutenant Auguste Dubarle, who, some twenty-five years ago, lived, laughed, and gossiped away the careless hours of a green old age in a modest but charming retreat situated upon the pleasant and commanding *côte* which overlooks the ancient town and port of Havre-de-Grace. Abstemious and frugal, like the generality of his countrymen, he easily contrived to maintain himself in sufficient comfort and respectability upon the, to English notions, scanty half-pay of a retired lieutenant of infantry.

The good-humoured veteran was a type, perhaps somewhat an exaggerated one, of a generation of soldiers now rapidly passing away, who—moulded in the fiery lava of the first French Revolution, trained in the glittering triumphs of the Consulate and Empire, and educated by the 'Moniteur'—looked upon war as the essential condition of a civilised and rational people; peace as an exceptional and unnatural state of things, to be abridged as much as possible, for the double purpose of keeping up a good supply of 'glory,' and keeping down population to its due limits; and who accepted with profound faith the dogma that a man born at Dover or Berlin could, under no possible circumstances, compare, as a fighting animal, with the individual specially privileged to open for the first time his peepers in Paris or Lyons. Still, the lieutenant was a good-tempered man; and I never saw him, during a seven years' acquaintance, lose his serene self-possession but once, and that was when I had the temerity to insist that apples, cherries, and plums of fine quality grew and ripened in England in the open air. This was too much! His temper gave way for a moment; but the atrocious absurdity of the assertion quickly subdued his choler, which expired in a boisterous guffaw.

I was a considerable favourite with the garrulous veteran, to whom talk, his own sole, was a great luxury; not always attainable, as his neighbours generally were rather shy at being held by the button or ear for a couple of mortal hours at a sitting, or standing, according to the *locale* in which he seized his victims; and I was fortunately a good listener. The refreshments provided on sitting occasions were snuff, and about a pint of *vin-ordinaire*, both of which, when I was auditor, were monopolised by my host, as I have ever kept a conscience clear of tobacco in every shape, and my stomach, a delicate one, rejected then, as it rejects now, vinegar, however disguised or attenuated. Sometimes Monsieur Dubarle was very entertaining, his actual experience in the horrors and honours of war being considerable; at others insufferably tiresome, especially if he stumbled upon Ratisbon; and I was never sure, however apparently distant we seemed from that abominable place—at the Pyramide, in Spain, Portugal, Russia—that we might not run our heads against it the very next minute. He unfortunately had been decorated there by the emperor's own hand.

One evening as I entered the little *salon*, I found M. Dubarle engaged in carefully dusting a glass-case, which covered a curious-looking composition head. There was a mystery connected with this work of art which he had appointed this particular evening to elucidate. Seating himself in his gossip-chair, he forthwith plunged, nothing loath, into his—in this, as in most other instances—somewhat episodic story. We English, let me premise, who used to boast—at least some of us did, till we got ashamed of it—that one Englishman was a match for three of any other nation, ought to regard with much indulgence the egotistical absurdities of the *vieille moustache*. The French are not the only nation whose self-esteem has been at times stimu-

lated into peacock extravagance, for certain ends well understood by war governments of all countries. But I am detaining the lieutenant from his story.

'That head, my young friend,' he began, 'was an improvisation of genius, which France, a country where, as all the world knows, *coups d'éclair*—lightning strokes—flash across the brains of thousands every day in the week, could rarely surpass. The spectacles—you observe the green spectacles—were an absolute inspiration, similar to that of the emperor at Ratisbon, when'—

'Peste! Why, what on earth can the green spectacles have in connexion with your eternal Ratisbon?'

'A great deal, *mon garçon*. Had it not been for those spectacles, the grenadier Auguste Dubarle, who was there decorated by—' *Chut! chut!* Don't fly off in that way. *Morbleu!* you are as impatient as a child!'

'A love of glory and adventure is born with Frenchmen, and I was not an exception to the rule. The old heroic *chants* of the country, which were familiar to me from childhood, combined with the brilliant exploits related by my venerable *grandpère*, who had served when a young man under Villars, who so unmercifully handled your famous Marlborough'—

'Come, come, Monsieur Dubarle; that is pitching it rather too strong. Marlborough beaten indeed! *Allons donc!*'

'You dispute it? Of course you do! The imagination that improvised the cherries can scarcely be expected to recognise plain facts.'

'Well, well; go on. If I attempt to stop you every time you take liberties with history, you will not have finished by midnight.'

'These stories of the excellent *grandpère* fired my young blood, and I determined to devote myself to the glory of France, much against my respected father's advice—a good man in his way, but with the most strangely-twisted notions imaginable. I have heard him say—the *drolé*—that Jacquard, a silk-weaver, or something of the sort, had done more for France than Napoleon! and that pruning trees was a more honourable occupation than thinning Austrian ranks! Bah! what was the consequence? He died, poor man, not many years ago quietly in his bed. He had, to be sure, been three times gloriously killed *by proxy*—a mere *pekin*, never having even seen the emperor; never witnessed a trifling skirmish, much less the splendour of a field, where perhaps twenty thousand noble fellows had died or were dying in a full blaze of overpowering glory!'

The veteran having paid the tribute of a passing sigh to the sad fate of his eccentric relative, proceeded:—

'Soon after I joined the army, America began fighting to free herself from the fangs of the English leopards, and naturally turned for assistance towards France, ever the disinterested protectress of struggling nationalities.'

'He—e—m!'

'Monsieur?'

'Nothing, nothing! A slight choking sensation, that's all.'

'Bon! The French army flew to her assistance with the swiftness of an eagle! The American stars renewed their waning light in the presence of the bright lilies of France; the two armies were placed under the dictatorship of Lafayette, and the British were, as a matter of course, driven *à pas de charge* into the sea. Some few, I believe, luckier than their brethren, escaped in their ships.'

'I imagined Washington held some slight command in that war?'

'What! after our arrival? Lafayette was not a Napoleon certainly, but, *morbleu!* he was a Frenchman, and had received *le baptême de Paris*—[Parisian baptism]—without which, be assured, *mon brave*, neither soldier nor singer, commander nor courtier, can attain first-rate eminence. *Au reste!* Washington was a respectable man in his way; but as a military chief, *bah!*'

'Did you ever write a romance, Monsieur Dubarle?'

'No. I have no imagination unluckily. If I had one like you now—if I could invent plums purpling amidst eternal fogs; cherries'—

'A thousand pardons, monsieur. But really your historic lights are so new and dazzling, that one can scarcely help being startled now and then.'

'Well, I accompanied the army to America, and returned with it, rich in glory, it is true, but miserably poor in everything else. We were nearly all in the same condition, and consequently became valuable auxiliaries in the strife that soon afterwards commenced in France.'

'The work, as you know, went bravely and swiftly on. Down tumbled the throne, and up went the guillotine. Nay, nay, do not fear that I am about to enter into a *raisonnement* of the revolution. That is a question for a philosopher, which no one will expect a French grenadier to be. There are, I know, two sides to every piece of work, and it is hardly fair to be always turning the *seamy* one outwards; but I, who am a royalist—an imperialist, I should say, *entre nous*, by habit and instinct rather than reason and logic—confess to you that the day, the 18th *Brimaire*, when Napoleon puffed away the immortal republic by a whiff of grape-shot, was one of the happiest days of my life!

'Before all those glorious events occurred, I was married to Mademoiselle Coralie Dupont, an artist in wax, settled in the *Rue des Capiennes*, Paris. The mode of our introduction to each other was so unpleasantly singular, so strangely *bizarre*, that I may as well relate it to you.

'There was a grand wedding at the church of St Rocq—about the last *grande noce* celebrated there till the brilliant days of the Empire shone upon France—and I was among the crowd pressing forward to obtain a peep at the great people. Little Jules my nephew, now a lieutenant in the 9th *dragons*—you saw him here the other day—but then a mischievous little *gamin* of four or five years of age, sidled up, and begged piteously that I would carry him into the church when the doors opened. I was ass enough to comply, and hoisted the young *coquin* astride my shoulder. The doors were an instant afterwards thrown back, and in we all pressed *pile-mûle*. The crowd was the densest I ever beheld. We were packed, wedged together, without the possibility of turning or moving. My arms were pinioned to my side, which being perceived by amiable Master Jules, he forthwith began to use my shoulders as a new and delightful sort of rocking-horse, bumping up and down with a short, quick motion, and freely using my hair as a bridle. I strove to liberate one of my arms to reach the young villain, but it was impossible. He spurred away too charmingly, now with his heels in my ribs, and now with his toes in the back of the neck of a lady immediately before us. This brought on a new infliction: the lady, justly indignant that such liberties should be taken with her, and unable to turn round to ascertain the cause, retorted in the only way she could, by kicking out viciously behind; and if ever a pair of vigorous heels played a devil's tattoo upon a poor fellow's shins, hers did on mine. *Tonnerre!* but it was dreadful! Vainly did I in frantic whispers adjure her, by all the saints in heaven, to forbear. It was useless. Human nature could not have borne it much longer, when fortunately the priests entered, and the ceremony began. Jules had some religion, if he had no mercy, and forbore his exercise. The lady, finding the assault had ceased, also graciously, after one vigorous parting salute, suspended hostilities. At length all was over, and out we struggled. The lady, Mademoiselle Coralie Dupont, on being apprised of the cause of the assault upon her, and perceiving the effect of her cruel retaliation, melted with compassion, and insisted upon my accompanying her to her *établissement*, where she dressed my wounds with her own fair hands. Our friendship, commenced in this odd manner, thrived so rapidly, that a month afterwards I

was her adored, adoring husband, and the master of a comfortable *ménage*, about a hundred wax figures, the best exhibited then in Paris, a good sum of money in hand, and as pretty an equipment of *argenterie* as any *bourgeois* could desire. *Parbleu!* it was a happy life I led then; but my paradise was at last invaded by one of the foulest serpents that ever crawled the earth.

'One of the rooms—*au troisième*—of the house in which we lived was occupied by a sinister-looking scoundrel, a sort of clerk, who had managed in those topey-burly days to wriggle himself into an influential office—and a lucrative one of course, connected with the revolutionary tribunal. I had long felt, for various reasons, a dread of this Monsieur Tricard. Coralie had also her apprehensions, and frequently cast about in her powerful mind for the means of defeating him, should things come to the worst. To the worst they soon *did* come with a vengeance. My wife and I were sitting together after dinner sipping a glass or two of *muscadin*, and chinking over the rumours, then rapidly acquiring strength, of the approaching downfall of Robespierre, Couthon, and the other *séjérats*, when in stalked an officer with an order for my immediate arrest. I resigned myself, after the first shock, to what was inevitable, and was leaving the apartment, when Coralie, matchless, divine Coralie! who was weeping as if her tender heart would burst, cried out, "Your spectacles, cher Auguste; do not go out into the cold air without your spectacles, you that have such weak eyes." What could she mean? I had never worn spectacles in my life! I, however, fortunately held my tongue, while Coralie placed them, and tied them behind. The officer laughed hoarsely, and brutally remarking that I should not suffer much from weak eyes by that time on the morrow, bade me follow without delay. I did so. We entered a *flacé*, and speedily arrived before the infernal tribunal. In about half an hour my turn came. The trial was by no means tedious. I was told that I was accused by Citizen Tricard of *incivisme*—a charge which ranged from a plot to upset the republic, to the crime of doubting if Maximilian Robespierre was as lovely in person as he was gentle and mild in disposition. I had, it seems, or at least Monsieur Tricard said so, which was all the same, spoken disparagingly of *Messieurs* the executioners *en chef* of France; and was accordingly condemned to be decapitated on the following day. My goods and chattels were at the same time declared forfeit to the republic; the republic in my case meaning an amiable lodger *au troisième*. I was dragged off to La Force, crammed into a miserable cell, and there left to the undisturbed contemplation of my present situation and future prospects.

'Two hours had lingered wearily away, when the bolts of the dungeon were suddenly drawn, and in stepped, like an angel of hope visiting the regions of despair, my charming Coralie.

'A rapid explanation ensued. M. Tricard had already taken possession; but dreading, as my guardian angel soon perceived, that his master's reign was drawing rapidly to a close, he was anxious to obtain a better title to my effects than a mandate of Robespierre's creatures, and he therefore proposed to marry Coralie. Yes, the *gredin* actually offered marriage to my wife; and she, the syren, affecting dread of falling into poverty, consented, after a sufficient hesitation, to espouse him on the following morning, immediately after my head had fallen! She was now visiting me for the purpose of coaxing me to tell her where I had hidden certain *rouleaux* of gold which M. Tricard happened to know we were possessed of a few days previously. Coralie added that her future husband had fortunately obtained a peremptory order for my execution at dawn of day!

'I comprehended all this very well afterwards; but as Coralie ran it over, weeping, smiling, laughing, all in a breath, I became every instant more and more confounded.

"Ah ça!" I said at last; "all this seems to amuse

you very much; but, *parbleu!* I cannot at all see the jest of it! The *rouleaux* you put away yourself; and as for the *fortunate* circumstance of being *first* served to-morrow morning"—

"Do you see this head?" interrupted Coralie, showing me the identical one now standing on that table. She had brought it in a basket.

"I started with amazement. It was my *own* head! The long black hair, the prominent nose, were life itself; the eyes were effectually concealed by a pair of green spectacles!

"This is the head, *cher Auguste*," continued Coralie, "which shall fall on the scaffold at to-morrow's dawn. But come, quick, swallow some of this brandy, and then to business."

"To work she went, and in an incredibly short space of time she had built my shoulders up even with the top of my head. A sort of *surcoat* was then drawn over, and a slit made opposite my mouth to breathe through; the head was then fastened on the summit, and my cloak, a very long one, was securely clasped round the neck.

"There," said Coralie exultingly, "but for your height, I should be myself deceived. We will remedy that also. Now, lie down on your straw; then draw your legs up as much as you can. Now mind when you are wanted in the morning, you will be incapable of standing or rising. They will carry you out; and you must lie down in the cart, and suffer yourself to be carried quietly up the steps of the scaffold, keeping yourself as much in a heap as possible. Tricard will be there to make sure, and so shall I. Thanks to the *rouleaux*, one of the jailers is already our friend. I know where the executioner who officiates to-morrow morning is to be found, and depend upon it that gold, and his knowledge that the days, or rather hours of the '*terreur*' are numbered, will induce him to aid the deception; and very fortunately, as I said, there will be, thanks to my *father's* impatience, very little light. And now, dear *Auguste*, *au revoir*, for I have much yet to do."

She was gone, leaving me gratified certainly, but by no means comfortable—not in the least either in mind or body. I was sewed up in a sack as it were, and, spite of the cold, my head and face were speedily in a profuse perspiration. Then there were so many chances! The executioner might refuse to cheat his beloved guillotine, or he might take the bribe, and still chop off the real head over the bargain! Or the sham one—I could feel it shake and sway to and fro, except when I steadied it with my hand—might slip away before its time! My friend, that was the dismallest night I ever passed. To crown all, I could not, try as I might, use my snuff-box; and the dreadful sensation I endured all night in consequence, none but an inveterate snuff-taker as I was, and am, can imagine or dream! *Tonnerre!* but I was several times tempted to tear myself out of my enclosure, and have a pinch or two at all risks and hazards!

"Everything happened in the morning as Coralie had foretold. I was dragged out, and I could understand, from the manner in which the gentleman who officiated about my head and shoulders handled me, that he at least remained faithful to his hire. The cart rumbled on, and soon arrived at the foot of the scaffold. The comparative silence of the place satisfied me there were but few persons present. This was fortunate. Presently footsteps approached, and I discerned the voice of Coralie coaxing Tricard to withdraw from contemplating his supposed victim. An instant afterwards, a fellow, evidently not in the secret, drew me out by the legs, and threw me over his shoulder, with a jerk so violent, that if I had not fortunately made a successful grasp at the nose at the very moment, it would have sent the head spinning again. Up he ran with me, and deposited me with another functionary. I heard the scissors clipping away my false locks, and then I fainted. When restored to consciousness, I found myself in a small strange apartment, liberated from the *surcoat*,

with Coralie chafing my temples. I heard that, thanks to the obscurity of the morning, and the address of the executioner, everything passed off remarkably well; and M. Tricard was at that moment impatiently awaiting his bride. Before next day closed, Robespierre and his associates had perished; some by their own hands, and some by the doom they had so often awarded to others. Tricard shared the fate of the master-butchers.

Coralie and I lived happily together for many months afterwards; but at last the conscription found me, and I followed the consul-emperor in the brilliant career which, but for English gold, and a few French traitors, would have completed the subjugation of Europe, to the eternal glory of France.

Such was the story of Lieutenant Auguste Dubarle; but, to speak frankly, had it not been for the evidence of the waxen head and its green spectacles before my eyes, I could hardly have believed it.

LIGHT AND VEGETATION.

UNDER the persevering and systematic investigations of scientific inquirers, meteorology is gradually yielding up its secrets: its invisible agencies are found to act in obedience to certain fixed laws. From feeling our way, as it were, in the dark, we are beginning to catch glimpses of the true state of things with regard to this most important branch of natural knowledge. Scarcely a country in Europe but has contributed its share towards the common stock of facts and experiments. In our own country the subject has been widely examined into; it has formed one of the most prominent subjects of inquiry before the British Association, and we propose in the present paper to bring together the accumulated results in one general statement.

A few years since, the discovery was made that a ray of light contains within itself several distinct principles. Light and heat were familiar to every one, but apart from these properties, certain effects were seen to be produced on substances exposed to sunshine, for which the ordinary ideas entertained regarding light and heat failed to give a satisfactory explanation. The colour of precipitates was markedly affected by the duration and quality of solar influence, and analogous results were observed in a variety of organic and inorganic bodies, which at length were referred to chemical action. It was at first proposed to distinguish this new principle by the name *Energeia*. Dr Draper of New York suggested the term *Tithonicity*, constructing a word out of the fabled marriage of Tithonus and Anhora. Sir John Herschel's designation, however, *actinism*, or *sun-beamism*, is the one generally received.

On passing a ray of light through a prism, there is one portion which presents itself to the eye as colours; we detect another by means of a thermometer—we see that the mercury rises or falls according to its situation in or out of the ray; a third portion, like the second, invisible, exerts no influence on the thermometer, and in this consists the chemical principle. In one of his experiments, Sir John Herschel found that on mixing lime-water with a solution of platinum and nitro-muriatic acid in the dark, little or no effect is produced; but that, on taking it into the sunshine, a yellowish-white precipitate is immediately thrown down. Other results of a similar nature, and not less interesting, have been arrived at by Mr Robert Hunt, who has devoted much attention to the subject. He clearly establishes the fact of chemical action: the greater light, the greater action or most precipitate. Chromate of iron in solution, and exposed in tubes to different-coloured rays, exhibits various effects: most deposit was formed in the blue ray, about half the quantity in the red, and in

the yellow less than a quarter of the amount produced under the red.

This difference of power is exhibited in a variety of ways: a printed paper held in the violet ray of the spectrum must be almost close to the eye before it can be read, but in the yellow ray it is legible at a great distance. The mercury in a thermometer is lowest in the violet ray, and rises as the instrument is passed from ray to ray in regular sequence up to the red, attaining its maximum outside the latter—an experiment which clearly marks the distinction between heat and light. The heat of the ray, however, varies with the medium of which the prism is composed, whether it be different kinds of glass, water, or acid solutions; the increase in the latter case is from the red toward the yellow. When heat alone is to be the subject of experiment, Signor Melloni has shown that a prism of rock-salt must be used, as this is the only substance as yet known which transmits the whole of the heat rays without alteration. By an ingenious experiment, Sir J. Herschel has obtained an image of the thermic or heat spectrum. It consists in the exposure to the ray of blackened paper washed rapidly over with alcohol; as evaporation takes place, the image makes its appearance as three or four light-coloured circular spots, one above the other, surmounted by a patch resembling in form a greatly-elongated candle flame.

Turning now to another branch of this subject, we shall find the phenomena of light and vegetation not less interesting. The results obtained have been brought before the British Association at some of the late meetings by Mr. Robert Hunt, to whom the experimental labour was intrusted. In the course of his investigations he has examined the effect of the three principles specified above, combined and separately. Light transmitted through yellow glass prevents the germination of seeds, the reason assigned being, that the actinic or chemical portion of the ray is prevented from passing by the use of glass of this colour. For perfect vegetation, a proper combination of the three principles is required: germination, growth, flowering, and fructification, cannot be attained without them. We learn from Mr Hunt that the arrangements of nature are beautifully in accordance with the recent discoveries. 'During spring,' as he has lately explained before the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, 'it is now an ascertained fact that the solar beam contains a large amount of the actinic principle, necessary at that season for the germination of seeds and the development of buds. In summer there is a larger proportion of the light-giving principle necessary to the formation of the woody portions of plants; and towards autumn, the calorific or heat-giving principles of the solar rays increase.' These facts explain many phenomena of vegetation, as witnessed in different climates. Where light, heat, and actinism are most abundant, there will vegetation be most luxuriant, besides such minor effects as are to be found in modifications of colour. Persons who have visited the United States often remark the brighter green tint of vegetation generally as compared with that of this country.

Extraordinary effects of solar radiation are sometimes exhibited. Contrary to the general opinion, the clear, hot, bright sky of the summer of 1846 was very unfavourable to photographic practice. Again, as was reported at the meeting of the British Association in that year, 'many of our garden flowers—particularly roses—have exhibited an abnormal condition, leaf-buds being developed in the centre of the flower, arising

from the vegetative functions of the plant overpowering its reproductive functions.' The production of chlorophyll, or the colouring matter of leaves, is said to be due to the luminous and actinic rays. Dr Draper considers that 'the beams of the sun are the true nervous principle of plants. To the yellow ray is assigned their nutritive processes, to the blue their movements.' We can therefore easily understand how it is,' he continues, 'that botanists who have sought in the interior of plants for indications of a nervous agent never found them. That agent is external.' The chemical effect of a ray is not in proportion to its light, but to its actinism. The direction of plants is said to be principally determined by the blue rays. 'Therefore,' inquires Dr Gardner in the 'Philosophical Magazine' for 1844, 'does not the colour of the sky regulate the upright growth of stems to a certain extent? Is it not in virtue of the soliciting force therein that plants continue to grow erect whenever other disturbing forces are in equilibrium?' We have noticed the views entertained by the two last-named gentlemen as suggesting interesting points for inquiry, although in some respects opposed to conclusions arrived at in this country. The discrepancies, after all, may exist more in difference of time, place, and exactitude of observation, than in actual fact.

In one of Mr Hunt's experiments, a spectrum from a large water-prism was made to fall on some boxes of cress; the red ray caused the plants to shrink or bend away from it, but without diverging from the line of the ray; while the contrary effect is produced by the refrangible rays; the plants bend forward, solicited, as it were, by the light falling on them. The space on the spectrum in which plants first begin to turn green, extends from the mean green ray to the extreme blue. 'I therefore conclude,' pursues Mr Hunt, 'that the luminous rays are essential in the process, producing the decomposition of the carbonic acid, and the absorption of the required carbon, which is afterwards in all probability combined with hydrogen under the influence of purely chemical force, as exerted by the actinic principle.'

In connection with this part of the subject, a highly interesting experiment was made in New York. Glass tubes were provided filled with water, containing a solution of carbonic acid gas; in each a few leaves of grass were placed, care being taken that all should be as much as possible alike. The prepared tubes were then suspended, one in each ray of a spectrum, thrown on the wall of a darkened chamber, and contrived so as to remain stationary for several hours. If the sun shine brightly, the effect is soon apparent: the tube in the yellow ray begins in a short time to throw up bubbles in a quantity sufficient to be collected and measured. Orange and green come next; they act in concert, but rather less strongly than yellow; a few bubbles rise in the blue, while the violet remains perfectly quiescent. The inference is, that the digesting powers of plants are most promoted by yellow rays, and by the others in proportion to their illuminating power.

The effect of heat and light varies not only at different seasons, but at different hours of the same day, as shown by the variations of tint on photographic paper exposed for the purpose of observation. 'It is not,' says Mr Hunt, 'a mere difference of tint, but of actual change in the colour; thus frequently the light of both morning and evening will give to objects of silver a rose hue, whilst that of noon will change it to a bluish variety of brown.' Thus a few hours represent on a small scale what takes place within a year within the annual course of vegetation. 'The speaker observes the writer just quoted, 'we find the chemical influences exerting, without interference, their own decided force; seeds then germinate, and young buds and shoots are developed. As soon as this is effected

the luminous rays, with the advance of the sun, become more active, and the formation of woody fibre proceeds under their particular agency; not that the chemical power becomes dormant, but it is rendered proportionally less active by the agency of light. In the late summer and the autumn, the peculiar properties of the calorific rays are required; and under their agency with diminished powers of light, the ripening of fruits and the production of seed are accomplished. The parathermic rays are, so to speak, neutralised in spring and early summer by the refrangible rays; in autumn, the former become active, and are supposed to assist in imparting the brown hue to leaves at that season. And here the subject connects itself with the undulatory theory. The particle which produces violet light is said to oscillate seven hundred and twenty-seven millions of times in the millionth part of a second! To these infinite movements, the action of imponderable upon ponderable atoms, an important task is assigned. How many vibrations of luminiferous ether, asks Dr Draper, must go to the production of a single tree? Take a monarch of the forest—it has been built up chiefly by the influence of yellow light. A wave of this light vibrates five hundred and thirty-five times in the millionth of the millionth of a second! How inconceivable, the number required for the formation of a giant oak!

Mr Hunt has given a practical value to his observations, by showing the hurtful effects of the German white sheet-glass when used for greenhouses or conservatories. He states that, under this kind of glass, plants were subject to an injurious solar influence which they had not suffered under the old crown-glass. It became therefore necessary to discover means to cut off these parathermic rays, which, passing through the white glass, scorched and browned particular portions of the leaves, without cutting off the other portions of the rays, which were necessary to the growth of the plant. This remedy has been discovered and applied at Kew Observatory: it was a green glass, stained with oxide of copper, which glass effectually excluded the injurious parathermic rays, while it admitted the other solar rays necessary for the plant as freely as ordinary white glass. In the manufacture of this green glass it was essential that no manganese should be used, as was the case in white glass. If manganese were used, the glass would, after a while, assume a pinkish hue, which would more freely admit the burning rays. Contrary to expectation, the appearance of this glass for horticultural purposes is rather pleasing than otherwise.

The actinometer—or sunbeam-measurer—is one among other instruments regularly 'read off' at the Greenwich Observatory, the object being to measure and determine the amount and intensity of direct rays from the sun. By using it at different heights, we can tell how much heat is absorbed in its passage through different strata of the atmosphere, or on the interposition of clouds, and the decrease caused by an eclipse. The readings of the instrument occupy several minutes, one reading being taken at a minute precisely after the other, at certain intervals arranged beforehand. By some persons the actinic principle has been supposed to be the cause of magnetism. This is a point, however, to be determined only after long-continued observation. In the published record of his astronomical labours at the Cape of Good Hope, Sir John Herschel threw out some impressive suggestions as to the influence of solar light on geological changes; and the subject has been quite recently brought under discussion in the Geological Society, in papers by Mr Smail and Sir J. Lubbock. The question is a promising one, and if steadily pursued, will lead to something more than speculation. 'The power of light,' to conclude in the words of Mr Hunt, 'has been in action for countless ages on the earth's surface; and by pursuing with due care the investigations, we may be enabled to proceed, step by step, into the great laboratory of nature, and discover the various games which have been in operation on the

consolidated masses of this globe, and which are producing multifarious chemical changes, to the excitation of which are due the great magnetic phenomena which are exciting so much the attention of philosophers.'

POETRY OF THE ANGLO-INDIANS.

Why has Anglo-India produced no poetry which can bear any comparison with the poetry of the mother country? Many things conspire, one would think, to give India a superiority in this respect. Its denizens usually receive at least an elementary education in England; and when warm in youth, high in hope, and fervid in imagination, betake themselves to the sunny climes of the East, which come back upon their memory like a dream of childhood—for a considerable proportion of them are Indian-born. If any germ of poetry lurked in their composition, it would here receive, we might suppose, a more than usually rapid development from new scenery, manners, figures, costumes, attitudes—in short, from all those external things which form at least the material part of poetry. But this we know, by experience, is not the case. The Anglo-Indians are merchants, lawyers, soldiers; they devote themselves to philosophical and literary inquiry, and to the various branches of practical science: but, generally speaking, they have hitherto been satisfied with a faint echo of song from Europe, hanging, like exiles, their own unwilling harps upon the willows.

In an article in a Calcutta periodical,* this apparent anomaly is accounted for, as regards the earlier English adventurers in Hindoostan, by the fact, that they were all engaged in the prosaic pursuits of commerce. The jingling of gold mohurs, the author tells us, does not harmonise with the jingling of rhyme; and bales of cotton, heaps of betel-nut, pillars of salt, and mounds of rice, are not good sources of poetic inspiration. After these, or rather mingling with these, came the clang of war to 'sear the genius of poetry from the country.' But this is not the effect of war elsewhere. The most troubled times have frequently produced the best poets, and their loftiest strains have been sounded and listened to amid the din of arms. Neither is commerce, we apprehend, to be blamed for disgusting the muse with its low calculations of rupees, minas, and pice; for her habitation is not exclusively in the woods and fields, but likewise amid the densest crowds and meanest occupations of human beings.

In a former paper we have noticed the periodical literature of the Anglo-Indians;† but we must now draw attention to a fact alluded to by the writer in the 'Oriental Magazine,' and alluded to without any due sense of its importance; for therein lies the cause of the comparative feebleness, and want of elaboration, observable in the whole range of the imaginative literature of the country. When a nation rises gradually from barbarism to refinement, books always appear before journals. The more energetic spirits of the time address themselves to the minds of men in volumes that travel slowly through the world of intellect; and it is not till some considerable progress has been made, that such literary luxuries are invented as newspapers and magazines. With the new settlements of old nations the case is different. There the inhabitants find themselves in the stage of journalism, without having in their own persons gone through the earlier process. Newspapers—a commercial and social necessity—are the literature, and the only literature, of the settlement;

* The 'Oriental Magazine.' The author of the article—and at the time of its appearance, we believe, the editor of the journal—is Mr Montague, one of the masters of the Hindoo College.

† Journal, No. 210, new series.

and hence the slight and fugitive character of its merely literary productions. In India, to this character was superadded a certain narrowness and restriction, arising from the position in which our countrymen found themselves; a handful of Europeans surrounded and hemmed in by millions of Asiatics, with whom they had nothing in common. India was their abiding-place only for a time. They looked backward to the country they had left, and forward to the period of their return; and their efforts in imaginative composition were divided between these two—their poetry consisting of sentimental memories and hopes, and never of healthy views of the wonderful present in the midst of which they wandered in discontented exile.

It was well on in the present century before Anglo-Indian literature began to assume any distinctness even in its periodical form. 'Before the administration of the Marquis of Hastings,' says Mr Montague, 'from which period we date the rise of British-Indian literature, there were found some young men who, lost in the fumes of tobacco, sung of its praises, and *mortalised* their hookah. There were others who raised a plaintive note on the miseries of this land, and in some measure to compensate for the evils of which they complained, ended the *diapason* with a brilliant display of the gold and the silver, the jewels and the precious stones, of British India. Another set, encamped in the low and marshy plains of Bengal, wrote anathemas in rhyme against the little mosquitoes, which buzzed about their quills, and left the print of their affections on their faces and hands. A fourth set, animated by the victories of Bangalore and Seringapatam, the Mahratta and Pindarrie wars, composed lyrics on those subjects, which are now happily forgotten, and are to be found hawked about the streets by some poor itinerant bookseller, whose "silver beard sweeps his aged breast." A fifth set sung of the praises of the maidens they had left in Albion's isle, and sometimes as unfortunately of the *Leilas* and *Dudas* with whom they had cultivated an acquaintance here.'

The administration of the Marquis of Hastings, our readers may remember, saw the British for the first time the nominal as well as real masters of India. In 1819, the Mahratta and Pindarrie war was terminated; and although we had the egregious folly to leave a shadowy king of the Mahrattas on the little throne of Sattara (which in these last days has subjected us to such terribly long speeches), we parcelled out the rest of the country at our pleasure, and pensioned its native rulers. From this brilliant period we felt ourselves more at home in India; and literature, as a natural consequence—that is, periodical literature—began to rise and flourish. The poets, it is true, did not aspire beyond their corner in the newspapers; but some of them were really poets for all that, and circumstances have made us even in England familiar with the names and talents of some of them. The initials, for instance, so popular in India, D. L. R., have been resolved into the name of David Lester Richardson, the author of two volumes of elegant and suggestive essays; and Calder Campbell, by transferring the services of his delicate muse to the press of this country, has enabled us to account for the reputation he won on the other side of the ocean. Neither Captain Richardson, however, nor Major Campbell is an Indian poet. They both carried abroad with them the atmosphere of their native country, and for the most part seemed to write surrounded by her scenery and her old familiar faces.

There is one name, however, which deserves mention among the pioneers of Indian poetry, and which will not fail to be recorded hereafter by the literary historian of the country. Henry Louis Vivian Derozio was not without general talent, and a certain elegance of mind; but these were not of an amount or of a character sufficient of themselves to preserve him from oblivion. He was remarkable, however, among his contemporaries as being really an Anglo-Indian poet—drawing his materials from the scenes and persons of the

country, although the form of his thoughts (unluckily for him) was moulded after the fashionable models of European taste. He was born in Calcutta in 1809, received a tolerable education, served for some time as a clerk in a counting-house, and then became an assistant to his uncle, an indigo-planter at Bhaugulpore. An indigo plantation is simply a farm devoted chiefly to one kind of cultivation; but it has a character of remoteness and solitariness which rarely belongs to the farms of Europe. Here Derozio had full opportunity for indulging his poetical feelings; and, like other aspirants in India, his first productions appeared in the newspapers, where they attracted some attention under the signature of 'Juvenis.' In his seventeenth year he published his first volume of poetical pieces; and in the following year a second volume, containing an ambitious poem called the 'Fakcer of Jungheera.' At this time he became a teacher in the Hindoo College, but was dismissed, in consequence of some charges that were made against him of heterodox instruction both in religion and morals. The true cause of his dismissal, according to Mr Montague, was the bigotry of the native managers of the institution, who were 'alarmed at the progress which some of the pupils were making under Derozio, by actually cutting their way through ham and beef, and wading to liberalism through tumblers of beer.' We must explain this to some of our readers, by informing them that such enormities in the way of eating and drinking involved loss of caste, and the abandonment of the Hindoo faith. After this he was concerned in several periodicals, and edited for some time a large daily paper called the 'East Indian.' But in 1831 his busy career was arrested by the cholera, which, in the midst of his literary hopes and projects, carried him off in the twenty-second year of his age.

We have said that Derozio scarcely deserves to be remarked for what he has actually done; but the following lines, which are the opening of the *Fakcer of Jungheera*, will show what might have been expected had the youth (then in his eighteenth year) been permitted to live:—

'How like young spirits on the wing
The viewless winds are wandering!
Now o'er the flower-bells fair they creep,
Walking sweet odours out of sleep;
Now stealing softly through the grass,
That rustles as the breezes pass,
Just breathing such a gentle sigh,
As love would live for ever by!
The sun-lit stream in dimples breaks,
As when a child from slumber wakes,
Sweet smiling on its mother—there,
Like heavenly hope o'er mortal care!
The sun is like a golden urn,
Where floods of light forever burn,
And fall like blessings fast on earth,
Bringing its beauties brightly forth.
From field to field the butterfly
Flits—a bright creature of the sky;
As if an angel plucked a flower
From fairest heaven's immortal bower,
The loveliest, and the sweetest there,
Blooming like bliss in life's pasture;
And after having pinions given,
As earnest of eternal powers,
To show what beauty buds in heaven
Had sent it to this world of ours
And wildly roving there the bee,
On quivering wing of melody,
From shrub to shrub enamoured lies,
Then like a faithless lover flies,
Giddy and wild even as he steps
Their honey from the flowerets' lips.
Oh! there beneath the chequered shade
By the wide-spreading banyan made,
How sweetly wove might be the theme
Of gifted bard's delicious dream!
His temples fanned by freshening air,
His brain by fancies circled fair,
His heart on pleasure's bosom laid,
His thoughts in robes of song arrayed—
How blest such beauteous spot would be
Unto the soul of minstrelsy!

The following is from the 'Ruins of Rajmahal':—

'No seef has lighted yon kioak,
 There's no Muazzin in the mosque—
 No vesper hymn, no morning prayer
 Shall be put up or answered there.
 The sacred hall, the holy sod,
 By unbelievers' feet are trod,
 And ruthless hands have reft away
 The marble that might mook decay.
 No revel's held in yon Dulan,
 No priest from hallowed Al Koran
 A verse in solemn strain shall read,
 Nor faithful Moslem chant his creed,
 Where many a sage Enthusiast
 Has worshipped; but that day is past!
 The weed is on the sable wall,
 The wild-dog's howling in the hall,
 The broken columns scattered by;
 And hark! the owl's dismal cry
 Is driven through the lattice high;
 A moonbeam's gleaming through the cleft
 That Ruin half reluctant left:
 Yet onward went he, and his march
 Is shown by what was once an arch;
 And many a shattered stop and stone,
 Where lights the foot with faltering tread,
 But sadly speak of what is gone,
 As relics whisper of the dead.
 There are like some celestial tones
 Of music that undying fed,
 To which (though ne'er the hallowed strain
 May e'en in echo wake again)
 The memory is riveted!
 I would not have the day return
 That saw these wrecked in all their pride.
 As he who weeps o'er Beauty's urn
 Feels—what he felt not by her side—
 A gloom that gives to sorrow zest!
 A ray that's welcome to the breast.'

Our readers will observe from these extracts that the most national of the Anglo-Indian poets has but very little of an Indian character. He appears, in fact, to have read Byron and Moore till he had parted altogether with his own intellectual identity. Still, the name of Derozio, for the reasons we have mentioned, is worth preserving; and Mr Montagu is entitled to our thanks for the brief memorials of him he has given in the 'Oriental Magazine.' It seems that a collection of L.80 was made for a monument to be erected over his grave; although the money was 'misappropriated,' and the grave lost among the crowd of common tombs. This amount would have been better spent in printing a *selection* (and a rigid one) from his works, with some such brief notice of his life as the one given by Mr Montague. The volume would have been a literary monument, valuable not for its materials, but as a landmark in the early history of Anglo-Indian poetry. The time, however, is now past for such a publication; and Derozio, we fear, must be suffered to moulder among other modern antiques, till, at a more advanced epoch of the national literature, the curious inquirer comes to look for the record of his name and doings in some such desultory column as the present.

THE OTAGO SETTLEMENT.

RATHER more than twelve months ago (No. 194), we gave an account of a project for forming the settlement of Otago in New Zealand, under the auspices of, and in connection with, the Free Church of Scotland; and expressed a hope that the interesting experiment would meet with no early mishap to discourage intending emigrants. Our readers of all persuasions will learn with satisfaction that this colony of Scotchmen is at length founded, and likely to do well. The Bombay newspapers bring the intelligence that the two vessels, the John Wickliffe and Philip Laing, which conveyed the first body of settlers, have arrived at their destination, and that immediate steps were taken to bring the affairs of the colony into shape. Captain Cargill, who sailed in the Philip Laing from the Clyde, and who was to act as a magistrate till a municipal corporation was formed, has issued an address to the emigrants, dated 'Port Chalmers, Otago Harbour, 15th April, 1848,' which we abridge as follows:—

'Friends and fellow-passengers—I have now the happy

ness to congratulate you on the safe arrival of our whole preliminary party; the ship *John Wickliffe*, from London, having entered this harbour on the 22d ult., and the *Philip Laing*, from Greenock, on the present date. The passage has been made by the former in 93 days from land to land, or 89 days from port to port; and by the latter in 115 and 117 days respectively. Our numbers being 278 souls in all, exclusive of 19 who go on to Wellington. * * * A temporary barrack for the women and children has been provided; the lands are staked out, and ready for immediate choice and occupation; and we have three months' provisions and groceries in store, to be issued at cost price, and kept up by additional imports until those of our community who are so purposed, together with the competition of neighbouring settlements, shall have supplied our markets in the usual course of trade.

'Your beautiful and commodious harbour is now before you; its enclosing and rounded hills, wooded from the summit to the water's edge, you have partially explored, together with the site of Port Chalmers and Dunedin, and the adjacent lands laid out for suburban sections; and some of you have also glanced at the series of rich valleys comprising the rural sections, extending to the Clutha and its banks. In the cultivations of the few squatters (mostly from Ross and Sutherland) who have been waiting to join you, you have seen and partaken of the wheat, barley, oats, and garden stuffs they have been in the habit of raising, together with the sheep and cattle depastured on the hills you are to grass. The climate also in this, the month of April, which corresponds with October at home, you can at once perceive; whilst the vigorous health of the surveyors, exposed as they have been in the wilderness for two years past, and of other Europeans of all ages who have squatted for various periods during the last twenty years, together with their unvarying testimony as to open winters and temperate summer—and the prosperous circumstances in which you find them, notwithstanding their want of combination, and distance from each other—must enable you to satisfy your friends at home that the movement you have made is in all respects, as to things temporal, judicious and advantageous. * * * When we look to the difficulties in this fine country with which others have had to contend, and to the endurance and waste of means to which they were exposed, we ought to be deeply impressed with the contrast of our own position. My friends, it is a fact that the eyes of the British empire, and I may say of Europe and America, are upon us. The rulers of our great country have struck out a system of colonisation on liberal and enlightened principles, and small as we now are, we are the precursors of the first settlement which is to put that system to the test. Our individual interests are therefore bound up with a great public cause. Our duties as pioneers may be somewhat arduous, but, as compared with all that have gone before us, they are light and transitory. We no doubt encounter a wilderness; but we do so in a climate equal at least to the south of England, and with appliances altogether new. The cargo of the "John Wickliffe" is nearly on shore. A storehouse is roofed in, and similar matters are being proceeded with, which give work for all until the choice of town allotments shall have been made, when all hands shall be required and engaged by the owners of these lands to erect their houses, and those of their engaged servants, ere the approaching winter, such as it is, shall arrive. Meanwhile, I have established the wages for public works in progress at 3s. a day for a common labourer, and 5s. for craftsmen; but when such works, after the houses referred to are up, shall be resumed, they will then be executed by contract, and so as to give continuous employment for all. In fixing the rate of wages until the hands of our industrial classes are sufficiently initiated for the taking of contracts, it was necessary to take care that the rate should not be such as to overtax the capitalist, and, on the other hand, that the labourer should have such increased pay as the new and profitable field for both parties should appear to warrant; such pay being at the same time altogether in money, to be laid out by the labourer as he pleases, and on the food he prefers. The result, as regards the foregoing rate is, that the man who, for common labour, had 12s. a week at home, subject to house-rent, is now receiving 18s. with a free house and fuel, and grazing for his cow. You now land with all your implements and effects on the spot which is to be your home, and where the man who has only his hands to depend upon must see, by all that is around him, that, with industry and economy, he can

maintain a family in comfort, and achieve his independence ere the infirmity of years can overtake him. Still, however, we are but a body of pioneers, and, as such, must encounter some roughness until our houses are up; but, with willing minds, we shall soon be prepared to receive our brethren from home with a hearty welcome and an approving conscience.

W. CARGILL.

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.—CHRISTMAS.

THE latter days of December were so fine, we constantly made excursions into the country far beyond a walking distance. Sometimes the gentlemen walked, though I had to get the help of a donkey, for my invalid son was by this time almost as strong as other young men of his age. Sometimes we all mounted on ponies, and in this way we went up among the valleys for miles, more and more enchanted with the scenery, and more and more satisfied with the climate. All the winter through we found people sitting out in the park on the benches, often holding umbrellas, for the sun is powerful. The inhabitants make full use of this beautiful pleasure-ground; we never went there at any hour without finding it occupied. We observed that early in the mornings almost all the tradespeople contrived to get an hour's exercise there with their families; while in the afternoons, about the five o'clock dinner hour, crowds of the inferior classes gathered there for the same purpose, for in this happy country it is not the habit to overtake the frame. All allow themselves leisure for the enjoyment of rest. Business does not invade the whole life of man or woman either. Shops are early closed, servants and apprentices have fitting recreation, and the masters are content with dividing their time between their offices and their families, which last get through their existence none the less merrily for having a few busy hours each day instead of succumbing to millions and idleness. On Sundays, all the town seemed by one consent to adjourn to the park; it was always on that day crowded, and quite different from what we had observed at home; the men of the bourgeois order were very superior in appearance to the women. Trade is not very brisk with the Pau shopkeepers. Pedlars from a distance frequently visit the place, bringing with them a better description of goods than the town itself can supply. The finer furs, the handkerchief silks and ribbons, superior lace, and chintzes all the way from Alsace, reached us in this wandering way.

As Christmas approached, the little town quite awakened up, the shops were suddenly filled with every sort of pretty thing likely to attract the eye at this present-giving season—quantities of handsome china trinkets in endless variety, novelties of innumerable descriptions decked every window: amongst other things very beautiful priests, so cheap, I could hardly believe the man did not make a mistake in asking but five or ten francs for what would have been one or two guineas at home. The water-colour drawings were excellent, and equally low-priced. But the confectionary outshone all—the quantities of every sort of bonbons, and the pretty cases to contain them, were a show of themselves. Everybody seems to think it necessary to give something to every other body—quite a fortune is spent on these gifts. Relations and intimate friends make really handsome presents to one another; the next in degree give trifles, and sweetmeats and comfits in boxes more or less beautiful, and then they descend to ornamented paper-cases. The last night of the old year is the appointed time to make these offerings—they are sent round with compliments, bouquets, and sometimes verses. We fared very well; I received numberless articles, for which I had no manner of use, and yet I valued them for the kind intention of the donors; and as for sugar-plums, I might have opened a stall with them. My son entered quite

into the spirit of the business, and went about distributing sweets in every sort of bag, box, or basket.

The three first days of the new year the streets were quite crowded. All the world was calling to inquire for all the world; and as the servants could not have stood the fatigue of perpetually running to open the doors, or perhaps because they were similarly occupied in their own sphere, it is the custom to place a large china dish or a basket on a stand at the entrance of every apartment, into which the visitors, after ringing the bell, merely fling their cards. The ringing in our hotel never ceased the whole day: but it is only in cases of intimacy that the visit at this time is a real one; personal appearances are not looked for till the end of the week, when the cards have to be redeemed, so to speak, by the owners. It made quite a hubbub in the town, and it was extremely fatiguing to elderly limbs at anyrate mounting up so many flights of stairs in succession. It took a French friend of ours four whole days to get through his acquaintance, although he made use of his carriage to convey him about the town. All the authorities, civil and military, march about in processions on this important business, interchanging their courtesies with very amusing formality. One good effect results from this old custom: a cill on all acquaintance is imperative, even supposing there may have been some little interruption to friendly relations from some unexplained annoyance. Many slight coolnesses are thus frequently ended by the renewal of intercourse brought on by the season; good-humour becomes universal, and a spirit of kindness pervades all intercourse.

I liked much to visit the French and Spanish ladies in the afternoons. On their reception-days they held levées. The French ladies frequently received me in their luxuriously-furnished bedrooms, where I cannot be persuaded that they ever slept, but where they seemed to carry on their private employments, and where I generally found them engaged with some pursuit that could be followed in company. All the furniture, as well as all the personal addenda to their different occupations, were of a more ornamental description than we are in the habit of seeing among the same rank of persons in our own country. Here I am led to remark, that the French appeared generally to be an unaffected people—a people who pretend to be nothing that they are not. If they are poor, they say so, and act accordingly: if they have risen from a lower estate, they never blush to allude to it; if they have inferior relations, they do not turn their backs on them. As far as I could judge, nobody aspired a higher station than their own; nobody made sacrifices for appearance, or put themselves in what they so emphatically call a false position. In consequence of this simplicity of feeling, no one was valued for the depth of the purse, nor despised for a small income, nor neglected for living in a confined apartment. People brought with them into society their good-humour, their good manners, their talents, which were always duly appreciated; and for what they wanted there seemed to be neither care nor thought.

Pau being a garrison town, of course there was abundance of military. Two regiments of infantry occupied the spacious barracks. One of these was changed soon after our arrival. The twenty-something marched out to be dispersed among the frontier towns, and the forty-something replaced it. It went in detachments, quite in the gray of the morning, the band playing loudly all the while, making believe the soldier's is a merry life. The troops were kept hard at work all the cold weather, a week never passing during the winter without a party marching out to exercise in the country. The outgoing looked far better than the incoming. The men valued eight or ten abreast, in their loose greatcoats, with their knapsacks on, in so long a file, that the head of the column had turned out of sight many minutes before the end appeared. The brass band led the way, sounding forth the only tune I ever heard it play, the same

with which we were favoured night and morning when the guard was changed at the prefecture. An officer walked here and there beside the men, and two mounted officers brought up the rear. The pretty part of the procession came last, at least just before the officers on horseback—a little row of *vivandières*, six or seven little women, smart, active, gay little creatures, as military as dress and air could make them. They wore the red cloth trousers, strapped tightly down under polished boots, blue cloth jackets, and short full petticoats of the same, the jackets fitting as if moulded on them; plaited shirt bosoms, black stocks, short, full, white aprons, with pockets, neat mob caps, with quilled borders, and small low-crowned glazed leathern hats, with broad brims, over the caps, set on one side of the head, and a smart tassel dangling from them. Over one shoulder was strapped the small, gaily-painted keg which marks their vocation. A few paces in advance of this pretty line marched a row of little boys, the sons of these martial mothers, some of them very young; but their step was as firm, their bearing as erect, as was their fathers'. They were all in uniform—miniature soldiers, even to the tiny knapsack. Well did their military emperor understand his trade, even to the getting up of the scenery, paying as much attention to that which was to take the eye as he did to the real comforts of his soldiery. There are not many of these sutlers or *vivandières* attached to the regiments. It is not easy for either men or officers to obtain leave to marry. The colonels cannot grant this permission. Application must be made to the commandant of the district, and the bride must bring a certain portion, proportioned to the rank of her husband. The common soldier's wife is then adopted into the regiment, dressed and fed at the expense of the corps, as are her children. The boys brought up in the barracks generally follow the profession they have been reared in; the girls, who are all habited like their mothers, and employed by them as their assistants in kitchen and hospital, most commonly grow up to be *vivandières*. At a proper age, a small dowry is given to them, which is mostly bestowed upon a soldier, although no objection is ever made to their choosing a husband among the civilians. They are considered to be respectable women in their military way; and they and their picturesque-looking children certainly added much to the effect of a parade day. They lead happy lives, being used to barrack habits, and so are quite content with what would appear to others of their sex unsuited to female feeling or female strength; for I never could avoid pitying the fatigues they went through on the days of a long march into the country, when, weary and dust-soiled, they lagged behind the jaded men late in the hot afternoon, returning from a round of five or six hours' duration. They were an extremely well-conducted set of people. We never heard of any disturbance among them, nor ever met a drunken soldier. The men struck me as being very small, quite undersized; and my brother told me he had made the same remark on those infantry regiments he had seen in Paris: it seems the finest men are picked for the cavalry and for the gendarmes, many of whom quite equal in stature the men of our larger race.

The officers were in general better grown; but, as a body, they were not the fine-looking gentlemanly persons we are accustomed to think of in their profession. The uniform is dull; the blue coat, when it fits, does very well, but the dingy red of the trousers does not harmonise with it; neither is the tall cap, so stiff and glassy, becoming to them. A cloth bag, cut square, with a tassel heading down each upper corner, which is worn by the men in undress, is a more graceful head-gear. We saw little of the officers, except when walking out in the evenings, very few of them entering into the society of the place. Invitations to the military were in most cases sent to the officer in command of the regiment, for himself and his family, and so many of his juniors as were wished for, leaving the selection

to himself, very judiciously, the inferior grades not being always composed of men refined enough in their manners for the drawing-room. I never could rightly understand the constitution of the French army. I was always told, with a flourish, that the officers rose from the ranks—*could* so rise, would probably be a more correct assertion—and this accounted for the circumspection exercised in regard to an acquaintance with them. Surely the higher orders cannot, on receiving their commissions, descend to the ranks, although the ranks, as with us, may rise to commissions; if they do, they do not stay long there, and they occupy a very different position from the merit-raised officers, who seldom rise to anything above a sous-lieutenancy, thus constituting a sort of middle rank in the army, the good effect of which must be decided on by military judges, or left to time to prove. It must have been one of this humble class who, with his wife, lodged nearly opposite to us in a single room, which the lady arranged herself, working busily about in the morning in a very plain undress—a cotton wrapper, and a handkerchief upon her head—dusting, cooking, and ironing with most praiseworthy diligence. She went out to walk with her husband in the evening, very prettily dressed in the latest fashion, and in the best taste; but her dower must have been the minimum permitted, for her husband had to eke their income out by industrious exertions on his part. He did a great deal of worsted work for the shops; embroidered bags, and slippers, and braces; grounded unfinished chair-covers and stools, sitting in his dressing-gown near the window busily engaged in this occupation, while the wife was employed in her household duties. Men on the continent frequently ply the needle. Two of the exiled Poles, who were much liked, and frequently invited to the soirées, unable to manage on the scanty pension of sixty francs a month kindly granted to them by the government, added considerably to their means by thus employing their leisure. One of them knit very beautifully, quite as well as the women of Baginères, ornamenting his productions with wreaths of flowers, figures of animals, and innumerable open stitches, requiring some skill to execute artistically; the other had patched a counterpane of bits of silk begged from his lady acquaintance, all his own work, raffled for, and won by a friend of mine, much to the delight of the ingenious Pole, with whom she was deservedly a favourite. These unfortunate gentlemen were remnants of Napoleon's old Polish brigade, disbanded at the Restoration, living on in their adopted country, under strict surveillance, with not even a hope of brighter days to cheer their melancholy existence.

There was a grand inspection of the troops soon after the arrival of the new regiment. The little men were under arms five hours in such a hot sun, and made a most creditable appearance, small as they were, being quick and steady, and disciplined to the perfection all old soldiers admire, as was fully expressed by the emphatic praise of an East Indian general, who was one of our party. The review over, each soldier was brought up for individual examination: questions asked, kit produced, complaints received, and then the barracks were visited. Certainly every care is taken of the soldiery, yet the quiet Bearnais was roused to no enthusiasm for the trade. The peasants about Pau pitied the 'poor soldiers,' shrugged their shoulders, held the profession cheap, always attributing low habits and low feelings to the class, regarding their children with compassion when they met them in their uniform playing merrily with their older companions in the fields on a holiday.

They are a very calm-tempered people, in general, among these mountains: it is not gay France hereabouts. The holidays are very quietly celebrated, and Sunday has little to distinguish it from the rest of the week. The people are better dressed, and there are more of them wandering about in the afternoon; but no amusements are going forward. The shops are open in the

morning as usual; the men were often at their trades, the women at their needles. No great crowds attending prayers; the very early mass seemed to be most in favour with all ranks; the men generally were remiss in performing this duty; the soldiery were never marched to church except on two days in the year; and the gentlemen never showed themselves there at all saving on Easter-day, when it is a breach of decorum not to attend high mass. The British residents follow their various systems of devotion without attracting any observation. One of the advantages of living in this country is, that no one is ever remarked on for his peculiar habits. A dear apartment or a cheap one, a large establishment or but a single servant, a gay life or a quiet one, a Sunday spent in church or a habitual absence from all religious ceremonies—none of these ever excite a comment, or bear in anyway upon the estimation of character. The only thing which subjects an individual to a scrutinising glance is an impropriety in dress. That is never passed unnoticed, and it really seems quite to compromise the reputation of the wearer.

Although the doctrines of the Reformation had taken good root in the little kingdom of Bearn, the blight of the Edict of Nantes almost entirely annihilated every principle so long and wearily contended for. The Huguenots, at the present time, form a small part of the population; the lower class of whom is principally collected in a very dirty village about a mile up the river. They come in to Pau twice every Sunday, to attend service in the chapel, built by subscriptions raised among the British for the accommodation of all of the same faith. Their form of worship is Presbyterian, with shorter prayers, and a great deal more singing, than is customary in our islands. We often went to hear the singing, which was excellent, in parts taken by fine voices, well instructed, and unaccompanied—the clergyman in the pulpit joining in the psalm. He was reckoned a very eloquent preacher; and he certainly laboured to improve his flock.

The road to the Huguenot village lay beyond the town to our happy valley, past what was called the Hara—a very handsome country-house, in which Napoleon rested on his route into Spain, once the property of the Comtes de Naves, now the steed-house for the rearing of the fine horses the government is taking such pains to improve. We often followed to this grand stable the large wagons of scented hay gathered from off the plains beneath the *côteaux*, and made so quickly in this fine climate, that the colour is nearly preserved, dry as the grass became. There are three or four hay harvests during the long summers, for the crop is cut when short, and at little cost of labour. The Comtes de Naves were once amongst the wealthiest of the Bearnais nobles. Besides this country residence, they had a good hotel in the town, standing back a little from the Place Royale, with a courtyard in front, separated from the street by a façade containing the servants' apartments. The beautiful old cathedral was its neighbour, now a ruin, destroyed in the Revolution. The Hôtel de Naves escaped; but its owners fell. Some were guillotined, others fled. At the Restoration, so much of their estates as could be recovered were claimed by a cousin, and the widow of the murdered comte was restored to her hotel; but in such straitened circumstances, that she was glad to let it to a British resident, as also part of the façade for a shop. She lived herself in a poor but respectable way in two small rooms over the porter's lodge, with a niece or a daughter for a companion.

With the tenant of the façade we often spent a few francs, for the mere pleasure of her conversation. She was the most obliging shopkeeper we ever met with, insisted upon tumbling over her goods as mere subjects for discourse, and seemed almost equally satisfied whether we purchased what we had thus examined or not. It is odd that this lady, and indeed most others in the place, went by the Christian name of her hus-

band—the surnames seemed to be overlooked altogether. Our laundress was Madame Jaques; Madame Henri went our messages; Madame Antoine brought us milk; Madame Pierrot's fruit was superior. Yet the daughters bore the family name, and the husband was as frequently called by it as by his baptismal recognition. I could never make out any other reason for this than that it was an old custom. Very near to our lady of the façade lived the tailor of the town, to whom she recommended my son to apply for some buttons to replace a set the washerwoman had thumped all to pieces with her beetle. This tailor's shop was quite open to the street, divided into two small rooms, but not at all in the usual way; for it was transversely across the window, one above, the other below, something like the sets of rooms on the stage—from one to another of which poor Mathews used to skip in his different characters—or like a doll's baby-house when the long door is opened. Below were the goods: on the shelf above, the tailors, all busy at work, cross-legged, and able, from their position, to recognise any acquaintance passing along the street. The master of this singular-looking shop had exactly the sort of buttons we wanted; but no words could induce him to take any payment for such a trifle; the satisfaction of enabling the young gentleman to replace those that had been destroyed was more than sufficient remuneration, so we had to put up with the gift, and recollect hereafter to employ the donor, which, in due course, we did, and both my brother and my son considered themselves admirably well served by this gentlemanly artist, whom we found to be in his way a great man. He was very handsome, and he rode a very handsome horse, about the handsomest to be seen in the town; but he did not always like equestrian exercise *in the sun*. There was a story going of a 'client' of his who lived a mile or two out in the country sending for him to receive an order, and getting for answer that the heat of the weather rendered it unsafe for the tailor to walk or to ride so far. The count understood the hint, and really requiring a new coat in a hurry, he sent his carriage for this skilled artificer. So much for being an artist in what is considered to be but an ordinary occupation!

EVERYTHING IS CONVERTIBLE TO SOME USE

At the time of the opening of the trade with China, we happened accidentally to get into conversation with a most respectable shipowner and captain, who is still alive in one of the towns on the banks of the Futh, and who, though considerably above eighty years of age, enjoys excellent health and the most cheerful spirits. And among other topics, the prospects of the Chinese trade came to be talked of. 'Oh yes,' said the captain, 'when we get into the interior of that vast country, we shall find a multitude of articles, both of natural and artificial production, that have hitherto been unknown to us, and which British ingenuity, enterprise, and skill, will convert to many important uses, and employ for most beneficial ends. Dear sir,' continued the captain, 'there is nothing, absolutely nothing, which an Englishman will not turn to some account, and get a living by. I recollect when in my young days I first went to London, I lodged in a dark and narrow court in the city, where, twice in the week or so, there came a little dirty man with a bucket and a broom, who swept away all the refuse that had accumulated in the corners, or had been thrown out from the houses of the court. This he did entirely on his own account, and without any remuneration from the inhabitants, who always looked with some little suspicion upon him, as if he was a person that might pick up or pilfer something more valuable than the cabbage stalks or potato parings that usually encountered the sweep of his broom. The next time that I went to London I found this cleaner of the little court still at his occupation; but by this time he was in possession

of a small cart, drawn by a miserable donkey, had somewhat enlarged the field of his occupation, and was, in fact, the scavenger of the neighbourhood; for there was no regular system of police or of street-cleaning in London at the time I speak of.

In a few years, and on the occasion of another visit to my former lodgings, I found James Burton (for that, I think, was the man's name) carrying on his trade on a still more elevated and enlarged scale; for he was going about with a large van or wagon, drawn by two strong horses, and collecting all the mud and manure, all the filth and offscourings, of a considerable district of the city. In the course of farther time he had added to this a great many more wagons of the same description, under subordinate labourers, who were plying the same disagreeable vocation in various parts of London, to the number, it might be, of forty or fifty. The progress of this man, and the advancement he had made since the first time I saw or knew anything of him, arrested my attention. Here, said I to myself, is an example of diligence and industry in the very humblest walk of life; and here the very same process is going on in the way of the accumulation of capital, and the extension of trade, which in a higher and nobler department is developing itself among the rich merchants of Old Broad Street or St Mary Axe. But what can Jem do with all the stuff he collects in these huge caravans, or what profit can he make of it? In answer to these inquiries, I discovered that in process of time he had hired on lease a large space of ground in the outskirts of London, comprising perhaps twenty or thirty acres; this he had enclosed with a high wall, in which there were about a dozen gates, into each of which, all day long, were entering the ponderous wagons with their loads of every sort of refuse, which were deposited in heaps on various parts of the surface of the enclosure. On each of these heaps were congregated a group of dirty women and children (how could they be otherwise than dirty?), hired and engaged for the purpose, all busy from morning to night grubbing amongst the filth, and with the greatest nicety and care separating and setting apart the various articles of which it was composed, and which could by any possibility be converted to a useful purpose. Here is a bit of rusty old black iron—that goes to a place by itself; here is another of white iron or tin—that also is set by itself; here is a piece of bone—there the rim of an old hat; here a piece of linen—there a decayed cow-horn; here a rag of woollen cloth—there the end of an old rope; and so on. Each article was deposited on its appropriate heap, until the heap had grown to a large size, and then carts came and took each of them away. And whither did they go? Nobody can well say. And yet this clever and industrious man, by various connections which he had formed throughout the whole of England, not only found an outlet for each of the articles which he thus separated from his manifold dung-heaps, but established a regular market for them. We all know that the collecting of old iron and rags is not an unprofitable occupation; in some parts, too, it is thought a good plan to plant potatoes upon the top of a bit of woollen cloth; from cow-horns, if I am not mistaken, they can extract glue; and we also know to what useful purposes as manure the bones of animals can be made subservient, and what an important article of importation these have now become. In this way did Burton form and carry on a large and lucrative trade, until he made a fortune; so that on one occasion afterwards, when returning to London from a voyage, and inquiring for him, I found that he was riding in his carriage, a wealthy and a respected man.

Thus did the captain end his story, and then added a shorter one, saying, 'I remember seeing an old man once in Chéapside poking among the stones of the causeway with a long stick, having a hook at the end of it, and upon going up and inquiring what he was doing, I was told that he was searching for the bits of the horse shoes that might have been broken off, and

become fixed among the stones. "These," said he, "are of some value. Somehow, by their position on the hoof of the animal, they acquire a peculiar quality—the iron becomes closely knit and welded together, so that for certain purposes, such as the forming of harpoons and gun-locks, they make better iron than can otherwise be had." And so,' concluded the captain, 'you see that what I said is true—there is nothing which an Englishman cannot turn to some use or other.'

We lately made some observations on the 'Struggles for Life in the Metropolis,' and gave some illustrations of them: this is a sort of sequel to these, and exhibits, besides, one remarkable example of the success with which diligence, assiduity, and perseverance, even in the meanest occupation, are almost always sure of being attended in the end.

NEGRO IMPROVABILITY.

AN article on the subject of Ethnography—the science of races of men—which appears in the 'Edinburgh Review' for October, will be perused with no small satisfaction by persons taking an interest in the progress of human intelligence, and the present condition of the coloured races. The doctrines which the reviewer establishes from a variety of evidence, are to this effect—that notwithstanding the extraordinary diversity of cranial formation, and colour of skin among mankind, all are of one species or family; and that the diversities which strike us as so remarkable are a result of circumstances. Taking the Caucasian, or white races, as the most perfect type, physically and mentally, it is made out satisfactorily that tribes may be gradually cultivated up to this standard, or depressed below it. It seems, however, from the evidence adduced, that races may be much more rapidly degraded than elevated. Misuse of all kinds, bad food, inclemency of climate, severe bodily labour, will soon brutify, so to speak, the human being; and this fact is indeed obvious from common observation. The raising of the species from a lower to a higher standard is a work comparatively tardy; yet the elevation is certain, provided the proper influences are employed. In this latter department of the subject one reads with pleasure of the improbability of the negro races; and we see, as in a vista, not only the gradual change of their features, but the actual abatement of colour in their skins. Negroism appears to be a result of centuries of exposure to a tropical clime, along with degradation of habits. Alter these habits for the better, submit the negro, through several generations, to the usual modifying influences of civilisation, and there seems no reason to doubt that at least comparative whiteness of skin would be the consequence. Referring the reader to the article in question for a luminous treatment of this curious subject, we may extract the following passages bearing on negro transformation:—

'The negro type is one which is not unfrequently cited as an example of the permanence of the physical characters of races. The existing Ethiopian physiognomy is said to agree precisely with the representations transmitted to us from the remotest periods, in those marvellous pictures, whose preservation in the tombs and temples of Egypt has revealed to us so much of the inner life of one of the most anciently-civilised nations of the world; and this physiognomy, it is further maintained, continues at present identically the same from parent to child, even where the transportation of a negro population to temperate climates and civilised associates (as in the United States) has entirely changed the external conditions of their existence. Now it is perfectly true that the negro races which have made no advance in civilisation, retain the prognathous [projecting jaw] character even in temperate regions; and this is precisely what we should expect. But it is not true, when they have made any progress in civilisation, that they remain equally unaltered. The most elevated forms of skull among the African nations are found in those which have emerged, in a greater or less degree, from their original barbarism. This has chiefly taken place through the influence of the Mohammedan religion, which prevails extensively among the people of the central and eastern part of Africa.

'In regard to the transplanted negroes, it is obvious that the time which has elapsed since their removal is as yet too short to expect any considerable alteration of cranial

configuration. Many of the negroes now living in the West Indian islands are natives of Africa, and a large proportion of the negro population both there and in the United States are removed by no more than one or two descents from their African ancestors. But according to the concurrent testimony of disinterested observers both in the West Indies and in the United States, an approximation in the negro physiognomy to the European model is progressively taking place, in instances in which, although there has been no intermixture of European blood, the influence of a higher civilisation has been powerfully exercised for a lengthened period. The case of negroes employed as domestic servants is particularly noticed. Dr Hancock of Guiana even asserts that it is frequently not at all difficult to distinguish a negro of pure blood belonging to the Dutch portion of the colony, from another belonging to the English settlements, by the correspondence between the features and expression of each, and those which are characteristic of their respective masters. This alteration, too, is not confined to a change of form in the skull, or to the diminution of the projection of the upper jaw; but it is seen also in the general figure, and in the form of the soft parts, as the lips and nose. And Mr Lyell was assured, during his recent tours in America, by numerous medical men residing in the slave states, that a gradual approximation was taking place, in the configuration of the head and body of the negroes, to the European model, each successive generation exhibiting an improvement in these respects. The change was most apparent in such as are brought into closest and most habitual relation with the whites (as by domestic servitude), *without any actual intermixture of races*—a fact which the difference of complexion in the offspring would at once betray.

With respect to the black colour, 'we are accustomed,' continues the reviewer, 'to say that colour "is only skin-deep;" but, in point of fact, it is not even skin-deep; for it does not reach the true skin, being entirely confined to the epidermis or scarf-skin. It was formerly supposed that between the true skin and scarf-skin there lay a proper colouring layer, to which the term *rete mucosum* was given; and it was imagined that this layer was greatly developed in the dark-skinned races, but nearly wanting in those of fair complexion. This account of it, however, when submitted to the test of microscopic inquiry, has been found to be totally incorrect. The *rete mucosum* has been discovered to be nothing but the latest layer of epidermis, the inner surface of which is continually being renewed as the exterior is worn away, just like the bark of a tree. There is no distinct colouring layer, it appears, either in the fair or the dark-skinned races; the peculiar hue of the latter depending upon the presence of colouring matter in the cells of the epidermis itself. Now that this colouring matter may be generated, even in the fairest skins, under the influence of light and warmth, we have a familiar proof in the summer freckle, which is nothing else than a local production of that which in some races is general. Persons who have been much exposed to the direct rays of the sun become "tanned" or "sun-burnt" in like manner, owing to the formation of colouring particles in the cells of the epidermis, which are usually almost colourless.'

To have established, by rigorous microscopic inquiry, that the colour in the negro races is not inherently natural in the system, but casual, as if a result of sun-burning in consecutive generations, is a fact of great importance. We hope that investigations on the increase and abatement of colour in the human subject will continue to engage the attention of the learned. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that what has been ascertained is vindictory of negro improbability as regards either mental or physical qualities.

AN ACTRESS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Hogarth has immortalised the ugliest, most extraordinary, and most unprincipled of artists who ever neglected the future in abusing the present: we refer to Signora Cuzzoni, a lady who, despite a stumpy figure, a repulsive obliquity of vision, and a coarse and complexionless face—to say nothing of a tasteless style of dress, and silly and fantastical manners—held all England in thralldom exactly one century since by the powerful truth of her acting, and by the melting pathos and the inexpressible beauty of her singing. With such talents she might have become a millionaire, but she neglected opportunity. One evening,

in the year 1749, she was visited by two gentlemen, who felt pity at the miserable condition into which the once enchanter and favourite of the public was plunged, and who desired to relieve it. They found her dull, dirty, morose, and almost speechless. She made excuse for herself at length by stating that she was hungry. She had eaten nothing during the previous day, and now, at six o'clock in the evening of the second day, she confessed that she had not a penny in the world. The friends offered her such hospitality as it was usual to offer: they proposed that she should go with them to a tavern, where they would treat her with the best roast fowls and port wine that London could produce. 'No!' screamed the squalid and famished artist; 'I will have neither my dinner nor my place of eating prescribed to me: I need never want a repast did I choose to submit to such conditions.' The friends apologised, put a guinea into her hand, and urged her to procure food at once. She muttered her thanks, and dismissed her visitors. They had no sooner departed, than she summoned a 'friendly wretch who inhabited the same theatre of misery,' and putting the guinea into his hand, bade him run with the money to a neighbouring wine-merchant. 'He is the only one,' said Cuzzoni, 'who keeps good tokay by him: it is a guinea a bottle, so bid him give you a loaf into the bargain; he'll not refuse.'—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

SMALL PROFITS.

The advantages pointed out by physiology on farming produce may be objected to as scarcely appreciable, and therefore of no moment. All natural processes are of this kind. The mass is made out of minims. And if manufacturing prosperity consists of vast returns resulting from small profits, why should not agricultural prosperity be built upon a similar basis? Produce must be increased in every possible way, and that produce secured to the most profitable end; so that he who guides the loom in the manufactory, to produce fabrics of the most subtle texture, with the most consummate skill, and ekes out his recompense from farthings and half-farthings, accumulating by thousands; and he who guides the never-tiring loom of nature, must pursue the self-same plan, and out of the secret processes of the same, which meet not the eye of the looker-on, find his reward in the vast aggregation of very small advantages. If we mean to farm well, we must employ our capital in encouraging produce to extend itself in every minute particular, and then so secure that produce that not a particle of its value be lost to us, as the producers, nor to the community as consumers.—*Mr Jol, in Memoirs of Manchester Philosophical Society.*

EXCELLENCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are in knowledge these two excellencies: first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, 'Serve mankind, and you serve yourself'; to the latter, 'In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind.' The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the Deity, where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.—*Bulwer.*

INABILITY OF IGNORANCE.

How many men, rich in physical energy, stand with folded and idle hands because they are poor in knowledge! Tell such a man what he should do, and he is ready and willing to act. He stands still because he cannot see his way. He is uncertain because he cannot make out which of two plans he should choose. He is negligent, only because he is ignorant of what he ought to do, or of how it may best be done. Or if, in his physical impotence, such a man rushes forward, he fails to reach his aim, because he is deficient in the materials for successful action. How often do we see the energy of one man ill or wrongly directed because he knows too little of what he engages in, while, under the guidance of knowledge, every step impelled by the energy of another, is observed to be a sure stride in advance!—*Professor Johnston.*

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SCHOOLBOY DAYS.

THE time of childhood, the earliest time one remembers being anything or doing anything at all, is one everybody likes to think of and speak about; and I cannot help believing that the poorest people in the streets can go back to something like fairy days, when everything looked as if it was bathed in a great flood of light, when an hour was the same as a day, and a day like an hour. God pity those, indeed, that never had an infancy, and cannot recollect when they were happy! But after all, for regular thorough-going, careless joy, for a whole host of things that you can gossip about, and adventures that come back on you like stories; for my own part, I know nothing like the days when we were at school. The school and the lessons we used to curse in our hearts for a useless bore unaccountably inflicted on us by our fathers—blessings be on them from the little boys' form and the assistant's desk to the master's—from the primer to 'Mair's Introduction' and old Virgil—it was they that made us happy! And I don't care if I run over a few sketches of what befell in my own experience and that of my companions of yore; if it was only to remind others of it, or to make those whose memory is less pleasant partake frankly of mine.

So well I remember the day when our father, who had previously taught us himself, took us with him to be introduced to the school four miles off! We had both green bags on our backs, provided by him with books, and by our mother with eatables, that did not at all interfere with our eating a hearty dinner when we got home, at night. All the boys laughed at that and our uncouth rustic cut in general; one after another came up with his slate to get a near look of the strangers. The loud busy hum of the school was changed to whispering and smirking, and the rows of sly mischievous faces were turned round from their desks; until the bald-headed master struck the table with his cane, and gave an angry shout, that sounded to us like the thunder of Jove. What a sinking of the heart was that with which we found ourselves first left alone in the midst of its busy, heartless marmur, while the class round the master's chair were droning out their lesson, interrupted now and then by ominous reproofs, thwacks, and whines! We sat thinking, as we hadn't done before, of home, the rooms, and the places we played in; father, mother, sister's face, the very servants, and the dog in his kennel, were twice as dear to us since the morning. Then, when we did get out, half an hour before the rest, how we did scamper homeward along the long road in the evening light, enjoying the air and the freedom, till we came, by the dusk, through the thick fir woods, and saw the house over the hill quietly standing amongst its trees, with

the church belfry and the smoke of the farm beside them.

There were two ways we could go and come by; one a shorter cut, half a foot-path and half a sheep-track, over the high uplands, through plashy bog, to the firm brown moor, where you came all at once on the long blue smoke of Thomas the Rhymer's village, even whilst you were looking at the black and the green hills of Cowdenknowes, the forked peak of Eildon, the nook where Melrose lies, and the solitary tower of Smailholm on a distant rising ground. On that path there was a little clear cool well under a bank, almost the only place where we could quench our thirst, coming home of a hot summer's afternoon. Over the mossy pasture slopes above it grew the finest mushrooms, more plentifully than I have ever seen that rare fungus since: the sheep lay with their lambs among the gray stones; the shepherd boy stretched on his plaid, with his dog sitting erect beside him, looked to us, as we passed, the very happiest soul alive. Over the ridge of the hill wound an endless fir plantation, where the rabbits went out and in, the blackbirds whistled, the cushat cooed high up in its nest, and the pine-cones were strewn numberless on the withered spikes. Many a time, loitering to school by the edge of it, and through the green larch-wood, with our bags on our backs, did we look into it, sorely tempted to remain. And at length, one wet day, the last you would have expected us to choose, we made it up together to play truant; got drenched amongst the long grass half as a pretext, took off our wet clothes, and hung them up inside under the tall dry stems; danced about almost naked, ate our bannocks and boiled eggs, and rubbed sticks one on another in the vain attempt to kindle a fire. Unhappily for us, that very day the ploughman had been at the post-office in the village, and had called for us at school. When we came gravely home at the usual hour, we were received with ill-boding signs, went to bed well whipped, and next morning had to convey with us, like Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, or Bellerophon of old, the missive of our own doom. This, as soon as he had read it, the master, with a pedantically jocose grin, designated 'Argive Epistles;' and while he held the *taxes* prepared in his hand for our behoof, pleasantly inquired if any boy of the senior class could name the exact personage in classical history who was most celebrated for this sort of letter-carrying. A dozen of them, fully entering into his enjoyment, guessed as many different characters of antiquity; the abominable old pedagogue, with unwonted good-nature, setting them right, and illustrating the fact with a Latin quotation from Ovid; we all the time standing in bodily fear before him, and I for my part calculating the probable number of times I should have to hold out my palm.

I remember an amusing scene which occurred while

we were at this country school, with a little boy of seven or eight, the son of a clergyman in the place, at whose house we sometimes stayed. He was a curious little fellow, as grave and serious as an old man, but quite possessed by the usual love of his age, fairy-books, and especially tales of giants. *Giants* to him were the great features of these; you would have thought there was nothing else real in the world, and that everything besides existed for their sake, to set them off as it were: a giant, in his idea, was the very perfection of all that was human. From the parlour of the 'manse' we could hear him in his own bedroom, as he sat reading 'Jack the Giant-Killer' aloud, in a clear sonorous voice, with the solemnity of a chapter in the Bible:—'And Jack went on, and came to a house where the giant he had heard of was sitting at the door eating his supper;' and so on. Of a Sunday, by way of change, it was the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' where Giant Despair and Doubting Castle were the prime passages: the scenes of the prisoners in his dungeon, and of the giant's conversation in bed with his wife, were dwelt upon with indescribable zest; the monster being all the while evidently regarded with favour, as a kind of injured hero, rather than otherwise. When the little boy came first to school, he was put in the youngest form: he did not seem at all troubled or bewildered, however, by the new scene of confusion, but sat pondering over his book in his accustomed grave manner, looking about him now and then as if he saw nothing extraordinary. His intelligence soon made him a favourite with the master, who was a good-natured man after all, and seemed amused by the cool familiarity in which he addressed him. One day soon after little Brown's coming, his class was called up to read their lesson, and he appeared at the head of it. A boy who was reading came to the word *chagrin*, and was stopped to tell the meaning. 'You?' 'You?' 'You?' said the master to one after another. 'You, Græme Brown, what is the meaning of *chagrin*?' Græme looked down for a moment, and up at the ceiling. 'Give an example,' said the master.

Græme Brown opened out immediately, as if quite at home, and in a solemn measured sort of tone—'If one giant saw a man in a garden, and caught hold of him, and was going to eat him; and if another giant was looking over the wall, and came and took the man away, then the first giant would feel *chagrin*.'

All the other boys laughed at this illustration. 'Quite right,' said the master; 'but what in the world, boy, made you think of giants, eh?'

The boy stared up in his face with far greater astonishment. 'Mr Gow!' exclaimed he as solemnly as before, in a sort of reproving tone, 'did you never read "Jack the Giant-Killer"?'*

'No,' said Mr Gow, almost taken aback, and, as Græme thought, naturally ashamed at having to confess his ignorance.

'Well, Mr Gow,' continued he, 'I've lent it to a boy, but I'll lend it to you whenever he's done.'

'Why, the boy's mad!' ejaculated the schoolmaster, unable to restrain his laughter—'perfectly mad! Go out to play, and don't let me hear you talking of such nonsense again! Ha! ha! ha! giants indeed!' said he, laughing to himself every now and then, but so taken with the idea, that it kept him in good-humour for the rest of the afternoon; and he made the Latin classes read several passages in Ovid and Virgil, that showed it not to have been one unknown to the ancients. Græme Brown is now a man, and although, I daresay, he has found several giants to contend with in life, yet he would no doubt laugh as heartily if he remembered this incident, that first cast discredit on his childish studies and associations.

We used, after all, sincerely to detest that school, in which we sequestered rustics from the other side of the hills never got rightly acclimated. There was a local feudal sort of feeling between the two districts, lingering, as I fancy, from the old Border days, when

the Elliots, the Armstrongs, and the Scotts used to hold those ruined towers and fortalices that here and there appeared amongst the trees by the bank of a stream. The boys of the village persecuted us, the only two strangers; they would have known us by our different tone of voice; and after school hours, we were only glad to get away into the long solitary road. By the hill footpath there were various little perils at times which we wished to avoid—a dangerous bull in one field we had to pass through, unless we crept along the other side of the hedge, over swamps and ditches. At the back of a farm-house on our way there was a ferocious dog, very often loose; and the farmer himself had marked us for depredations on his peas, beans, and turnips; while, on the other hand, there was a band of rough, rude elder boys that crossed every morning from a line of houses with a windmill in sight of the high-road, and would infallibly commence hostilities against us if we came in contact out of the master's reach. In the evening, however, we generally preferred this course to the more solitary one, beset as that was with objects of dread, real and imaginary. At that hour we got off in time to escape our unfriendly schoolfellows; and till we got to the dark fir plantation, where the gipsies were encamped with their fire and their carts, had little else to do but contrive amusement for the way. That peaceful interval was the space into which were compressed most of our boyish freedom, our unrecorded dialogue, our speculations on the world and fairyland. Countless were the devices then resorted to: when the ripe hips and haws were on the hedgerows, each would choose his side, and stake his lottery against that of the other, as if the whole extent of nature were bounded by that variegated fringe, and this were quite our own. Then when the country came in sight from a rising ground, we had a game of puzzles with the objects around us; one of us by turns fixed his mind secretly on something within view, from the stones at our feet to the distant tree up against the sky, while the other had a certain number of guesses allowed to find it out. On a knoll by the side of that road, too, there was as old thatched cottage, with an immense upright block of stone at the end of it. The place was called 'Standing-Stone,' and there was a popular rhyme attached, which used regularly to afford us matter for the most serious inquiry, whether superstitious, mythological, or historical; shedding also a mysterious interest on the house itself and its inhabitants. The doggerel couplet involved a favourite quirk with the vulgar of most rural districts, though somehow or other it always seemed to have in this case an unusually imposing effect—

'When Stannin'-Stano hears the cock crow,
It wheels about, and faces Gordon Law.*'

One day we had just come in sight of 'Standing-Stone,' I remember, when the most awful thunder-storm I ever witnessed on land broke out upon us. The lightning glanced behind the black uplands in the distance till you would have thought Smailholm Tower leapt from the blast of a furnace, and in again; then all of a sudden the fierce flash of it blazed out all around us, as if the whole earth and air were annihilated in light, while we stood first blinded and then deafened. One time it ran up the very middle of the sky like a ragged spit from there to the horizon, a keen flare striking down far away on the edge, where it seemed going to melt everything up; the thunder crashed at once over our heads, rattling away round till I actually conceived, in my boyish bewilderment, that the day of judgment was come. The rain fell in white sheets, and we sat below the hedge under a joint-stock umbrella, which our mother and aunt made it the morning's victory, whenever they were up, to force upon us, and which it was with us as solemn a duty, if possible, to leave in the lobby. All the time Standing-Stone, with its huge Cyclopean remnant—raised, as some said, by the Picts, and, ac-

* *Law*, a frequent Scotch name for *hill*.

cordova to others, by no mortal strength—had been right before us; sometimes appearing to creep nearer, as it grew of a ghastly leaden darkness; sometimes far off in a dreary, desolate plash of rain, like arrows driving across it from over the clouds. When the lightning was dazzling down behind it, and the loud thunder rolled along, and it was heaved up again with its black shape as silent as death, it made me think of those who were to rise perhaps next minute: it had the look of the only grave in the world, with a tombstone at its head, and we the only living. Drenched we were to the skin, yet couldn't think of going up to ask shelter. When the rain was almost over, however, and we were lagging past, as cold and stiff as need be, a man came out of the door behind to look at the weather. He no sooner observed us and our condition than he called us in. We were heartily welcomed by the goodwife, sat at a blazing peat fire surrounded by children, dined on potatoes and milk, and instead of going forward to school, spent several holiday hours there, or catching trout in the swollen burn. The terrible thunder-storm of course was in my responsible hands a ground of justification sufficiently expiated on, so that we received sympathy rather than reproof for our aberrations this time. Oh, parents are so often deluded, poor, good simple people, because they seem to forget so how their minds ran when they were children themselves! A man should carry youth in his heart to know the way of teaching, punishing, or praising a boy.

We were very fond of telling stories in those days, chiefly on our way from school, or when we had gone early to bed. The latter is the place for an imagination! A sort of serene throne it is, from which you overlook the kingdoms of fairy, of adventure-life, and of dream-land. We used to fall asleep with the words of a history on the lips of one and in another's ear; drawing out longer and longer, and slower and slower, until the hero that 'went on, and on, and on,' finally vanished in solemn silence or a most picturesque snore. Sunday night was a great occasion with our blanket narratives, only we piously substituted then, for the adventures of Jack and his innumerable brothers, accounts of Noah's ark, Jonah in the whale's belly, and Abraham the patriarch. But coming home from school, we made it a regular and necessary business: I, as the elder and more learned, would commence the vastest undertakings in the romantic line that ever were planned. 'Dumas' or the 'Wandering Jew' was nothing to me: I set off, without scruple, by endowing the insignificant parents with a family of children, whose dissatisfaction with their paternal roof was by no means extraordinary, as no human labour could have supported them—and all for the endless prospect of relating the haps, mischances, and achievements that befell them in the endeavour to 'push their fortunes,' and to meet again out of as many different roads. From 'Mair's Introduction' and Cæsar's campaigns it was but a sudden step, only passing the carpenter's shop at the end of the village, into the thread of these curious biographies, taken up where left off the previous evening. I think I see my little solemn-faced brother, with his large black eyes, looking up and listening as to an oracle of fiction, which was replenished as well from the utmost abandonment of capricious inspiration as from anything that occurred to ourselves. How he laughed at recognising, through this conventional garb of 'Hop o' my Thumb' and 'Jack of the Bean-Stalk,' a familiar incident! and how he was perplexed, and came out with the crudest simplicities of childhood when called upon himself for a story in turn! If I could just hear myself for one minute now babbling these foolish tales in the language they were phrased in, what would I give of the present lucubration! which would be truest to the heart and spirit of the time never more to be!

Enough, however, of such mere 'green' innocence of school-going: those days, all their joys, their boisterousness, and their mischief, were milk and water to the times we entered on shortly after, on the removal of

the household to a town seventy miles off. Before, we were only half school-boys; there was an idyllic quietness and a fairy-like romance in our circumstances and our natures, between us and the hum of wooden forms, the drawing out of tasks. Every day there was a journey, with the school beyond for an appendage: harvest-time, weather, and accident came in; it was at home, with the farmer's children shouting through the stackyard, the cow-herding of a Saturday, the game among the trees, the circle round the parlour fire, that we found our attractions. The grammar-school of S— was quite another matter. We were in it heart and soul; our companions and amusements were there: there was life, strife, the whirl and impetus of real combined boyishness, with all its tricks, plots, hostilities, and friendships; actually even emulation in the professed object of learning. The day we were introduced, as before, with our laughable green bags, still more country-like than formerly, I recollect well the hitherto unfelt pride with which I surmounted all these disadvantages, by rising place after place to the head of the second class, where I had stood up at the foot. It was the signal, indeed, of a superciliously hostile attitude on the part of my more aspiring classmates; but ever after, amidst all the reckless wildness of out-door habits, there was a pleasure quite as characteristic to me in the struggle to keep the position I had won. The approving eye of the master was on me, a first impression which on his part never wore off, in spite of the separate function he was perpetually called on to exercise, of chastisement for practical misbehaviour. It is amusing to me at this day to remember, and somewhat affecting too, how the 'doctor' was divided between his technical satisfaction in my Latin and Greek, and his disapproval of my irregular pranks. The old gentleman would put the question in succession, reserving me for the last; and I recollect few things that went more to my heart in those days than his disappointed expectation when I could not answer. He would turn me at once down to the foot, and delight in exciting my ardour to climb up again, by sundry little vexations and obstacles. The junction of the three higher classes every afternoon for 'Mair's Introduction' or 'Carson's Appendix' was a drawn battlefield, eliciting all the cleverness and quickness, more than the solid substratum, of every one. Boy after boy, who could correct a word of the reader, would call it out, or 'trap,' as it was entitled in school slang: I, on the other hand, was slow in my intellectual movements, however tenacious: down I often went to near the foot, and it was absolutely fearful to glance up the long row of boys between. The doctor would watch me from the corner of his eye; and I could have cried when the Dutch clock on the wall pointed at four, settling our places till next morning. I for my part seldom looked over a lesson at home except on such occasions; but well primed from dictionary and grammar—Ainsworth and Ruddiman—did I return. He knew when there was business in my face. In general, my trust was in chance inspirations and happy guesses from actual practice; a thorough grounding from my father, in old times of home tuition, gave me the advantage I had. The doctor would look up from his desk and see me busy with a knife at mine, or chewing paper to throw at the ceiling, with agonized figures thereto suspended; he would steal quietly round the corner of the class he was hearing, and the first I knew of him then was a sharp cut from his leathern many-fingered thong. Considerable, by the by, was the smart of that said pair of *tawse*, wielded by no inexperienced arm, when the unhappy culprit, returning too late from the 'ten minutes' interval, had been making snow-balls. There was a certain number of strokes which an accustomed palm like my own could endure with comparative impunity; but the doctor had learnt what that limit was, and also could calculate the preparatory effect of wet snow. You wouldn't have expected the possessor of a dozen languages and

dabbler in twenty, to be so knowing as he was in the office of a boatswain's mate. But a good soul—learned, indolent, and absent, when out of school—was the doctor; with his eternal Oxford-gray coat, his large shoes, his protruded under lip, and the lines of philology on his face; the many-bladed penknife, with which he delighted to cut the specks off a new volume; methinks I have him before me now, silently pointing with his fingers closed in the book to one perplexed boy after another! He was so kind as always to entertain the fixed notion of my being a genius, and having an aptness for Greek, so blessings be on him and his memory!

I really don't well know how to explain that spirit of mischief which possessed me then, and which was a byword in the town. It was, as I can only call it, the awkwardness of one intending to do something fine, as well as the heedless abandonment to any object that turned up. Now and then I used to wonder at myself, and have a half suspicion it was done for a mask. In reality, if you had seen me amongst the rest, you would have said, 'There is a stupid quiet fellow trying to look lively, or else a sentimental character drawing the house and trees.' But at all events, what old woman's teapot have I not broken with a stone down the chimney? What mother has not received her child with his head bruised by my 'shinty club?' And what owner of an orchard has not had reason, on my account, to inquire after his best apples? Nevertheless, after I had gone to writing and arithmetic, and came back only for an hour's reading of Homer, the first figure I saw was usually that of my formerly shy brother in the act or passion of receiving a series from the doctor's instrument, he being then too hardened for the 'helper's' minor thong. 'Ah, C—,' the worthy pedagogue would say to me half reproachfully, 'you were bad, but your brother is ten times worse!'

Fights in those days of course made up a great part of our existence, what with their preliminaries, their substance, and consequences. My first regular one was with a schoolfellow of my own age and size, and the quarrel arose more out of the will of our companions than our own. We were conducted in procession at the interval to a place behind school, the classic 'Valley' and 'Ladies' Rock' of his poetry who used to be writing in the neighbourhood of our former village seminary. My opponent, apparently ready for the onset, was yet pushed upon me by his seconds, or else I daresay the first blow might never have been given; as for my part, I had then no particular taste for my own blood, and was trembling like an aspen, not so much from fear, as nervousness. The other seemed to think the whole matter turned upon the onset, and hit right and left upon my head and shoulders, without receiving a return from me, until my nose was bleeding and one eye swelled. 'Well done, W—!' shouted his friends; and 'Well done, C—!' cried mine, when I all at once, utterly devoid of 'science,' rushed at my antagonist, who had paused under the idea of my being done already. 'Now, W—!' said one spectator—'Now, C—!' said another in quick alternation, as the contest thickened, and I showed an effect from my injuries contrary to what was expected. 'Stick up, W—!' exclaimed one side eagerly, as the latter went stumbling back from a blow on the forehead, and as I followed up my advantage. 'Stick up, man! bung up his other eye!' W—, however, was soft at bottom, heavy in his motions, and rather less persevering than myself, fiercely as he had come on; he flagged, vacillated, struck wide, and after twenty minutes' stout engagement, suddenly put his hands to his face and burst into tears. I confess I scarcely knew whether I had triumphed or not, though I felt I could go on for half an hour more, so furious had the blood made me, along with the dull swelled sensation of my half-closed eye. They were leading W— away, when the well-known form of the doctor appeared in the distance, and all was a scene of tumultuous flight. I got home, rubbed my face with lard, and was con-

triving how to avoid presenting myself at dinner, when my late antagonist, his countenance thoroughly disfigured, and still crying, appeared at the door, led by his uncle. They came to accuse me of the crime of beating the said James, and for which I do believe my own personal state would not have secured me against a paternal drubbing, had the affair reached my father in its purity. In his view all fighting of this kind was heinous; in the present state of things, however, I am afraid it is necessary—to which it would no doubt have been rejoined that a good whipping is still more so. To the demands of the angry uncle, my mother, who had to be let into the transaction, opposed the undeniable answer of my wounded countenance, shining with grease; and my father, good easy man, was put off with the hazy idea of an unfortunate accident, running against a wall, or the like. Thanks to the recipe of hogs-lard, I appeared next morning in my place at school, although with a prismatic halo round one eye: whereas the lucky James contrived to make a couple of holidays out of his condition. Not a few other battles had I to go through for the assertion of my place; but in all, merely by stubborn determination never to be beat, and a sort of blind perseverance, did I come off victorious, so as in the end not to require any more. The most difficult part of it was to get free of annoyance from the idle 'blackguard boys' beyond the pale, who would take every opportunity of tyrannising over us when caught alone. Fair-play was by no means one of their rules, and it was only by dint of standing up boldly that any of us could enjoy the privileges of the town. Without a few successful encounters, one would have been obliged to sneak round the corners of the streets, or to confine his peregrinations to the garden; whereas after that, you were recognised with respect as one of the initiated, and could join pleasantly even with them in a game at 'buttons.'

In our town, however, proceedings were frequently conducted on a more extensive scale. A bitter rivalry existed between particular schools; alliances were formed, and drawn battles appointed between them, somewhat similar to those in the cultivated little republics of Greece. Ours might have been compared to the polished Athens; that of the writing-master, or 'Patie's,' which was made up of grown lads, agricultural, commercial, and burghal, resembled cloddish Boeotia, and its friendship was alternately gained by contending parties, so as to decide the balance. Our nonmitigated and much-dreaded foes were the boys of 'Fraser's,' a neighbouring school, resorted to by all sorts and sizes, from hospital, lane, and country, and swarming with numbers. This was the Sparta of our land of war and letters, whose divided states no Amphictyonic council or Olympic games tended to soften, unless for some huger mischief. 'Fraser's' had all the Lacedæmonian contempt for learning, eloquence, and poetry, except when some rude Tyrtæus shouted the war-cry in vulgar rhyme. They were terrible in the strength of blackguardism, and had one or two dirty heroes whom there were few to meet single-handed. The battle was often fought in the street, or round the walls of the old Gothic churches at the top. When we were engaged in thick *mêlée*, stones flying, and sticks at work, a detachment would come pouring out of some narrow close, to take the grammar-school in rear. Then was it sad to a lover of his commonwealth: Athenians fled, or were captured; Spartans, that did not know 'qui' from 'quod,' shouted means of triumph. If, again, it was the sudden cry of 'Patie's is coming!' then the day was probably our own. Up from the back lane they deployed in tumultuous array. The dull Thebans, who were yet able to respect Attic culture, generally threw their force on our side, and many a stubborn champion of ignorance and blackguardism was pommelled to his heart's content. One campaign I remember that lasted several days. All the tactics of generalship, ambuscade, and military contrivance were put in action. Genius as well as courage was called forth; when, having

snatched a hasty dinner in the interval, the whole grammar-school sallied forth at four o'clock, to arm themselves with sticks and stones. The 'Valley' was a scene of confusion. A dense line drawn up on either side; missiles flying hot and heavy between; until an attempt was made by the town's officers, with signal defeat, to disperse us. On the last day it had fallen to a sort of guerilla warfare, and it would have been the utmost peril to venture along the edge of the Back Walk trees without good support. In the evening, most of our party had gone home; but the 'Ladies' Rock' was held, fort-wise, by a band of 'Fraser's.' I had collected with me a small detachment, which was augmented by a few friendly 'blackguards,' as we called them, who were bound to no system, and could be purchased by reward. In a moment of foolhardiness I led them full speed up the ascent, amidst a shower of stones. We gave a wild shout, gained the top, and flourishing our huge cabbage-stocks ('kail-runts'), drove our opponents down on the other side. A whole host of small fry, however, were lodged at hand behind the wall of the town churchyard, and kept up a heavy fire on our exposed situation, which it was impossible to bear. All at once my followers deserted me, broke up, and disappeared; while I fled for bare life, pursued by half-a-dozen determined foes, who owed me an old grudge. Down through the trees to the foot of the hill, along the park, and across the fields, did I run on for absolutely a mile and a-half, in the hope of distancing my enemies. At length I dropped down from sheer exhaustion, was seized unresistingly, and silent for want of breath and hope, was led up in triumph towards the head-quarters. In this nice emergency, to my extreme joy, I was rescued by a journeyman printer whom I happened to know, and got home safe. Such were the haps and varieties of our schoolboy life, when it was in its glory.

Yet if there were school-day strifes and mischiefs, there were also school-boy companionships and friendships. Sentiment, indeed, was as abhorrent to that age as sermons; but it was, after all, the very time of a full, unhesitating, unthinking love. Sneaking kindnesses there were now and then, by the way, towards girls one would no more have dared to speak to than with an empress; but *this* was a free instinctive affection for some compeer, to whom it attached you, you knew not and cared not why. Again and again was this felt by me, and once or twice with an inexpressible force, that sense of being drawn to another unlike yourself, which never occurs in after years. On each occasion, by the by, the individual had some sister or female relative in whom the same features were only modified by the difference of sex, and towards whom the same emotion seemed to flit through me now and then, more distant and undefined, like the nameless identity in their eyes and faces. The love of David to Jonathan, that passed the love of woman, was for the brother of her whom he had sought so earnestly; and methinks it was nothing but a regard that could only have transcended love during the youth and school-days of the world; for the friendships of Greeks also were more pure and abiding than their marriages. On the part of my boyish friends there was no equal fondness; it was a solitary yearning with which I would lie on the grass behind the house of my companion, and wait till his leisure or caprice allowed him to join me. The associations, the imaginative force, and the fanciful longings, were only being gathered then, which, at a future epoch of character, would turn it fully upon some fair countenance more remote from my own nature.

But the world was waiting for us, and could not be put off much longer; the very discipline of boyhood was silently preparing each of us for life, to which those pranks and forceful energies, like the leaps and strides of a bather running down the sand, brought one plunging in, till he got suddenly beyond his depth, and must strike out to swim. So it was with myself; the wild spirit of mischief spent itself in bolder and bolder

follies, that had already begun to include something of real emotion. Romance and sentiment contended with the need for action; of all spheres in the world for these, the ocean had most fully seized upon my imagination; and by common consent of friends and foes, no other element but the sea was fit for such a pest to civilised society. So to sea I went; that step was to me the great one from boyhood into the stern affairs of life. It seems to me as if a like ocean in memory now rolls, with its foreign lands, its storms and difficulties, between my school-boy days and now. It makes all beyond it affecting: I never see the little boy too late for school, with his bag and slate, opening the door in just foreboding, while the loud hum of voices is let out and shut in again, but I feel what an impassable chasm is between him and me. Once I called at our old grammar-school to pay the doctor a visit of respect: the well-known class, all strange faces, read their lesson before me; I remembered the occasional visitors, former scholars in coat and hat, that used in our own day to do the same.

One of the most touching dreams I ever had, too, was one in which, with the vividdest reality, I was once more driving the wooden ball before me with my 'club' along the 'Valley': a throng of mingling and active figures were pursuing and meeting me; while one in particular, with his well-known tasseled cap, stood swinging his weapon in the midst. Another moment, and the whole scene was gone: I woke with the tears under my closed eyelids, and for a moment could almost think I felt the palpable vision relapse into that longing ache at heart from which imagination had shaped it. Farewell, oh time which we so often wish foolishly to renew, when it is *now* only that we enjoy it! But fare thee sweetly and well for those whom, year after year, it is enfolding! What is it that we more wisely deplore, or more often, than that we laid not up in it richer treasures for the future, and did not prize, at least as much as our sport, the sacred discipline, the healthful nourishment, of school!

FREAKS UPON FLOWERS, FRUITS, AND TREES.

LORD BACON says, with characteristic energy, 'our experiments we take care to be either of use or discovery, either light-bestowing or fruit-producing, for we hate impostures, and despise curiosities. Yet because we must apply ourselves somewhat to others, we will set down some curiosities touching plants.' Not quite sharing his opinions about curiosities, since it is never safe to say that a curiosity may not produce light, or even bear fruit in due season, and thus contain the germs of utility, while it may be always useful when it stimulates men to reflection upon the abstract principles which combined to bring it forth, we have come, though by a somewhat different route, to the same conclusion with the stupendous author of the 'Novum Organum.' We propose in this place to set down some singular 'curiosities touching plants'; curiosities which have had their origin, not in what we call 'freaks of nature,' but in the horticultural gambollings of some oddity-hunting gardeners. If in no other respect directly useful, our paper will not serve a mean end if it brings into prominence the very remarkable and valuable fact, that the laws conferred by the All-wise Author of Creation upon the vegetable kingdom are of such latitude, as to admit of certain modifications under the influence and direction of human skill, which may be, as they have been, rendered subservient to the real or artificial necessities of mankind.

It is amusing to notice with what unbounded credulity ancient writers have received accounts of the extent of man's plastic power over the vegetable world; and it may be mentioned as a singular circumstance.

that in the abounding works on natural magic which turned the brains of philosophers in the seventeenth century, this art generally occupies an important place. Ludicrous recipes for effecting all sorts of marvels in vegetable physiology are extant. Jean Baptista Porta would teach his disciples the following feats of horticultural skill:—How to turn an oak into a vine; how to produce naturally stony fruit without stones; and the delightful art—how to produce kernels without shells, so as to save the trouble of nut-cracking; moreover, how to incarnadine the golden-coloured melon; how to blanch the ruddy purple of the mulberry; how to give a blush to the white cheek of the lily, and a pallor to the too violent warmth of the rose; how also to give balmy fragrance to the scentless flowers, or, sad perversion! to turn an agreeable odour into a repulsive one; how to change bitter almonds into sweet; and lastly, most marvellous of all, how to bestow sweetness of flavour, and even perfume, upon the onion! We need scarcely say these are all fables; they will be instantly detected as such by any child of the present age. The exaggeration must not, however, be allowed to cast discredit over the whole art; for unquestionable facts are to be adduced, which prove the possibility of effects almost as strange, but not, like these, militating against the fundamental laws of botanical science.

It is difficult to refuse belief to the numerous authorities that can be quoted for the strange freaks which have sometimes been played upon fruits. It is said—and we leave the responsibility of the assertion to those who can better verify it—that gardeners have succeeded in, so to speak, casting their fruits into moulds, just as a cook does her jellies! Thus, for instance, apples have been made to assume the shape of human heads, of the heads of animals, and of mathematical figures, though of course with no great sharpness of outline or fidelity of detail. Cucumbers have been elongated into walking-sticks, or expanded into spheres. Even the forms of dragons and other monstrous productions have been produced by properly treating these plastic fruits. The method of accomplishing such freaks has been to place a mould of clay or wood consisting of several pieces, so as to admit of being removed when the monstrosity was ripe, over the young fruit. As this increased in size, its expanding tissues assumed the form of the cavity in which they found themselves confined. The famous finger-fruit of China is never produced on the same plant after it has passed from the gardener's into the purchaser's hands. Is it possible that the expert Celestial horticulturists adopt a moulding process of this kind? It becomes us, however, to speak circumspectly of such freaks; and we will therefore proceed to notice others upon which more decided language is permissible. The next class—one still more curious than the preceding—was the custom of *drugging* fruits as they grew upon the trees! By this ingenuity orchards were to be turned into apothecaries' shops; here a tree would bend down laden with cathartic apples, there another with literally *sleepy* pears; grapes would become powerful pills; and plums represent, in more senses than one, boluses! To what end this remarkable contrivance? Let the answer be given in the words of one of the enthusiastic advocates of the plan—'In order that those who dislike medicine in the ordinary forms, may take it, even with pleasure, in this way; finding out of course, probably to their subsequent dismay and perplexity, that where they had been, as they thought, taking dessert, they had been swallowing drugs. If we are to believe the accounts given of the processes for effecting this odd end, there were four methods of physicking the unfortunate trees.

The most common was to cut a hole in the branch, and fill it with the drug. Now it must be mentioned, that if the drugs were thus really inserted in quantities at all likely to affect the properties of the fruit, the probability would be that they would kill the tree. However, therefore, we may feel disposed to credit the fact of an attempt to produce medicated fruit, and it seems unquestionable, the strongest suspicion must attach to all accounts of the medicinal effects of such productions. It appears at one period in the seventeenth century to have been a distinct business, by which persons got their livelihood, selling fruit like antibilious pills, two apples for a dose, and a grape for a good night's rest.

The art of grafting led, as may well be imagined, to a vast number of horticultural tricks upon trees, some genuine, others mere ingenuities of fraud. Thus an old writer says, 'I have seen a tree which bore several different kinds of fruit. It was of a good size, and was planted in a large flower-pot filled with very rich earth, in order to sustain the large demand made on it by the tree for sustenance. It bore three branches. Of these, one held clusters of grapes of more than one kind, some being medicated, and of these, some were soporifics, others aperients. The second branch bore peaches without stones; and the third, two kinds of cherries, some sour, others saccharine. The bark of this wonderful tree was adorned with roses, and other flowers which grew upon it!' Pliny also informs us that in the garden of Lucullus there was a celebrated tree which teemed with ripe pears, apples, figs, plums, olives, almonds, and grapes! But this passes beyond even the probability of a fraud. Virgil, who is said to be the earliest author that makes mention of the act of grafting, speaks in some respects poetically when he talks of trees green with foliage, and ripe with fruits not their own; and altogether so when he tells us that the rough-tasting cherry blooms upon the mild nut-tree of the plane, laden with great and rosy apples; of the beech all white with the flowers of the chestnut, and the ash with those of the pear; and, to cap the climax, of figs regaling upon dainty feasts of acorns under the shadow of a towering elm! In addition to these, accounts have passed current of roses becoming deep red by being grafted on a black currant bush; of oranges becoming blood-red by being united to the pomegranate; of jasmines becoming yellow by union with orange-trees; and, stranger still, of roses becoming green by being grafted on a holly-tree. Evelyn says positively he saw a rose grafted on an orange-tree when he was travelling in Holland. How are these things to be explained, when it is remembered that the fundamental principle of the art consists in the rule, that plants of a different genus cannot be made to intergraft! Often, indeed, different species of the same genus refuse to unite in this way; therefore it is monstrous to suppose that a number of totally distinct genera could co-exist upon a single stock. Yet, on the other hand, it is not justifiable to consider all these accounts as actually fabulous; we do not doubt that John Evelyn really saw what he believed to be a rose grafted on an orange-stock. Sometimes the same sort of freak occurs in nature by an accident. The seed of a birch may, for example, have been blown by the wind into the mouldering hollow of a beech; it there takes root downwards, and sends the young shoot upwards, and in time becomes a young tree. If, now, some of the branches of the beech are yet alive, the spectacle presented by such an object will be sufficiently strange, and the contrast between the wiry habit of the birch and that of the beech will be a curiosity in itself. Something of this kind was seen by Decandolle, the eminent French botanist, at Chalonnea. The graceful and luxuriant branches of a young cherry-tree were seen overshadowing a hoary trunk, the sprouts of which exhibited the peculiar form which characterise the leaves of the oak. Here, then, was the apparent union of a cherry and an oak, the origin of which was, that a cherry-stone had accidentally dropped into a hollow oak-trunk, and in process of time filled the old cavity with its own stem. Now, doubtless, in some of the cases in question, an event of a similar kind has been either accidentally or intentionally

produced. Bacon tells us that it was a common curiosity to have an omni-productive tree, and describes in general terms the method of its manufacture. For instance, if we would have a tree bearing a number of different flowers, the very simple method of effecting it is, to bore certain holes in the trunk, to fill them with earth, and then to sow the seeds of the flowers in the earth. With the peculiar intuition of genius, he says in language far before any subsequent age but our own, 'I doubt whether you can have apples, pears, and oranges on the same stock as plums.'

Undoubtedly, then, we must consider the explanation of these freaks to be simply, that when they were actually contrary to nature's laws, they were only cheats; and where they were not, as in the fabrication of a flower-tree, they were just gardeners' gambols. One of the most learned writers in the art of grafting, M. Thouin,* who has taken the pains to count up, and classify, and christen all the different styles of grafting, calling them after this fashion *à la Banks*, *à la Buffon*, to the number of forty different varieties, enumerates last the Virgilian graft: this was thus effected; a hole was bored across the diameter of a walnut-tree, and a vine branch was passed through it while yet in connection with its parent stem; after a little time the branch was cut off, and it was said it would then be found united to, and growing upon, the walnut. This has been very properly questioned, not as to the fact, but as to the nature of the union. It was not a true graft; the wood of the tree may have supplied nutriment to the branch, not by union of its vessels, but by the decay of the parts surrounding it. From the nature of the case, such a union could be but short-lived. This may therefore furnish us with a clue to the explanation of some of the monstrous vegetable unions which the perverted ingenuity of man has endeavoured to effect. We are not, however, to consider our ancestry as the sole perpetrators of these various freaks; they prevail even to the present day. The traveller in Genoa or in Florence may without any difficulty, beyond a pecuniary one, probably of some magnitude, become the fortunate possessor of a tree almost as wonderful as those of which casual notice has been taken. In a classically-formed flower-pot you see a plant of some size, and of a graceful but most anomalous appearance. On this side you would say it was a jasmine, heavily laden with odoriferous flowers; on the other it is a rose blushing with thickly-clustered blossoms; and again, on the third aspect, it is a honeysuckle bursting with sweet-smelling buds. Stranger still! look at the stock, and by the leaves of the few branches which it is allowed to put forth, you are ready to believe it to be either a myrtle, or, as the case may be, an orange or a pomegranate. Of course this is a mere cheat, spite of the earnest asseverations of the horticulturists, who protest that the various plants are all grafted upon the common stock of the orange or myrtle. But it is a cheat of a most ingenious kind, such as would perhaps scarcely be discovered by any but an acute and botanical eye. This *lusus* of art is thus made: the 'stock,' of myrtle or other plants is headed, cut down to a proper size, and then tenderly *bored* with an anger right through its middle until the instrument comes out at the roots, when it is withdrawn. The thin and flexible stems of three young and thriving plants of jasmine, rose, and honeysuckle, are passed up together through the now hollow stock, until their summits emerge at the top of it: the four plants are then carefully potted in a good-sized pot, with a rich compost around their roots. With much care, in time, an elegant compound plant makes its appearance; the horizontal enlargement of the three enclosed stems forces them into such close proximity, that they wear all the appearance of being united into a common stem, and in this condition at the flowering period they are exposed for sale, and fetch good prices as triumphs of horticultural skill, not over the obstinacies, but actually over the laws of nature! It was no doubt by some such trick as the preceding that the wonder-loving eye of Evelyn was deceived when he was shown the rose grafted on the orange-tree, and the

Plinian marvel had doubtless its origin in a similar ingenuity.

Within the just bounds of natural laws, the art in question has undoubtedly produced some odd-looking results, more singular, because more true, than the preceding instances. Thus we are told that occasionally a curiosity of art and nature combined was shown in a cherry-tree on which several different varieties of the fruit were borne—on this side black, on that red, on that nearly white! Some odd experiments have also been attempted by Decandolle, in which he succeeded in producing grafts in some very unlikely instances; and other continental botanists have grafted melons upon cucumber plants, love-apples on potatoes, and cauliflowers on cabbages, with the most complete success; results quite as marvellous in appearance as many of the less voracious examples of flowers and fruit of different kinds growing upon a common stem. As curiosities, this class of horticultural effects seems to have lost ground, for plants of the kind are rarely seen now.

Not to be further tedious, the last freak we intend to select out of many that might be mentioned, is the extraordinary fancy called the '*Art of Dwarfing*.' The Chinese call the unhappy tree-dwarfs '*Koo Shoo*.' Selecting an appropriate branch of a tree, they remove a ring of bark from it, and then cover the place with a mass of loam, around which some damp moss is gently bound, so as to keep it from becoming dry.* In a little while the branch puts out radicles into the loam, and soon does so in sufficient number to constitute them efficient food-suppliers. It is then cut off below the ball of earth, and the ball is put into a shallow oblong-square pot filled with broken pieces of alluvial clay. The plant is now watered in very small quantities, and all its vital powers are kept at a degree only just removed from total cessation: doubtless multitudes of them perish at this period. Then with patient skill the dwaffer fixes an iron mechanism of wires upon the tender branches, torturing them by slow degrees into the mimic resemblance of the gnarled and knotted branches of a forest veteran. The hungry roots turn hither in their narrow cell, seeking food, and finding barely sufficient to support life; and even lest they should be too successful, they are cut and burned, until, weary of wandering, they are all cramped into their place of abode, and must make the most of it. 'Every year,' says one who has seen the process, 'the leaves become less and less, and the buds and radicles are also diminished, until at length the balance between the roots and leaves is obtained which suits the character of the dwarf required.' Ants are enticed, moreover, to pierce the heart of the unhappy starveling, by means of honey smeared on the bark; and the more hollow and worm-eaten its appearance, the more precious in the cruel imagination of the rearer. Some varieties of trees long resist these systematic cruelties, and for fifteen or even twenty years maintain a noble but vain opposition to their owners' will; at length they are obliged to yield, and together with others, which gave up the unequal struggle at three or five years, settle down into trees a few inches high. Think of the heaven-scaling bamboo, of the tall and well-proportioned cypress, of the graceful and appropriate contour of the orange, of the stately form of the elm, 'minished and brought so low as at fifty years old to find ample room for their branches and leaves under an ordinary glass shade! The poor trees cling with an indissoluble tenacity to the recollections of their childhood. In the winter they are like dry and contorted twigs, set upright in a tiny flower-pot, but the spring calls even to them to live; their hideous little branches put out the tiniest leaves, with a great effort little flowers follow, and by and by there is actually a show of fruit, and the fruit remains longer on the branches than on their free relatives in the wide orchard or illimit-

* Baron Humboldt is said to have availed himself of this method of securing live specimens of trees in the forests of Brazil, finding them well-rooted and able to bear abscission on his return to the

able forest, though it is only hard, dry, and tasteless. Autumn shakes it down, and buries it as an untimely abortion, with abortive leaves, and the dwarf-tree sinks back in despair into the icy arms of winter again, to repeat year after year—until perhaps a hundred are faintly told upon its inner wood—the same mournful process. Not, let us gladly say, on the authority of one well competent to speak, that all the Chinese take pleasure in this cruel freak; for it is well known that some wealthy men—men surely who rightly estimate the blessings of liberty, even if they have not loftier conceptions as to the sensations (!) of vegetable vitality—spend considerable sums in purchasing dwarf-trees for the express purpose of removing them from their earthen prisons, and setting their cramped-up fibres free.

Since the exhibition of one of these starvelings in the Chinese Collection, we have noticed what seems to be an attempt to introduce this perverted taste among ourselves. We have had the pain of seeing a Tom Thumb rose-tree planted in a pot of an inch and a-half diameter, and struggling up to the altitude of three or four inches in its efforts to expand one or two rose-buds to the size of a small sixpence. More recently still, our attention has been caught by some funny little green objects, planted in very fiery-looking pots like big thimbles, and set forth in the shop-windows with a placard reading thus, 'Real living miniature plants after the manner of the Chinese, imported from Germany.' On closer inspection, we were glad to find that there was no systematic cruelty necessary in their production at any rate, for they appeared to be simply very young members of the family of the cacti. Many of these little things are full of flower; and being tastefully arranged, put into miniature flower-baskets or upon tiny flower-stands, they have, for those who admire the minute, a pleasing effect. The art of dwarfing, where it has been confined to reasonable limits, where it has brought flowers in the room of forest-trees into the conservatory, or where it has been beneficial in the orchard and field in restraining the excessive vigour of trees and plants, is a valuable handmaid to the horticulturist; need we say when it is made subservient to an idle whim, or to gratify a morbid taste for the curious, we should be sorry to see it practised, or its practice encouraged in an age and time like ours?

HOW TO GET ON!

PENT up in these little islands there are some thirty million human beings struggling and shouldering their way from the cradle to the grave. The means of comfortable living are enough, though not more than enough, for all; but the partition is influenced partly by individual management, and partly by a mystical sequence of incidents, which, in our ignorance of its laws, we commonly set down as chance. It is no wonder that, in this anxious, eager crowd, we hear on all sides the cry, How to get on! By some it is uttered in a tone of earnest inquiry, while in others it assumes the accents of peevishness, indignation, or despair. The unsuccessful complain of the injustice not only of that tyrannical abstraction, Fortune, but of their luckier brethren; the impatient revile those who are before them for standing in their way; the indolent denounce the industrious for taking the bread out of their mouths; some, losing heart, beg humbly of the passers-by for the morsel they cannot earn; and others take by fraud or force what they could far more easily secure by honest ingenuity or resolve. The malcontents array themselves in classes, order arms against order, and the social war never wants fomenters even among those who cannot be supposed to be either blinded by ignorance or goaded by want.

This struggle, notwithstanding its heterogeneous elements, goes on, upon the whole, with great uniformity, and its results are wonderfully impartial. The jealousy of classes originates in a mere delusion. The operatives

think of the masters as if they belonged to a distinct and hostile tribe, forgetting—or rather wilfully shutting their eyes upon a fact which they know of their own knowledge—that the latter rose originally from the same mass of which themselves form a part; the masters regard their gentlemen customers with envy, as persons who have no right to be idle, never thinking that the leisure of which they complain has been bought by work; and the gentlemen look up to a higher gentry or nobility as desecrated minions of luck, omitting to carry their gaze a few generations back, when the illustrious line would in most cases be seen to spring from the meanest kinds of service. We might go on to remark, that the analytical follow of necessity the synthetical process; that the greatest aggregations of wealth return in time to their elements; that the myriad wheels of fortune going constantly round in this country differ only in the length of their revolution; and that we are all, high and low, rich and poor, subject to the same laws of social change. But this does not interfere with the free agency of individuals; on the contrary, it shows that we have *all* a chance, if we will only place ourselves in the way; and it gives force and meaning to the otherwise useless question, How to get on!

There is no want of answers to this question, but they are all more or less visionary and empirical. They usually proceed upon the quack system of nostrums. Some recommend a calm and dogged perseverance as the one thing needful; others a quick succession of energetic attempts; and so on; and all are backed, with equal strength, by proverbs of most respectable antiquity, illustrated and proved by modern instances. It is not easy to find fault with the popular nostrums, for most of them are moral and sensible in themselves; but we all know that a thing may be extremely applicable in a particular case, and yet mischievous, or merely absurd, if adopted as a specific. The continuance of the cry proves the emptiness of the answer. We do not get on a bit the better for being told how; and at every new crisis we look with envy and hate upon those who are more fortunate than ourselves, attributing our own misfortune to the unfair constitution of society. 'I have persevered,' says one, 'till I have grown gray-haired in poverty; I have laughed at the instability of my comrades, till they have risen into fortune above my head; I have stuck to my business, without turning my eyes to the right or the left, till it has deserted me.' Another declares that he has seized every opportunity of bettering his condition; that he has worked day and night, and tried trade after trade; and that now, when everything has failed with him, he sees by his side the poor drudge, the man of one idea, rising gradually into comfort, and even rank. These are terrible anomalies: they throw the specific into disrepute; and the cry begins anew, How to get on!

We saw the other day a 'modern instance' of the injustice of fortune. It occurred in the case of some boys, who were fishing in the Firth of Forth. One little, ragged, bareheaded, barefooted urchin stuck to his post like a limpet; while his companions wandered along the shore, casting their lines at every step. The latter sought the fish, while the fish sought him; the one not finding what they took so much trouble to seek, and the other merely standing still, and securing the candidates for the bait as fast as he could jerk them in. On returning from our stroll, we found this scene at its close. The limpet had unfastened himself from his rock, and was wending homewards with a string of podleys and flukes (young coalfish and flounders) half a yard long; while his wearied and empty-handed comrades were walking gloomily by his side, eyeing him askance, and, we have no doubt, thinking within them-

selves that he had some hand in their bad luck. 'Aha!' thought we, in our wisdom, 'here is an illustration of the great business of life: steadiness and perseverance are ever sure of their reward!' The next day we passed the same place, and saw with marked approbation our young friend once more upon his rock, while his unphilosophical companions were prowling as formerly along the shore. But somehow or other the result on this occasion was different. No steadiness, no perseverance, could gain the limpet a single nibble, while the peripatetic efforts of the rest were highly successful; and as the boys were going home, we heard the disappointed angler bitterly accusing his neighbours of having drawn away his fish!

On this second occasion we were not so ready to draw the moral. It was clear that some under-plot was going on beneath the surface of the water, with the moves of which we were unacquainted—that the fortune of podley-catchers was determined by *circumstances* of which we knew not the course or nature. It may be that, if we were far enough advanced in science, we might be able to tell, from the state perhaps of the wind or tide, whether our enticements would have most effect if offered from a rock or when wandering along the shore; but in the meantime, it was clear that the podleys thought very little of our aphorisms, and laughed our nostrums to scorn.

Although it is impossible, however, to twist the incident into an illustration in favour of any universal theory, it may suggest to us that in the bosom of society there are agencies at work as complicated and mysterious as those that govern the FORTH. Is there, then, no general rule for 'getting on' in the world? We think there is. We cannot tell what is coming; but we can hold ourselves in preparation for what may befall. A ship that goes forth upon the ocean is provided with appliances both for catching the breeze and evading the storm; and were it otherwise, she would have no chance of making a prosperous voyage. If we examine the history of men who have risen in society, we find their elevation, although apparently the result of chance, to be due, in reality, to the fact of their being *ready* to take advantage of the wind or the current. To suppose otherwise is to suppose human beings to be inert logs floating upon the stream, or feathers dancing in the air. When we hear of a man plodding for life at a thankless profession, we may, in nine cases out of ten, conclude him to be destitute of the information or accomplishments which would have enabled him to take advantage of the thousand circumstances which are constantly at work in such crowded communities as ours.

We are frequently told of persons who have 'got on' by chance; but if we inquire into the particulars of the story, we are sure to discover that they possessed peculiar capabilities for taking advantage of the opening that may have occurred. We knew a lad who was chosen from his compeers for a service which eventually led to prodigious advancement. And why? Simply because this lad possessed, in a higher degree than the others, the accomplishment of penmanship, which happened to be specially wanted in his new employment. The illustration is a humble one; but if we call to mind the character of the age we live in, its varied knowledge, and heightened refinement, we shall be led from it to conclude, as a general rule, that something more than chance must rule the destinies of the fortunate. To descend still lower; suppose a cobbler working at his stall in a village—industriously, soberly, perseveringly. All, perhaps, will not do. The village is waxing to a town; sanguine cobblers come faster than shoes to mend; and the poor man sinks into destitution. Why is this? Because he was a cobbler who stuck like a cobbler's wax to the proverb, and never went beyond his last. Because his mind was imprisoned in his stall. Because he was unable to take advantage of any one of the currents and counter-currents that are rushing and gushing in a rising place, and when his own stagnated, could only drift like a lifeless log.

The way to get on is not to rush from employment to employment, or to worry ourselves and others with our

impatience, but to keep up, as far as circumstances permit, with the requirements of a refined and accomplished age, and thus be ready to avail ourselves of any reasonable opportunities that may offer. If no such opportunities occur, what then? Why, then, we have enjoyed the finer part of success; we have lived beyond our social condition; we have held intellectual association with the master-minds of the world; we have prolonged even life itself, by multiplying the spirit of life, which is Thought. As for the notion that we can only extend our mental acquisitions by neglecting our social employment, that is a fallacy which is refuted by the very constitution of the society in which we live. Were this notion correct, there would be no such thing as the constant progression we have described from the lower to the higher ranks: the whole mass would stagnate.

But while openly avowing our disbelief in the old quack nostrums which it has been customary to administer, by way of a placebo, to impatient spirits, we do not go the length of denying to each his own special virtue. Perseverance, energy, prudence, resolution, sobriety, honesty—all are *necessary* for success; but neither singly nor in the aggregate are they capable of insuring it. If we seek advancement, our minds must expand beyond our present position, whatever it be; and this they can only do by the acquisition of knowledge. It is a simple secret no doubt—as simple as that of Columbus when he taught his audience how to make an egg stand on end. But for all that, it is the solution of the grand question: it is the way, and the only way, to get on.

A. MONSTER UNVEILED.

'Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but'—

'Oh I daresay you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed.'

'But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man?'

'Well, I don't know: the old story, I suppose—false appearances; for no girl in her senses could have married a man with his habits, if she had known of them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh the wretch, I have no patience with him!'

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses, which form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice-looking cottage villa, and the other, her guest, a country matron who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

The following morning Mrs Braybrooke and her guest Mrs Clayton were at the window of the parlour, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs Williams, when this door quietly opened and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

'There she is, poor soul,' cried Mrs Braybrooke: 'only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she may make even in the street may wake the fellow, who is now, I daresay, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation.'

Mrs Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes as far as the street allowed this quiet-looking, broken-spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from

neatly-trimmed straw-bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious interested gaze on the opposite house, she said, 'And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend; for were Clayton to act in such a way, I am sure I couldn't endure it a week.'

'It does seem scarcely intelligible,' answered Mrs Braybrooke; 'but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself—for without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out, I suppose, to pay a visit or two in the neighbourhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by and by return, looking up, as she approaches, at the bedroom window; and if the blind be drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I daresay, to herself, "How angry he will be if he comes down and finds that I am not there to give him his breakfast!" Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—at one—at two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner.'

'And when does he have his dinner?'

'Oh, his dinner; I daresay that is a different sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home.'

'And when does he come home then generally?'

'At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning. Indeed our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast.'

'I wonder if she waits up for him?'

'Oh no, for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary thing! I don't know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature.'

'Dear, dear! it is terrible!' sighed the sympathising Mrs Clayton. 'But does any one visit them? Have they friends do you think?'

'I don't think he can have many friends, the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people calling—stylish people too—in carriages; and there is he, the wretch, often with his half-slept look, smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world.'

'Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences.'

'No, even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her: her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh I should like to know her; and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrooke, you know, wouldn't know such a man.'

'My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy: let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon; and here we are losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal.'

The ladies of course set out, saw all the 'loves of bonnets' in Regent Street; all the 'sacrifices' that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford Street; bought a great many things for 'less than half the original cost;' made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself, forgot in the bustle the drooping crestfallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in—Road.

The next day a lady, a friend of Mrs Clayton, who had been out when she had left her card the day before, called, and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs Braybrooke, and complimenting her on the situa-

tion of the house, 'I find,' she said, 'you are a near neighbour of a dear friend of mine, Mrs Williams.'

'Mrs Williams!' exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity; 'Mrs Williams! Oh how very singular that you should know her, poor miserable creature! Oh do tell us about!'

'Poor—miserable! What can you mean? You mistake; my Mrs Williams is the happiest little woman in London!'

'Oh it cannot be the same,' said Mrs Braybrooke. 'I mean our opposite neighbour in Hawthorn Villa; I thought it couldn't be!'

'Hawthorn Villa!—the very house. You surely cannot have seen her, or her husband, who?'

'Oh the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow!' interrupted Mrs Braybrooke. 'I wouldn't know such a man!'

'He!' in her turn interrupted her friend Mrs Eccleshall. 'He a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife!'

'My dear Mrs Eccleshall, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighbourhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose; who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only ostensible means of living is gambling or something equally disreputable; who?'

'You have been most grievously misled,' again interposed Mrs Eccleshall. 'Who can have so grossly slandered my excellent friend Williams? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow. That may safely be called his misfortune, but not his fault!' and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she had to unlie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

'His misfortune?' murmured Mrs Braybrooke. 'How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases?'

'But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over.'

'Then what, in Heaven's name, is his business?'

'Why, didn't you know? He's the Editor of a MORNING NEWSPAPER!'

A VISIT TO THE DERBYSHIRE POTTERIES.

THESE works are scattered over a finely-undulating district lying midway between Burton-on-Trent and the classic town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch—the more important being comprised in the villages of Woodville—or Wooden-Box, as the labouring population persist in calling it—and Swadlincote. The neighbourhood abounds in the most essential materials—coal and clay; and the eye, as it roams over the slopes of the hills, is attracted by the gray smoke of distant limekilns—huge conical furnaces smoking like petty volcanoes; and here and there the tall chimney and black creaking machinery of the coal-pits. It is one of the scenes, half agricultural half commercial, so often met with in the midland counties—the greenness of the pastures and hedgerows obscured by smoke, and the fields intersected by numerous black footpaths, or gradually disappearing under the continually accumulating heaps of refuse. Industrial art, however, is always deserving of attention, whatever its locality; as, apart from the gratification arising out of the sight of the various mechanical or other operations, there are peculiarities originating in local circumstances, and their effect upon the manners and habits of the people employed.

During a recent sojourn in the north, I was enabled to visit the works at Swadlincote, where I met with a most cordial reception from Messrs G & Co. the pro-

rioters, who at the same time gave me every facility or making such inquiries as suggested themselves. It should be premised that the crockery made upon this district is, almost without exception, 'yellow ware,' which, humble as it is, presents ample scope for the exercise of inventive genius.

I was first conducted to the stores of raw material—the clay, which is obtained at distances of a mile or so, in different parts of the valley in which the manufactory is situated. It lies at a depth varying from five to thirty yards beneath the surface, with a seam of coal immediately above it. It is of a dirty gray colour, and when broken, invariably exhibits remains of what appear to have been rushes, among which frequently occur perfect and beautiful impressions of small leaves. In 'getting' this clay, where near the surface, a singular fact has come to light: the overlying bed of coal has been in many places dug away, apparently by human agency, but not the slightest clue exists as to the period when the removal was effected.

After excavation, many tons of the clay are laid together in flat heaps, and exposed to the atmosphere, by which means the hardened lumps disintegrate, and get into working condition: the length of time required for this purpose is about six months. To insure a continual supply, a number of these heaps are kept in different stages of forwardness. Their presence upon the ground immediately surrounding the works is one of the ugly features of the neighbourhood.

When ready for use, the clay is mixed and mashed with water, no other ingredient being necessary, as is the case in the Staffordshire potteries, where superior kinds of ware are manufactured. When sufficiently attenuated, it is passed through a fine silk sieve, and falls, perfectly freed from grit and other coarse substances, into a deep brick cistern, from which it is pumped into an adjoining cistern, called the 'kiln,' not more than one foot in depth, but fifty feet long and five feet wide. While on this kiln, the superabundant water is evaporated by the application of heat, after which the clay becomes surprisingly tenacious, and is ready for the 'throwers,' 'pressers,' or 'dish-makers.'

The thrower works with a horizontal wheel in front of him. Taking up a lump of the moist clay, he throws it down upon the revolving instrument, and in a few seconds, under his manipulation, the shapeless mass becomes a basin, vase, or jar. In this way jugs, mugs, bowls, garden-pots, and a host of miscellaneous articles, are produced with marvellous despatch—almost incredible to a stranger, and yet essential to the urgent appeal for cheapness. It is interesting to note the instantaneousness with which changes of form are made: whatever be the object in the workman's thought, such it rises before him—jug, mug, vase, or basin—a slight variation in the pressure or application of the fingers produces the required variation. How much in this case depends on tact! Each movement, from throwing down the lump to its separation from the wheel as a finished vessel, can only be acquired by steady practice. Much, too, depends on the condition of the thrower's hands. After a strike, or a long fit of idleness, a short apprenticeship, so to speak, must be served before they again acquire the accustomed ease and smoothness.

Messrs Sharpe have shown that the manufacture of yellow ware, not less than that of nobler products, admits of improvements. In their hands the uncouthly daubed vessels are assuming an ornamental and even elegant appearance, without adding to the cost or diminishing the utility. These changes are of a nature to cause a large development in the moulders' (pressers') branch of the trade. I saw some of the first of the improved articles: one of the alterations consists in giving a decagonal or polygonal form to the outside of a basin without destroying the circular form within. The

number of faces, it is obvious, may be made to vary with the size of the article, and a most agreeable effect is produced by this comparatively slight modification, especially in some specimens where each angle of the exterior was made the termination of a moulded Gothic heading immediately below the rim. In a similar way the edge of a pie-dish is made to present a series of graceful curves to the eye, without at all complicating the task of future cleansing.

After the vessels made by the thrower have undergone a partial drying, they are finished on a lathe by the turner, who also applies the stripes or bands of colour. On the bench before him are seen several close vessels resembling teapots, with hollow straight handles, and the spouts terminated by one, two, or more quills. Each of these vessels contains a colour in solution, and the turner, taking them up in turn, places the quills close to the swiftly-revolving jug or basin, and by blowing into the handle, forces the colour against the clay, on which it remains permanently imprinted. In this way any variety of bands may be produced: and here also due regard has been had to improve and chasten the effect. There is no good reason why a thing should be ugly because it is cheap. By the introduction of black or dark-brown veins transferred from printed paper, the appearance of Sienna marble is given to the finished articles, and a character stamped on yellow ware qualifying it to take its place among more costly clay: in fact marbling raises it to an equality of price with other kinds. Those extraordinary figures seen on the sides of yellow jugs and basins, representing a bunch of moss or cluster of fibrous sea-weed, are produced by one touch of a pencil charged with colour. These are put on by the turner's assistant—frequently a female—who takes the vessels away as fast as they are finished, first giving a few rapid touches with the brush. The colour being mixed with tobacco water, runs of itself into the fantastic shapes above alluded to. By and by these will give place to a better style of art, and the vessels which escape breakage may do duty in the museums of posterity.

After the turning, the vessels are ready for the spouts and handles. The latter are produced by filling a box-press with clay, and then by a turn of the handle, a strip of clay of the required form, three or four feet in length, is forced out at an orifice underneath. The strips are cut into lengths, trimmed, and bent to the proper curve, and affixed by moistening the points of contact with a little water.

When dried a sufficient time in the atmosphere, or, according to the weather, in a 'hothouse,' the whole batch of ware is put into the 'biscuit-oven' to be 'fired.' Most persons are familiar with the enormous conical structures to be seen at potteries and glass-works. Within the outer wall an inner circle is built up, which forms the oven. The articles to be fired are placed inside of large coarse pans, called 'seggars,' made of fireclay and marl—plate on plate, basin in basin, as closely as possible; and when filled, the seggars are piled one on the other, until the oven, which will contain nearly 3000, is completely occupied. The mouth is then bricked up, and the fires lighted. These are ranged at the bottom of the edifice, and the heat and flame on their passage upwards soon convert the whole contents of the oven into a glowing red-hot mass; the process lasting for three days.

The ware, after this first burning, is called 'biscuit,' and has changed its hue from brownish gray to a delicate cream colour; the yellow tinge is subsequently produced by the glaze and a second firing in the 'Glost-oven.' There, however, the articles cannot be so closely placed as in the biscuit-oven, as by the fusion of the glaze with which they are coated, they would, whenever the surfaces came into contact, be inseparably fastened together. A space between them is therefore absolutely indispensable, and the separation is effected by means of 'stilts' and 'spurs,' a sort of small tripod, with pointed extremities, on which the articles rest one

within the other, so that the points of contact are reduced to a minimum, and the glaze remains uninjured. The Glost-oven will contain about 2000 seggars; when filled with these, the mouth is bricked up, as in the former case, but leaving one small opening, two or three inches square, by which to draw out the 'trials.' These are rings of dark-coloured clay, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and placed in the interior of the pile opposite the orifice; and their colour, on being withdrawn at the end of about twenty-four hours, by means of a long slender iron rod, at once informs the practised observer whether to stop or continue the burning. If the former, the screen of brick-work that closes the mouth is taken down, the fires are put out, the external air rushes in on the glowing mass; and when sufficiently cooled, the seggars are brought out, and their contents, now finished, transferred to the store-rooms. There is a remarkable difference in the effect of cold air upon the heated ware: if suffered to rush suddenly into the biscuit-oven, every article would be cracked by the lowering of the temperature. In this there is therefore no withdrawing of the screen or fires, but all is suffered to cool gradually. In the Glost-oven, on the contrary, no damage ensues from the sudden admission of air: the glaze, from some cause not clearly explained, appears to prevent the breaking. Sometimes when goods are urgently wanted, or the men wish to get through their work early, they will enter the oven and bring out the seggars while it is yet apparently too hot for the endurance of anything but a salamander—another instance of the wonderful power of adaptation to circumstances in the human constitution. There are four ovens connected with these works; the stock of seggars is 10,000, but constantly renewed, as the loss by wear and breakage is from 200 to 300 per week. It is sometimes difficult to get rid of the rapidly-accumulating refuse; its general destination is to repair the roads. At present it is in demand for railway purposes. In districts where gravel is scarce, refuse pots and pans may make serviceable ballast.

Adjoining the store-rooms, where the finished ware is piled away, are the packing-rooms, in which men are continually engaged in despatching crates well filled with goods to order. A singular practice prevails in this department in enumerating the various articles which are sold by dozens; but here a dozen does not always mean twelve; for in order to keep up a uniformity of prices in the accounts, one big jug, which may be worth as much as thirty-six little ones, is reckoned as a dozen; the thirty-six are also set down as a dozen; and so on with intermediate sizes. Dishes and plates, however, and some other articles, are counted twelve to the dozen.

Messrs Sharpe's trading connections are almost exclusively confined to the United States and British possessions in America; and in going through the store-rooms, the visitor is struck by the sight of many articles which seldom or never come into use in this country. Some of these, an exaggerated teapot in particular, are so ugly, as to say but little in favour of backwoods' taste. English hawkers will scarcely take them, even as a free gift. The most characteristic article, however, is the spittoon; this, by recent improvements, is made sufficiently ornamental to appear in a drawing-room. Some are of extraordinary dimensions after a registered model: it has been proposed to call them the 'Congressional Spittoon.' The idea was suggested to one of the firm while on a visit to the House of Representatives at Washington, by seeing a large square pine box, with a grass turf in the bottom of it, placed at each door of the rotunda: and the new article is his attempt to render the results of a disgusting habit somewhat less repulsive.

While looking at work, attention is naturally drawn to the workers. About a hundred 'hands' are employed in this establishment; and the impression left on the mind, after a review of the whole, is, in spite of a feeling to the contrary, that of a lower class. There

is an approach to abjectness, an absence of a well-to-do expression, which cannot be referred to the nature of the occupation. Perhaps we have here a phase of the labour question, on which it may not be unprofitable to bestow a little consideration.

The population of the immediate neighbourhood comprises about 1000 souls; their habits are migratory, and many are not natives. The men in the employment of Messrs Sharpe earn from 18s. to L2 per week; women from 7s. to 9s.; and in some instances father, mother, and three or four children are engaged at the manufactory. The hours of labour are from six to six, with intervals for meals. Now it is a lamentable fact, that whatever the amount of earnings, nothing is saved. In too many instances a large proportion of the wages received on Saturday is wasted in sottish revels before Monday. With the exception of ninepins, there are no recreations; the little gardens which in the Staffordshire potteries present so pleasing an array of choice flowers, are here carelessly kept or altogether neglected. There being no savings' bank in the village, the employers on one occasion proposed to some of the workmen that a small portion of the weekly wages should be left towards a fund to be had recourse to in slack seasons or in case of illness. Books were provided to keep the men's accounts, and for a time small sums were left as proposed. Very soon, however, every man claimed the reserved amount due to him, and some among them intimated that 'Masters only want to fud out how much money we've got, and then cut us down.' In another instance the employers endeavoured to establish a library, and to promote the sale among their hands of a monthly periodical, in which, at the cost of a penny, pleasing information and instruction were conveyed. Even this was distrusted by the work-people, as a design of the employers to induce sober and frugal habits, in order to their being found able to live upon some contemplated reduction of wages. The object was thus defeated, and the few who had begun to read soon ceased to pay any attention to books. This dogged resistance to enlightened attempts to ameliorate their condition, is a striking yet lamentable characteristic of the class in question.

Great forbearance, it is clear, must be exercised in dealing with such notions—notions as suicidal to the possessor as they are mischievous to others. Take, for example, the simple exchange of work for wages: the employers say to the men, 'We shall be busy now, and must work hard for the next twelve months.' Instead of seeking to turn this promising state of things to account, the men immediately slacken their exertions, and instead of making full time, are content to crawl through about five days a week. On the other hand, in a slack season they are as eager to work as they were before indifferent, and will get through as much in three days as in five days on ordinary occasions. Again, should one of the turners prove to be of a more aspiring and enterprising character than his fellows, he is prevented from rising by absurd trade regulations. It is a rule of this branch of the business, when a certain amount of work is required, to leave the apportioning of it to the men themselves; and, provided the order be completed to time, the masters offer no interference. On the principle of equal rights, the law keeps every one at the same dead level: the turner who could finish his twenty or thirty dozens per day, is not permitted to undertake more than he who can finish but ten dozens. The oppressive nature of such a regulation as this will at once be obvious. In some instances, where men have left off drinking habits, and manifested a desire to get forward, the employers would be glad to encourage the progressive disposition; but the statute steps in, and repels the kindly aid, and dooms the aspirant to a position hopeless as that inflicted by the caste laws of India. It will be long before education, or what is usually comprehended in the word, will reach this and similar evils. Might not a remedy be found in some local legislative influence?

With the exception of Sunday schools, there is but one school in the village, and that is not well attended; the opportunity of acting on the minds of the young, of training them to sounder principles, is thus grievously neglected. Where does the blame lie? Is enough done for the people, or do they do too little for themselves? Is a large capital inimical to their welfare? The latter question is replied to by facts. It is not unusual in the district now under consideration for some of the employers to keep a grocery or public-house, or both, at which it is expected their hands will lay out their money. The penalties of the truck law are sought to be evaded by paying the wages in coin: should any of the employed, however, make their purchases elsewhere, speedy dismissal is the understood result. It is believed that, as 'pot-works,' several of these establishments do not pay; but they are kept going by the profit realised on the beer and groceries. The neighbouring manufacturers, who conduct their business on just principles, are thus placed at a disadvantage: should it become known that they are working on new patterns, the improvement, which may have cost hours of thought and labour, is no sooner made public than an inferior imitation of it is thrown into the market by unprincipled traders, who look to other sources for their profits. The tendency of such a system to debase the operative can hardly admit of doubt.

It will thus appear that endeavours after reformation must be made to include masters as well as men; and any reformation which should not include the two parties would be incomplete. Mrs Jameson says, writing on the subject of indifferent wives, 'Let there be a demand for a better article, and the better article will be supplied.' If the call for better masters and better workmen has not been urged long enough and loud enough, I would suggest, in conclusion, that the present time is a fitting one for its reiteration.

SINGULAR CAPTIVITY.

My grandfather rented a large farm in one of the western islands. It lay on the sea-coast, and there were several small islands attached to it, where he kept sheep and black cattle. The largest of these, about two miles long by one in breadth, though covered with heather, yielded excellent pasture for several hundred sheep and some score of black cattle. The distance between it and the mainland being only about three miles, it was generally of easy access; and my grandfather paid frequent visits there to survey the state of the stock and pasture.

It was on a Tuesday morning, early in the summer of 179-, that, after an early breakfast, he set out for the island in a small Norwegian skiff—the crew consisting of three men and a lad of sixteen. The morning was fine, and the day seemed to promise well, though the wind freshened a little as they left the shore. It was from the east, however; a wind which sometimes, on the western coast, at that season of the year, springs rapidly into a gale; but the opportunity of a fine day was too good to be despised in the Hebrides, and the skiff with its party soon reached the shore of Berneray. They spent a considerable time in traversing the island; and after completing their survey, proceeded to re-embark. The wind had by this time risen considerably, and was every moment on the increase; but the skiff was launched, and my grandfather was confident that they would be able, with vigorous pulling, to reach the mainland before the gale should have time to become greatly more violent. His anticipations were, however, a little too sanguine. They had not gone far when they found that all their efforts propelled the skiff but very tardily against the wind, which now blew, according to the phrase, 'as if from the mouth of a battery.' The sea ran high, and the low skiff, totally unsuited to such rough work, shipped large quantities of water. To go forward was evidently rash in the highest degree, if not impossible; and to return to Berneray was

not a much more hopeful undertaking; for the sea ran in mountains on the beach, and the only landing-place in the island was at no time very safe. The only chance of safety seemed to be in making for another island, or rather islet, at some distance further out to sea, at the back of which they thought a landing could be effected. The skiff's head was accordingly turned towards this point; and the wind being now almost astern, she ploughed along without taking in much water. Relieved as they were by the hope of making any land whatever, the prospect before them, in the event of a continuance of the storm, was by no means cheering. The islet is not more than half a mile long, without any water, and totally barren. Anything, however, in anticipation, was better than the immediate prospect of being swamped; and the whole party were sincerely thankful when the boat at length touched the shore. The landing was itself a ticklish affair, but was accomplished in safety, and the skiff was hauled upon the beach. They had put her several feet beyond high-water mark, and were going to leave her there, when one of the crew, old John Mackenzie, who had the character of being a crotchety wiseacre of a man, proposed to send her up one oar's length farther.

'I have seen stranger things,' said he, 'than that the tide should cover many feet of the green grass to-night.'

'Come, come, John,' said my grandfather, 'none of your old-wifeish precautions! You have doubtless seen many wondrous sights; but, no-tide since the Deluge ever touched the spot you stand on.'

'Very well, sir,' said John, mildly deferring to the judgment of one who had not half his experience in the matter, but whom he felt bound to look up to as the concentration of all knowledge and wisdom; 'I hope you may not have to confess that I gave a sound advice for once.'

The skiff was accordingly left as it had been placed, with the oars inside; and our party went in search of shelter. Of this they knew there was little to be had, for the islet could not boast of even a sheepcot, and it lies much exposed to every wind. They were all drenched to the skin, the evening was closing, and the east wind blew keen and bitter as is its wont: hardy as they were, they could not resist violent shiverings. They had not, which was somewhat remarkable, even a drop of whisky to revive them. My grandfather set his companions to pull the heather, with which the island was thickly covered, and showed the example himself. The exercise restored warmth to their limbs; and after pulling till they were tired, they heaped the heather at the side of a rock, and laid them down in their wet clothing. A nice hot-bed that was for engendering rheumatism; and so my poor progenitor experienced in many a day of subsequent suffering. During the night the cold was so keen, that, to keep themselves from absolutely stiffening, they got up at intervals and resumed the task of pulling the heather. At length day dawned, and disclosed to them a raging sea: the storm had risen to a pitch of terrible fury, and the clouds of spray that were swept along the rocks almost concealed the shore from their view. The spectacle, though doubtless sublime in the highest degree, was too depressing for them to regard it with any feelings save those of despondency. Their first impulse was to go down to the shore and see how it fared with the skiff. Their dismay may be imagined on finding her gone! Old John had rightly surmised that the tide would be unprecedentedly high: it rose full twenty feet beyond the ordinary mark; and the green grass, strewn with foam and sea-weed, bore ample testimony to the old man's despised sagacity. The feelings of the party were at that moment of a very unenviable kind. There were they left on that wretched islet, deprived of their only chance of escape, without a particle of food, and, what was worse, without a drop of water. The chance of the storm's abating was very slender, such gales often holding out for many days; and even should it abate,

they had little hope of being observed from the shore—a distance of several miles. A sad situation it was for a worthy gentleman with a young family, who had all his life eschewed seafaring adventure beyond a three-mile limit, and four poor decent men, whose marine experience had never led them into great perils.*

Meantime ashore there was no less anxiety and distress. The skiff had been seen making its way a short distance from the shore of Berneray, and there was lost sight of. The state of the sea was such that it seemed out of the question that a craft so small could live in it, and the sudden disappearance of the skiff confirmed their worst fears. There seemed little doubt that she had been swamped, and that every soul in her had gone to the bottom. On the Wednesday, couriers were sent in all directions down the coast, as it was supposed she might have been carried ashore in that quarter. They deemed their conjectures realised, when, before night-fall, a messenger returned with the sorrowful tidings that the boat had gone ashore that morning at a place many miles down the island, where a jutting promontory had arrested it on its way to the Atlantic. My poor grandmother's state of mind was most melancholy. She was a woman of keen and tender feelings, and she gave way to unbounded sorrow, while the farm people, who had congregated at the 'Big House' to hear the tidings, manifested their attachment by unrestrained grief. My grandfather was universally beloved, and his loss was felt to be a general calamity. One man, however, more hopeful than the rest, suggested the possibility of their having after all gone back to Berneray on their sudden disappearance, and of their being all safe there still. The fate of the skiff was accounted for by the height of the tide and the dreadful sea that ran on the shore. This conjecture seemed not ill-founded, and again the hopes of the mourners were revived. But what could be done for the luckless adventurers? The storm still raged with unabated fury: a ship of the line could not lie to between Berneray and the mainland. Nothing, at least, could be attempted till the morning. That was a night of sad suspense, no less to those ashore than to the poor prisoners on the islet. They had spent a great part of the day on the highest ground, trying in vain to attract observation. It was so flat, and so covered with long heather, that, besides being a good way from the shore, a human figure could hardly be descried on it without very close observation. But it never had occurred to any one that they could have gone there, so that while every eye was eagerly directed to Berneray, no one thought of casting a look towards the smaller island. They were now beginning to feel the want of food and the pains of thirst. They tried to drink out of some brackish pools on the rocks above the shore, but found the water intolerably salt and disagreeable. One of them had a small piece of bread and cheese in his pocket, which he generously gave to the young lad, who suffered most from hunger, as well as from cold. They had tried in vain by every conceivable means to strike a fire; in short, the whole of Wednesday passed very drearily. At length night closed, and they crept to their heathery couch with heavy hearts. The weary night was spent, and Thursday morning dawned, but with no lull of the tempest. The feelings of the poor men were now of the most truly bitter kind. It seemed that they were doomed to starve within almost a cannon-shot of shore, without the possibility of making known their situation, and even in that case without any chance of help. The islet lay opposite a part of the mainland where there were no inhabitants, and rarely any one passed, so that they might be there for a month without ever attracting observation. They now began to suffer severely from thirst and hunger; and all felt that they could not hold out much longer. The day passed dismally, with no abatement of the storm, and evening closed darkly and gloomily, as if foreboding their inevitable fate.

* In that part of the country the men did not engage in fishing.

Meantime ashore there was restless anxiety mingling now with terrible misgivings. No sign had been seen to indicate that the lost ones had gained the island of Berneray, as was conjectured: had they been there, it seemed hardly possible that they could be unnoticed, for there were several eminences where they might easily display themselves. The storm held on relentlessly, precluding all possibility of trying the ferry. There had been a very slight fall of the wind a little before noon, and a boat had been launched; but the crew were forced to put back for their lives before they had gone many yards from the shore. The case was now at its worst. There did not appear to be the remotest chance of their having escaped the angry sea; but still hope was not entirely given up till that island should have been explored. About one o'clock on Friday morning it began to rain heavily, with frequent peals of thunder. My grandfather described the scene as very solemn. It seemed as if the voice of the Eternal himself were thus addressed to them in the darkness of the night, and amid the howling of the tempest, to bring to their remembrance that He was around them, and had the elements at His bidding—that they were in His hand to deliver them yet, if it were His will. They all united in commending themselves to His mercy; afterwards they felt resigned to their fate. The rain poured for the following six hours literally in bucket-full: they were drenched till they became quite helpless with the cold and discomfort: they kept close together, to maintain, if possible, a little warmth. At length, about seven, the rain began to abate; the storm had by this time fallen into a dead calm; not a breath disturbed the black and glassy surface of the sea; the long heavy swell came with a saddening murmur on the shore, and even the furious activity of the storm seemed more cheerful than the sullen calm that reigned—too late, as they supposed, to bring them succour. Oh with what heavy hearts they cast their longing glances to the shore, where they could see the smoke rising gently in the calm morning from the homes they expected to see no more! They could distinguish a throng of people who had gathered to see a boat launched. Hope revived within them at the sight, but soon gave way to despondency when they saw the course she took. The chance of her coming so far out of the way as their prison islet, was too feeble a stay to rest any hope on. The party from the shore, among whom was my mother's only brother, pulled for Berneray with might and main, and soon were ashore. They ran up the landing-place, calling aloud for the lost ones; but no voice answered to the sound. They made for the cattle-pen, where it was probable they had crept for shelter during the rain: they found no one there. They searched the island all over, but found not a trace of the missing. At last it was suggested that they might have buried themselves in a haystack that was there for the use of the cattle, and were too weak to make their presence known. A host of eager hands soon tore up the stack, and spread it around: all was vacancy. My uncle, who shared my grandmother's warm feelings, on seeing all hope thus destroyed, and thinking how he should meet his sister, fainted away like a woman.

All this time my grandfather and the rest were in a state of intolerable suspense. Eagerly they kept their eyes fixed on Berneray, and watched the boat leaving it in painful anxiety. To attract, if possible, the notice of the exploring party, they stood together on the highest ground; but even that lay so low, that they were never observed, and they had nothing with which they could make a signal. They were by this time scarcely able to stand. While thus watching in breathless suspense, my grandfather perceived an object that looked like a pole floating towards the shore. The ebb tide had borne it from the mainland, and was carrying it out to sea. 'If they had only that pole!' was the thought that flashed on them all like a sunbeam in the gloom; and now every eye was bent on the floating spar with trembling interest, their hopes

rising and sinking with each roll of the waves that bore it along. It was impossible to predict with certainty that it would not, after all, pass clear of the point on which they had clustered. My grandfather was a good swimmer, but in his exhausted state he could not trust himself to the water. While they were thus rivetted with the most intense interest on the object on which their final deliverance seemed to depend, they had not noticed till now that their friends were half-way across the ferry. The next was a moment of agonizing suspense. The oar, as they now saw it to be, was passing along within a yard of the shore; one rolling wave would carry it for ever beyond their reach! It came, and, oh joy! turned the blade to the rock; and with the desperate clutch of a drowning man my grandfather snatched it out of the waves.

With all their remaining strength they scrambled to their old station; and putting a coat on the top of the oar, hoisted it in the air, and watched with eagerness for the effect. The boat had by this time reached within a short distance of the land. Every eye of the gathered crowd was fixed on her with deep anxiety, and a loud lamentation arose when it was seen that she came as she had gone. But a louder shout of joy was raised when, a moment after, a strange signal was descried on the low level of the islet. The boat's head was turned instantaneously seaward, and two men at each oar sent her through the water like an arrow. After a hard pull, they touched the shore, where the now nearly prostrated group sat waiting their landing. The excitement had till this moment kept up their strength, but now they could not walk to the boat, and had to be lifted in. They had been upwards of seventy hours without food or drink! Joyfully did the boat now turn to the shore, where their landing was hailed with delight by a perfect 'gathering of the clans' from the surrounding neighbourhood. Some weeks elapsed before they had fully recovered their strength; and some of the party had received a constitutional injury that did not so soon pass away. Two things at least my grandfather said he had learnt from the adventure—the one was, *not to be positive*; the other, *never to disregard the counsel of experience, even when its cautions seem overstrained*.

MICHELL'S RUINS OF MANY LANDS.*

WE are the more disposed to devote a column to this work, that we think the author has hardly received justice from our contemporaries. If the general tone of the poem had been lower, and only risen occasionally into comparative excellence, it would have met with more success. The reader would have been more struck with its merits, and all sorts of prognostications would have been hazarded as to the destinies of a writer exhibiting so much capability. As it is, it sets out in a comparatively—but only a comparatively—high tone, from which it neither rises nor falls; and therefore is it branded with the stigma of mediocrity—a stigma far more fatal in authorship than utter condemnation. But the poem is in reality as much above mediocrity as it is beneath the highest excellence; and the fact of such a flight being equally sustained throughout several thousand verses is indicative of no common power.

There is here not even the hinted story of Childe Harold. The new Pilgrim floats in imagination through time and space, looking down upon the footsteps of lost races and the fragments of crumbled empires. Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, the rock-temples, the cities of ancient America, the ruins of Greece, Italy, Arabia, Syria—all pass in review before him. If the author's mind were philosophical instead of merely sensuous, there would here be the materials for a great poem; but, incapable of the loftiest flights either of thought or of the muse, he has produced only a series of agreeable pictures. This, however, is no inconsiderable achievement in the present state of the art; and Mr Michell's work, besides,

although deficient in grand and large views, is, owing to the subject, always suggestive. It excites a thirst for knowledge even in the most ignorant; while with the better-informed it awakens those lofty and lonely associations that remain buried in their bosoms beneath the vulgar cares of the world.

To show the bent of the author's mind, we give the following recollections called up by a certain spot in Mesopotamia:—

'Twas here the Hebrew, halting on the plain,
Drew up by Haran's gate his camel train:
The sands, long years, have whelmed that city's pride,
But still bursts forth the fountain's limpid tide:
Yes, by this well perchance Rebecca stood,
Her evening task to draw the crystal flood;
Vision of beauty! fancy sees her now,
Her downcast eyes, and half-veiled modest brow,
Her loose-twined girdle, and her robes of white,
Her long locks tinged by sunset's golden light.
The Hebrew craves his boon, and from the brink
Of that bright well she gives his camels drink;
Then as he clasps the bracelets on her hands,
With wondering look she views those sparkling bands,
Listens, and smiles to hear the old man speak,
While timid blushes flutter o'er her cheek.
Maid of a simple heart and untaught age!
Whom toys could charm, and rudest tasks engage,
Ah! little dreamt she then from her world spring.
A mighty people, prophet, sage, and king!
Her memory treasured in each age and clime,
Her gentle name to perish but with time!

From this beautiful picture he hastens through the desert, and then lingers for a while among the ancient halls of Nineveh, till scared away by the flames which rise from the funeral pile of Sardanapalus:—

'Not sated yet, above the ruins rise
The exulting flames, and dart into the skies:
Red through the night that fearful pillar glows,
And ghastly radiance o'er the city throws;
The heavens seemed blood, and Tigri's winding wave
Gleams the same crimson hue by mount and cave.
Quivers the light across the desert sands,
Where the lone pilgrim, wildly wondering, stands,
Thinking that far-off blaze some meteor driven
By demon hands along the verge of heaven;
The pard, approaching human haunts for prey,
Starts as he looks, and howling, scours away;
E'en on far Iran's hills those beams are seen,
Where bends the Magian, musing but serene,
Deeming in light so grand dread Ormuzd nigh,
His star-gemmed mantle blazing down the sky.'

As a contrast, we may give the following bit of sunset:—

'Calm sinks the sun o'er Edom's blighted hills,
And the whole air a pulseless silence fills:
The round red orb hath reached the horizon's brim,
Shooting its crimson flames ere all be dim;
Across the broad sands gleams the living fire,
Quivering, like hope, around each rocky spire.
These glories change, as lower sinks the sphere,
And still each moment lovelier tints appear;
Saffron and amber flood the gorgeous west,
Fairy-like towers in hues Elysian drest;
Now shafts of pallid gold are upward cast,
But all to softened purple yield at last.'

As a companion to this, we append a moonlight scene:—

'Slow rises evening's moon; the silvery shower
Lights, while it softens porch and ruined tower;
The huge sphinx-forms that line the desert way,
The giant sculptures sleep beneath the ray:
The quivering beams, so softly, purely shed,
Rest like a crown of pearls on Memnon's head.
E'en Gornoo's funeral rocks beyond the Nile,
With all their hoary toms, appear to smile.
By tower and column flows the ancient stream,
On each small wave the stars reflected gleam.
Silence—Death's sister—round her watch doth keep,
Save when the night-winds faintly moan and creep,
Or woo, with whispers, yonder lonely palm,
That droops, like some sad spirit, 'mid the calm,
Mourning o'er Thebes, as in her shroud she lies,
No more to rule, or ope her lovely eyes.'

After sunset and moonlight, we offer morning as a better sketch than either:—

'The morn awakes; along each granite height
That bounds the east soft streams the rosy light.
More distant still, the Red Sea glows and smiles
Through all his coral rocks, and leafy isles.

* Tegg, London: 1848.

The acacia, shadowed by the loftier palm,
 Begins to drop its odour-breathing balm!
 The lotus-flower, which all the night had kept
 Her soft leaves closed, wherein some sylphid slept,
 Woke by the beam, unfolds her bosom fair,
 And freedom gives the sky-born slumberer there.
 The humming-bird flits round the blossomed bower,
 Shaking his plumes, himself a flying flower.
 The giant ostrich leaves his cave of rest,
 And seeks the trackless desert of the west:
 The fierce hyena, ever fond of gloom,
 Flies to his haunt—some ancient rock-out tomb.
 Far in the desert sounds the camel's bell,
 Where Arabs quit their tents beside the well;
 And early monks, where Coptic convents crown
 The steep hill's brow, on flowery vales look down.
 Drink the soft breeze, and scan heaven's depth of blue,
 Nor sigh to join a world they never knew.

Such pictures are to be found almost in every page, and in them lies the charm of the poem. We cannot afford, however, more than one other extract; but that of itself would justify the qualified praise we have bestowed upon Mr Michell. The scene is in Mexico, at the place where a chapel dedicated to the Virgin has succeeded a temple of the God of the Air:—

Man, ages, creeds, have melted from those plains;
 Now o'er the giant structure Quiet reigns:
 Spring decks its mouldering sides with many a flower,
 That woe the bee at morning's dewy hour,
 Where frowns the Toltec's God, the Virgin now;
 Sheds her sweet smile, and Christian votaries bow;
 While, sadly sweet, the circling yew-tree wave,
 And crosses deck the ancient Pagan's grave.
 "Ave Maria!" evening's balmy breeze
 Wafts the soft prayer, like music, through the trees;
 Mid golden clouds, his curtained couch of sleep,
 The sun o'erhangs the vast Pacific deep,
 Glides the few isles that tropic glories bear,
 And phantoms to rest each storm: send us on there.
 "Ave Maria!" mountain, plain, and shore,
 Hear the loud song, the crowd's mad shout no more:
 Soft as an angel's sigh, the bell's low sound
 Steals from yon tower, and floats in whispers round,
 Day smiles in death, and throws a crimson streak,
 Like Beauty's blush, along each snowy peak;
 Then Grimace's fires ascend on high,
 The lurid flames turned roses in the sky,
 Mild are the rites, and gentle is the creed,
 Thus adorned red Moloch's worship to succeed;
 Eve's purple chafin, the music of the hour,
 Pour on the soul their soft dissolving power,
 Melt the full heart, and waft the thoughts above,
 On wings of warm devotion, hope, and love.

The pamphlet from which these extracts are taken forms only a portion of the poem, which is to be completed in three monthly parts; and we may notice it as a circumstance indicative of the great change which has taken place in the cost of literature, that the price of the part before us, containing one hundred well-filled pages of such poetry as we have quoted, interspersed with a few notes, is only one shilling.

THE CRAFTS IN GERMANY.

The different crafts in Germany are incorporations recognised by law, governed by usages of great antiquity, with a fund to defray the corporate expenses, and in each considerable town a house of entertainment is selected as the house-of-call, or 'harbour,' as it is styled, of each particular craft. Thus you see in the German towns a number of taverns indicated by their signs, 'Masons' Harbour,' 'Blacksmiths' Harbour,' &c. No one is allowed to set up as a master workman in any trade unless he is admitted as a freeman or member of the craft; and such is the stationary condition of most parts of Germany, that no person is admitted as a master workman in any trade except to enliven the place of some one deceased or retired from business. When such a vacancy occurs, all those desirous of being permitted to fill it present a piece of work, executed as well as they are able to do it, which is called their master-piece, being offered to obtain the place of a master workman. Nominally, the best workman gets the place; but you will easily conceive that in reality some kind of favouritism must generally decide it. Thus is every man obliged to submit to all the chances of a popular election whether he shall be allowed to work for his bread; and that, too, in a country where the people are not permitted to have any

agency in choosing their rulers. But the restraints on journeymen in that country are still more oppressive. As soon as the years of his apprenticeship have expired, the young mechanic is obliged, in the place of his country, to 'wander' for three years. For this purpose he is furnished, by the master of his craft in which he has served his apprenticeship, with a duly-attested wandering-book, with which he goes to seek employment. In whatever city he arrives, on presenting himself, with his credentials, at the house-of-call or harbour of the craft in which he has served his time, he is allowed, gratis, a day's food and a night's lodging. If he wishes to get employed in that place, he is assisted in procuring it. If he does not wish it, or fails in the attempt, he must pursue his wandering; and this lasts three years before he can anywhere be admitted as a master. I have heard it argued that this system had the advantage of circulating knowledge from place to place, and imparting to the young artisan the fruits of travel and intercourse with the world. But however beneficial travelling may be, when undertaken by those who have the taste and capacity to profit by it, I cannot but think that to compel every young man who has just served out his time to leave home in the manner I have described, must bring his habits and morals into peril, and be regarded rather as a hardship than as an advantage. There is no sanctuary of virtue like home.—*Everett's Address.*

WHO ARE THE TRULY VALUABLE IN SOCIETY.

The value set upon a member of society should be, not according to the fineness or intensity of his feelings, or the acuteness of his sensibility; or to his readiness to weep for, or deplore the misery he may meet with in the world; but in proportion to the sacrifices he is ready to make, and to the knowledge and talents which he is able and willing to contribute towards removing this misery. To benefit mankind is a much more difficult task than some seem to imagine; it is not quite so easy as to make a display of amiable sensibility: the first requires long study and painful abstinence from the various alluring pleasures by which we are surrounded; the second in most cases dedicates only a little acting; and even when sincere, is useless unless to the public.—*Westminster Review.*

CLOTH MADE OF PINE-APPLE LEAVES.

Some time ago we observed in the neighbourhood of Bata Blyer a number of Chinese labourers employed in cleaning the fibres of pine-apple leaves for exportation to China, a new and promising branch of industry in Singapore. The process of extracting and bleaching the fibres is exceedingly simple. The first step is to remove the fleshy or succulent side of the leaf. A Chinese sits on a narrow stool, extends on it in front of him a pine-apple leaf, one end of which is kept firm by being placed beneath a small bundle of cloth on which he sits. He then with a kind of two-handled plane made of bamboo removes the succulent matter. Another man receives the leaves as they are planed, and with his thumb-nail loosens and gathers the fibres about the middle of the leaf, which enables him by one effort to detach the whole of them from the outer skin. The fibres are next steeped in water for some time, after which they are washed, in order to free them from the matter that still adheres and binds them together. They are now laid out to dry and then on rude frames of split bamboo. The process of steeping, washing, and exposing to the sun is repeated for some days until the fibres are considered to be properly bleached. Without further preparation they are sent into town for exportation to China. Nearly all the islands near Singapore are more or less planted with pine-apples, which, at a rough estimate, cover an extent of two thousand acres. The enormous quantity of leaves that are annually offered to rot on the ground would supply fibre for a large manufactory of valuable pine cloth. The fibres should be cleaned on the spot. Fortunately the pine-apple plantations are not Malaya, but Indian, and chiefly Bengali, most of whom have families. These men could be readily induced to prepare the fibres. Let any merchant offer an adequate price, and a steady annual supply will soon be obtained.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago.*

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TRACINGS OF THE ALPS.

Ye Ice-falls! ye that, from the Mountain's brow,
A down enormous Ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice!
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the full keen Moon? COLERIDGE.

THE first sight of the Alps is an era in one's existence. I had of course read of them since I had read anything, had heard people describe their beauty and sublimity as something wonderful, and fully prepared myself for a natural scene far beyond any that ever met my eyes before. Yet so truly inconceivable are the extraordinary features of nature, that the reality came at last with the force of perfect novelty. It is not, however, that the objects impress us in a proportion to their actual magnitude. On the contrary, I am willing to own that, taking Ben Nevis at 4370 feet, our impression from it is not multiplied by quite so much as three when we behold an Alp known to be 13,000. When we look, moreover, at the Staubbach, and are told that that misty cascade falls directly from a rock as high above the place where we stand as the top of Arthur's Seat is above the plain at its foot, we do not receive the impression of altitude which we would expect. The mental eye seems to get accommodated to the new scale on which all nature is cast, and thus, it would appear, there is even a kind of disappointment inevitable to all fresh visitants of the Alps. Yet no such feeling ever tells or can tell upon them, as the actual appearance of all objects is far more than enough to solemnify and delight any mind of the least sensibility. We may lose much, because, in fact, we can nowhere get into a position where the whole mass of any part of the Alps may bear upon our sense at once; but still, whether we wander under the shades of those mighty hills, or pass over any part of them, whether we survey them from some elevated peak, or from some distant point—such as Vevay, or Berne, or even the Jura—we must confess, with hushed and awe-struck spirit, that our ideas of external nature are receiving an extension which might almost be said to double in a moment all the former experiences of a life.

The Alps may be comprehensively described as the central eminent ground of Western Europe, a fact clearly enough indicated by the descent of the affluents of the Rhone, Rhine, Danube, and Po from the midst of them, each to fall into its own sea. It has been discovered of late years that they do not form what may properly be called chains of mountains, but rather groups surrounding certain centres, these centres being generally granitic, while the outlying hills are for the most part composed of ancient stratified rocks, tossed up into all sorts of inclinations. The most careless

visitor observes the bed form of many of the mountain masses, the strange contortions to which strata have in some places been subjected, like the foldings of an ill-put-up piece of cloth in a draper's warehouse, and that we owe many of the prominent peaks to the hardness of some of the vertical strata, while neighbouring beds have been wearing down under the influence of the weather, and from other causes. There are, however, formations connected with the Alps, as high as the chalk and even the tertiary, and thus it has been ascertained that they are comparatively *young hills*—younger than the Pyrenees, younger than the Scottish hills, and even the Mendips—having necessarily been thrown up into their present arrangement subsequently to the deposition of those modern rocks. I somewhat startled a party of ladies and gentlemen in an Interlachen pension, by one evening quietly mentioning this deduction of M. Elie de Beaumont, which may certainly be regarded as one of the most interesting results of scientific investigation developed in our time. It was with no wish to exaggerate the very natural wonder of our tea-table, but in the hope of kindling a love of or reverence for science, that I proceeded to advert to the fact, that all these strata had originally been detrital matter deposited at the bottom of the sea; that, as proof of this, my friends might find the shells of sea animals (nummulites) on the top of Mount Pilatus; and that it might be said of several of those overpowering hills themselves that they had been built up to the praise of the Creator of heaven and earth by the immediate agency of animalcules, limestone being regarded as a detritus from coral reefs. It is surely as well to know a few such particulars when one goes to see grand sights; for while it would doubtless be pedantic to analyse the Alps geologically at every step, there is no necessary incompatibility between a sense of their picturesque effects and the apprehension of a history of their formation, which is even more of a marvel than their astounding magnificence.

The Alps spring from a general level of country, which is far from low on the side of Switzerland; at least it is generally very much above the elevation of any inhabited ground in Scotland, Wales, or any other part of the British Islands. Coming from a land where 800 feet gives an ungenial climate even in valleys, we are somewhat surprised to find Swiss villages looking sufficiently comfortable at 2500 feet, and even more. A great part of the surface, however, ranges between 1200 and 1500 feet, and here the vine grows with tolerable luxuriance in the less-exposed situations. The vast abundance of wood and water throughout the whole country—the former extending up the hills to 6000 feet—the profusion of quaintly-fashioned wooden houses scattered everywhere almost as high as the trees; the exquisite economy of the people, giving to the whole landscape

a trimness which reminds one of gentlemen's parks in England—these things, even without the gleaming broad-bosomed lakes, or the peaks shooting up amongst the everlasting snows, would make Switzerland a delightful country for a rambler. Everybody, however, travels with some leading idea in his mind respecting the country which he visits. Mine in Switzerland was—the glaciers. I had pored over Saussure's speculations on this subject in a family copy of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, with which I formed acquaintance in early boyhood; and since then, the more surprising speculations of Agassiz, and the accurate deductions of Professor Forbes, had deepened my interest in the subject. It therefore appeared an essential part of my visit to Switzerland that I should form some sort of personal acquaintance with the 'ice-falls' of the Alps.

It was early on one of the sunshiny days of the beginning of September that our party left their excellent quarters in the Hotel Berg at Geneva, and proceeded in the Salanches diligence along the valley of the Arve on their way to the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc. The road, after leaving the skirts of the lake, passes over an elevated alluvial plain, bordered by ranges of low hills, and intersected by a deep though narrow valley, in which runs the river. Here comes the first intimation of the snow of the Alps, for, the water being so strangely milky or turbid as to provoke inquiry, the stranger is informed that it is so from the infusion of pounded rock which the glaciers wear off the hills in their descent. The first few miles present no other wonder, besides the massive alluvial terraces bordering the river, and along which the road proceeds. It seems difficult to conceive, yet it is unquestionably true, that these are composed of gravel brought down from the Alps, and which water has been concerned in depositing; the intermediate space having once been filled up, so as to make the whole one floor of small matters extending from side to side of the valley. At a place called Cluses these features are no more seen, at least in the same degree; and we then begin to traverse a narrow part of the valley, with sides of prodigious height and boldness; also to get peeps of the monarch of European mountains, though it is still a good way distant. After thirty-six miles of the coach, we have to transfer ourselves, at the small town of Salanches, into a light rude vehicle called a *char-à-banc*, fitted for the more arduous character of the fifteen miles which remain. This portion of the journey is along a narrow road of no exemplary sort of construction, over which we are understood to be driven by the most civil and good-natured of charioteers; while in reality every one possessing any benevolence, and the use of his limbs, feels forced to walk; the ascents being such as almost to defy horse-power. It was not till evening was closing in that we began to get under the shade of Mont Blanc and his associates, and approached the end of our journey at Chamouni. I never shall forget how I was impressed, a few miles short of this point, by seeing a vast whitish projection from one side of the valley, and learning that it was the *Glacier des Boissons*, one of the outlets of the great snow-field which covers the mountain. The intrusive character of these stupendous ice-rivers was thus strikingly seen. It descends through a long hollow in the side of the mountain, far far below the line of perpetual snow, through the midst of woods and verdant slopes, and starts a mile or more into the valley, where smiling farm-steads and villages sit securely by its side, as knowing that thus far it may come, but no farther.

The village of Chamouni, into which we drove after dark, is a curious establishment, as we may call it, being a place existing almost solely at the dictation of human curiosity, and composed exclusively of inns, guides, naturalists, and others making a business and a livelihood of Mont Blanc. Lying 3425 feet above the sea, inaccessible to the sun's rays for some months of the year, and enveloped in snow from October till May, it must be at some cost that the people adhere to it as a residence. The hotel-keepers actually desert the place in winter, having no customers to speak of, except in the months between June and an early period of autumn. Yet these hotels are at once very good, and far from extravagant in their charges; and while all are tolerably neat buildings, there is a new one preparing which would be styled handsome in any part of the world. It is curious to observe the groups of guides and other loungers in the street, and to hear their conversation wholly turned upon the amount, character, and appearance of the visitors; who is in this inn, who has just come to that; the prospects of the weather for the ensuing day with reference to its suitableness or unsuitableness for excursions; nothing thought of but what appertains to travellers and their enjoyments. There is no struggle; however, to appropriate business among the strangers; for a public officer sees that each man, and even each mule, gets employment in strict rotation, and according to a fixed scale of charges. Of this I had an amusing proof next day when setting out for the mountain; for having determined, ere a quarter of a mile from the village, to give up my mule, and take to my feet, while my lady companion should ride, and our guide having taken back the animal accordingly, we soon after saw him returning with the same animal, together with a companion; he having now been reminded that this horse was the one next in rotation for employment. He had therefore to shift the lady's saddle to the horse which I had formerly ridden, and to send back her horse with his companion, to whom it probably belonged. They might adopt such regulations with advantage at Killarney, and some other places at home and abroad.

It was the first night after that of full moon, and the sky was without a cloud. Having rested a little while, and obtained some refreshment, we stepped out upon a balcony overhanging the garden of our hotel (*Hôtel de Londres*), and there found a scene of mystic sublimity prepared for us. Near one of the upper peaks of Mont Blanc—I think the *Dôme du Goûté*—the luminary was perched, throwing a bright light upon those lofty summits, and upon much of the more distant landscape. But the mountain face opposite to our position was a wall of darkness, which it almost appeared we might stumble against if we should advance much farther towards it—and so overwhelmingly lofty! This, assuredly, if so commonplace an expression may be tolerated, was a sight never to be forgotten. On the ensuing evening we had it repeated with little variation, besides one which gave a curious change of effect; namely, a fire lighted by some shepherd, which blazed faint and remote on the front of the wall of blackness, much like a fire balloon on the face of a dark cloud. It was difficult to suppose that this fire was not less than 3000 feet above us, and perhaps three miles distant.

At an early hour next morning I set out with one of the ladies in my charge, and a guide, to ascend to a point on Mont Blanc well known as the *Montanvert*, which is deemed a favourable spot for examining the celebrated glacier of the *Mer de Glace*. The lady, as already hinted, rode a mule, while I determined to walk. The sun was coming to his strength as we crossed the

here infant Arve, and commenced the ascent of the first slopes, which we found covered by little farms, and bearing much wood. A rough path, zig-zagging up the steep acclivity, ascends very nearly 3000 feet, and to master this ascent requires between two and three hours. To me it was a great exertion: to my lady friend the mule ride was something more, as every now and then the animal was passing along rude cliffs, where a false step might have endangered life. We bore it, however, with exemplary fortitude. And here, by the way, I may mention that our guide—a worthy, kind-hearted fellow, Pierre Cachat by name—described the English ladies as by far the most courageous and energetic he had anything to do with in his profession; the French the least so. It was near mid-day when we reached a rude small house of stone and lime, the *auberge* of Montanvert. Gladly did we enter to rest and obtain some refreshment in its humble *salle*, where already a few pedestrian excursionists had assembled. This post derives its whole importance from the spectacle on which we look down from its windows, the magnificent *Mer de Glace*. It afforded a convenient lodging to Mr Forbes during his laborious investigations on that glacier in 1842; and the tenant, David Couttet, points out with pride a flattering attestation in favour of the house and himself inscribed by the learned professor in his album. Certainly nothing could be more homely than the whole place, and yet one can readily imagine its appearing even comfortable to one who had forced himself to abide for a time in such a wilderness. Plain, too, as it is, it was built as an improvement upon a mere cellar, which had existed before from the days of Saussure, but which is now reduced to be only a receptacle for lumber. It was curious, at the height of 6843 feet on the skirts of Mont Blanc, to find a small merchandise of jewellery and nicknacks carried on; but such is the fact. Honest David has a few glass-cases containing bijouterie, chiefly composed of the crystals and pebbles brought down by the glaciers from the central and inaccessible places of the Alps, for such is one of the strange functions of these icy currents. One is surprised to learn that the house, with some neighbouring grazing-ground, pays 1400 francs by way of rent to the *commune* of Chamouni.

We now addressed ourselves to a more particular observation of the glacier and neighbouring scenery, under the care of our guide. The Montanvert is simply a station on the west side of the long-descending hollow through which the glacier descends, and about two hundred feet above the general surface of the ice. As nothing at the place reminds one specially of winter, but, on the contrary, every bit of clear space bears herbage and wild-flowers, it is with curious feelings that we look down this rapidly-sloping valley, occupied from side to side with a still flood of white ice, to which we can see no extremity either up or down. A most startling sight it is to those who have seen nothing of the kind before; the colour a bluish-white, and the surface greatly diversified, as if the mass were composed of a vast huddle of pieces, presenting their sharp ends upwards. The breadth is here about a mile; and on the other side there is a rough face of the mountain, surmounted by two enormously lofty peaks—the *Aiguille du Brocard* and the *Aiguille du Dru*—while in some hollow parts rest great patches of ice. It is awful to sit in the quiet of the desert and hear the silence now and then broken by avalanches of stones and snow falling from those eminences. We felt much interested in catching up, amidst the confusion of still objects on the distant mountain-side, a flock of sheep driven by two or three men. So distant were they, that it was all the eye could do to make them out; yet with patient observation we could trace them moving in a faint line for a considerable way, at one place crossing a precipice which we should have thought presented no footing even for such animals. These grazing-grounds are, it seems, cut off from access for cattle by any ordinary paths, and accordingly it is necessary, at particular sea-

sons of the year, to take the cattle thither, and to bring them back again, by crossing the glacier each time. The difficulties of this passage are said to be extraordinary, and the sight of the cows hauled by the peasantry with ropes, or moving cautiously through paths formed in the ice with hatchets, is one which no one can forget who has seen it.

Having descended the hill-side under the Montanvert, and crossed the ridge of rubbishy matter which borders the whole length of the glacier, we at length stood before that grand object itself, the blue-white wall of which seemed in some places to be as high as a house above our heads. It was not without some difficulty that a place was found where we could conveniently ascend upon the surface of the mass. When we had done so, and gone onward a little way, I became fully sensible of the great inequality of the surface, which may be said to resemble that of the earth itself, ranges of eminences being interspersed with hollows, through which streams pour along much as they do through ordinary valleys, while here and there occur fissures and pits, into which water pours to be seen no more. Thus it is not at all a still scene in reality; but, on the contrary, we hear a continual trickling, as if the mass were rapidly melting; while a certain sustained cracking noise, and sounds as of the tumbling of pieces within internal caverns, betray the progress of destruction still more palpably. The general mass is of intense purity, and of the beautiful colour hinted at; but at many places along the surface it is charged with mud and stones, some of the latter being of huge size. These foreign matters are the spoils of the mountain, either fallen in avalanches, or worn off from the surface by the grinding action of the glacier itself. It is their accumulation at the sides which forms the ridge just mentioned; and at the bottom there is usually a skirting of similar matters—in the one case called a lateral, and in the other a terminal *moraine*. There have been various theories as to the movement of glaciers, Saussure thinking it a uniform sliding of the whole mass through the simple force of gravitation; while Messrs Charpentier and Agassiz believed it to be owing to a dilatation of the mass through the freezing of the waters which intrude into the fissures. While others went on theorising, Mr Forbes proceeded by himself, with instruments, to make exact observations of a testing character, and quickly discovered the remarkable facts, that the glacier, like a river, moves fastest in the middle, that there is never a freezing of the intruded waters to any depth, and that it moves nearly at the same rate by night as by day, and in winter as in summer, though whatever increases its fluidity promotes its motion in some degree. From these observations, and others on the internal structure of the ice, which he published, to the discomfiture of the native philosophers, he thought himself entitled to lay down the theory, now generally embraced, that a glacier is 'an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts.' It was a beautiful investigation, pursued with unabating ardour, as it has been narrated with consummate precision and eloquence. The rate of motion of glaciers of course depends in some degree on the inclination of the trough in which they lie: that of the *Mer de Glace*, in the lower part of its course, may be roughly estimated at an average of 500 feet per annum, which is about the third part of the rate of motion of the point of the hour-hand of a common clock. Such also is the rate at which the lower end of this glacier melts off, otherwise it could not maintain the same place, which it does with remarkable uniformity. Mr Forbes found, at a higher point in the *Mer de Glace*, some fragments of a ladder which had been used forty-four years before in the expeditions of Saussure, and which in the interval had moved along 16,500 feet, being at about the rate of 375 feet in the year, or a little more than a foot a day. He has hence formed a calculation which forcibly seizes the imagination. It has been mentioned that huge blocks of stone are

brought down on the surface of the glaciers from the upper parts of their courses, and finally deposited in the moraine or residuum of rubbish at the bottom. In the case of the *Mer de Glace*, twenty miles intervene between the one extremity of its course and the other. A block may therefore be only now laid down in its final rest at the foot of the glacier, which began its onward course so long ago as the reign of Charles I.*

An inevitable result of the motion of a glacier is the wearing of its trough into a state of smoothness. Every projection is softened and rounded away. Even small hollows experience the attrition, and become in time perfectly polished. At the same time, little stones which have melted their way through the mass till they become *set* in the downward face, like the glazier's diamond in its frame of wood, scratch the smooth surfaces. Thus a part of a hill where a glacier moves, becomes sensibly distinguished from all other parts. I have already mentioned, as a result of this mechanical procedure, that the water which flows from the extremities of glaciers is turbid through a charge of impalpable dust which has been worn away from the mountains—exactly as a grinding-stone soils the water in which it moves.

After spending some time upon the ice, and examining, as well as I could, its many curious phenomena, I returned to the bordering ridge, where we were shown a natural cave formed by a huge slab in connection with other migratory blocks. Over the entrance were inscribed the words, 'POCOCK AND WYNDHAM, 1741,' and we were told that it had actually afforded shelter to these travellers when they were preparing that account of Mont Blanc which first attracted the attention of Europe to its wonders. Some of our fellow-visitors now prepared to set out on excursions into the farther recesses of the mountain, which are admitted to be well worthy of attention from young and active men, and, under good guidance, free from any serious danger. I was forced, however, to content myself with what I had seen, and accordingly commenced the descent towards Chamouni, which our party easily reached before dinner.

Next forenoon, under the care of Pierre Cachat, whose gentle and obliging manners won my regard in a degree not known in similar relations in this country, I devoted a few hours to the examination of some other marvels of the glacial world. It is always an interesting part of the examination of a glacier to see its lower extremity, in the centre of which there is usually a deep vault, out of which flow the pale waters arising from the melting of the ice. In the case of the *Mer de Glace*, this stream is large enough to bear a distinct name—the *Arveiron*—though it quickly pours itself into the main stream of the valley. The moraine is another feature here worthy of attention. It lies at the distance of a pistol-shot from the actual present extremity of the glacier, the ice having shrunk back so far within the last few years. A hamlet nestles almost close under it, the inhabitants of which were threatened with the destruction of their houses in 1820, in consequence of the glacier having that year become unusually elongated, so as to throw the moraine almost upon them. This vacillation in the extent of glaciers, to whatever cause it is owing, has a narrow range; but there are memorials of the range once having been much greater. The valley of the *Arve*, though several glaciers descend into its left side, has now no glacier itself. It is remarkable, however, that just a little way above the point at which it receives the *Mer de Glace* there is an ancient though broken-down moraine crossing it, showing that at one time a glacier occupied the main valley down to this point. A mile farther up there is another such formation, the memorial of a later termination of the same glacier. There cannot be a doubt of these mounds having been moraines, for they are composed of the usual mixture of

glacier spoils, including huge angular blocks. They of course record two distinct stages in a change from an ancient state of things to the present, though whether this change was merely one of temperature, or of some other conditions affecting the amplitude of glaciers, it would be difficult to say. It is important to observe that a side glacier—the *Glacier D'Argentiere*—comes in about a mile above the first of the two mounds, and another side glacier—the *Glacier de la Tour*—about the same distance above the second: marks of the diminution of the ice in the two cases respectively. Between the presently-forming moraines of these side glaciers and the ancient moraines in the principal valley, there is no trace of lesser or more imperfect deposits of the kind, so that we may infer there having been no intermediate stages of change. Two changes alone had taken place, and they took place at once. It is interesting, however, to observe that the space in each case left vacant had for some time been the seat of a lake, in consequence of the moraine forming a dam across the valley. The traces of this are particularly clear in the space above the lower ancient moraine. We first see the moraine itself—and it cannot be much less than a hundred and fifty feet high—cut through for the passage of the river, the bed of which is still full of its vast blocks, while many others have been scattered along the vale towards Chamouni. Then, looking within the barrier, we readily perceive a range of terraces, three in number, rising above each other along the sides of the valley, each being the memorial of a certain level of the ancient waters, and the whole thus implying that the barrier had broken down at three stages, before the river had been allowed to flow freely through. It is worthy of notice that the uppermost terrace is somewhat above the general level of that part of the ancient moraine which distinctly projects across the valley, from which it may be inferred that some portion of the general elevation of that rampart was worn away before the lake experienced its first great subsidence. This group of terraces becomes the more striking, in as far as nothing of the kind can be traced along the sides of the valley for many miles downward. They therefore stand out very clearly as the proof of a lake having once been produced in this place by what we may call the general glacier of the valley of the *Arve*.

I had on this occasion a pleasant excursion over lofty hills, and alongside of profound ravines, to Martigny in the valley of the *Rhone*. This valley is composed of lofty ranges of half-naked hills, with a smooth alluvial floor between, the whole of which is more or less liable to be overflowed. The plain slopes with the fall of the river, and is no doubt formed by it. With the interruption of a narrow space at St Maurice, it continues all the way to the Lake of Geneva. In my rambles about this district, I nowhere saw anything more remarkable than what are called the *Blocs of Monthey*, a natural curiosity occurring about two miles below St Maurice, and probably ten above the lake. Lying on the plain itself, the village of Monthey is backed by a mountain which somewhat projects into the valley, and on the face of this eminence, perhaps from two to three hundred feet above the village, there is a belt of enormous blocks of granite extending along for upwards of a mile—a phenomenon almost unique in the country, and apparently the theme of much rustic wonder. These blocks are of all sizes up to the bulk of a pretty large house, some detached, some resting against each other, some curiously poised on their angles, so as to afford shelter for shepherds and flocks underneath them. One is actually so large, that a small house surrounded by a little garden has been quaintly built on the top of it. The wonder is, that these rocks, all different from the hill, which is of secondary formation, must have been brought from some of the central parts of the Alpine range, many miles off. I afterwards visited the better-known kindred phenomenon on the face of one of the *Jura* hills above Neuchâtel, where, amidst many lesser granite blocks

* See 'Travels Through the Alps of Savoy and other parts of the Pennine Chain, &c.' By James D. Forbes, F.R.S., &c.' 1843.

there occurs a huge one well known under the name of the *Pierre-a-Bot* (said to measure seventy feet in one direction); but though the wonder of the transportation of these stones from the same original seat is increased by the greater distance (seventy miles as the crow flies), they form a spectacle much less impressive than the Blocks of Monthey. Both sets of objects, however, play an important part in one of the boldest theories of modern science.

It is now about a dozen years since attention was attracted by M. Venetz, and other Swiss savans, to certain appearances which seemed to indicate an extension of glaciers in ancient times far beyond what has here been described. Some miles down the valley of the Arve from Chamouni, near Servoz, the most careless traveller might be struck by the smoothened state of the rocks by the wayside, as if some mechanical agent had passed over them in the direction of the valley, and worn down every inequality. It is scarcely less surprising, high up above the Mer de Glace, to observe the smooth faces of the precipices, and also to detect remnants of ancient moraines resting on the mountain-side, as if the glacier had once risen to five times its present ordinary height. Such markings are seen in many parts of Switzerland, where glaciers do not now exist. They are also traceable in our own country; for example, in the valley of Llanberis in Wales. In that case it is impossible to doubt that glaciers had once descended from the skirts of Snowdon, and, pressing through this valley, had polished off every inequality up to a certain height. This is a very curious fact, as it cannot be accounted for without supposing some great though temporary reduction of temperature at the time when the appearances were produced; and the question arises, If there were such a reduction of temperature, how would it affect life in the regions where it prevailed? Some geologists, headed by M. Agassiz, have gone beyond all common bounds in theorising on this subject. Agassiz himself started the idea, that permanent ice once covered the northern hemisphere down to a low latitude, and was thus the cause of the distribution of loose blocks over the north of Europe. It was, according to his followers, a period of universal death, not long antecedent to the appearance of man on the earth, and connected with the remarkable absence of fossils from what is called the Blue Clay or Diluvium. It has been thought by others besides the Neuchâtel professor, that at least the Alpine ice once extended to the Jura range, and was thus the means of carrying granite blocks from the central mountains, and depositing them on that range; and likewise on the hill above Monthey, such blocks being held to be, in fact, remnants of ancient moraines. In 1840, M. Agassiz and Dr Buckland, in a tour through Scotland, thought they beheld ancient moraines at the mouth of every little side valley which they chanced to pass, and they hesitated not to account for the terraces of Glenroy by supposing two glaciers to have once dammed up the adjacent valleys so as to form a lake. It is only of late that we have begun to recover from the astonishment excited by the first burst of these theories, and to see that they rest on very insufficient bases.

In the first place, the idea of a circumpolar glacier constantly expanding outwards and carrying debris to low latitudes, is put an end to by Professor Forbes's discovery, that ice does not move by dilatation, as M. Agassiz had assumed. Then, as to even the limited hypothesis, that glaciers proceeded from the central chains of the Alps to the flanks of the Jura, carrying thither huge blocks, it has never yet been shown how they could proceed in such a course, with no sufficient slope to produce their movement, and with lines of hills intervening to obstruct it. Assuredly ice is never seen to move in such circumstances at the present day. The idea of Mr Forbes, that a glacier came down the valley of the Rhone, makes a less demand on our credulity, and some circumstances might be adduced in support of it. For instance, above St Maurice, I found faces

of rock at the bottom of the hills on the south side smoothed exactly like those of Llanberis. At the narrow gorge at St Maurice, where these smoothings might, if anywhere, have been expected, they are not to be seen; but a low hill, occupying the middle of the valley immediately below this gorge (between St Maurice and Bex), is smoothed on many parts of the surface, as if a glacier had passed over it. I nevertheless deem it a violent hypothesis to suppose that any glacier could be of such volume as to fill up the Rhone valley to a point between two and three hundred feet above the site of Monthey—a point perhaps not less than a thousand feet above the rocky bottom of the trough of the valley, and this at a place where the whole space is several miles wide. A glacier, to fill such a space, and to such a depth, must have been enormous beyond all credibility.

It seems much more likely that the usual theory of transported blocks—namely, that they have been carried by icebergs upon the seas formerly intervening between their native seat and the places of their ultimate deposition—is the true explanation of the marvellous erratics of Monthey and Neuchâtel. As far as I am aware, evidences of the former presence of the sea at high levels have not as yet been sought for in the Alps; yet, if they were, they would not be difficult to find. I was particularly struck by the alluvial terraces at Vevay, above the Lake of Geneva, only a few hours' journey from Monthey. They have been spoken of as moraines, which they do not in the least resemble. They are undoubtedly the remnants of sloping sheets of common river detritus, deposited by the little river of Vevay in the sea when it stood at different relative levels from the present, and which had been afterwards cut through by the river when the relative level was lowered. The highest of these terraces which I measured (and there are traces of others somewhat higher) was fully 442 feet above the lake, which is the same as 1670 feet above the present level of the sea. Now this is just about the elevation which I would assign to the Monthey blocks;* so that beyond all question we have evidence of the former existence in the Rhone valley of a body of water at about the height required in order to float these blocks to their present situation. When the water stood at this height, an estuary would penetrate pretty far up into the valley. The glaciers might come sufficiently far down to send off masses into this fiirth, bearing the usual charge of blocks from the central heights. As these passed along towards the open sea, they would be extremely apt to land upon the Monthey hill, which projects so remarkably into the valley. Such may be the true history of the deposition of the Monthey blocks.

For some additional evidence to the same effect, I may advert to a curious study in physical geography presented in the Bernese Alps. The Lake of Lungern—occupying the upper part of a valley between Lucerne and Interlaken—has been in recent times reduced upwards of two hundred feet in height, for the sake of the land on which it stood; and we thus have an opportunity of observing certain natural arrangements connected with such bodies of water. As often happens, the chief inlets of water into this lake were at its upper extremity. There two or three hills descending through rough passages in the hills joined it, each bringing a *talus* of stony debris, over which it had in ordinary times passed by a slightly-hollowed channel on its way to the lake. Now that the waters have been lowered, we can see the terminations of these *tali* coming to a sudden stoop, a little way within the line of the

* Monthey village is set down in Keller's map at 1330 French feet (1437 English feet) above the sea. If the blocks are 250 feet higher—and I should think the bulk of them about that height—they are scarcely above the elevation of the great terrace at Vevay. It may be remarked that Professor Forbes speaks of these blocks as possibly 500 feet above the village; but under the benefit of some recent experience in the study of heights, I feel convinced that this is much above the truth.

ancient shore, showing that it is not the tendency of such formations to spread equally out under the water. But what is more curious, the streams, in consequence of the withdrawal of the water which had received them, have cut down through the *talus*, and now pass on to the abridged lake through little valleys, with a terrace on each side; no longer able to affect the surfaces of these formations, which were originally their own work. This is a result which appears to depend on the force which running water exercises on the fore-edge of any formation over which it falls. Each of these little rills, on being no longer quietly received into the lake, had begun to tumble over the stooping face of the now dry *talus*, gradually cutting it down and backwards, as the St Lawrence wears the rocks at Niagara. From this single observation, I read off the interpretation of all such ancient alluvia as those which have been mentioned as skirting the immediate banks of the Arve between Geneva and Sallenches. They were once, in the form of an entire sheet of alluvium, the bed of the river. This alluvium would have continued in its original form for ever, had the dynamics of the river not undergone a change, which could only happen in consequence of the withdrawal of some recipient body of water, when at length the stream would begin to cut down its bed. The terraces of the Arve valley are thus a proof that the Arve was once received directly by some body of water, most probably the sea, instead of, as now, flowing into the Rhone. Such is but an example of objects seen in many other valleys, and which have generally had the same history; * memorials they for the most part are of the former presence of the ocean at a relative level above the present. Such proofs in the case of the Arve have the peculiar value of serving as additional evidence that the sea once rose in the Rhone valley to the height of the Monthey blocks. The zone of boulders at Neufchatel is higher (said to be about 2500 feet above the sea); but the explanation, if established in the one case, will equally apply to the other.

It thus appears that, though there are appearances of change in the glacier world, there is no need to go beyond reasonable bounds in speculating upon the subject. The Glacial Theory, as it was called, had a brilliant run of a few years; but, like some fairy palace of that unstable material, it is now seen lying in a dismal state of ruin. The whole history of it may still serve a useful end, as a warning to men of science. Blocks are seen in singular situations—we know of no vehicles for their transport but glaciers: *ergo*, glaciers, &c. Behold, however, another agent in time casts up, much more likely! Smoothings of rocks are seen in high situations; they resemble those effected by glaciers: *ergo*, once more glaciers! But by and by, it is shown that icebergs carried on the sea along rocky coasts will produce such smoothings,† and there has even been found evidence that the smoothed rocks in certain districts are at the particular heights where the surface of the sea formerly was in those portions of the earth.‡ Alluvial masses and terraces are seen at the openings of the glens of Scotland and Ireland, and are at once pronounced to be identical with ancient moraines; therefore they form evidence for the glacial theory. Subsequent examination shows these objects to be of a wholly different character, the detritus laid down by rivers in the sea. It would be almost cruel to dwell any longer on the rash assumptions hazarded on the most superficial observation at the first blast of this unfortunate theory. Let us hope that it will be long before another

set of ingenious men go off upon so false a scent, or prepare for themselves such humiliating reverses.

More than fearing that I may have tired many of my readers, and yet hopeful that a few of these observations may assist in promoting the advance of an interesting science, I now bid adieu to Switzerland. R. C.

THE TRAMP.

AMONG the bulky folios which are from time to time 'presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty,' it very rarely happens that we can discover anything likely to attract the notice of the general reader. These 'blue books,' as they are usually termed, with reference to the colour of the envelope, are notoriously dry, tedious, and uninteresting. Occasionally, however, productions make their appearance which are decided exceptions to this general rule, and the 'Report on Vagrancy' will be found of this nature. It contains much to interest, and certainly much to reflect upon.

Most persons must be familiar with the appearance of certain miserable beings who, from their pedestrian habits, usually bear the name of Tramps. We see them filthily in person, and covered with tattered garments; yet are they not emaciated, nor have they in general an impoverished aspect: they exhibit, in fact, none of the usual evidences of stinted nourishment. We probably hear their story, and watch them limp along until they pass out of sight; and then, mayhap, our thoughts stray to other subjects, and never recur to this until our attention is recalled to it by a like incident. The haunts and the habits of the tramps remain for the most part utterly unknown to us.

The object of the publication referred to is to throw light on this matter, and to open out to the view of the legislature a full and perfect picture of the life led by vagrants. It contains a vast amount of evidence, collected with much care from various authentic sources. The information is diffuse, scattered throughout many documents, and encumbered with figures and details, the sight of which might serve to deter many from entering on its perusal. Our present object is to extract the essence.

The vagrant appears to be a being *sui generis*. He is purely a rambler, but he differs in a marked degree from other itinerants, such as the hawker, the gipsy, or the distressed artisan travelling in quest of employment. He has no known place of abode, no ostensible way of maintaining himself, and he lives by begging and plunder. It rarely happens, however, that he commits any flagrant delinquency; and indeed whenever acts of this kind are perpetrated by him, it is found that the main object in view was to obtain the shelter and medical care of a prison, so as to rid himself of some noxious disorder contracted by his mode of life. His profession, in fact, is that of a habitual pilferer.

It appears that there is an incredibly large multitude of such wanderers distributed throughout England and Wales. They have, it seems, become established as a class, owing mainly to the mode of administering relief to the casual poor under the new poor-law. Perpetually migrating from one locality to another, they are provided with houses for their accommodation by the different Unions, commonly called *tramp-houses*. These stations are in general only about ten miles apart, and hence the journey from one to the other is accomplished without inconvenience during the day's march. At each house a bed is provided, and in some a breakfast, for which consideration the attempt has been lately made to exact a certain amount of work. It was naturally supposed that, by requiring from each lodger a fixed portion of labour before he set out anew on his day's journey, some check would be placed on the rapid increase in the numbers of habitual tramps who simulate destitution. It is found, however, after considerable experience, that such is not the case. Obstinate, determined, and combined resistance to the officials who attempt to impose work, has become very general; and it appears that the expenses incurred in the necessary arrangements for a

* There is a distinction to be drawn between these sloping alluvia and the horizontal terraces which are occasionally seen along the sides of valleys. The latter are to be considered as the results of a wearing of the sea on the hill-sides at their respective levels.

† See a paper by M. Von Walterhausen, Edin. Philosoph. Journal, July 1848.

‡ See several examples adduced in 'Ancient Sea-Margins, &c.' 1848.

forcing task-labour far outweigh the value of the work accomplished. The materials furnished have in some instances been wantonly destroyed; a serious outbreak has taken place; and the master of the tramp-house has, from sheer inability to adopt any other course, allowed his riotous visitors to depart on their own terms. It appears, moreover, that even the roughness of the lodging and coarseness of the fare provided do not counter-balance the inducements which the certainty of sustenance and shelter holds out to the dishonest vagrant.

Let us now take a hasty glance at the general character and habits of this class of persons, concerning whom so many important facts have been lately brought to light, not only by the publication of the Report in question, but also by the laudable efforts of those philanthropists who have laboured to establish schools for the ragged and destitute. There is little doubt that the younger members of the community, who are snatched up and brought into such seminaries, belong to one and the same class. They have not yet reached the period of life when the desire for travel and adventure is excited; and, moreover, they are in all probability as yet ignorant of the abundant provision made for wayfarers throughout the country. They are content to remain in their native locality, and to put up with such night accommodation as is afforded by the warm brick-kiln or the hollow park-roller. In taking a view of the present condition of these dregs of society, both young and grown up, we have no desire to speak of them with extreme severity; we are inclined to think that in some there are to be found traits calculated to excite a feeling very different from contempt. In these a spirit of enterprise and capability for bold adventure may have found originally a fitting field in extensive rambles and daring resistance to those who endeavoured to place restrictions on their career. With a dash of the imaginative in their composition, and a fondness for the wild or grotesque, they may at first have entered on their course of life from a feeling of the grateful excitement it afforded; and the debased, dare-devil, care-for-nothing recklessness which we now see, may be the result of gradual contamination. Like the educated collegian who, when gratifying a desire to penetrate unknown regions, contracts a liking for the free erratic life of the aboriginal inhabitants, and prefers it to civilised conventionalities, so these poor fellows may have lost all relish for honest, painstaking, and regular industry.

The ages of the persons who thus take advantage of the provisions made by law for the really necessitous range between eighteen and thirty-five: very few have passed beyond their forty-fifth year. About one-fifth are females, who may in general be classed among the very lowest of their sex. It is stated in the Report that 'the distinction between the unfortunate and the abandoned among women is greater than among men. I conclude from what I have observed, that the proportion of really destitute women in the tramp-wards (generally widows with young children) is greater than that of men, probably from their physical ability to brave the cold night wind being less, and their tenderness for their children inducing them to seek shelter even at the expense of vile association. Such a mother have I seen: she was sitting in a corner of the ward, with her two children, shrinking as far as possible from her companions. Her cheap but decent mourning showed her to be newly widowed. She told me her husband had been a butcher's journeyman in London, and had lately died, leaving her penniless; that she was going to her friends in the north of England to get assistance in keeping the children, and so leave her hands free for work. She asked for some water to wash her infant, and I shall not readily forget her look of disgust at being offered the only vessel, a dirty broken basin, just used by the Irish mothers for the same purpose. She said she herself would rather lie in a kennel, and that the struggles she had felt for three nights between exposing her children to infection, and bringing them to workhouse shelter, were breaking her heart.'

Many pictures more touching than this might doubt-

by those who are capable of sketching the nightly scenes they present. It appears that the moment the hardy tramp reaches the door of his hotel, he puts off his whining and supplicating air, and assumes a clamorous and bullying carriage, lording it over the keeper of the house as if he were some menial destined to serve the distinguished traveller. Within doors his habits are highly filthy and indecent; he is uniformly noisy, and indulges in the use of abominable language. The early part of the evening is usually relieved in singing boisterously the most improper songs; and it often happens that a succession of stories of depredation and theft are related by the respective occupants of the apartment. It may be easily supposed that such narratives find ready listeners, and prove most instructive lessons in vice and crime. The English is said to be far worse than the Irish tramp in all these respects. There is one very strange and singular dislike which characterises these people—namely, a thorough aversion to cleanliness. Although the general numbers are steadily increasing, yet it is found that in those houses where the inmates are compelled to take a bath on admission, the numbers have greatly fallen off. In the Bedale Union, the average has been reduced by this means from sixteen to six.

It is surprising to find how rapidly intelligence respecting the peculiarities of particular houses is telegraphed throughout the community. It soon becomes known at which places an immersion in water is a prelude to a night's lodging. Various pieces of information, which are specially interesting to the brotherhood, are regularly passed forward, and immediately acted upon. 'In the North Witchford Union, for example, it happened that two months ago the stock of junk for oakum picking became exhausted. In the very next week, the number of vagrants, which had previously averaged about twenty per week, increased to forty-five; in the second week to fifty-seven; in the third to seventy-five; and then, oakum picking having been resumed, the number as readily decreased, till it reached the usual average.' The best quarters become known to the fraternity; and there is no doubt they discuss the respective merits of different accommodations pretty much in the same way as commercial travellers are in the habit of doing in regard to different hotels. They are systematic in their route as well as in other procedure. The fashionable seasons at watering-places are extensively known, and observed accordingly, with a view doubtless to profitable mendicancy.

There is evidently a good understanding between the members of the regular corps; and this has reached such a height, as to lead now and then to a combined resistance to the authorities. Indeed so common are such temporary organisations becoming, that whenever the regulations of the Board of Guardians are opposed with success, the general expression among them is, that they have 'beat the Union.' This term they apply not only to acts of combined violence, but to any scheme whereby the plans adopted to check vagrancy may be defeated. A general order was issued some time ago, requiring that each applicant for a night's lodging should be searched to ascertain if he had money in his possession; and if it appeared, from the amount discovered, that he was not an object of charity, to refuse him admission. This order is regularly defeated in two ways. In the more-frequented districts, such as large towns, it is usual to appoint one of the members a banker, who, remaining in a lodging-house, receives their deposits at night, and returns them the following morning. In the more remote and country localities, the little sums of money are generally secreted in the ground by the wayside, which can easily be accomplished under the cover of night. At Stafford, a hedge near the vagrant-house has been nearly destroyed, owing to the convenient hiding-place which the bank affords to the tramps. Other ways of 'beating the Union' are devised to suit particular circumstances. If a fellow wants to improve his wardrobe, or to obtain a residence in a comfortable prison, he at once annihilates his nether garments. He cannot with decency be turned adrift:

with clothes, or to commit him. Practices of this kind appear to be more frequently noticed in winter than in summer. It is a season when either better clothing or a shelter from inclement weather in a jail becomes a boon.

The life led by the horde of tramping vagrants who now infest the country not only is the cause of a vast spread of moral contamination, but it is also the means of disseminating the class of contagious diseases. The awful prevalence of low fever, for instance, which was so general last year, is mainly to be attributed to their agency. Their habits give rise to affections such as these, which are at once conveyed and distributed over the whole country. Few are entirely free from traces of skin disease, and vermin of all kinds find an undisturbed settlement on their persons.

Some idea of the rapid increase which has taken place in the numbers of tramps may be formed when it is stated that, in 1845, they ranged considerably below two thousand; and that, on the 25th of March 1848, they amounted to upwards of sixteen thousand! Indeed so numerous do the applicants for a night's lodging become, that in some places the accommodation provided has been found quite inadequate, and stables, outhouses, and even tents, have been fitted up to meet the emergency.

It is evident that the danger of fostering, increasing, and perpetuating such a class is great, and requires to be met vigorously and judiciously. Inconceivable evils must necessarily arise from the congregation of a large number of persons of the lowest and most profligate character in a state of destitution, filth, and disease, without sufficient means of separation, classification, and systematic treatment. Much mischief has already been done by circulating the vices of the city through the rural districts, and by exciting a contempt for the law and its punishments. The evil is growing rapidly; and great as it now is, and difficult to grapple with, it will only become greater and more difficult by delay. Several remedies have of late been proposed. It has been suggested to abandon entirely the casual relief. This, however, would be a hardship on the truly unfortunate. Some further inquiry appears desirable, with a view of ascertaining which are the real tramps, and to this end the passport system might with advantage be adopted. It is stated by Mr. Boase, as his opinion after all his inquiries and experience, that 'at least ninety out of every hundred occupants of the tramp-wards have no claim on the honest poor man's fund.' As long as the relief is thrown open, a temptation to imposition must exist; and the more this becomes known, the more will it be abused. Instances like the following will increase to a frightful extent.—In one of the tramp-houses in North Wales was found a veteran sweeper of crossings in London. He had become tired of his monotonous vocation, and having heard of the good accommodation provided throughout the country, he took the fancy to travel, and was actually carrying out his intention at the expense of the public.

We have already stated our impression that many of these characters are endowed with qualities which, if rightly directed, would place them in a very different position. Our brief summary may perhaps conclude appropriately with the following letter, showing the mental qualities of a notorious vagrant, who is now enduring his thirteenth term of imprisonment as an incorrigible rogue and vagabond. The letter is addressed to one of his comrades, and the handwriting is excellent:—

'DORSET COUNTY JAIL, December 27, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND—You will remember my promise of writing to you, which I will now endeavour to fulfil. You are no doubt aware that I am committed for trial at the Sessions on a charge of vagrancy, for being found sleeping in a stall belonging to Mark Sherrin the butcher. I do not know what the issue of that trial may be, but I expect a term of imprisonment, and a corporal punishment by flagellation. The magistrate who committed me told me no effort on his part should be wanting to serve me, of which I have no manner of doubt. It seems a pleasure to him to have an opportunity of vomiting his

waspy and dyspeptic spleen at me; but I am invulnerable proof against it. The dastardly pitiful schemes he has recourse to only serve to add to his disgrace, and to protract the immortality of his shame. I suppose Mark Sherrin means to carry on the crusade which his deceased brother so long and so unsuccessfully waged against me. He had declared eternal war, but was cut off in a moment, "and sent to his last account with all his imperfections on his head." And who knows the destiny of the immortal spirit! It may be, for aught we know, imprisoned in all the hellish perpetuity of confinement, in those dolorful regions where Ixion for ever turns his wheel; and where Tantalus in vain endeavours to slake his everlasting thirst with the water which eludes his lips; where Sisyphus, with unavailing labour, rolls up the stone which eternally falls back; and where Tityus feels the vulture incessantly preying on his heart, which, as fast as it is devoured, is again renewed. But methinks I have indulged in an unwarrantable and uncharitable strain. The pertinent remarks of the poet rush across my mind, who says—

"There is a spell by nature thrown
Around the voiceless dead,
Which seems to soften conscience's tone,
And guard the dreamland bed
Of those, who, whoso'er they were,
Wait Heaven's conclusive audit there."
—QUARLES.

'My dear friend, please to give my respects to the in-dominable Mr. Aldous, and to Master Robert England, to Charles Edmunds, and to his copper-coloured majesty, James King of Thornford, likewise to your brother John, and most especially to your father and mother. I say them the debt immense of endless gratitude; never can I forget their generous kindness to me when I worked for them on the railway. I omitted to tell you that I had been at Yeovil for two days previous to my apprehension. Davis, the man I went to London with, called upon me at Sherborne, and wished me to accompany him to Plymouth; but to this I could not consent. I promised to go as far as Exeter, but did not intend fulfilling my engagement: we stayed together two days in Yeovil, when I gave him the slip: he would not stay an hour in Sherborne, the reason of this is obvious; so you see, in striving to escape the whirlpool of Charybdis I struck upon the rocks of Seylla. And now I must close my epistle: farewell, my valued friend, for the present; and believe me to remain, with the most sincere regard and respect, yours faithfully,
GEORGE ATKINS BRINE.

'P. S.—Davis is become an itinerant quack-doctor, and has a hopeful shoot with him (a son of the Emerald Isle), apparently about sixteen or seventeen.

THE PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

Johnson says of Pope that 'it is pleasant to remark how soon he learned the cant of an author, and began to treat critics with contempt.' This, however, was before he suffered in his own person; for no one felt the lash more keenly than Pope, or knew better how to inflict it upon others. His own "Dunciad" proved the power of criticism to extend much farther than most irritation; for Ralph, one of its subordinate heroes, had so soon obtained that unlucky eminence, that the booksellers suddenly discovered his incompetence, and the poetaster was in danger of starvation. This catastrophe was brought about by two lines:—

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia
Makes night hideous: answer him, ye owls!"

In our own day, John Keats—himself the victim of savage party criticism, though not to the extent usually supposed—attacked in a still more bitter manner some of the classical poets of our language, the followers of the school of Pope:—

—But ye were dead,
To things ye knew not of—ye closely shut
To murky laws lined out with wretched rhyme
And compass vile; so that ye taught a school

Of diths to smooth, inlay, and chip, and fit.
Till, like the certain wards of Jacob's wit,
Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
Of poetry. Ill-fated, impious race,
That blasphemed the bright tyrant to his face,
And did not know it; no, they went about
Holding a poor decrepit standard out,
Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
The name of one Boileau!

Who were these mechanic-poets? Byron answers, Johnson, Goldsmith, Rogers, Campbell, Crabbe. And who more? He goes on: Gifford, Mathias, Hayley, Thomas Brown, Richards, Heber, Wrangham, Bland, Hodgson, Merivale, and 'others who have not had their full fame, because the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and because there is a fortune in fame as in all other things!' This is a curious catalogue: Goldsmith, Crabbe—Hayley and others, like the mortals and immortals jostling in the Iliad! Byron is scarcely cold in his grave when the very names of most of his poetical heroes are forgotten, while that of one Keats, the presumptuous 'tadpole of the Lakes,' is inscribed in the same enduring scroll (above or below it?) with that of the author of *Childe Harold* himself!

It is curious to observe the impartiality of time, and the utter futility of any attempt to sway its judgment. Critics are the exponents of their own opinions—it may be even of those of the day in which they live; but another generation—perhaps another year—reverses their decrees without ceremony. Critics themselves change with the changing time. In 1816 Byron wrote 'anyway' under the most prominent of the literary portraits he had drawn in 1809: such as

'That mild apostate from poetic rule
The simple Wordsworth—
Who both by precept and example shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.
So close on each pathetic path he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,
That all who view the "Idiot in his glory,"
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.'

It is to be regretted that the noble bard did not live long enough to do like justice in the case of another poet. His 'Vision of Judgment' having been published only two years before his death, Southey remains in it a 'renegade' and an 'ass' to this day; terrifying both seraphim and cherubim, and the shade of George III. himself, with his 'spavined dactyls':

'The monarch, mute till then, exclaims "What! what!
Ere come again? No more—no more of that!"'

The imitation of Peter Pindar here may serve to connect these odd 'judgments' with the last satire of the last century. Byron, like Pope, and before him Dryden, was instigated by personal malice or revenge; but Mathias seems to have been a political enthusiast, who ran full tilt at Revolution, and had so little physical courage to support him, that he passed all his after-life in agonies of terror. The 'Pursuits of Literature' was first published in 1794; just after the French had decreed by law that there was no future existence; and so well did it hit the time, that six editions were sold in the next four years. Among the first notes is one on Peter Pindar, not meant to illustrate the text, but brought in, head and shoulders, on a mention of his Theban namesake. Mr Mathias seems to waste a verse on such a character; but tells us in homely prose that Peter's 'noted depravity and malignity of heart' are beyond modern satire, and that posterity—if it can be supposed that such trash as his works shall exist—'will be astonished that the present age could look with patience on such malignant ribaldry.' He is not less severe on Proteus Priestley—

'Who writes on all things, but on nothing well;'

but relapses into a smile as he treats of Bishop Wilkins' 'Discourse concerning the possibility of a passage to the moon,' which method of translation he considers a happy thought in a bishop. Of the same sort is Darwin's notion, that it would be very feasible to direct

the winds by means of philosophy; and to hint the following problem in physics is submitted, for which our author is indebted to Pantagruel:—'Whether the hybernal frigidity of the antipodes, passing in an orthogonal line through the homogeneous solidity of the centre, might warm the superficial convexity of our heels by a soft antiperistasis?' Gilbert Wakefield has so much vanity, virulence, asperity, insolence, and impudence; that literature begins to be weary of him; and Giffies, the historian of Greece, is 'feeble, formal, dull, and tame.' The latter judgment serves to introduce a story about Gibbon, a historian of a different kidney. Soon after he had published the second and third volumes of his 'Decline and Fall,' the late Duke of Cumberland accidentally met him, and desiring to pay him a compliment, said, 'How do you do, Mr Gibbon? I see you are always at it—the old way—scribble—scribble—scribble!'

Our author soon after commemorates as a poet a neglected gentleman of the name of Penrose, who, it seems, had the misfortune to die a curate, and be buried in a village tomb. Mr Mathias piously preserves the titles of his works. He passes a judgment on Hayley and Darwin, which the present day has confirmed, and then touches upon the works of fiction which delighted the old age of the last century:—

'Or must I tempt some novel's lulling theme,
Bid the bright eye o'er *Calistina* stream
With fabled knights, and tales of alighted love,
Such as our Spanish Cato might approve.'

The 'Spanish Cato' was the then Earl Camden. The Roman Cato learned Greek at sixty years of age, that he might read its romances; and our venerable lord chancellor, after having exhausted those written in English, French, and Italian, applied himself to Spanish, to obtain a recreation for his closing years. The English novelists of the day were Mrs Charlotte Smith, Mrs Inchbald, Mrs Mary Robinson, Mrs &c. &c. who, though all of them ingenious ladies, yet are too frequently whining or frisking in novels, till our girls' heads turn wild with impossible adventures, and now and then are tainted with democracy! He makes one exception, however: 'Not so the mighty magician of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," bred and nourished by the Florentine muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the pælar shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment—a poetess whom Aristotle would with rapture have acknowledged, as—

—'La nudrita
Damiella Tiberiazia al sacro speech.'

It is curious to think that Mrs Radcliffe was really the best novelist of that time, only fifty years ago! If Earl Camden remained now alive, he would have no occasion to resort to any other language than his own; but if recalled to life, without having undergone the mental training of the intermediate half century, it may be a question whether he would not turn away with weariness from our present romantic literature, and seek his first loves in the dingy recesses of the circulating libraries.

Mathias now attacks a novelist who formed a school of his own:—

'Godwin's dry page no statesman e'er believed,
Though fiction aids what sophistry conceived;
Genius may droop o'er Falkland's funeral pyre;
No patriot weeps when gifted villains die.'

A scholar next:—

'Who now reads Farr? whose title who shall give?
Dr Sententious right, or Positive?
From Greek, or French, or any Roman ground,
In mazy progress and eternal round,
Quotations dance, and wonder at their place;
Buzz through his wig, and give the bulk more grace;
Words upon words! and most against their will,
And honeyed globules dribble through his quill,
Mawkish and thick; earth scarce the tropes supplies,
Heaven lends his moon and crowded galaxies;
Poetic frenzy, and irreverent rage,
And dotard impotence deform the page.'

In these days we do not feel much interested in Parr; but a note to a name of another kind is worth quoting. The text is—

'I cannot, will not stoop with boys to rise,
And seize on Pitt, like Canning, by surprise.'

'As posterity,' says our author, 'may know little of this young gentleman, I shall add that Mr Canning was first an Eton boy, then wrote a little book of essays, then went to college, was then made M.P., and after some tuition and instruction from the accomplished George Rose, Esq., became one of the under secretaries of state.'

Southey is spoken of as a young gentleman, author of many ingenious pieces of poetry. 'He gave the public,' says Mathias, 'a long quarto volume of epic verses, "Joan of Arc," written, as he says in the preface, in six weeks. Had he meant to write well, he should have kept it at least six years. I mention this, for I have been much pleased with many of the young gentleman's little copies of verses. I wish also that he would revise some of his principles.' He laments that Beattie 'never finished his exquisite poem;' to Robert Burns, 'the Ayrshire ploughman—an original poet,' he gives a line; and Cowper he classes with the Muses themselves on Parnassus:—

'There did they sit, and do their holy deed,
That pleased both Heaven and earth.'—*Bishop Hall.*

'But whence that groan? No more Britannia sleeps,
But o'er her lost Mæsonus bends and weeps.
Lo! every Grecian, every British muse,
Scatters the recent flowers and gracious dews
Where Mæson lies. He sure their influence felt,
And in his breast each soft affection dwelt
That love and friendship know; each sister art,
With all that colour and that sounds impart,
All that the sylvan theatre can grace,
All in the soul of Mæson found their place!
Low sinks the laurelled head; in Mæna's land
I see them pass: 'tis Mæna's drooping band,
To harp of woe in holiest obsequies.
"In yonder grave," they chant, "our Druid lies!"'

It is not merely curious, but instructive for one generation to refer to such records as these of the passing opinions of the preceding one. But, while denying the power of criticism to influence permanently the fate of literary productions, we are quite sensible of the effect it has on the personal destinies of authors. There has been more than one Ralph starved by a couplet. The book-sellers are not likely to be mistaken on such a point, and they are sensitive to criticism to a downright absurdity. The 'opinions of the press' which they nervously append to their advertisements (taken, perhaps, from some obscure provincial newspaper, which would have given a verdict doubly stronger in return for two presentation copies) are extremely amusing—and they are likewise extremely melancholy. When Johnson talked of the cant of authors in despising critics, he knew very well that the bread of authors depended upon it; although he likewise knew that their works were in a different position, and that after the petty influences of the passing hour were at rest, they would stand or fall by their own merit. This distinction is not usually drawn; and we would counsel authors, who cannot afford to wait for the verdict of posterity, to suppress any manifestations of the contempt they may feel for contemporary criticism. At the same time we would counsel them to reserve and cherish in their own minds their *right of appeal*; to look forward with a high and holy confidence to a later judgment; and by keeping their eyes fixed on fame, in contradistinction to mere reputation, to enjoy the best and loftiest privilege of genius.

The conclusion of the 'Pursuits of Literature' is as follows:—

'Here close the strain; and o'er your studious hour
May truth preside and virtue's holiest power!
Still be your knowledge temperate and discreet,
Though not as Jones sublime, as Bryant great;
Prepared to prove in senate or the hall
That states by learning rise, by learning fall;

Serene, not senseless, through the awful storm,
In principle sedate, to shun reform;
To mark man's intellect, its strength and bound,
Nor deem stability on change to found;
To feel with Mirabeau that "words are things,"
While in delusion's ear their magic rings,
Through states or armies, in the camp or street,
And now a school revolta, and now a fleet.
Go, warn in solemn accents, bold and brief,
The slumbering minister or factious chief;
Mourn proudest empires prostrate in the dust,
Tiaras, fanes, and pontiffs, crown and bust;
And last, as through the smouldering flames you turn,
Snatch the Palladium, though the temple burn.*

THE FINANCE OF RAILWAYS.

Of late, some remarkable statements have been made respecting the financial condition, present and prospective, of railways. Although these statements may to a certain extent have emanated from parties having an interest in the depreciation of railway property, there is, unfortunately, too much reason to believe that they have a foundation in truth, and it is therefore proper that they should not be passed over with indifference. The assertion is broadly made, that pretty nearly the whole railway system has been founded on, and is now supported by, deception. Taking advantage of a mania for speculation, the directors of the various railway companies have, it is alleged, got up undertakings of the most fallacious calculations as to revenue; have throughout conducted their affairs in a spirit of reckless gambling; and to support their schemes in the market, so as to induce parties to pay calls on shares and make loans, have habitually presented fallacious balance-sheets. Such are the charges at this moment brought against the stupendous railway system which has grown up in the country during the last few years. In this, as in many other things, the innocent are apt to suffer with the guilty, the prudent with the imprudent; and to allay public excitement, nothing could be more desirable than a really trustworthy investigation into, and exhibition of, the affairs of all the railway companies.

The whole history of the railway mania discloses the unquestionable fact, that the parties who entered into engagements to take shares rarely did so with any other view than to sell at a profit. On this account, it is not matter of surprise that the country should have undertaken to make far more railways than there was money to pay for, or that the last holders of shares should be in the unpleasant predicament of finding no one willing to relieve them of their responsibilities. Considering the vast benefits which railway transit was likely to confer on the country, it is deeply to be deplored that a thing so advantageous, and in itself so noble as a result of human intelligence, should have been degraded into an instrument of gambling and social ruin. On looking at the summary of railway legislation from 1826 to 1847, it is observed that during that period of twenty-one years, the number of acts passed was 899; the money authorised to be raised was £326,643,217; and the length of lines to be constructed was 12,481 miles. The account is said to have lately stood as follows:—

Total amount of money authorised to be raised,	£326,643,217
Amount nominally raised or called up, to the end of September 1848,	125,217,108

Liabilities still resting on the public in respect of railway projects not completed,	£121,208,110
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Of the above £125,217,106 annually raised or called up.

* We do not know what may have been the case in the last century, but in the present day the concluding image is sometimes used so improperly, that perhaps our readers will hardly think it an impertinence if we say that the Palladium was a statue of Pallas, with which was linked the destiny of Troy. It was enshrined in a temple without a roof, and so long as it remained uncaptured, the city was safe.

it appears that only L.148,400,000 have been paid; therefore we arrive at this fact, that the money actually sunk on railways in the United Kingdom during the past twenty-one years is a hundred and forty-eight millions, while the money still to be raised during the next six or eight years is about a hundred and seventy millions—a thing utterly impossible. It is further mentioned by railway statisticians, that of the L.148,400,000 paid, L.17,200,000 are lost or unproductive, leaving a productive capital of L.131,200,000. The revenue from traffic on the railways representing this capital, during the past half-year, amounted to L.4,722,719, and the working expenses to L.2,341,770, leaving a profit of L.2,380,949, or L.1, 16s. per cent. for the half-year, or L.3, 12s. per annum on that capital. It has been usual to estimate that the working expenses of railways would absorb from 80 to 40 per cent. of the revenue; but experience has shown that at least one-half of all the money drawn for traffic requires to be paid for working the lines. On lines of the greatest length and largest traffic, for which most capital has been sunk, it does not appear that a profit of more than from L.3, 10s. to L.4 per cent. per annum is actually realised, or ought to be paid to shareholders. Yet these lines are represented as paying dividends of L.7 or L.8 per cent., and shares in them have been eagerly purchased accordingly! Whether any line of railway could possibly be made to pay seven, or even five per cent., there are little means of judging, because the directors of the great lines, on which there is the most productive traffic, have not kept to their proper business of working their own lines, but have entered into heavy engagements, in guaranteeing high rates of interest to the proprietors of adjoining small lines, or have spent capital in making unproductive branches. It may indeed be said that the fundamental error in railway enterprise has been the purchasing and leasing of insignificant lines at prices unwarranted by prospective profits; by this means alone, the bulk of the money advanced has been dissipated and lost—a result, however, not at all singular in commerce; for men are every day seen to squander the profits of one good speculation on a hundred which afford them no substantial return for either trouble or outlay.

But in raising capital by a creation of fresh shares for branch or extension lines, directors, we regret to say, are accused of something worse than imprudence. It is pointedly alleged that they created these shares in order to speculate on them for their own private advantage. It will be for the directors of the principal lines to repel, by unquestionable evidence, this grave charge: at present, the testimony is all against them. According to a statement in the 'Times' newspaper, October 12, the traffic on some of the leading lines, with that on their projected branches, is greatly below what is inferred by the dividends presently paid. For example, to pay seven per cent., the London and North-Western would require to draw for weekly traffic L.70,000; but the average has hitherto only been L.44,000. The Great Western would require to draw L.52,703; but the average is only L.20,269. The London and South-Western would require to draw L.27,893; but the average is only L.8899. Whether, on the opening of the connecting branch lines of these railways, the traffic will rise to the sums respectively indicated, is extremely doubtful. In the absence of any data to guide us, we would not say the thing is absolutely impossible; at the same time we should fear that the expectation of any such great increase from the opening of branches now in progress rests on an insecure foundation. What, however, is the alternative? Are we to believe that the respectable body of men constituting the directors of the leading railway companies—men generally standing at the head of commerce in their respective localities—are practising a fraud on the country, or are themselves deceived from an ignorance of accounts? Until evidence more conclusive is produced, we must suspend our judgment on a matter so delicate, and

repeat that it is incumbent on the directories in question to relieve public inquietude by an intelligible statement of their affairs. To stand aloof, and resist the importunity for disclosure, on the ground that the public has no proper right to pry into private affairs, will only aggravate the evil. It may even be alleged that the existing alarm has originated in a wish on the part of directors to depreciate their own stock, in order to buy in while shares were low; thus giving an additional hue of fraud to a character sufficiently damaged. But an injury more palpable will ensue. Such will be the want of confidence, that no railway company will be able to raise loans by debenture; and we think that the public in this respect will act with proper discretion; because, for anything at present known, the bulk of the railways may be already mortgaged for larger sums than can ever be realised by their traffic, or than have been sanctioned by acts of parliament. What is the aggregate amount of money now lent on debenture it is difficult to say. By one authority it is stated at L.30,000,000; but by another it is said to be as much as L.70,000,000; and if this latter sum be correct, shareholders may almost make up their minds to seeing so much of their property swept from them by mortgage-holders; that what they have already paid will be as good as lost beyond the power of redemption. That in these circumstances they will discontinue paying calls, if it can be at all avoided by any sacrifice, is more than probable. And thus the vicious circle is completed.

From the indistinct fears prevailing on these various points, shares have lately sunk in an extraordinary degree; and no one can tell where the depreciation is to stop. 'The only panacea (says a writer in *Hera-path's Railway Journal*) to avert this wholesale devastation of railway property, is at once to cease making calls, stop the works as speedily as possible, make no further calls during the present year. Confine the total amount of calls on railways during the whole of the next year, 1849, to L.6,000,000; that sum will be ample to finish lines nearly completed, and to open them for traffic. Reduce the rate of interest on loans to 4 per cent.; that is, not to borrow money in future at a higher rate than 4 per cent. per annum, and there will be plenty of money to do what is requisite.' So far well, but something else is wanting. What that is, need not be repeated in our own words; we prefer the language employed in a recent article in the 'Times':—'The "balance-sheet" of a railway company has now no more effect than a sheet of waste paper; and as it would be perfectly easy to give accounts which would make everything clear, and these accounts are not given, it is naturally inferred that the market would not be benefited by the prospect they would indicate; and hence that, although the end cannot be known, there is a certainty, at all events, that it has not yet been reached. The public hear of meetings of the heads of the leading lines to devise means to stay the ruin. There is only one measure wanted, and that is, the publication of accounts that shall be unmistakeable. If there is a single railway that is considered by its directors to have fallen too low in the market, they can set the matter right. There are plenty of shrewd people at this moment, notwithstanding the hardness of the times, waiting with money in their pockets to find investments. Give them a statement such as they would require, and such as any city accountant, with the materials at his command, would prepare in a form—that the simplest tradesman might understand it, and forthwith they will bid within a fraction of the true value of the shares. So long as such statements are kept back, while it is at the same time notorious that every other available effort is being used that can be used to arrest the fall, there can only be an increase of distrust. Several months back, the companies resisted the appointment of a public auditor. Had it taken place, it is probable the end would by this time have been arrived at. As it is, it may easily be seen that until the books of each concern shall have been

thoroughly sifted by some wholly unbiassed person, or persons independent of the directors, paid expressly for their work, and with a professional reputation at stake upon its accuracy, it must be vain to hope for any permanent mitigation of the chronic terror that now prevails.

PLAIN PEOPLE.

It is hardly fair to introduce the hero of our tale as belonging to the above-mentioned class, without in the first instance ascertaining whereabouts the announcement will place him in the estimation of our readers. We fear that with some who would not for worlds be classed under the same denomination—*young ladies*, for instance—he will be put down at once as an unfortunate being, afraid to take a peep at his own face in the glass, or venture a glance at his own shadow as it intrusively escorts him along the wall. Then, again, there are others who perhaps know the world a little better, and they will pronounce him one who deems himself privileged to say all manner of disagreeable things under the aspect of candour, and to invite you to dine on a badly-cooked leg of mutton, as a proof of unpretending regard; while haply there are some who, not thinking too much of themselves, not knowing too much of the world, will find some corner of the heart warming up at the phrase; some gentle recollection of a quiet old aunt, or old bachelor uncle, living long ago, and far away, in generous contentment—without ostentation, shabbiness, or pretension; always ready to do a good turn, or think a good thought, without making a fuss about it; the friend and counsellor of all who wanted help and advice.

If such be the idea at last conjured up, we need not fear to proceed on our introduction, though far from engaging that the present instance will in any degree equal the example we have recalled, or even that such 'plain people' exist at all in the world we have now. Indeed when first we knew Arthur Murray—and that is not very long ago—he was the last person amongst our acquaintance to whom we should have thought of assigning the character; much more readily would we have supposed him sitting for the reverse of the picture; a young, and, as yet, untired lawyer, with more brains than briefs; dandified, elegant, exquisite, somewhat given to satire and paradox; ready to play on each word; to make the worse appear the better reason, and the better seem the worse. No one who then knew him could either, in praise or in censure, have called him a 'plain person'; and most assuredly he would not have admitted the impeachment himself. And yet there was something in the way in which he went to pack up his trunk for the journey he was now about to make with a country client whom he had obliged on some professional matter, and who in return invited him down to his place during vacation, 'to have a shot at the snipe'; something hopeful in the tone with which he repeated his friend's instructions—'Be ready by two o'clock, and we can travel together: just put up two or three shirts, with your shooting-jacket, and your powder and shot; you will want nothing else, for we are all plain people down there'; and something in the manner in which he laid aside his dress-coat, and selected in its stead a garment beyond chance of injury from packing or use, which might lead us to fancy that some trace of character, such as we have glanced at, survived even amidst his later requirements.

In perfect ignorance of the locality he was to visit, and the people he was to meet, beyond the intimation conveyed in the foregoing rather ambiguous phrase, Arthur soon found himself trying to draw an augury from the discourse of his companion; and then inwardly repeating, 'Plain people—if all the rest are like him,' as he vainly endeavoured to give an agreeable turn to the self-sufficient remark, or dogmatical opinion, following closely on the heels of each other, and always prefaced or concluded by a phrase which seemed to have

attained the virtue of an axiom, to cut short all discussion, silence all argument—I am only a plain man, but that is *my* view,' all others being of course indirect and inconclusive, unworthy the attention of any clear unbiassed mind. And Arthur at last could hardly refrain from laughing, as subject after subject was thus arbitrarily nipped in the bud, and as the ignorance or prejudice of his companion took the tone of superiority, and asserted the triumph of natural candour over professional training and *finesse*.

He had not travelled many miles of his way when, half repenting of his undertaking, he arrived at least at one conclusion—that the plain man by his side was a tyrant at home, and that even his own independence would be a doubtful matter while he ventured to remain; he was accordingly quite prepared to see the household still as mice on his arrival, or ready to fly to the ends of the earth at the first sight of their master. He was rather agreeably surprised, therefore, to find himself received in a comfortable dwelling, where the furniture, well-used and well-kept, seemed coeval with the house, and the house itself with the trees that surrounded it, and the quaint garden in front; and to find its mistress aptly representing the whole. Orderly and motherly, she exactly realised his ideas, and allayed all his misgivings by her fearless cordiality towards himself, and her glad welcome to her husband.

All is just as it should be, thought Arthur: 'The good man has been only showing off a little to bring down my conceit;' and he laughed at the conceit himself, remembering that he had attempted to show off in the beginning; when his conclusions were again upset by the entrance of a lady, whom Mr. Wilson at once introduced as his sister, adding the somewhat unnecessary information, 'A regular old maid.' Plain enough, again thought Arthur, though, for his own sake, as well as the lady's, he would just as soon it had not been so plainly expressed. He read at a glance that the individual in question included him in the annoyance such a remark was likely to inflict; but he also read in the silence with which it was received, and the embittered expression which now seemed habitually to rest on features that once must have been pretty, that there was nothing unusual in the impeachment, and that the plainness of speech which had already so often disconcerted himself, had also perhaps, without intentional unkindness, in a sort of rough jocularly, torn away all the little illusions which might still have prolonged her attractions, or at least made the inevitable transition more easy.

And then came the children; but here Arthur was again at fault, as during the whole of the next day, when a down-pour of rain prevented his leaving the house, he had to endure their noisy companionship, and try to appreciate the advantages of 'a plain education,' as exhibited with pride by the father of the family. 'I give them practical habits, and train them, like myself, to look straight at their object, speaking out their minds at all times freely and plainly, without fear or reserve;' and then walking off with perfect complacency, his guest had an opportunity of witnessing the result of this one-sided lesson in polite speeches such as these: 'That's a lie for you, Emmy;' and 'I hate you, Johnny;' while screams, and scratches, and bloody noses, continually formed a running accompaniment to the words; their aunt flying hopelessly from the room with her hands to her ears; their mother flying in from her household duties with horror in her face; and then the indignant narrative, and the equally indignant retort, ending in the punishment of the entire lot.

'Miss Emmy, don't you play on that piano?' said Arthur after some time, good-naturedly hoping to secure a diversion, and relieve the eldest girl from her unrelenting sobbing in the corner. No answer at first; but when the question was repeated, there was the father's own self in the reply—'No, indeed; I do not waste my time with such nonsense.'

'Then who is it for? Who plays on it now?' said

'Oh, nobody; Aunt Millicent used, but papa said it stunned him, 'twas a tiresome noise; so she left it off, and unless when Sydney is here, it is never opened now.'

'And who is Sydney?'

'Oh, Sydney is a cousin of ours, that always comes here in the holidays.'

'Yes, and then you must behave yourself, Miss Emmy; Sydney wouldn't let you or any one else play the tyrant,' muttered Johnny from the other corner, where he had been imprisoned at discretion. To avert the storm which was plainly gathering again, Arthur called Johnny over to him, and showing him the book he had been reading, asked if he would like to hear a story.

'No,' replied the still surly boy; 'Papa says them stories are all lies;' and back he stalked to his durango again, leaving Arthur to consider whether the plain people he knew long ago owed any of their excellence to having cultivated a little of the ornament, as well as the sweet charities of life; and how far it is possible to prevent the weeds and the briars from springing up in our hearts, if some little attention be not given to the flowers.

He had fallen deep into this reverie, and, for aught we know, might have arranged an able speech on the subject of national education, when his attention was aroused by a conversation between Mrs. Wilson and Miss Millicent, who, taking advantage of the enforced tranquillity, had established themselves at work, unnoticed by him as he abstractedly gazed out of the window. Now, however, a name, from which some prospect of relief had already dawned, struck upon his ear as Miss Millicent exclaimed, 'So, Sydney is to be here to-night; and plain as ever, I suppose; that sort of face never grows either better or worse.'

Another specimen of the genus, thought Arthur to himself; but when, with a slightly-reproachful tone, and a glance to her sister-in-law indicating the presence of a stranger, Mrs. Wilson replied, 'I cannot think so; the expression is ever-varying, and yet always so good and so true, that in looking at the features, you forget the face,' he at once felt his levity checked; and mentally applying the words of the speaker to herself, felt how redeeming, even to the homeliest features, was the kindly expression worn by hers at the moment.

Just then Mr. Wilson coming in, announced that he had ordered John to take over the tax-cart to meet Sydney at the coach; and Mrs. Wilson confirmed the favourable impression she had made all along, by gently suggesting that the coach was late, the evenings cold, and it would be much better to send out the chaise; but her husband, in his own peremptory way, cut her short, meeting the objection with his favourite phrase, 'Pooh, pooh; Sydney knows very well we are only plain people, and that I am an ensnare to over-refinement and self-indulgence in young people: the sponser they are broken in to rough realities the better—eh, Mr. Murray?—instead of being allowed to think, as they do now-a-days, that the world is made for themselves.'

Arthur bowed in silent answer to this appeal; there were some rough realities going on again at the far end of the room, which seemed to him to render any other comment unnecessary.

The evening turned out cold, squally, and showery; Mrs. Wilson had been many times at the window to watch the sky; and when at last the curtains were drawn, turned to stir up the fire, saying to herself with a sigh, 'A bad night for Sydney; I wish so much the chaise had been sent.' And again, as Arthur watched the unpretending kindness of her little preparations, and looked at her good-natured countenance lighted up by the kindling blaze of the fire, and the still kindlier feelings within, he no longer wondered that her husband, even in his plainest moods, found nothing unpleasant to say to her. He felt his own captious feelings passing away, and found himself involuntarily recur-

ring to the words he had overheard, 'It is not the features, but the face.'

He was just about to make some inquiries as to the person to whom the sentiment had been applied—'What, who was Sydney?'—when the sound of wheels announced that the object of his curiosity had arrived. The children had been allowed to sit up, and apparently appreciating the indulgence, were quieter than usual; but once more, violent and demonstrative as ever when occasion came, they joined in a general rush to the door, leaving Arthur in solitary possession of the fire-side. A noisy welcome Sydney got; shouts of recognition from each separate voice, screams and straggles, as one pushed the other out of the way, for a while drowned every minor sound, until at last a clear, gay, ringing voice rose above the clamour, as if, pitched beyond its ordinary tone, it was determined to make itself heard. Arthur, who in the new deserted room had been listening with some curiosity, felt a slight twitch of disappointment as the clear treble met his ear: he had somehow all along anticipated somewhat of companionship in Sydney—some pleasant associate to take Mr. Wilson's place in their shooting expeditions—some relief from the dull truisms to which he was weary of being sole auditor; so now exclaiming pettishly, 'Why, Sydney must be only a child, a mere boy after all,' he threw aside his book, and standing up before the fire, felt ready to take his departure on the instant.

But with a sudden misgiving he listened again: the voice, lower and sweeter now, though still remonstrating, went on to say, 'Stay, Willy; stay a moment until we get off this dripping cloak; no indeed, Johnny, you shall not drag me in while I'm such a figure; I must get rid of all those spatters in mercy to aunt's new carpet, to say nothing of my own appearance before the strange gentlemen you tell me is within.'

And again the blithe laugh sounded through the half-open door, as the speaker seemingly resisted all Johnny's rough attentions. We said that Arthur listened with a sudden misgiving: with a sudden though involuntary movement, too, he raised his hand to his coloured cravat, glanced downwards at his shooting-jacket, all unchanged since the vain preparations of the morning; but before the wish was half-formed that he had been more particular in his inquiries, less careless in his attire, or, above all, that the family had for once adhered to their own fashion of plain speaking, the door was flung open, and in came a young lady, grasped on all sides by the children, shouting 'Here is Cousin Sydney' at the top of their voices, and quite superseding the necessity of a more formal introduction, when the elders of the party followed quietly into the room.

And so 'Cousin Sydney' was a girl after all! When the first shock had subsided, that instead of the ally and companion he had made up his mind to expect, presented to his view only a quiet little girl with a countenance cold and repulsive, according neither with Mrs. Wilson's kindly remark, nor yet with the musical laugh in the hall which first roused his suspicions, he felt utterly disappointed, and hardly bestowed a second glance on the unpretending figure that had been introduced with such acclamation: pale and cold she looked, her dark dress fastening high round her throat, dark eyes and hair both making her paleness more conspicuous, without one other colour to relieve the darkness—the shadeless white: no waving ringlets; no sparkling smile, no airy step, personified the Euphrosyne so rapidly conjured up in his fancy by that laugh; no gentle word, no cordial tone realised Mrs. Wilson's description; but passing him by with a scarce perceptible curtsy, and a very perceptible shiver, she turned eagerly to the fire, while he, muttering to himself, 'Another of the plain people, and decidedly the worst,' turned with an air equally chilling back again to his book.

But the ice began to thaw, and involuntarily he

found himself attending while the sweet voice spoke again, in answer to Mrs Wilson's inquiries, regrets, and apologies about her journey, and the weather, and the conveyance; sweeter and kinder it seemed to grow, as each word tried to satisfy them all. 'Indeed, aunt, you need not say a word; I never travelled more comfortably—trusty old John took such excellent care of me, and I was so delighted to drive in the tax-cart: it was bringing back merry old holiday times again. John said I sprang to the seat lighter than ever; but I could not return him the compliment, for since this time last year he is grown twice as stout again, and afforded me as much shelter as if I sat beside a castle wall.' And for the first time since his arrival, Arthur heard the pleasant tones of domestic harmony, as young and old, without a dissenting voice, chimed in with her merry laugh at burly old John.

He looked up from his book; there were no surly faces; no one was exulting over another; no one was provoked; and, wonder of wonders, two of the children peaceably occupied the same chair, keeping each other steady with encircling arms, that they might be all the nearer to Cousin Sydney, and not miss one syllable of her 'stories of the road.' Had a good fairy alighted amongst them, and suddenly transformed them with a sprinkling of honey-dew, Arthur would as soon have expected pearls and diamonds—as the story runs—to fall from their lips, as the courteous words and pleasant laughter that now broke on his ear; and wondering and inquisitive as to the nature of the charm, he found himself looking and listening as Sydney went on.

'Half-smothered in cloaks, which John would wrap round me, who should I meet when we were half-way but Mr Miller, your rector. How he knew me is a mystery; for there was nothing to be seen but my eyes.'

In spite of himself, Arthur could not help thinking they were likely to be remembered; and, whether his look said so or not, at this point the speaker seemed slightly disconcerted, and the eyes and the cheek certainly brightened a little, as she laughingly proceeded—

'He—Mr Miller—thought I had not defences enough, and wanted to wrap his greatcoat round my feet: but when I declined it, in compassion to his own wants, what do you think he said? It was just such a reason as you would give yourself, dear uncle—"It did not matter for him, but young ladies were made of different stuff!"'

Mr Wilson laughed, and yet coloured a little. Perhaps some memory of the morning's discussion about the chaise rose up to remind him that, however similar in expression, he was very far behind Mr Miller in consideration; and he was honestly about to make some confession of the kind, when Mrs Wilson came to his relief by exclaiming, 'Dear Mr Miller, always considerate; deeds, not words with him: most probably, Sydney, in his humble estimation of himself he quite intended a compliment when he said you were of different stuff: that he intended a kindness we may all be sure.' And Arthur, as again he looked up, could not help feeling some slight curiosity as to whether his glance had a second time anything to do with the brightened colour that flitted so suddenly over her face.

But, strange to say, Sydney had never noticed the young lawyer's glances at all. Unaccustomed to admiration or attention, she neither expected nor sought for it, and was now entirely occupied with her long-parted relations, and with all the little changes that had occurred since they met; and Arthur soon discovered, in this forgetfulness of self, in the warm sympathy she felt for others, and the kindly construction she put on all they said or did, the secret of their improvement under her influence, and her hold upon their hearts. Perfectly unpretending herself, even plain in appearance and attire, there was still an appropriateness in every word and movement that made one feel as if no alteration could improve. She should be altogether different, or exactly such as she was: and perhaps there never

existed a more favourable contrast than—her travelling garb laid aside—her neat gingham dress, just circled round the neck with its snowy linen collar, her dark hair always so smoothly braided, and her fresh happy face, presented, to the fluttering curls, the faded finery, and the still more faded pretensions of Miss Wilson, who always pitied her for her plainness, and yet whose beauty had never been to herself such a treasure as Sydney's unconsciousness of its want.

With equal unconsciousness she had gradually become an object of special interest to Arthur, whose first impressions were quite obliterated, and who found her a far more effectual ally, a far more congenial companion, than the imaginary one she had so suddenly set aside. Indeed a very slight shower made him now pronounce the day unfit for shooting, while a still lighter gleam of sunshine made it quite suitable for a social walk: and almost pleasanter still was it to sit within doors and watch the working of Sydney's innocent spells: the pencil and the needle, the story and the song, superseding boisterous quarrels and mischievous words between the children; while enlisting on the better side the habits of truth in which they had been trained, and the discernment on which they had learned to pride themselves, her example showed them how much happier it was to dwell on the good qualities of their associates than on their failings; that by placing things in a favourable light, they were quite a different aspect; and that the power lay within themselves, far more than they suspected, of bringing matters to their own standard, whether it was a high or a low one.

Many days had not passed when the house hardly seemed the same. It was no wonder that Sydney went straight to the mother's heart; but even Mr Wilson seemed to lay aside his bigotry to his own opinions; his rough manners and maxims seeming to be unconsciously tempered in the presence of her natural gentleness and grace.

'You will spoil those young ones, Sydney,' said he one day with a half-indulgent smile, as he found them all clustered round the table, engrossed in some occupation trifling in itself, but invaluable in its effects. 'You are undoing all my work, creating artificial wants, and making them dependent on others for amusement.'

'Oh no, uncle; indeed we are only trying to *amuse ourselves*. When we ask for help, send us away. But come and join us, and you will see how successful we have been without any foreign aid.' And playfully squeezing him in between Emmy and herself, she led him, half in spite of himself, to enjoy that dearest pleasure to a father's heart—fellowship in the gladness of his children; creating gladness in himself, even though he had to draw upon sources long despised and neglected—the quick invention, the play of fancy—which alone could enable him to keep pace with the gay circle he had joined.

On Arthur the effect was different, though almost as powerful. To him Sydney still remained one of the 'plain people;' but then she soon became the connecting link between his own fastidious notions and the habits he had learned to despise—'wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best.' His satirical tendencies fell asleep for want of ought to arouse them; his ambiguous speeches lost their point before her literal interpretation; and his habit of mystifying, or, as it is vulgarly called, 'quizzing,' disappeared beneath the searching, wondering gaze of her clear dark eyes; until at length he felt himself becoming as matter-of-fact as their frequent guest Mr Miller, and would have relinquished the applauses he confidently expected to follow his best display of eloquence for the tearful smile with which Sydney reiterated a cottager's praises of the *school*, summing them up in one sentence, 'Ah, dear! he puts it before a poor body so plain!'

And so Arthur had just arrived at that state of feeling which we scarce venture to whisper to ourselves, much less like to let others discover, when one day, in reference to some holiday party, Miss Wilson, in Sydney's

absence, commented with some flippancy on her anxiety to go, adding, 'I wonder what pleasure she finds in going into society, plain-looking and plainly dressed as she always is!'

Arthur's first impulse was to utter an indignant dissent; the next moment old habits suggested a more qualified reply, and hesitatingly he had just commenced, 'Sydney is decidedly plain, but'—He would have added, 'one never thinks of that;' when, before the words had found utterance, a light step at his elbow made him turn to see Sydney herself crossing the room. For half a second she paused, and when their eyes met, there was something of mournful surprise in her look, something beyond what the mere words could have called up; and though chased away in an instant by a mirthful glance at his own fallen countenance, it awakened a hope, almost as instantaneous, that it was because the words had been spoken by him. But before he could finish the sentence or rally his thoughts, she was gone: and with some effort restraining his anger towards Miss Wilson, whom he could hardly consider the innocent cause of his dilemma, he left the sentence as it was, determined to take the first opportunity of explaining its intention, and thus bring back sunshine to a face that he had never seen clouded before. Cruel man!—cruel words! how often he reproached himself throughout the rest of that day; how often he vowed to speak out his feelings more plainly in future; how often he recurred to that troubled glance, wondering if it had ended in tears, or if it would be turned into anger when he met her again! Vainly he watched and waited through the afternoon hours: whether angry or busy, Sydney did not make her appearance until, when all were assembled in readiness to set out, she entered the room, dressed simply as usual, but never more becomingly, in plain white muslin, with a scarlet geranium in her hair. Arthur approached her, with a look half-penitent, half-admiring, to offer a beautiful rose which he had managed to provide for the occasion. With an ingenuous blush, undoubtedly arising from recent recollections, Sydney frankly accepted it; but he rashly, not contented with this concession, would remove the geranium from her hair, and place the rose in its stead, had not Sydney, evidently thinking this was going too far, retreated a step, throwing her arm above her head to defend the ornament she had placed there.

There was so much of natural grace in the movement; the soft rounded arm formed so fair a frame to the blushing, smiling face, and the expression of that face was so arch, yet so conscious, that even her uncle, for once uttering a flattering truth, exclaimed, 'Really, Sydney, you are growing downright pretty at last!'

'Oh yes!' added Arthur manfully; 'you are very pretty now; but you would look prettier still, I assure you, with my rose in your hair!'

Strange to him was the smile, untinged with the slightest shade of reproach, with which Sydney received a compliment so diametrically opposite to his speech of the morning; but for that passing glance, he might have concluded she had not heard it—but her face always spoke every feeling as it rose—and so, though perhaps slightly disappointed in not having an opportunity of testing the proverbial consequences of a certain class of quarrels, he was fain to believe the offence overlooked in unlimited reliance on his word, whatever it might declare, and in the pleasure of finding the unfavourable opinion so readily retracted. But Sydney's next sentence sent his thoughts in a different channel—'I believe I never much cared about my looks until to-day, when a doubt arose to be almost instantly satisfied again. I am quite content with them now,' added she, laughing, and blushing still more brightly; 'and in spite of your acknowledged good taste, Mr Murray, shall even stay as I am, the more especially'—and for the first time in her life Sydney spoke the truth with an effort—'as it was Mr Miller brought me this geranium to-day, and he will expect to see it here.'

'And you are quite right, dear Sydney,' replied Mrs

Wilson innocently; 'it would be a thousand pities to disappoint an old friend.'

'Dear me,' exclaimed Miss Milicent, 'what has a plain man like him to do with flowers?'

And that, too, was Arthur's first thought; and then he looked at Sydney, and then he understood it all exactly as she meant he should—knew what had restored the momentarily-disturbed brightness to her face—knew that nothing now could cloud its serene happiness, or make her mistrust her own attractions any more. The tale of affection returned and avowed was in those smiling eyes: the secret of her sudden beauty lay in her gladdened heart; no need to speak more plainly—he knew it all; and even in his first disappointment, there arose a feeling of gratitude for the candour that had sought to spare his feelings at the expense of her own.

He profited by the little lesson; for he not only told Sydney plainly all that had been in his heart when he appeared to depreciate her merits, but from that time forth he never shrank from the honest avowal of his sentiments for the sake of some questionable advantage to himself. He has long been what is called 'a plain sort of man;' but he has become an eminent man too, and he dates his first advance in his profession from the time that his clients discovered he had the courage always to tell them the plain truth, while the circumstances under which he had acquired the habit prevented his ever making it unnecessarily painful.

BERNARD PALISSY.

This ingenious man began life as a poor boy, and his earliest recollections were those of turning a potter's wheel. From turning a wheel he was promoted to the making of pottery. His native village was Saintes, in France; and he lived about three hundred years ago. At that period the art of making earthenware was in a rude state in France, but enamelling was much advanced; and young Palissy thought he would try to find out how the finish of enamelling could be applied to pottery.

First he set about instructing himself in reading, and every spare moment he devoted to study. But when he had improved himself in these respects, he was greatly at a loss for money. This, however, he earned by his trade, and by drawing plans, for which he had a taste. This money was spent in experiments. While still a very young man, and without any proper means of supporting a family, he married. This was worse than an imprudence; he did not only himself, but others a serious harm. In the midst of great difficulties he carried on his experiments; and these absorbed the means which should have maintained his family. The slightest improvement he succeeded in making in the process was sufficient to inspire him with the hope that he was at last about to reach the goal; and this hope nerved him to fresh endurance. In vain did he endeavour to inspire others with similar confidence. Every day bitter complaints burst from his wife, and frequently did his children join in their mother's supplications, and with tearful eyes and clasped hands implore of him to resume his former occupation, and give them bread. Palissy met the reproaches and prayers of his wife, and the tears of his children, with inflexible resolve and the most imperturbable composure, apparently as insensible as the earth which he was moulding. But was he really thus indifferent? No; there were moments when despair was at his heart! 'Nevertheless,' we quote his own words, 'the hope that I cherished made me work on with so manly a courage, that often I forced a laugh when I was inwardly sad enough.'

Derided, treated as a madman, suspected of being now a coiner and now a sorcerer, he was proof against all. At length a new combination made him believe himself on the very point of succeeding, when a potter engaged in his service suddenly demanded his discharge and his wages. Palissy, having neither money nor credit, was obliged to sacrifice part of his wardrobe to pay him; then, impatient of the interruption, returned to his furnace, which he had constructed in his cellar—returned to it to find that it wanted fresh fuel, of which his stock was exhausted. What was to be done? Upon the baking of this new essay his last hope depends. He rushes out to the garden, tears

away the trelliswork, breaks it up, and the furnace is again heated. But the heat is not to the proper degree of intensity, and in desperation Palissy throws into the furnace his furniture, the doors, the windows, nay, even the flooring of his house. Vain are the tears, the intreaties of his family; wood is wanting for the furnace, and everything combustible that he can lay hold of is remorselessly sacrificed. But now one prolonged cry of joy echoes through the cellar; and when the wife of Palissy, startled by the unwonted sound, hastens to her husband, she finds him standing, as if in a stupor, with his eyes fixed on the brilliant colours of a vase which he held in both hands. Success had crowned his efforts.

Rapidly now did his circumstances change. His success, so dearly bought as it had been, was followed by still greater advances in the art, and he was now at the head of his profession. Wealth flowed in, and his fame spread far and wide. He had several patrons at court, amongst whom was the Comte de Montmorency, who employed him to execute for him some rustic pieces, as they were called, consisting of figures of animals in earthenware. He resided at the Tuileries, opposite the Seine, and was surnamed Bernard of the Tuileries. Nor was he content with the fame of a mere artist, but turned his attention to almost every branch of natural history and philosophy, and is said by Fontenelle to have made as much proficiency as genius without learning could make. He was the first person who formed a collection of specimens of natural history, and gave lectures upon them, to which the public were admitted on payment of half-a-crown, which he engaged to return fourfold should anything he taught be proved false. He wrote several treatises on a variety of topics, full of original and striking thought. He was the first who taught the true theory of springs, and who ventured to assert that fossil-shells were real sea-shells deposited by the waters of the ocean. He also was the first to perceive and recommend the use of marl and lime in agriculture. His ardour and strength of character were not less conspicuous in his attachment to the religion he professed. He was a Protestant, and became exposed to persecution during the time of the League. In 1584 he was apprehended and committed to the Bastille. The weak King Henry III., who rather favoured him, having told him that if he did not abjure his religion for the prevailing one, he should be constrained to leave him in the hands of his enemies, the intrepid Palissy replied, 'Your majesty has often condescended to say that you pity me; for my part I pity you for uttering the unkingly words, "I shall be constrained;" but I tell you, in more royal language, that neither the Guises, nor your whole people, nor yourself, shall constrain me, a poor potter, to deny my conscience.'

Thus was the same zeal and indomitable firmness which marked his career as an artist carried by Palissy into his devotedness to his higher interests as a Christian. Of his religion and his trade he was wont to say, 'I have no other property than heaven and earth.' He died in the Bastille in 1599, at the age of ninety.

THE GREAT VIADUCT ACROSS THE DEE, IN THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

One of the most daring and stupendous efforts of skill and art to which the railway has given rise, is the great viaduct now in course of completion across the Valley of the Dee, in the Vale of Llangollen, the dimensions of which surpass anything of the kind in the world. It is upwards of 150 feet above the level of the river—being 30 feet higher than the Stockport viaduct, and 34 feet higher than the Menai Bridge. It is supported by 19 arches of 90 feet span, and its length is upwards of 1530 feet, or nearly one-third of a mile. The outline of the structure is perhaps one of the most handsome that could have been conceived, both as regards its chaste style and attractive finish, and its general appearance is considerably enhanced by the roundness of the arches, which are enriched by massive coins, and the curvilinear batter of the piers. This style of architecture imparts a grace and beauty to the structure without impairing its strength. The greatest attention seems to have been paid to the abutments—the only part of the erection, in reality, where any decorative display could be made. In the middle of both, on each side, there are beautifully-executed niches in the Corinthian order, in addition to some highly-finished masonry. The piers are neatly wrought at the angles, and at the base of nearly each there is a bedding of upwards of 460 square feet of masonry. With

the exception of the entrances of the arches, which are composed of a blue sort of brick, the whole structure is built of beautiful stone, if not as durable, at least equal in richness and brilliancy to Darydale. The viaduct has an inclination from end to end of ten feet, and connects that part of the Shrewsbury and Chester Railway between Rhos-y-Medre and Chirk. Viewed from beneath, the vast structure presents a noble and truly grand appearance, and its bold proportions, with its height, cannot fail to call forth admiration from the most indifferent beholder. The viaduct has been erected by Messrs Makin, Mackenzie, and Bracey, contractors, at a cost of upwards of £100,000, being upwards of £30,000 more than the Stockport viaduct. The cost of the timber required to form scaffolding, &c. for its erection was £15,000, and between 300 and 400 masons alone were employed during the whole time of construction.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

LAND OF PLENTY.

In Singapore, with the exception of children and bed-ridden adults, it would be impossible to suffer from starvation: privations are the lot of all; but it must be said for this our tropical region, that an all-kind Providence seems to have opened her stores most lavishly for the use of man; he needs neither to toil nor spin, and yet, like the lilies of the field, he can be fed and clothed. Every cleared spot that is allowed to run into jungle furnishes leaves of various kinds that can be used in curries or in stews. The common *Ubi kays* gives a delicious arrowroot, and this plant is found as a weed, and used as a fence; in all parts, the clady (*Arum esculentum*) that springs up indigenous to our marshes and ditches, though possessed of a poisonous fluid in its leaves and epidermis of the root, yet furnishes in the latter, when boiled, a wholesome food for man, and fattening nourishment for pigs in its leaves. The sea and rivers teem with fish, and the beaches with molluscs and edible sea-weeds. If any part of a ditch is dug, in three or six months it will be filled with fish, and daily from it you will see superannuated women and young children drawing out small yet tasty fish to season their dry rice or insipid clady.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago*.

EEL FASCINATED BY A SNAKE.

On approaching an almost dry drain, I saw a snake slowly extending his coils, raising his head, and steadfastly gazing on what I saw to be an eel of about a foot in length. The eel was directly opposed to the snake, and glance seemed to meet glance, when the snake, having gained the requisite proximity, darted on the eel and caught it about an inch behind the head, and carried it off; but the captor was soon himself the captive, for with a blow on his head I secured both.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago*.

EXCELLENCIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are in knowledge these two excellencies: first, that it offers to every man, the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, 'Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;' to the latter, 'In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind.' The second excellence of knowledge is, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the Deity, where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.—*Bulwer*.

INDUSTRY.

If industry is no more than habit, it is at least an excellent one. 'If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest.' Indeed all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.—*Zimmerman*.

SUSPICION.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much, more than to know little; and therefore men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.—*Lord Bacon*.

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PLAIN TRUTHS FOR ENGLAND.

THERE used to be a conviction profoundly rooted in the English mind, that one Englishman was sufficient to beat three Frenchmen. It has been outgrown by the common sense of the people; but there is still a pretty general impression that we tower high above the continent in morals, and that our whole social state is superior. I rather like the idea of a people having a good conceit of themselves; but it should not be carried to a degree precluding their further improvement, or indulged in at the expense of an unjust opinion of other nations. When an unprejudiced Englishman becomes personally acquainted with the foreign states nearest to us, he can scarcely fail to have his opinion of them exalted. He begins to see that, if they have not all our virtues, they have some of their own perhaps equally good, and that in some points they excel us.

Perhaps the most striking thing to a liberal-minded Englishman of the present day on his first entrance into Belgium and Germany, is that there is not in those countries any appearance of that vast class of irredeemably outcast people who now occupy so large a space in every British city. Long accustomed as he has been to hear of such dismal hordes at home, and to see them wandering in irrepressible mendicancy into the better quarters of all the large towns, where their appearance serves as the skeleton at the Egyptian feast, he experiences a sense of blessed relief when, after looking a little about him, he becomes assured that civilisation and all the symptoms of wealth can exist without necessarily being attended by the rags and practical savagery which seem to be, as it were, their negative pole in this country. These lands have no Ireland to pour in ready-made wretchedness. They have nothing analogous to the wynds of Glasgow, the cellars of Liverpool, and the sinks of filth which fester in Bethnal-Green. They may, indeed, have their forlorn poor: no doubt some considerable proportion of each population is poor. But the remarkable fact is, that they have no such vast hopeless hordes of miserables as we have. There is not with them, as with us, a constant residuum of the people, large in number, wholly sunk in vice and misery, and a threatening focus of moral and physical disease to all around them. In cities in country, the humblest of the community have a neat, cleanly, and substantial appearance; rags and squalor are rare. You may see indubitable tokens that certain persons are in slender circumstances—for instance, a number of women at market, each with only a little fruit to sell, and that of exceedingly small value; yet these persons will be tolerably well clad. One can see that, however poor, they are frugal, considerate people, living within their means, and observing the decencies of life. We should not expect to see persons

of the same class so neat and decent here; they would spend half their income in drama, and themselves and their children would be dirty and half naked.

Switzerland might be described as almost wholly a country of poor people; at least, of people in very moderate, if not pinched circumstances. The farms are mostly small, and hard is the labour by which a livelihood is made. Resident gentry are not to be seen, nor any other wealthy class to furnish profitable employment. The whole case is simply, poor human nature set to scratch a subsistence out of the soil with its ten fingers. Accordingly, the peasantry present few appearances of comfort: they have no luxuries and no leisure. But, while truly poor, the Swiss are a decent-living people. They appear in sound clothing, themselves and their children. Their houses are neat, even pretty. On Sundays, they come forth *en masse* to church, all making a goodly appearance in each other's eyes. That beautiful and affecting sight, humble poverty priding itself on keeping up a comely show before the eyes of God and man, is the rule there, as it is the exception here. They may have little, but they always have something between them and stark-staring misery. One can look on such poverty, and love and honour it.

Seeing such things on the continent, the Englishman to whom they are new finds many of his old-established ideas revolutionised. He begins to ask himself seriously, if his country can justly be said to be superior to all others, when the base of the social pyramid is there in comparatively so unsatisfactory a state. What signifies it, he asks, that the English labouring classes have so much more wealth weakly distributed among them, if it results in their presenting generally a less appearance of decent life? What signifies it that England can boast of her millions of active and ingenious sons—active and ingenious beyond all the people that have ever been on earth—and whose many mechanical works reach a grandeur of result such as has never formerly been known, if it be found that a simple people, with comparatively narrow resources, fulfil more perfectly the conception we have of a moral community? Even respecting some of the noted failings of neighbour nations, we may find that we have not been percipient of the whole truth. For example, while justly loathing the indifference of the French to the matrimonial tie, we may have overlooked the fact that, after all this drawback, there is a far less proportion of crime to population in France than in England. With all their warlike spirit and their unsettledness, they are substantially a more innocent people than the English. We regard the Spanish people with little respect, thinking of them perhaps as little above the semi-barbarism of the middle ages; yet the Spanish peasantry are allowed by those who know them to be a people living in a state of virtuous simplicity which would shame the

working-classes of boastful England. The great consideration, however, is, that the continent, with perhaps the single exception of Paris, nowhere presents those unsightly masses of a practically barbarous population, which nestle in immediate juxtaposition with the affluent upper and middle classes of Britain, and from whose depths of degradation we occasionally hear such startling reports of filth, disease, and unheard-of criminality, notwithstanding all that poor-rates, charitable missions, and private beneficence can do and sacrifice in their behalf.

And why is all this? Simply, he in time perceives, because the foreign labouring populations, along with their slender gains, maintain *frugal, temperate, and considerate habits*. Our Englishman remembers with surprise, at the end of his tour, that though he has seen ten times more abundant appearances of enjoyment among the people than he ever did in the same time in England, he never once saw a drunk person. He knoweth well that 'universal England rageth drunk,' which makes a mighty difference, for drink is notoriously irreconcilable with decency and rectitude.

It is no doubt true that many other circumstances press with more or less force on the labouring classes, and that these ought as far as possible to be altered; and it is not less true that a large portion of these classes are entirely free from the vice here alluded to, while many may be described as provident and careful men. There is another exception having a regard to time, in as far as crises of distress in the commercial affairs of the country bear now and then very hardly on the welfare of the masses. What is meant, however, is that, when all these exceptive considerations are allowed for, it remains still as a distressing charge against the labouring people of Britain, that they mispend a large proportion of their gains in what induces idleness and degradation. On such a subject it is of course impossible to get any evidence that does not apply more or less partially. Yet when we find everybody that has to do with working-people in any capacity (always excepting those who write the newspapers addressed to them) having his particular tale to tell of the reckless and dissipated habits of individuals in the class, it is impossible to doubt that these habits are of extensive prevalence. The chaplain of Preston jail speaks in one of his Reports of the extent to which 'the insane fondness for drink prevails among the *whole* working part of the people.' 'An opportunity,' he says, 'presented itself, which enabled me to estimate, or rather to ascertain, the weekly expenditure in liquor of all the men—hard-working labourers and skilled artisans—employed by one master.' [He gives tables of particulars, and goes on.] 'We see there that, taking any 100 or 150 well-employed workmen, each of them, on the average, devotes to the pleasures of drink more than 25 per cent. of his earnings; that many married men thus squander 40 or 50 per cent.; and that some are so infatuated as to throw away weekly, in drink, 35s. out of 40s. wages.' The same gentleman has ascertained that 15,000 persons were brought up before the magistrates in Lancashire in 1846, charged with drunkenness. An examination of the records, which he has kept for many years, shows that 'the offences for which *distress* is pleaded are exceeded by fivefold those in which drunkenness is *admitted*.' Another jail chaplain avers, 'without fear of being charged with exaggeration, that about four-fifths of the inmates of our prisons owe their first fall from virtue, as well as their present disgrace, to this brutalising vice.*' The ordinary tale

of the masters of great works, and it must be to some extent true, is, that the men of large wages are usually the most dissipated, and bring up their families in the least creditable manner. The usual report of the gentlemen who conduct savings' banks is, that the poorer artisans and the agricultural labourers, whose wages also are on a low scale, are the chief depositors; the well-paid workmen of towns are little seen at those establishments. Gentlemen have set themselves to gather the statistics of dissipation, and we hear of Glasgow with its three thousand taverns consuming a million's worth of liquor annually; Greenock its L.120,000; nay, even a small country town of two thousand inhabitants, and no sort of manufactures to bring in wealth, will be found to devote L.5000 annually to liquor, though it must be a mystery where all the money comes from. Then the estimate for the whole empire is well known to be *sixty-five millions*, or considerably more than the annual revenue. Why is there no Crabbe among the living poets to give rhetorical force to these facts, to paint the English working-men of these latter times of inordinate wealth, and consequently elevated wages, worse off as a class than their own narrow-circumstanced ancestors; to show them actually less miserable in many cases with small than with large returns, with short than with full time, because then possessed of less means of ruining their health and corrupting that morality in which resides happiness; to paint the swelter and reek of low public-houses, where men fall back to something worse than the savage; to show women, and even children drawn into the magic circle of debauchery, so as to leave nothing pure or healthy in the poor man's home? Oh kind Heaven, to think of so many who might be better if they chose, thus left year after year to be their own destroyers!

The poverty of the labouring classes in this country is a fact. Another fact is the comparative comfort of the middle classes. It is a ready way of rationalising the two facts, that the latter have their comfort at the expense of the former. When we look into actual life, what do we see? The middle classes full of care about their little means, eager to satisfy engagements in the first place, scrupulous about undertaking matrimonial obligations, or taking any ease or indulging in any luxury, till their prospects for the future are tolerably secure. All this time the working man feels himself entitled to have any gratification he can obtain with his wages, whatever may come of the future: with or without an income, he claims the privilege of marrying, leaving all consequences of his slighted duties to the humanity of society.* So far from thriving at the expense of the poor, it rather appears that the middle classes only thrive by their frugal and industrious conduct, *in spite* of the burdens which the poor are continually throwing upon them.

It is surely most piteous that, in a country where labour is better remunerated than anywhere on earth, the gains of the labouring classes should have so little effect in promoting their actual benefit. The great bulk of all the fruits of industry in this country goes to the labouring classes; and at the end of the year the account they have to give of it is—*nil*. All has been eaten and drunk, and yet with a less effect in making life comely, decent, or comfortable—not to speak of surrounding it with exalting and refining influences—than is found to accrue from the labours of infinitely less-favoured nations. The real wealth acquired or set by in Britain is little compared with what might be. The very heart and pith of the country may be said to be in a great measure destroyed as soon as it has been formed. Under a changed system, the labouring classes might be the possessors of large wealth, to the enormous increase of the productive powers of the country.

* Thirteenth Report of the Inspectors of Prisons; IV. Northern District, pp. 5, 20.

* As an instance illustrative of this kind of recklessness, one of the 'unemployed' labourers maintained last winter in Edinburgh by public charity at a half-fictional labour paid with 2d. a day, married on the strength of that allotment!

This is an idea not familiar to them, and to which they are apt to turn a deaf ear; but the only thing wanting for it is will. Poorer people than they generally are, save and thus protect themselves from many evils. Why should this not be a more general virtue? Money is the universal leverage of the social world—to have none is simply to be powerless there. With this in store, it is unspeakable what might be effected by the labouring classes for their own benefit. They might provide themselves with handsome dwellings, in lieu of the unhealthy hovels which too many now inhabit; they might insure themselves and their dependants against all the contingencies to which assurance is now applied by the middle classes, and against pauperism besides. There is nothing to prevent vast numbers of them from taking a share of the business of the country as masters, in some modification of the system of copartnery, if they would only condescend to take the common-sense means of attaining such ends which they see adopted by the middle classes—namely, sobriety, frugality, and integrity. England, in short, might become the paradise of the masses, if the masses so willed. But the masses in England are unfortunately an ignorant body, the dupes of their own self-conceited and self-indulgent habits. Their technical ingenuity and industry have been suffered to go beyond their general intelligence, their morals, and their discretion. In these circumstances they have become the sport of crazy theorists and designing adventurers, and seem as if, so far from improving their own circumstances by just means, they would gladly see all besides reduced to their own miserable level. The only conceivable outlet from such a barbarous dilemma, is the diffusion of a real civilisation among the humbler orders. They require true and honest instruction, that they may be enabled to ascertain their own just interests, and learn how to guide their affairs to good and worthy issues. The question for the rest of the community is not now, Shall we extend education to the masses? but, Shall we permit the masses to live uneducated? For verily it is a threatening problem, this perpetual misuse of all the gifts of Providence by the labouring poor, attended by a standing conviction of self-love, that the consequent sufferings are the guilt of another portion of the community. Did England know her true interests, she would not wait for the machinery required to convey knowledge and reason to these benighted intellects, till the settlement of certain points of arrangement which have been matter of dispute for ages, and will be so for ages to come, but determine to take the salvation of her institutions into her own hands. From all appearances, it cannot be done too soon.

CHERRY-TREE HUT.

From one of the breezy heath-covered commons of 'merry England,' a long and winding lane led to a quiet scattered village, and also to a ruinous ivy-covered church. This lane was very narrow, and steep at the extremities, running down into a deep valley, through which bounded a sparkling streamlet; it was, moreover, shaded by trees, so that when the summer sun burnt up the grass on the common to a dark thirsty-looking brown, here refreshment and shelter from the glare were sure to be found. Here many song-birds congregated, and towards the end of May, the concert of nightingales, when the stars were glittering overhead, was perfectly ravishing; to say nothing of early primroses, violets, and wild roses, loading the air with delicious fragrance. It had been called 'Love Lane' from time immemorial, and memories of happy days and youthful companionship lingered around the spot. In the heart of the green valley, and in the middle of the lane, stood a low wooden cottage, containing three

rooms. The entrance to the little garden led over a few planks thrown across the streamlet. This garden surrounded the cot, while before it was a primitive well of pure and crystal water; sun-flowers, hollyhocks, wall-flowers, and daisies in abundance, bloomed around; but the principal part of the ground was occupied by herb and lavender beds. The pride of the demesne, however, consisted in a cherry-tree, whose trunk grew against the side of the wooden tenement, and whose branches spread protectingly far over and above the thatched roof. Well and appropriately might it be called 'Cherry-Tree Hut,' for in spring-time it was a gorgeous sight to look on those luxuriant white blossoms, no less than when the marvellous-sized cherries were ripe: it was the king of cherry-trees—no wonder that old Adam Page loved it so fondly. The cot, the well, the garden, the beautiful tree, all were his own; and here he had lived a life-time with his only child, a daughter, now rather beyond middle age. As a herbalist of sagacity and experience, he realised sufficient means for all their humble wants, Tabby Page adding not a little to their store by her skill in concocting lavender and other distilled waters. Indeed her delicious scents were celebrated throughout the country, and sought for by many a dainty belle, who, leaving her luxurious carriage, tripped down the declivity to visit the pleasant home of Adam and Tabby Page.

This home was a picture of simplicity and contentment; everything was clean, orderly, and well arranged: it carried you back in imagination to a hundred years ago, so quaint and old-world were all its domestic details. Adam himself belonged not to this age, but to the far past; and he heartily detested all innovation and change, inventions and improvements, and considered most of them as a mere tempting of Providence. Newspapers travelled not down Love Lane; letters were as rare as angels' visits are said to be; and Adam abominated the sight of those 'new-fangled Queen's heads,' and would by no means patronise the penny-post. The police he looked upon with suspicious eyes, regarding them as intruders, and of foreign origin; he mourned for the watchmen of the olden times, and their nocturnal warnings, with tidings of 'a rainy night,' or 'a starlight morning;' he yearned after the four-horse coach and guard's horn; he mourned for old trees cut down, old houses levelled, old things done away with, and new ones established. His inveterate prejudice and obstinacy amused some persons, whilst others felt pained to see an aged man so positive and presumptuous, thinking and talking as if *nothing* could move him or his, as if earthly vicissitude had no power over his individual lot. Thus when he heard of this or that undergoing alteration, he would exclaim, 'Thank God, this cot is my own; here the hand of the spoiler *cannot* come whilst I live; that is *impossible*!' 'Not *impossible*, dear father,' ventured to suggest the gentle Tabby, 'but very improbable certainly.' 'Impossible, I say, girl' (she was still a girl with him); '*impossible*!' vehemently urged old Adam, striking his oak staff on the ground; 'for if it was burnt down, are we not insured? and could we not build it up again, stock and plank the same? No—no! change comes not *here*! No Naboth shall purchase my vineyard at any price.'

A favourite haunt of Adam was the churchyard, with its numerous monuments, surrounding the mouldering and deserted house of prayer, at the head of the valley. Many unknown and nameless mounds were there, and many records of the departed; but towering above all other memorials was a marble obelisk, on whose sides were traced, not Egyptian hieroglyphics, but heraldic devices, equally difficult for the uninitiated to decipher;

and there, amid the quaint English lettering of past centuries, might be distinguished the time-honoured name of 'Elvin,' knight and baron, dame and lady. It is very certain that Adam Page had never heard of 'Old Mortality,' so that he could not be suspected of imitation; while the simple and original feeling which prompted him to use his best endeavours to preserve this identical monument from decay, was coupled with stronger associations than respect for antiquity or remembrances of youth. Tabby's mother had been the favourite handmaiden of the last lady of Elvin, and she had died after two years of perfect wedded happiness, leaving this only child; so that, as Adam often said, he had been both father and mother to poor Tabby. Cherry-Tree Hut, with its productive garden, was the dower bestowed on the youthful bride by her grateful mistress, in consideration of long and faithful family service.

All were scattered and gone now—scarcely one of the ruined and degenerate race left; what they *had been* was here alone recorded: to Adam Page they had represented indeed the best nobility of earth. Still he pointed out the spot where the fine mansion with its moated slopes had stood; rows of stuccoed houses occupied its site now—and supreme was the contempt with which he looked upon them all. Here he pointed to the vestige of a pathway under a low arched passage, which had led through a portion of the forest-like grounds; but where were all those grand ancestral trees now—where the pleasant woodlands—the rookery and preserves? All gone, disappeared, built over; a thousand houses and gardens, where the gray mansion, in terraced solitude, had stood for ages. Ah! no wonder that Adam Page sought the churchyard with its mementos of departed greatness: often might he be seen carefully cleansing the sides of the marble obelisk, obliterating all damp and mould, and gazing lovingly on his handiwork. If you addressed him then, he would perhaps tell you how a lady of Elvin, whose name he read aloud, used to come every night, at the hour of twelve, to pray beside her young warrior husband who slept here—how she had mourned for him two years thus—how Tabby's great-great-grandfather used to watch his lady from a respectful distance—and how, on a wintry night, when she had knelt longer than usual, he became alarmed, and ventured to advance; but the lady moved not, spoke not—she was dead! her broken heart had ceased to beat, and she was laid by her husband's side: few people knew these circumstances, for the affair was little spoken of. Elvin Hall was a hermit's home, and the pastor of the church belonged to the noble stock; now the tower was a ruin, the vaults rose in heaps, and a new edifice, in the worst style of modern architecture, stood not far off. Never could Adam Page be persuaded to enter *that*. He had never crossed the threshold of a house of prayer since Elvin Church had fallen into disuse: he still continued to worship at the solitary shrine, amid the forgotten dead of past generations.

It is ten years since I paid my last visit to Cherry-Tree Hut; it was on an evening towards the end of June, and the sun was sinking behind the distant hills: Adam Page was seated in the front of his dwelling, beside the bright well-side, and overshadowed by the patriarchal cherry-tree; he leant his chin on a stout oak staff, and complacently gazed around; satisfaction and contentment were visibly portrayed on the old man's fine open countenance; a little pride was exhibited there also, tinged with a good share of determination, or, as some persons might term it, obstinacy. Tabby was nimbly trotting here and there, in the cheerful fulfilment of her numerous avocations; but she was ever ready for a friendly gossip, and ever ready with a kind and cordial greeting. Now I had come to bid them farewell for an indefinite period, uncertain when, if ever, I might look on fair Elvin Valley again.

'If I am spared to revisit my native land, I will assuredly seek out this dear spot,' I said; 'and if you

are living, Adam, and it is unchanged, I shall indeed be grateful and rejoiced.'

'If we are living, madam,' quoth Adam Page, 'this spot will be unchanged; be sure of that: change comes not here.'

'This is the old song to the same tune,' thought I; and involuntarily, for I know not what possessed me to say so much, I answered, 'You speak too positively, my good friend; nothing is impossible, and you may be living when we meet again, but *not here*.' He laughed in derision, shook his head, and said, pointing to the beautiful tree, the 'Pride of the Valley,' as it was called, 'I shall die beneath its shadow; Tabby will die beneath its shadow.' But he added not, 'If it is God's will.' The old man forgot to say *that*, but Tabby did not; and so we parted. I felt oppressed, and glad to leave the shaded lane for the open common, now bathed in silver light; it lay so hushed and peaceful in holy splendour, that as I gazed on the waving trees I was leaving, and on the familiar landmarks around, I too fervently hoped that change might not be permitted to visit these well-loved scenes of my childhood and youth.

A few months ago, after an absence of ten years, circumstances enabled me to visit these dear old haunts again, and of course the railway, as the only means of transit with ease and expedition, was resorted to. I was indeed scarcely aware that we had diverged on a newly-formed branch-rail conducting to the heart of the country where lay our destination; but in the midst of the whirl and crash, surely, I thought, those distant hills, and in particular that strangely conical-shaped one, are familiar. Then came houses clustering together, and the well-known ugly steeple of Elvin Church. Ah! we were in the beautiful valley, and we must *pass* our favourite lane, and good Adam Page's rural dwelling. 'Look out for the cherry-tree,' I exclaimed; 'perhaps we may even see old Adam himself by the well-side; for it is his evening hour for lounging there.' The words were scarcely uttered, when the rushing motion seemed accelerated; and at the same moment that the 'infernal machine,' as Adam Page used to call the then new invention, gave a wild and prolonged yell, I became aware that we were actually cutting through the identical spot where the 'Pride of the Valley' had stood—the noble old cherry-tree. Where was it? Where was the hut, the well, the scented garden? All vanished like the phantasmagoria of a dream.

Had Adam and Tabby Page vanished from the face of the earth also?—for they had ever appeared to form part and parcel of the spot. We looked at each other in blank amazement, we stretched our necks out of the windows; but by this time we were just clearing the valley, and about being swallowed up in a long dreary tunnel. We gasped for breath, closed our eyes, and murmuring, 'Are we sleeping or waking, or has the fairy wand of enchantment been here?' Alas! we did not sufficiently consider that ten years' absence can effect more startling changes, both on animate and inanimate objects, than an enchanter's wand; and we soon found that the branch-rail of B—, on which we had so unsuspectingly been travelling, was indeed the real and powerful sorcerer, by whose irresistible means every trace of the humble but happy home in Elvin Valley had vanished away for ever—its very memory faded from amidst the crowded and changeable occupants of the numerous modern houses in the vicinity.

However, there were still *some* yearning hearts left, clinging to and mourning over 'bygones'; and it was not long ere I heard a lady, resident in the neighbourhood, lamenting the loss of the walk, the lane, the fine old cherry-tree, the hut, the garden, and all. Poor old Adam Page, she told me, had to be turned out by force at last, for they fairly pulled his house down about his ears.

On inquiry, I found that he had sought a shelter with his daughter Tabby, at a retired farmhouse a few miles distant; and there eventually I saw the old man again, after an interval of so many years. He

looked shy, and somewhat downcast, on first recognising me, and then suddenly said, 'Thee seest the foolish old Adam—the short-sighted, presumptuous old Adam Page properly schooled, madam! Ay, but the rod has been a heavy one!' Tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks as he pursued painful reminiscences; however, when the first agitation subsided, aided by the endeavours of the pious, ever-cheerful Tabby, other topics were introduced, other interests discussed; and ere my visit came to a conclusion, I looked on the venerable locks of snow before me, and on the extreme age of that bowed head, with a sense of deep humility. The lesson thus forcibly impressed had shed so salutary and purifying an influence on the old man's mind, that when I witnessed his present submission and resignation, under a conviction of error, I could not help inwardly desiring that all presumptuous and dogmatical persons might profit thereby: only, if the lesson were taught in early youth, it might prove pleasanter for themselves, and less irksome to others—but still, according to the common adage, 'it is better late than never.'

THE HASHISH.

AMONGST several subjects of scientific inquiry in France, placed for the meantime in abeyance by the revolution of February, one of the most remarkable was the peculiar influence of certain drugs upon the human mind, and the alterations which they produce upon the perceptive powers, the imagination, and the reason. The attention of the French public was brought to this consideration by Dr Moreau, physician to the hospital of the Bicêtre, in Paris, who, in the year 1841, published a short memoir upon the treatment of 'Hallucinations by the Thorn-apple, or *Datura stramonium*.' Whilst discussing the nature of eccentricities, of *fantasies*, and illusions, he was led to describe the singular power of a drug, the produce of the Indian hemp, called *Hashish*, of awakening in the mind a train of phenomena of the most extraordinary character, entrancing the senses in delicious roveries, and modifying the organic sensibility. So invitingly did he paint the nature of the new impressions which arose from its use, that in a short time all the physicians and medical students were indulging in doses of this new addition to the charms of life. From them it rapidly spread to the poets, the idealists, and all the lovers of novelty. Each had a different tale to recount. Some saw phantasmagoric figures dancing more exquisitely than Taglioni; others heard sounds of music vibrating on their ears more impressive than Jenny Lind can produce; some the simple vibrations of a few chords of the harp plunged into the sweetest melancholy; others felt a happiness such as language failed to describe—an exaltation of feeling, which raised them to joys far beyond what this sublunary world can offer. The opium-eater, and the devotee to the wine-bottle, declared that their favourite means of enjoyment possessed little power in comparison to the hashish.

In the year 1845, Dr Moreau gave to the world a work entitled '*Du Hashish et de l'Aliénation Mentale Etudes Psychologiques*,' in which we are furnished with the results of his experience upon himself, upon his friends, and upon patients suffering under mental alienation. Since that period the drug has been subjected to various analyses, and the plant has been reared in France and in Algiers with a view of ascertaining its botanical character; but the ill effects that have followed upon its long-continued use, the uncertainty of the result that succeeds its employment, and the usual fate that attends upon the production of a novelty that every one at first talks about, together with the

late all-engrossing changes, have led to the abandonment of further trials. Still, the subject is worthy of attention, and we trust that its entire character will ultimately be ascertained.

The *Cannabis Indica*, or hashish, has long been known in the Levant, as producing what is there called a *fantasia*. Our English travellers in Egypt, especially Lane, have devoted some attention to it, but rather as a matter of curiosity, than with a view either of trying it themselves, or learning what was the experience of others. The French *savans* who accompanied Napoleon paid more attention to the matter. M. Virey, in a memoir published as far back as 1803, in one of the scientific periodicals, gave a medical view of it, and attempted to prove that it was the *Nepenthes* of Homer. Sylvestre de Lacy has taken a vast deal of pains to learn the ancient history that is to be gleaned relative to it, and has demonstrated that the word assassin is derived from the word *hashichin*, which was given to the Ishmaelites who committed murder under its influence. He produces several Arabic texts, which bear out his interpretation, and then quotes the authority of Marco Polo, who tells us that the Old Man of the Mountains, so mysteriously known by our forefathers, educated young men, the most robust of his tribe, to execute his barbarous decrees. To those who delivered themselves up entirely to his will he promised future rewards of eternal happiness, of which he gave them a foretaste by placing them in delicious gardens, adorned with all that Asiatic luxury could imagine of rich and brilliant, and where every sensual gratification was at command. The young men, after having swallowed a certain beverage, were placed in temples within the gardens; and there, while under the influence of intoxication, indulged to the utmost in their degrading passions, till such was their rapture, that at a word they would throw themselves from the summit of a tower, rush through flames, or strike a poniard in the heart of their dearest friend.

Of those who have experienced the effects of the hashish in France, some have described their sensations in print. Amongst these is Theodore Gautier, one of the most distinguished writers of the day. He has, in the newspaper edited by Emile de Gerardin, '*La Presse*,' given the following testimony of its singular influence:—'The Orientalists,' says he, 'have, in consequence of the interdiction of wine, sought that species of excitement which the western nations derive from alcoholic drinks. The love of the ideal is so dear to man, that he attempts, as far as he can, to relax the ties which bind the body to the soul; and as the means of being in an ecstatic state are not in the power of all, one person drinks for gaiety, another smokes for forgetfulness, a third devours momentary madness—one under the form of wine, the others under that of tobacco and hashish.' He then proceeds to say, that a few minutes after swallowing some of the preparation, a sudden overwhelming sensation took possession of him. It appeared to him that his body was dissolved, that he had become transparent. He clearly saw in his chest the hashish which he had swallowed, under the form of an emerald, from which a thousand little sparks issued. His eyelashes were lengthened out indefinitely, and rolled like threads of gold around ivory balls, which turned with an inconceivable rapidity. Around him were sparklings of precious stones of all colours, changes eternally produced, like the play of the kaleidoscope. He every now and then saw his friends who were round him disfigured—half-men half-plants, some with the wings of the ostrich, which they were constantly shaking. So strange were these, that he burst into fits of laughter; and to join in the apparent ridiculousness of the affair, he began throwing the cushions in the air, catching and turning them with the rapidity of an Indian juggler. One gentleman spoke to him in Italian, which the hashish transposed into Spanish. After a few minutes he recovered his habitual calmness, without any bad effect, without headache, and only astonished at what

had passed. Half an hour had scarcely elapsed before he fell again under the influence of the drug. On this occasion the vision was more complicated and more extraordinary. In the air there were millions of butterflies, confusedly luminous, shaking their wings like fans. Gigantic flowers with chalice of crystal, large peonies upon beds of gold and silver, rose and surrounded him with the crackling sound that accompanies the explosion in the air of fireworks. His hearing acquired new power: it was enormously developed. He heard the noise of colours. Green, red, blue, yellow sounds reached him in waves. A glass thrown down, the creaking of a sofa, a word pronounced loud, vibrated and rolled within him like peals of thunder. His own voice sounded so loud that he feared to speak, lest he should knock down the walls, or explode like a rocket. More than five hundred clocks struck the hour with fleeting, silvery voice; and every object touched gave a note like the harmonica or the *Æolian* harp. He swam in an ocean of sound, where floated, like isles of light, some of the airs of 'Lucia di Lammermuir,' and the 'Barber of Seville.' Never did similar bliss overwhelm him with its waves: he was lost in a wilderness of sweets; he was not himself; he was relieved from consciousness, that feeling which always pervades the mind; and for the first time he comprehended what might be the state of existence of elementary beings, of angels, of souls separated from the body: all his system seemed infected with the fantastic colouring in which he was plunged. Sounds, perfume, light, reached him only by minute rays, in the midst of which he heard magnetic currents whistling along. According to his calculation, this state lasted about three hundred years; for the sensations were so numerous and so hurried, one upon the other, that a real appreciation of time was impossible. The paroxysm over, he was aware that it had only lasted a quarter of an hour.

A case, taken down in notes immediately after its occurrence, may be relied on as perfectly authentic, and as giving a notion of the varied nature of the influence of hashish. The individual, aware of its effects, not by experience, but by what he had heard, having swallowed some of the drug, sat down to the dinner-table; and beginning the dinner in a true French style, ate some oysters, and then suddenly burst into a loud fit of laughter, which soon ceased. He was calm again until the dessert was placed on the table, when he suddenly seized a large spoon, to defend himself against a preserve of fruits, which he fancied was going to fight a duel with him, and then, with a shout of laughter, he rushed from the dining-room. He seated himself in the saloon at the pianoforte, and commenced an air, which was suddenly put a stop to by a horrible vision. The portrait of his brother, which hung over the instrument, became animated, and presented him a three-pronged staff, terminated by three lanterns—one red, one green, and one white. This apparition returned frequently in the course of the evening. Whilst seated on the sofa, he exclaimed suddenly, 'Why bind my limbs? I feel that I become lead! Oh, how heavy I am!' He was taken by the hands to lift him, when he fell upon the ground upon his knees, as if about to pray. Being lifted up, a sudden change came over him. He took the shovel from the fireplace to dance the Polka; he imitated the voice and the gestures of the actors he had lately seen. He fancied himself at the Opera; the people, the noise, the lights, elevated his spirits to their highest pitch. He gesticulated, made a thousand incoherent speeches, and rushed into the next room, which was not lighted up. Something frightful then came over him: he fell into an immense well; it was unfathomable; he tried to lay hold of the stones that projected on the sides of the well, but they fell with him into the abyss. The sensation was painful, but of short duration, and again the scene of the Opera appeared. He spoke of persons whom he had not seen for years; spoke of a dinner at which he had been present five years before, although he was conscious that he was at home, and that all he

then saw had passed a long time before, yet he saw before him two persons whom he had then met. But a bliss that could not be described was the sight of an infant in a sky of blue and silver, with white wings bordered by roses: he smiled, and showed two beautiful teeth. He was surrounded by children with wings, and flying in a blue sky, but they were not equally lovely. These all rapidly vanished, after being a source of infinite delight; and suddenly the hashish called up the land of lanterns. There were people, houses, trees, formed of lanterns, in parallel rows; these lanterns marched, danced, and jumped about; in the midst of them appeared the three lanterns which belonged to his brother's fork. One brilliant light seemed superior to all; this was evidently produced by a piece of coal in the fireplace, for when it was extinguished, the light disappeared with it. On drinking a glass of lemonade, the baths of the Seine rose up in view, where with difficulty he was saved from drowning. A thousand fantastic visions floated across the mind during the three hours of its influence, and there was a mixture of sensations such as only are felt in a dream.

Scarcely two people feel the same effects from hashish. Upon some it scarcely acts at all; and there appears to be a power to resist within, which can at pleasure be called into force. It generally has a striking action upon females, sometimes producing a most extraordinary state of excitement; but there seems to be no indication by which the intensity of its power can be anticipated. There is something very analogous to the state of dreaming throughout the whole progress of a paroxysm caused by it. A train of apparently unconnected ideas rush across the imagination, and in their transition are so rapid, that no chain that links them can be seized by investigation.

The ordinary physical effects of hashish are the feeling of a slight compression of the temporal bones and the upper parts of the head. The respiration is gentle; the pulse is slightly accelerated; a gentle heat, such as is felt on going in winter into a warm bath of a temperature of about 98 degrees, is felt all over the surface of the body; there is some sense of weight about the fore part of the arms, and there is an occasional slight involuntary motion, as if to seek relief from it. There are certain indefinite sensations of discomfort about the lower extremities; they do not amount to much, but are sufficient to render the body uneasy. If the dose, however, have been too large, it is not uncommon for several disagreeable symptoms to show themselves. Flashes of heat seem to ascend to the head, and even a boiling sensation in the brain has been felt; a sensation which not unusually creates considerable alarm. Singing in the ears is complained of; then comes on a state of anxiety, almost of anguish, with a sense of constriction about the chest. Towards the epigastrium most of the untoward symptoms are referred. The individual fancies that he hears the beating of his heart with unaccustomed loudness, but on placing the hand on the region of the heart, it will be ascertained that its action is perfectly normal. Throughout the whole period it is the nervous system that is affected, no other part of the body being acted upon; hashish thus materially differing from opium, whose power is marked upon the muscular and digestive system, retarding the action of the organs, and leaving them in a complete state of inaction.

Under the influence of hashish, the ear lends itself more to the illusion than any other sense. It has been observed by those who devote their attention to the aberrations of intellect, that hallucinations of hearing are much more frequent than those of the eye or the other senses: for one diseased person who sees visions, there are three that are deceived by the ear; and the more intellectual are the more generally the prey to this affection. Luther held long conversations with a demon, and Tasso with an angel. The hashish gives to this sense an extreme delicacy and susceptibility: it is felt within the whole system; the sound seems

to reach the heart; it vibrates in the chest, and gradually awakens remembrances and associations of ideas, and imparts a feeling of increased sensibility. There is a species of ecstasy, a state of exaltation produced, that defies all explanation. The sight is seldom so much affected; there is rarely anything in the shape of a vision conjured up, but objects that are present are conveyed to the brain in a false view. Sometimes the face of a friend is multiplied, or an object of no striking character is converted into a beautiful figure—is metamorphosed in a thousand different forms: thus an old servant of seventy-one years of age, in spite of his wrinkles and gray hair, appeared before Dr Moreau in the form of a lovely girl adorned with a thousand graces; a glass of lemonade in the hands of a friend became a utensil full of burning charcoal; a hat and a coat placed upon a table were transformed into a rickety little dwarf, having the characteristic appearance of one of those hideous persons formerly employed to amuse the great, but not possessing the symmetry either of Sir Jeffry Hudson or our imitable Tom Thumb: the touch is occasionally modified, sometimes being endowed with a high degree of sensibility. The most singular hallucinations were those produced by the hashish in some cases of plague, in which it was employed to alleviate suffering by Dr Auher: a young artist imagined his body endowed with such elasticity, that he fancied that he could enter into a bottle and remain there at his ease; one individual fancied that he had become the piston of a steam-engine; another felt himself growing into a balloon, ready to float upon the air. Some of the young Europeans at Cairo, on their way home after a feast of hashish, thought that the dark and dismal streets of the city had been suddenly illuminated; they persuaded each other that there was a magnificent fête going on, that the balconies of the houses were filled with crowds dressed in gala habits, and making loud noises, there being no real foundation for the supposition beyond the return home of some persons attended by Arabs carrying coloured lanterns.

Three persons had formed a party to try the hashish—an architect, who had travelled in Egypt and Nubia, Dr Aubert Roche, and Dr Moreau. At first the latter gentleman thought that his companions were less influenced by the drug than himself; then, as the effect increased upon him, he fancied that the person who had brought him the dose had given him some of more active quality. This he thought to himself was an imprudence, and then he involuntarily reflected that he might be poisoned; the idea became fixed; he called out loudly to Dr Roche—'You are an assassin; you have poisoned me!' This was received with shouts of laughter, and his lamentations excited mirth. He struggled for some time against the thought; but the greater his efforts were, the more completely did it overcome him, till at last it took full possession of his mind: then a new illusion, the consequence of the first, drove all other thoughts from him. The extravagant conviction was uppermost that he was dead; that he was upon the point of being buried; his soul had left his body: in a few minutes he had gone through all the stages of delirium. These fixed ideas and erroneous convictions are apt to be produced; but they are very evanescent, they last but a few seconds: it is only when there is any actual physical disorder that they remain for any length of time. The ordinary effect of this marvellous drug, however, is an ideal existence, so delicious that there is no wish to shake it off. The Orientalist, when he indulges in it, retires into the depths of the harem; no one is then admitted who cannot contribute to his enjoyment. He surrounds himself with the *almehs* or dancing-girls, who perform their graceful evolutions before him to the sound of music; gradually a new condition of the brain allows a series of illusions, arising from the external senses, to present themselves. Everything wears a fantastic garb. The mind is overpowered by the brilliancy of gorgeous visions; discrimination, comparison, reason, yield up their throne to

dreams and phantoms which exhilarate and delight. The mind tries to understand what is the cause of the new delight, but it is in vain. It seems to know that there is no reality. The positive sensation of universal contentment is the marked feature of the state: it pervades every fibre, and leaves nothing to desire. The narrative of the monarch, so admirably told in the 'Spectator,' who, though plunging his head for an instant only in water, lived during that short time several years in another existence, and went through numerous vicissitudes, seems realised. On one occasion, when Dr Moreau, previously to his going into the Opera-house, had taken his accustomed dose, he fancied that he was nearly three hours passing through the lobby before reaching to the boxes. This phenomenon attends equally upon opium-eating: centuries seem to elapse, during which long trains of visions stalk in endless line before the sight. Mr De Quincey has furnished us, in his 'Confessions of an Opium-Eater,' with some most singular illustrations of this fact.

It is not with impunity that the brain becomes disordered with frequent indulgence in the delicious poison; at last it becomes weakened, and incapable of separating the true from the false; the intoxication too frequently repeated leads to an occasional state of delirium, but this is manifested in a manner almost as singular as the effects just narrated. It must be remarked that, during the dream of joy, there is a consciousness that all is illusion; there is at no period a belief that anything that dances before the senses, or plays upon the imagination, is real; and when the mind returns to its wonted state it acknowledges its illusions, and only wonders at the marvels that have been excited. But after these fantasies have too frequently presented themselves, there arises a permanent morbidity of mind, having for its manifestation a fixed idea—that of seeing beings belonging to an invisible world under various shapes. The Orientalists, and more especially the Arabians and the people of Egypt, believe, as is well known, in the existence of *ginn* or *genii*, a class of spirits forming an intermediate link between angels and man. There are in Egypt many persons who firmly believe that they have seen and held intercourse with these beings, nor can any attempt at reasoning persuade them that they have been deceived. The eaters of hashish are subject to such hallucinations. When Dr Moreau was in Egypt, the dragoman, who was a man of superior sense, having been selected by Champollion as his interpreter, the captain of the vessel in which he went up the Nile, and several of the sailors, had seen *genii*. The captain had seen one under the form of a sheep, that had lost itself, and bleating very loudly; he took him home with the intention of shearing him, and making the wool into a garment, and then eating him, when suddenly he rose up in the form of a man to the height of twenty feet, and with a voice of thunder spoke to him, telling him he was a genius, and then disappeared. His dragoman had met an *ass* in the neighbourhood of Cairo that he wished to lay hold of; it ran with the speed of lightning, announcing itself a genius with loud shouts of laughter. On another occasion he had been at the funeral of two holy men, *Santons*. He saw, and others saw very clearly with him, the coffins of the deceased lift themselves in the air, and place themselves on the height of *Mokatam*, a mountain near Cairo, in the mausoleum which had been destined for their reception. The individuals of whom Dr Moreau speaks passed three months in his service, during which they were in the complete possession of their senses; but such was the state to which they were reduced by this drug, that they would upon any trifling occurrence be affected with these illusions, and neither ridicule nor reasoning could shake their belief. The limited use of the hashish in France has as yet led to no derangement of this kind; but the knowledge that such consequences result from it is of the greatest importance, as it acts as a check to an indulgence in that which would soon become a vice. It may

be emphatically said that none of nature's laws can be violated with impunity, nor can that reason which renders man pre-eminent be misapplied without a punishment.

COUNSIN TOM.

I BELIEVE it to be a generally acknowledged truth, that cousins, unless indeed they be poor ones, are a very agreeable sort of relations; that is to say, a certain *prestige* or favourable anticipation runs to their advantage in our minds, before we know them to be, if possible, actually odious. Unless it be so, by a kind of mythological principle, I don't know why it is that I always to this very day fancy two families of unseen cousins I have to be delightful society: the youths merry, good-natured, amusing fellows—the girls pretty and attractive: nor how it came to pass that with cousins I did see, I have spent hours and hours in doing nothing at all which I can name, but which seems to me to have been so very pleasant, profitable, and worthy of trying to remember, that I can attribute the idea to no other origin than simply cousinship. As for girl-cousins, the tie is fascinating, if only from its easiness: you can slide in and out of it, break it and mend it again, like a chain of flowers: if you have called them Kate and Bessy, you can call them Catherine and Elizabeth again; you can walk by moonlight with them in youth, and talk coolly to them by daytime in manhood, and nobody will reproach you. This abstract view of things does not, however, strengthen the case of my Cousin Tom, who stands upon his own footing. I have always been accustomed to regard him as a unique—a sort of hero-relative, separate from the common herd of cousins.

When we were boys in the country, our father's eldest sister, who had been twice married, and whose second widowhood rested finally under a name represented here by Tytler, came to reside for a time at a farm-house close beside us. She was a tall, dark, old lady, with black glittering eyes, of whom I stood in considerable awe, until she made a favourite of me, probably in sheer competition with our old-maid aunt, her sister, whose pet was my younger brother, and who was cross to everybody else. But our Aunt Tytler was all good nature and patience, as might have been expected from one who had borne with two partners in succession, and was the mother of various cousins. She joked and laughed with me when I was happy, consoled and smoothed me when I was in disgrace, told me old stories, and gave me a piece of bread and currant-jelly every time I came down to see her: my visits were consequently frequent. A sort of pleasant asylum for distressed boyhood was my Aunt Tytler's parlour fireside, where she sat with her spectacles on, reading novels and newspapers, settling the tea-things on her round table, or talking to the village dressmaker who altered and made her gowns. My aunt herself was no needlewoman: she was both too stately and too indolent; but she had apparently a great deal of work to be done, since Jenny Wood, the good-looking, lively, young mantua-maker, was her most frequent visitor, next to myself. On such genial occasions the old lady would go to her bureau—a piece of furniture more ancient and quaintly-shining than herself—and take out a little oval portrait to show us. This was the picture of a dandy-looking youth, with glossy hair curled and parted, red cheeks and lips, and eyes as black as berries, in a purplish frock-coat and a bright waistcoat—just such a work of art as miniaturists do to maternal order.

'Ned, my dear!' she would say—for I shall take the same liberty with my own baptism that I have done with my relation's birth—'Ned, my dear, that's my Tom! That's your cousin! This is my son I was telling you about, Miss Wood; what do you think of it?'

I was then only eight; but to my taste the thing was intolerable. Not knowing the imagination of miniature painters, a strong feeling possessed me that even, although my cousin, this said Thomas Tytler must verge disagreeably near the limits of what is asinine. To the dressmaking damsel, however, this object was one of admiration, doubtless internal as well as expressed. I don't recollect whether, in process of familiarity with it, she sighed or not; but I am sure this was just the sort of Tom to make impression upon the fancy at least of such a person.

The first time I saw this cousin of mine was shortly after, and it exhibited him all at once in a somewhat strong and peculiar light. One evening I thought I would go down to take tea with Aunt Tytler. Seeing her as I approached crossing the farm-house passage to the kitchen with the tea-kettle in her hand, I made myself at home by walking into the parlour. What was my astonishment there to see by the cheerful flickering of the fire a strange gentleman seated in my aunt's easy-chair, within something less than arm's length of Miss Jenny Wood, the pert little dress-maker, who was giggling in a remarkably pleased way.

'Hallo, who are you?' was roared out to me as I approached this free-and-easy personage. Was there ever such impertinence? I absolutely for a moment felt as if I did not know who or what I was, when such an unaccountable odd-sort-of person, whom I scarcely distinguished, could put the inquiry to me in my own aunt's parlour: all I could do was to falter out my name.

'Oh, you're my cousin!' said the stranger, getting up and shaking hands with me. 'Never saw you before; all right, I dare say!'

Here my aunt came back, and both the other parties appeared so gravely innocent by candlelight, that I should have almost taken the gentleman's account against my own notion, but for the slightest possible approach to a wink in the eye next me, when he looked at me afterwards. This, then, was my Cousin Tom; as to his picture, that was a complete libel on him; for although to the last smacking more or less of the 'gent,' and at present favouring a certain brightness of vest and cravat, my cousin was a fresh-looking, handsome, tallish young fellow, with a nose rather hooked and turned a little on one side, as if he had been accustomed to fight his way when a boy, and two such twinkling, roguish black eyes, as contained a world of mirth and good-humour for the world of care outside of them. He was then town-traveller to an Edinburgh merchant of all-wares, whom he had gone to as a shopboy: he was now on a visit to his mother, having arrived only half an hour before; and next day, in consequence of his employer's sudden death, he was going to set off for London, to throw himself there on the chance of some situation or other, which he was merely determined to get. However, with all this before him, he was as merry as a boy, jumped up for the kettle, toasted bread, did all sorts of things, and in the meantime was keeping up such a jovial frolicsome flow of humour, as at last made the party almost uproarious; little Jenny Wood, the dressmaker included, whom he would have to stay to tea, and saw her home afterwards.

Next morning Cousin Tom just looked in at our house to see his uncle and aunt, as well as to get me to help him in carrying his bag to the coach two miles off. On the way, however, without appearing gloomy or depressed, his manner was changed; he talked to me

quite confidentially about his mother, her pride in him, and his fondness for her; about the world, which to him was only a world of 'business;' what I should be, and what he was going to do himself. As we stood waiting for the coach, 'Now,' said he, 'Ned, mind you and stick to your lessons while you're at them, and I'll make your fortune! Here's a shilling for you; give my love to my mother, and say you saw me off. There's the coach; good-by, and God bless you!' The coach rolled up, Tom handed his bag to the guard, climbed after it with an 'all right,' and I stood by myself looking after the cloud of dust, above which the hat of my Cousin Tom was conspicuous. A week or two after, Aunt Tytler showed me a letter from him: it was a dashing, beautifully sharp, and clear hand, which was always in my eyes the model of commercial penmanship—fine strokes and broad ones alternately; it doubtless was one source of his success in life, although how he had contrived to form it in the middle of his 'roughing' apprenticeship I don't know. This was the whole of the epistle, serving as an example of his private style of correspondence:—

'DEAR MOTHER—All's well. Got a good berth with pushing; but a lucky hit, as I think. Address to Dutton and Co., Upper Thames Street, and shall write you with particulars. Dear mother, yours affectionately—T. T.'

He was now with a first-rate London house; but as postages were dear then, and as Aunt Tytler went away to live in Edinburgh, we neither heard nor saw anything of our cousin, except that at intervals, just when one would have imagined him lost or dead, there would come a 'Times' newspaper with those significant initials added to the address. Sometimes a speech or an occurrence would be marked with a cross; or, more rarely, a little note could be picked out of an obscure paragraph, by putting together the scattered letters which Cousin Tom had underdotted. The London 'Times' was to him the greatest authority on all subjects, only less worthy of perusal than that book of which it was the faithful transcript—this busy world. He had no more imagination, Thomas Tytler, than a broomstick, or less, if witches' tales be true of broomsticks fancying themselves flying horses, and thus doing the duty of such cattle; accordingly, I recollect him afterwards trying in vain to read 'Oliver Twist' even, which he never got through to this day. But all of us had excessive delight in spelling out his newspaper epistles, that so wonderfully transmuted a harangue of Sir Robert Peel's, or a dry state of the money market, into his own characteristic news: if it were but the capitals of ten footmen's advertisements that composed the acrostic sentence which was a favourite of his—'All's well.—T. T.'

During those years, however, many were the changes that took place: our own childish boyhood ran up to youth, poor Aunt Tytler was dead and buried, we had left the country to live in a town, and the printed misuses of Cousin Thomas, by coming suddenly from all sorts of places—Newcastle, Canterbury, Bristol, Liverpool, Bath, or York, under the titles of 'Courier,' 'Herald,' 'Sun,' 'Intelligencer,' or 'Mercury'—were enough to indicate that he had taken to the great road. He was now a traveller on a large scale, with some wonderful salary; and the image of him, driving with his gig and mare 'Nanny' from town to town, known to every bagman as the model of their class, Travelling Tom Tytler, whose orders were oiled and whisked out of the most twisted heart by dint of his merry smile—all this grew so palpably out upon us, even in the distance, that the idea of a commercial traveller has always a sort of romantic heroic association to my mind, which railways have only removed into a poetical atmosphere.

Every now and then there was somebody turning up that knew Tom, or had met him, and had heard him talk with pride of 'my uncle,' and 'my old mother, poor woman:' of all cousins he was *par excellence* 'our

cousin.' We could fancy we saw him at night drawing up beside the inn-door, throwing his reins to the ostlers, patronising the landlord, his black eye twinkling roguishly upon barmaids and chambermaids; dashing off his letters, reading the paper, and then enclosing it to signify his whereabouts to the remaining friends who thought about him; then the centre of a circle of jovial bagmen from all quarters, for all sorts of goods, who were enjoying themselves over their tumbler after a hard day's rhetoric. Then he would be Tom all over, from the slippers to the crown of his head, and nobody would think of calling him Mr Tytler who knew him: so many years, indeed, did he appear as mere Travelling Tom, that we felt as if he would never be anything else; a homeless, circulating kind of off-hand fellow, who would never be able to bear fixing down, and would sigh in a palace after the commercial roast-beef, with the pint of port, the gig-apron, and the trotting mare. No one understood till afterwards how Tom carried the serious idea in his head, a secret determination to make out of all that web of roads and calls a certain substantial result, and work up amidst the difficulties of wanting capital or patronage, to a position where his old mother, if she could have known it from her grave, would be prouder to own him.

At length we heard that henceforth our cousin would include the north tour in his peregrinations, so that we should see him again. It was one frosty afternoon of Christmas-eve that my younger brother and I went down to meet him when the mail-coach should come in, for the occasion of his arrival had kept us quite excited for a week beforehand. In rattled the coach to the inn-door, the horses stood with their breath smoking in white clouds against the fog under the lamp, all sorts of wrapped-up passengers tumbled down and out amongst the bustle; but we were experienced enough to look up to the box-seat beside the driver, where we felt our cousin must be. A tall, stout gentleman, accordingly, was the first to jump off from it; he didn't much resemble my recollection of Cousin Tom in his mother's parlour; but the cock of his jaunty hat, and the black eyes visible over a mass of neckerchiefs and box-coats, convinced me it could be nobody else.

'Are you my Cousin Thomas?' I said, as he began to see coolly after his luggage, like a figure whose very outline induced respect in the group of guard, ostlers, and waiters.

'Eh! what?' said he, scarcely turning round. 'I don't know, but I believe I'm *somebody's* Cousin Thomas after all! I'll have a look at you presently, my boy.'

There was his own carpet-bag, and the house's green baize one, and a travelling desk, and a hamper smacking of the season: out of which last emerged, when we got home, such a variety of ham, and salmon-kipper, and a goose, and other provisions, all for a present to 'my aunt,' but, besides, for a royal Christmas dinner, at which Tom would be the vital spirit. Then the firm, though selling almost everything, called itself a brush-making one; so there was a brush for every one of us, from the head of the house down to little Bob in pinafores. Christmas was the centre of the year to our travelling relative, after the rest of it had whirled away in business and in rushing from place to place. In speech, manner, ideas, and outward man he had turned English all over—quick, bustling, matter-of-fact; hated the slow, cautious poking, canny ways of Scotland, where they keep a man soft-sawdery all day about a twopenny order, and said at the end, 'They would see about it!'

What a connoisseur in good fare he seemed too! From his conversation at dinner, you would have thought eating and drinking one of the great businesses of this world, as well as Dutton and Co. themselves, for both of which he was apparently traveller; since he considered it one of the triumphs of art to get anybody to take a bit more; even if they were almost at the last gasp of repletion. He rubbed his hands and chuckled

at seeing us youngsters eat; and it was rich for us to observe himself with a mouthful of my mother's unequalled plumpudding; how he smacked his lips, held his head to one side as if thinking of it, and made his black eyes twinkle! Most of this was talk and theory, the sole ideal field in which our Cousin Tom's imagination betrayed itself; still, what with treating refractory customers and refreshing in inns, he had grown stout and jolly-looking for the prime of life; his forehead bald; his complexion rubicund; his dark eyes full of fun, but knowing; a pair of rich black whiskers, which he had a trick of pulling and stroking; his nose as if it had been a little twisted: he was one of the handsomest and most dashing men of his kind. Nobody would have taken him externally for a Scotchman, unless one had known what a cool, cautious, Jong-headed perseverance he bore in him, had seen him humouring the points of a Scotch tradesman as none but a Scotchman could have done, or had been present when he relaxed after dinner over a bottle of wine, spoke broad Scotch in a contemptuous, laughable sort of way, and talked of 'his old mother, poor woman!' Then at the evening Christmas party of young folks, Cousin Tom was all alive, played at forfeits, came in dressed in a bonnet and shawl, twisting his features so that we scarcely knew him, and told stories of the road that made us all shriek with laughter, while he laughed himself till the tears ran over his face. Next day, however, he was all business, and off about his orders, which were so few in our town as to be merely a pretext for giving a half-yearly call to us. Before leaving, too, he gave a spice of what I may call his inner character to myself.

'How old are you, Ned, my boy?' said he.

'Fifteen.'

'Why, you ought to be keeping books by this time. Ain't you thought of being anything yet?—to do for yourself; eh? Don't you remember what I told you seven years ago and more?'

'I should like to go into the navy, Cousin Thomas,' replied I.

'The navy! Go into a horse-bucket and be kicked, you young fool,' said Cousin Tom, looking emphatic. 'Here, now, I'll tell you what I did. When my father died, I went, without asking anybody's leave, to old Ballie Jackson's in the Lawnmarket, and offered myself for a shopboy. I was a little fellow of ten, and the bailie wouldn't hear of me, because he didn't want any more boys; however I stuck about the place, doing everything I could, and coming back every morning for nothing, till the old man took a fancy to me, went to my mother, and bound me apprentice, though the poor woman thought it low, and wanted me to stay at school. Well, I had eight pounds for the first year, and there I kept close at it; went a mile to the shop at six in the morning, swept it out, lighted the fires, washed out bottles, and ran home to breakfast, then back again to go errands. Many a dirty job I had to do, and many a bloody nose I got, because I didn't like to do more than my own share of 'em, besides fighting in clothes for my basket; but at last I came to keep books now and then, as I'd made up my mind to have a good hand, and went to a writing-master, and practised arithmetic in spare hours; then I was clerk; and at twenty-one I was town-and-country traveller. Why, you don't know you're born yet, Ned! Well, when the old bailie dropped off, what did I do? I could have got on in the old way no doubt, but I had seen something, and I took it into my head to go to London. I knew nobody, I hadn't got any friends, and I went over twenty houses for no use. At last I came to a first-rate house, in a sort of business I was sure I could do something in, if I once got the chance: Dutton and Co's it was. I walked up straight to the old gentleman, looked him in the face, and told him what I wanted. "I don't want to choose my place," said I; "I'll do anything. I'll begin as a light-porter, if you like: only try me!" The old gentleman looked at me again; perhaps he liked me; but he put me in the warehouse. There

I worked up to be traveller, with three hundred and fifty a year, as I am just now: in a few years more it'll be five hundred; and then—— But you don't know you're alive, Ned! I wish I had you, I'd make a man of you! I'd make you work like a trooper—clean shoes, do anything you were told without asking about it, and never rest while anybody else paid for you. That's my blessing to you now, my boy!'

After all this, at the climax of which my cousin got somewhat excited, he soon smoothed down again. At the coach he gave me half-a-crown, and said, 'Now remember what I told you, Ned, till next time! If you don't, hang me, but I'll give you a regular wallop myself.' When his next two visits occurred, however, I was pretty far off, learning the same lessons Tom had tried to teach me, in a better way than he could have done—namely, in the manner suited to one's own character. But it was a peculiarity of his, that from his want of imagination he never could suppose or calculate for the differences in mental constitution.

The first time I saw him again I was at college, and my younger brother, by his influence, had entered into that commercial sphere which, to our cousin's idea, included all real life and business, the rest being but fables or artifice. His half-yearly visit to the city we were in was regular, and, as formerly, an occasion looked forward to by us. We could count upon his arriving at the London Hotel to a day; the week it lasted was just a succession of suppers with Cousin Tom, who delighted in seeing his younger cousins happy at night, if they were busy by day. On the Sunday we went to church together; like the sovereign, he always went to the established church of the country he was in—the most out-and-out of conservatives was Thomas Tytler, gent.—and would have supported the constitution in Rome or Constantinople; for conservation was necessary to 'business.' As for the theory of the matter, he had none, but preferred the Church of England for its not being Scotch; while the Scotch service, on the other hand, had a wonderful effect on the appetite. Sunday, indeed, was the day on which he enjoyed his dinner; the landlord and his head-waiter brought in the never-failing roast-beef; and how Cousin Tom would take the opportunity of peeping under the cover while they were absent for a moment about the other dishes! The commercial-room was for ever deserted by him now, as the gig and mare had long been, and the former for the very sufficient reason that our cousin had taken a wife; and still more remarkable on both parts, that she invariably travelled with him. This was of all things that which he might have been expected not to do; since how he could have contrived to cast off all the various flames of his dashing bachelor life, and never chuck a chambermaid under the chin again, it was difficult to imagine. Yet Tom had done it, the sober element in him prevailing over the more mercurial; while, at the same time, Mrs Tytler, on a first acquaintance, seemed one of the least likely women to have caught him at last. If he ever did marry, it was thought the lady would be some rich, smart, fine Londoner, English at anyrate, and far too fine to leave her drawing-room if she allowed her husband to travel: indeed the thing was unique on the road, and somewhat invidious. Mrs Tytler was quiet, gentle, very plain in her dress, not remarkably pretty, a Scotchwoman, and she had no money: but our cousin knew his card in this as in other things, and all we wondered at eventually was the sagacity of his choice. His wife appeared made for a relief to his own humour, spirits, and dashing manner: she had a sort of instinct as to his weak points, and exquisite tact in humouring them: while Cousin Thomas walked up and down the room in a passion, or was cross and fretful, she sat quiet, smiling, or saying something now and then till he came round again. He consulted her on all questions of moment: her advice, Tom said, was wonderful; she saw into a customer, and knew the firm better than himself. She had the theory and imagination he wanted, and meanwhile had the air of a

kind of portable home by way of preparation for a stationary one. 'Oh,' he would say all of a sudden, 'if my old mother had been alive and seen you, Ann, how you would have got on with her!' Many a happy evening did we spend with Cousin Tom and his wife in their hotel; she sat so still, talked so quietly, and in such a soft liquid voice, entering into all one's character and meeting its points, that I always thought if I were in distress, or had a quarrel to make up with anybody, I should like to refer it to Mrs Thomas Tytler—she would have been like falling snow upon it, bringing peace and reconciliation.

Two or three years or more passed thus, bringing the travelling pair as punctually each half. They had no family, but were more congenial and happy than ever. In the intervals came newspapers from all places, with the familiar T. T. in the corner, sometimes an A. before it for Mrs Tytler. At length we found that Cousin Tom was no longer to extend his tours so far north; they had even taken a neat little house in London suburbs. Mrs Tytler ceased to accompany her husband, but he only went out for a month or two at a time, having also set up the gig again, with a mare as like the celebrated 'Nanny' as could be found. This 'Nanny,' by the way, Tom's wife would always have it, had been some old flame of his, and every now and then she would torment him about it: which reminded me of my cousin in his mother's parlour with little Jenny Wood, while Aunt Tytler went out with the kettle; and several times I was on the point of alluding to it, when I caught the twinkle of Thomas's one eye, with a concentrated wink in the other, warning me not to do it. Now, however, there was a sad blank with us at every Christmas; but we heard of their snug Christmases in the little house at Brixton—could picture to ourselves Cousin Tom, his wife, her sister, and a few friends, sitting before the fire over the bottle of prime port and the walnuts, the cask of Scotch whisky he always kept for old acquaintances, the servant Mary, the Scotch terrier 'Tip,' the gig in its house, the mare Nanny looking round in her stable for her double feed at the sound of Tom's foot. At Christmas time there invariably came to us such a bundle of 'Timeses,' 'Punches,' and 'Illustrated London Newses,' all redolent of the season, and showing by the flourishing 'T. T.' and 'All's well,' how our favourite cousin's very soul rejoiced in Christmas, and became then almost poetical. Next there arrived a list of members of the 'Honourable Company of Fishmongers,' to which he had been elected, where the name of Thomas Tytler was marked with two crosses. Finally, we were all electrified by the sudden appearance of a circular, headed by the significant words, 'Dutton and Tytler, Brushmakers,' without further notice, showing that our Cousin Tom had become a partner in the firm. Old Mr Dutton was dead, upon which Tom's experience, some money he had saved, and more he was to pay out of his income, sufficed to give him this position: he said it was owing to Mrs Tytler, and I believe to a certain extent he must have been right, since she was just the sort of woman to confirm and impel the inward steadiness of a man externally 'fast,' and dashing, and overflowing with *bonhomie*. Cousin Tom, whose handsome stoutness at one time prophesied ominously of 'blood to the head,' left off porter, finished his pint of port only on Sundays, took a new lease of his life, and went at it like a head of the firm. His senior partner in rank, Mr Dutton the son, was the very contrast of him; a young Englishman, cold, distant, but gentlemanly, and standing upon his position in life, with a young and pretty wife, who thought no more of the business, probably, than Mrs Tytler did of fashion: yet they all worked well together; and Travelling Tom of roadside celebrity, with his genial manner and long head, was only the animating spirit of the house in his capacity of Thoroughgoing Tytler.

To my younger brother in commercial occupation our cousin was the model and idea, at a revering dis-

tance, of success in life; even privately, on some little trait of his seeming to transpire involuntarily in her son, our mother would exclaim, 'So like Thomas!' London, too, with the youth, was the great field of luck as well as exertion: if its streets were not paved with gold, yet the old story of 'Whittington and his Cat' was apparently being acted over again in our Cousin Tom. After a disagreement with his master, our young man in his first huff set off for that mighty battle-field of life in the cloud; and without having said a word to any one, presented himself before his cousin, who was naturally taken rather back at having his own history imitated. His being a relation and a Scotchman was the very bar against introduction into the house, and the partner would be sure to look coldly upon the thing. However, a domestic evening with the quiet partner of the firm of T. and T. gave a more feasible aspect to the case, the woman's spirit bringing into consideration the circumstances of a youth immersed at once amidst the troubled sea of London.

'Now, Joe,' said his Cousin Tom, 'I'll make you work: you mustn't be nice; you shall clean shoes and scrub the floors if you're wanted to! and we'll put you into the warehouse.' This was Cousin Tom's way, of frightening people with the worst, that the better might seem agreeable; but his bark was always worse than his bite; and after dinner, when his cousin was left in the counting-house, he came down once or twice at first with something nice in his hand, which he made Joe take behind the door. My brother was one of the tall specimens of the north, a 'well-grown un,' as his cousin phrased it; and it was his delight to show him off at home for his Scotch cousin, the smallest of his family, whose common tongue was Gaelic, and who had left his kilt in his own country.

'Joe,' he would say to him, 'you're a good-looking fellow now: there's a tinman's daughter over the way with a hundred thousand pounds, and I'm sure she casts a sheep's-eye at you! Couldn't you make up to her, and astonish your mother yet—eh?'

Then he would rub his hands, and laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks, at the thought of Joe's making such a quick step of it, and going home in his carriage.

Cousin Tom's friends in the ward at length made him a common councilman; and he just peeped in at the counting-house door with his blue silk robes on, edged with fur, merely to see of course if all was right, the day he went to be presented to the Queen, and kiss her hand. At night he said chuckling to his wife and Joe, 'What would my poor mother say if she saw me!'—then the tears stood in his eyes. Again, it was his strict rule for Mrs Tytler to write every day when he was absent on an occasional journey, which one day when he was at Brighton she had apparently omitted to do. Cousin Tom took rail immediately, arrived at the street door at home; he let himself in, took off his boots, and crept cautiously up stairs.

'Where's Mrs Tytler, Mary?' said he in a whisper to the servant. 'Is she confined to her room?'

The girl informed him that she was quite well; but on the discovery that the letter had not been posted in time, how he did blow up the unfortunate culprit! After which, ordering her not to mention his return, off he posted back to Brighton again. This was our cousin in his thoughtful or Tytler character, so curiously alternating with the common Tom-like one.

Happiness and good-humour to the end rest at our Cousin Tom's fireside, albeit adorned by no heirs, who would probably degenerate. With his quiet wife, her still quieter maiden sister, and a few friends, their circle is complete. If he should ever come to be lord mayor of London, and his wife lady mayoress, one might suggest a motto for them, at which Cousin Tom once laughed till his sides were sore; namely, A. T. T. O. T. T., being their matrimonial initials linked possessively to those of their own commercial firm, and at the same time signifying, 'At the top of the tree.' Then he would die

an alderman that has 'passed the chair;' but at any rate, on his monument might appropriately be inscribed nothing more than his own favourite epistolary form, 'All's well.—T. T.'

A NEW ESCULENT.

A MEDIATE effect of the fatal potato malady has been that of exciting inquiry and discussion on the subject of an accessory, or substitute for the now indispensable tuber. In some quarters prizes have been offered in furtherance of the object—in this country by the Society of Arts, and on the continent by the Brussels Academy of Sciences. The bulletin of the latter institution for the present year contains an account of a new root communicated by one of the members, which we consider sufficiently important to deserve further publicity. The plant in question is a tuberous variety of the *Tropaeoleae*, known as *Capucines* in France, comprising twenty distinct species, among which the ornamental and pungent Indian cress is familiar to horticulturists. It grows spontaneously in Peru, and is largely cultivated as an article of food, under the name of *Mayua*, in the province of Popayan, at a height of 10,000 feet above the sea-level, as described by Humboldt in 1801.

According to M. Morren, the writer of the paper under notice, the *Tropaeolum tuberosum* was first brought to Europe about twenty years ago. He began to cultivate it in 1838, with the view of introducing it into Belgium as an alimentary resource for the population. The root, however, met with but little attention until 1845, since when it has been carefully tried by eminent horticulturists in different parts of the continent; and the prizes offered by the Belgium government will doubtless have the effect of further extending and improving its culture.

The mayua grows with sometimes as many as fifteen tubers to a root—these are the average size of our potatoes; and are round, kidney-formed, or peg-top shaped, according to kind. Their colour is bright yellow, with rays of reddish-purple or scarlet diverging from the eyes, which are deeply set. A careful analysis of the root proves its organisation to be equal to that of the best alimentary tubers: a preponderance of cellular tissue, abundance of juices and rich fecula, but slight indications of woody tissue, and a protecting skin. Objections have been taken to the depth of the eyes, as presenting a difficulty in peeling: various sorts of potatoes, however, have them equally deep, and the obvious remedy is to peel after boiling. Further cultivation, too, may so improve the plant as to render it as smooth and eyeless as the round Dutch potato.

With regard to the edible qualities of the mayua, M. Morren's experience will perhaps be best given in his own words. After premising that the Peruvians and some of his compatriots had preceded him in the matter of tasting, he observes:—'When I rubbed the tubers exteriorly my olfactory organ became sensible of an agreeable aroma, delicate and tenderly perfumed. There was no earthy smell, as in the potato.

'When cut, a delicious odour exhales, mingled with a certain sub-acidity by no means repulsive; on the contrary, attractive to the palate.

'Eaten raw, the root produces a rich, smooth, unctuous savour, which lasts but a short time, and is all at once succeeded by a piquant peppery taste, exciting the tongue somewhat as ginger. This spicy taste afterwards disappears, and leaves in the mouth a pleasing perfume and agreeable coolness.

'From this I was led to conclude that the tubers of the mayua should be eaten raw, cut in slices as salad, or with meat. I have never experienced any ill effects from eating it in this way, and my family relish it equally with myself.

'I next had the tubers boiled; my cook remarked

that they required more salt than our potatoes; but what most struck us was, that all the perfumed and piquant taste had entirely disappeared. A modification had taken place, the study of which I recommend to the attention of chemists, for the root, when cooked, has exactly the smell of a Tonquin bean. I am quite unacquainted with the element which produces this agreeable odour in the cooked mayua. Nevertheless the boiled tuber is feculent, rich, unctuous, with the taste of a good blue potato, or that of the *Cordilleras* yellow; that is to say, it approaches the flavour of hard yolk of eggs.

'I consider, therefore, that, under all the circumstances, the mayua may become a culinary plant; the important point is to persevere and to vary the cultivation on different soils and in various localities during several years.

'This root is cultivated in the same way as the potato. It requires earthing up, and may be trained to stakes or a trellis, or let to run on the ground; I prefer the trellis, as the plant thereby becomes stronger and more luxuriant. It should be set in spring after the frosts; the tubers form late, and are ripe in October.

'It is easy to comprehend why the mayua, introduced into Europe only since 1828, has as yet neither enemy nor malady: disease and blight most occur among old and over-diffused productions—a providential law, which the history of useful plants abundantly proves. The only foes whose attacks have to be feared in cultivating the capucines, are the larvae of white butterflies (*Pieris*), which commit such fearful ravages on cabbages and cruciferous plants; but means are known by which to prevent the insects from depositing their eggs upon the leaves. Sparrows are frightened away by mannikins, and butterflies may be kept at a distance by egg-shells placed on slender sticks fastened in the ground, or on the ends of branches in the hedge round the plot to be preserved. This fact is proved by experience, and affirmed by long usage in great part of the province of Liege.

'The mayua plants admit of multiplication, by division of the tubers, into as many parts as there are eyes, and they may be further reproduced by budding the branches. The tuberous capucine is as easy to propagate as the potato.'

M. Morren proposes a popular name for this root derived from the Portuguese *Mastouche tubereux*, or tuberous mastouche. Considered at first to be as annual, it is now known to be perennial, but in our latitudes the tubers require to be taken up to prevent their freezing. In 1845 M. Neumann of the Jardin des Plantes at Paris paid some attention to the mayua; he, however, preserved it in vinegar as a pickle. Although easily prepared in this way, merely requiring to be soaked for a month or two in the acid, it is much more serviceable when boiled.

Should the *Tropaeolum tuberosum* be found to answer all the expectations here formed of it, it will be interesting to observe whether the new esculent will meet with as many obstacles on its introduction as was the case with the potato and some other roots. The potato in many quarters was received with bitter denunciations: Voltaire called it 'a trumpety work of nature;' and one hundred years ago it was grown in gardens as a curiosity. Hitherto the mayua has followed what appears to be the general rule—garden culture below field culture; whence the saying, that horticulture is mother of agriculture. The beet-root, first brought from the shores of the Tagus, was cultivated in gardens for two centuries, on account of its elegant leaves and the rich red colour of its root. So with the carrot and sea-kale; the latter is still a curiosity on the continent. When the Emperor Charles V. returned from the conquest of Tunis, he brought the rhubarb to Europe as a useful purgative. This plant also soon became a favourite in gardens and pleasure-grounds, from the size of its leaves, its rose-like centre, and sceptre-like flower. But when the agreeable taste of the stalks was

discovered, a new impulse was given to its cultivation; and at the present time hundreds of acres of rhubarb are grown in the neighbourhood of London as a most useful spring fruit.

THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

THE American revolution was not a casualty brought about by misgovernment on one side, and genius and bravery on the other. It was an event which had been ripening in the womb of time since the days of the pilgrim fathers, and however delayed or accelerated by temporary circumstances, was as sure to happen as any of the regular phenomena of nature. England could not lose by the world's gain; for England was the most important part of the world. When America had waxed too great for a dependency, she burst the bonds of the mother country as naturally as a young bird chips its shell; and when the fracas of the action was over, that *magna pars* had the satisfaction to know that in losing a troublesome colony she had gained for mankind a mighty nation. The war was not a war of races, but of a single people, speaking the same language, and brought up in the same feelings and the same knowledge. It was British valour which burned in American bosoms, and triumphed over British arms—simply because the fulness of time was come when it was impossible for political will to avert a natural necessity.

All this is obvious now; but it was not so in its acted time. One party was loyalist, the other rebel; on one side was freedom, on the other tyranny; both England and the colony forgot that the colonists were English, and in branding one another with all sorts of epithets, it never occurred to the belligerents that they were slandering themselves. A new nationality had sprung up; realities were lost in names; and the axiom of Mirabeau received another illustration—that words are things.

It was a fine idea to paint in a separate picture the part taken by women in this famous contest. Women can never receive from regular history the meed to which they are entitled, because they are not the actors but influencers of great deeds. They serve to adorn war, and humanise passion; and their place would appear to be in the romantic, with a sub-historical character. The author of these volumes has a vague idea of the kind running through her book; but her forte does not lie in the romantic; and when she does yield to the necessity suggested by her taste, the effect is a little awkward. She sometimes begins a narrative, for instance, in the form of a novel (confounding the romantic with romance); but unable to sustain the flight, sinks presently down into the style of a register. But her attempt, notwithstanding, is meritorious, and not altogether unsuccessful; and although her work is not, as she supposes, 'a useful contribution to American history,' it is a storehouse of small materials to which the historian may resort with profit.

A few instances occur in these volumes of coarse and masculine spirits enshrined in female bosoms; but generally speaking, the part taken by the women of the revolution satisfies the heart as much as it rouses the admiration. Generous, high-spirited, and devoted, they rarely forgot the true province of their sex. They gave up their property without a sigh, and went about from house to house *begging* for the army; they embroidered colours, distributed arms and ammunition, and exhorted the men to use them like heroes. In some counties the young ladies pledged themselves not to receive the addresses of lovers who had not given proofs of love of their country. Could female devotion go farther? Yes, farther. They renounced the use of *tea*; for this was the article, a tax on which was the apparent cause of an event already matured in the womb of fate. Young girls even used the sprightliness of their youth as a cloak for patriotism. On one occasion, when a boy had fallen under suspicion,

who was in the habit of bringing letters to the 'rebels' concealed on his person, a young lady entered into a game of romps with him in the market-place of the town; and covering his head with her apron, abstracted his despatches. When she got home with her prize, and it was found that the missives contained good news, this gay, high-spirited lassie, not knowing how otherwise to give vent to her joy without exciting the observation of the townspeople, put her head up the chimney, and gave a shout for the republic!

As an instance of the heroism of the women in their own province, we may mention the account of Mrs Draper:—'When the first call to arms sounded throughout the land, she exhorted her husband to lose no time in hastening to the scene of action; and with her own hands bound knapsack and blanket on the shoulders of her only son, a stripling of sixteen, bidding him depart and do his duty. To the intreaties of her daughter that her young brother might remain at home to be their protector, she answered that every arm able to aid the cause belonged to the country. "He is wanted, and must go. You and I, Kate, have also service to do. Food must be prepared for the hungry; for before to-morrow night hundreds, I hope thousands, will be on their way to join the continental forces. Some who have travelled far will need refreshment, and you and I, with Molly, must feed as many as we can." For two days and a night she employed herself diligently in baking bread; and then erecting a long form on the roadside, she covered it with pans of bread and cheese, placing pails of cider beside them. This entertainment, presided over by Mrs Draper herself, was free to all who passed by on their way to join the army, many of whom were exhausted for want of food; and when her own supplies were at an end, this fine-spirited matron begged from her neighbours. But something besides food was wanted by and by. After the battle of Bunker's Hill there was a scarcity of ammunition, and Washington called upon the inhabitants to send into him every ounce of pewter or lead in their province. 'This appeal could not be disregarded. It is difficult at this day to estimate the value of pewter as an ornamental as well as indispensable convenience. The more precious metals had not then found their way to the tables of New Englanders; and throughout the country, services of pewter, scoured to the brightness of silver, covered the board, even in the mansions of the wealthy. Few withheld their portion in that hour of the country's need; and noble were the sacrifices made in presenting their willing offerings. Mrs Draper was rich in a large stock of pewter, which she valued as the ornament of her house. Much of it was precious to her as the gift of a departed mother. But the call reached her heart, and she delayed not obedience, thankful that she was able to contribute so largely to the requirements of her suffering country. Her husband, before joining the army, had purchased a mould for casting bullets, to supply himself and son with this article of warfare. Mrs Draper was not satisfied with merely giving the material required when she could possibly do more; and her platters, pans, and dishes were soon in process of transformation into balls.' Then came a new want. 'The supply of domestic cloth designed for her family was in a short time converted by her labour, assisted by that of her daughter and maid, into coats for the soldiers; the sheets and blankets with which her presses were stored were fashioned into shirts; and even the flannel already made up for herself and daughter was altered into men's habiliments.' We give this as an example of the spirit of women in domestic matters, and the rather that such anecdotes form the original part of the book before us. We may add that a Mrs Pond, assisted only by another female and a hired man, on a sudden emergency prepared in a single hour a breakfast of milk and hasty-pudding for a hundred wearied and hungry soldiers.

A patriot of the name of Israel, falling under something more than suspicion, was taken on board a frigate as a spy, and a detachment of soldiers was sent to capture and slaughter his cattle, then feeding in a meadow

* By Elizabeth F. Ellet. 3 vols. New York. 1848.

within view of the ship. Mrs Israel was a young wife of nineteen, and about to become a mother, and is described as of a slight and girlish figure, and modest and retiring manners. On seeing the soldiers land, however, and march towards the field, her resolution was taken; and accompanied by a boy of eight years of age, she set out at full speed to the rescue of the cattle. This she effected by driving them into the barn-yard, with the shot of the enemy falling thick about her. There they were safe, for the British forces were not in that quarter in a condition to invade the farmhouses.

One of the most interesting notices relates to the beautiful and light-spirited Mrs Greene, wife of the Quaker general; but it affords little matter for extract. After his death the widow wrote thus to his executor:—'I am a woman—unaccustomed to anything but the trifling business of a family; yet my exertions may effect something. If they do not, and if I [sacrifice] my life in the cause of my children, I shall but do my duty, and follow the example of my illustrious husband.' When Mrs Greene was even very old, her power of fascination is described as being irresistible, and the following anecdote is told of its effect in the person of a lady still living, who, when a girl, had determined not to like the old woman:—'One day she chanced to be on a visit at the late Colonel Ward's, in New York, where she saw a lady—dressed completely in black, even to the head-dress, which was drawn close under the throat—who from her seat on the sofa was holding the whole company in breathless attention to the lively anecdotes of the war, and the brilliant sketches of character, which she was drawing so skilfully, and in a tone so winning, that it was impossible not to listen to her. Still the young girl's resolution was not shaken. She might be compelled to admire, but the liking depended on herself; and she took a seat at the opposite side of the room. How long she remained there she was never able to tell; but her first consciousness was of being seated on a stool at the old lady's feet, leaning upon her knee, and looking up in her face as confidently as if she had been her own mother.'

The influence of *manner* is exhibited in repeated instances throughout the book. One lady, Mrs Gibbes, in the midst of scenes of ruffian violence, during the robbery of her house by the troops, commanded even their respect by her calm and lady-like deportment. In *her* presence all was at least the show of decorum. 'Maintaining her place as mistress of her household, and presiding at her table, she treated her uninvited guests with a dignified courtesy that insured civility, while it prevented presumptuous familiarity. The boldest and rudest among them bowed involuntarily to an influence which fear or force could not have secured.' But this subordination of the slighter feminine feelings by the greater, appears more conspicuously in the heroism with which Mrs Motte consented to the destruction of her property. Her house interrupted the progress of an important siege; and the American commander hinted, with great embarrassment, to a lady to whom the patriotic cause owed much, that its destruction would in all probability insure the capture of the enemy. 'The smile with which the communication was received gave instant relief to the embarrassed officer. Mrs Motte not only assented, but declared that she was "gratified with the opportunity of contributing to the good of her country, and should view the approaching scene with delight." Shortly after, seeing by accident the bow and arrows which had been prepared to carry combustible matter, she sent for Lee, and presenting him with a bow and its apparatus, which had been imported from India, requested his substitution of them, as better adapted for the object than those provided.' The house was burned down before her eyes; the British garrison surrendered; and after the captors had taken possession, Mrs Motte signalled the occasion by presiding, with feminine grace, at a grand dinner of the officers. In one instance this self-abnegation is sublimed into the stoical heroism of a Roman matron in the palmy days of Rome. William Martin was killed at the siege of Augusta; and a British officer rode out of his way to gratify his hatred of the rebels, by conveying the intelli-

gence abruptly to the bereaved mother. 'You had a son,' said he, 'in the army at Augusta? I saw his brains blown out on the field of battle!' The American dame did not blench. Her countenance was calm, whatever strife may have been going on within; and looking steadily at the ruffian, she answered, 'He could not have died in a nobler cause!'

It must be said, however, that instances of ruffianism of this kind were comparatively few for a period of civil war. The heroic actions of the women were in most cases unpunished, and the author is amusingly unconscious of the generosity of the adverse party. At a time when the failure of ammunition began to be vexatiously felt in the American army, supplies of this grand necessary of war were secreted by the patriots in hollow trees, and other such places. The store given to Colonel Bratton was confided by him during an occasional absence to the care of his wife; but the circumstance in some way or other became known, and a detachment of the enemy was sent to secure it. Mrs Bratton was made aware of their near approach, and 'immediately laid a train of powder from the depot to the spot where she stood, and when the detachment came in sight, set fire to the train, and blew it up. The explosion that greeted the ears of the foe informed them that the object of their expedition was frustrated. The officer in command, irritated to fury, demanded who had dared to perpetrate such an act, and threatened instant and severe vengeance upon the culprit. The intrepid woman to whom he owed his disappointment answered for herself. "It was I who did it. Let the consequence be what it will, I glory in having prevented the mischief contemplated by the cruel enemies of my country." The deed was committed with an impunity very common in that war in the case of ladies.

Let us come now to some anecdotes of more stirring adventure. A quiet unobtrusive-looking house in Philadelphia, inhabited by a Quaker pair of the name of Darrah, was chosen by the British officers as a place for private conference; and one evening of meeting the individual in command exhibited so much anxiety to get the family early to bed, that the alarm of Lydia Darrah was excited. She could not rest that night. She heard in imaginative sounds of feet from the midnight council; and at length getting up, she stole like a shadow to the door of the room, and heard the reading of a paper containing the plan of an attack upon the American army at White Marsh on the next day but one. Lydia crept back to bed, and a knocking at her door soon announced to her that the mysterious guests were departing. She shut up the house, and collected her thoughts. Information must be given to her countrymen of the impending destruction—but by whom? To employ her husband would be to place him in imminent jeopardy; and Lydia determined to be herself the messenger. Early in the morning, taking an empty sack with her for the ostensible purpose of procuring flour for the family, she went to head-quarters, obtained General Howe's written permission to pass the British lines, and then walking through the snow to Frankford, deposited her sack at the mill. She then pressed forwards towards the American outposts; but luckily falling in with an officer on the way, she delivered her fateful tidings. Lydia returned home with her sack of flour the same day, and the baffled British never could imagine to whom they owed this unfathomable treachery.

The following is an anecdote of the wife of Colonel Thomas:—'Early in the war, Governor Rutledge sent a quantity of arms and ammunition to the house of Colonel Thomas, to be in readiness for any emergency that might arise on the frontier. These munitions were under a guard of twenty-five men, and the house was prepared to resist assault. Colonel Thomas received information that a large party of Tories, under the command of Colonel More of North Carolina, was advancing to attack him. He and his guard deemed it inexpedient to risk an encounter with a force so much superior to their own, and they therefore retired, carrying off as much ammunition as possible. Josiah Culbertson, a son-in-law of Colonel Thomas, who was with the little garrison, would not go

with the others, but remained in the house. Besides him and a youth, the only inmates were women. The Tories advanced, and took up their station; but the treasure was not to be yielded to their demand. Their call for admittance was answered by an order to leave the premises, and their fire was received without much injury by the logs of the house. The fire was quickly returned from the upper storey, and proved much more effectual than that of the assailants. The old-fashioned "batten door," strongly barricaded, resisted their efforts to demolish it. Meanwhile Culbertson continued to fire, the guns being loaded as fast as he discharged them, by the ready hands of Mrs Thomas and her daughters, aided by her son William; and this spirited resistance soon convinced the enemy that further effort was useless. Believing that many men were concealed in the house, and apprehending a sally, their retreat was made as rapidly as their wounds would permit. After waiting a prudent time, and reconnoitering as well as she could from her position above, Mrs Thomas descended the stairs, and opened the doors. When her husband made his appearance, and knew how gallantly the plunderers had been repulsed, his joy was only equalled by admiration of his wife's heroism. The powder thus preserved constituted the principal supply for Sumter's army in the battles at Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock.

A still more daring exploit is related of two ladies of the name of Martin, wives of two brothers in Ninety-six District:—One evening intelligence came to them that a courier, conveying important despatches to one of the upper stations, was to pass that night along the road, guarded by two British officers. They determined to waylay the party, and at the risk of their lives to obtain possession of the papers. For this purpose the two young women disguised themselves in their husbands' clothes, and being well provided with arms, took their station at a point on the road which they knew the escort must pass. It was already late, and they had not waited long before the tramp of horses was heard in the distance. It may be imagined with what anxious expectation the heroines awaited the approach of the critical moment on which so much depended. The forest solitude around them, the silence of night, and the darkness, must have added to the terrors conjured up by busy fancy. Presently the courier appeared, with his attendant guards. As they came close to the spot, the disguised women leapt from their covert in the bushes, presented their pistols at the officers, and demanded the instant surrender of the party and their despatches. The men were completely taken by surprise, and in their alarm at the sudden attack, yielded a prompt submission. The seeming soldiers put them on their parole, and having taken possession of the papers, hastened home by a short cut through the woods. It happened curiously that the officers, returning on parole, claimed the hospitality of these very ladies, and related their mishap to them, without having the slightest suspicion of the identity of their conquerors and entertainers.

Perhaps, however, the crowning instance of female heroism is the following:—At the siege of Bryant's station near Lexington, a large body of Indians were known to the beleaguered garrison to be lying in ambush near the spring where they drew water. On the other side of the fort there was a party in full view, who, at a given time, were to open fire, and while the garrison were occupied in returning this, and perhaps making a sally, the ambuscade was to unmask themselves, and make an attack on the undefended quarter. Such being the plans of the enemy, how was the garrison to obtain water? If men went for it, the ambuscade would in all probability fire; and when they fled from an overpowering force, endeavour to enter the fort with the fugitives. If the women went for the water—as the women usually did—was there not a chance that the Indians would suppose their ambuscade to be undiscovered, and allow them to return unharmed? On this chance the women went. 'A few of the boldest declared their readiness to brave the danger, and the younger and more timid rallying in the rear of these veterans, they all marched down in a body to the spring,

within point blank shot of more than five hundred Indian warriors! Some of the girls could not help betraying symptoms of terror; but the married women, in general, moved with a steadiness and composure that completely deceived the Indians. Not a shot was fired. The party were permitted to fill their buckets, one after another, without interruption; and although their steps became quicker and quicker on their return, and when near the fort degenerated into a rather unmilitary celerity, with some little crowding in passing the gate, yet not more than one-fifth of the water was spilled, and the eyes of the youngest had not dilated to more than double their ordinary size.'

If we had room, we should enter into some details of a curious story related by our author of a young woman named Deborah Samson, who assumed male attire, and enlisted in the army, from considerations of the purest patriotism. She lived blamelessly, fought gallantly, gained unconsciously the affections of a young lady, and finally, on the discovery of her strange secret, received her discharge from the hands of Washington himself with a fatherly tenderness and delicacy.

We conclude with a notice of the American fortunes of Flora Macdonald, who in 1775 removed with her husband from the Scottish Highlands to North Carolina. 'It was a stormy period, and those who came to seek peace and security found disturbance and civil war. The colonial governor summoned the Highland emigrants to support the royal cause; General Donald, a kinsman of Flora's, who was the most influential among them, erected his standard at Cross Creek, and on the 1st of February 1776, sent forth his proclamation, calling on all his true and loyal countrymen to join him. Flora herself espoused the cause of the English monarch with the same spirit and enthusiasm she had shown thirty years before in the cause of the Prince she saved. She accompanied her husband when he went to join the army, and tradition even says she was seen among the soldiers, animating their courage when on the eve of their march. Though this may be an exaggeration, there is no doubt that her influence went far to inspire her assembled clansmen and neighbours with a zeal kindred to her own. The celebrated battle of Moore's Creek proved another Culloden to the brave but unfortunate Highlanders. The unhappy General M'Donald, who had been prevented by illness from commanding his troops in the encounter, was found, when the engagement was over, sitting alone on a stump near his tent; and as the victorious American officers advanced towards him, he waved in the air the parchment scroll of his commission, and surrendered it into their hands. Captain M'Donald, the husband of Flora, was among the prisoners of that day, and was sent to Halifax: while Flora found herself once more in the condition of a fugitive and an outlaw.

The M'Donalds, with other Highlanders, suffered much from the plunderings and confiscations to which the royalists were exposed. It is said that Flora's house was pillaged and her plantation ravaged. Allen, after his release, finding his prospects thus unpropitious, determined to return with his family to his native land; and they embarked in a sloop of war.' The rest of her history is sufficiently well known. We here close a book, from which, although it does not take a high rank as a literary production, we have received both amusement and information.

CAUSES OF DISEASE.

Before a disease can be produced, it is necessary to have—first, an exciting cause, such as exposure, miasm, or contagion; and second, a body in an apt or predisposed state to receive the impression of the exciting cause, and this aptness may be produced, among other predisposing causes, by bad and low living, or too high living. But of the two specified predisposing causes, it has been found that poor living induces a condition of body much more favourable to receive the poison of malaria and contagion than the

* M'Clung's Sketches of Western Adventure.

opposite state; nay, to such an extent does it do so, as in appearance to swamp the exciting causes, and give rise to the idea that poverty and wretchedness alone will induce endemic fever. I cannot think so, or else we would often in cases of shipwreck and long voyages have those exposed to such a fate, when extreme want has been for a length of time pressing on them, and death in the shape of starvation staring them in the face. I say in such cases, if poverty alone could create fever, then we ought to have it developed to a frightful extent; but such is not the case. No, instead of going the full length of Dr Alison's views, I would stop short with this conviction, that poverty and wretchedness predispose the body to receive the impression of the smallest taint of contagion and miasm.—*Journal of the Indian Archipelago.*

THE CLAN MUNRO.

A correspondent in Edinburgh sends us the following notice:—The clan Munro is of Irish origin. In the eleventh century Donald, son of Oran, Prince of Fermanagh, came to Scotland, and for services rendered in driving the Danes, with great slaughter, out of the province of Moray, the king invested him with the barony of Easter Dingwall—from the Peffrey to the Water of Alness. Having been born on the banks of "the Roe," in the county of Derry, he was styled the "Man of Roe," subsequently changed to *Man-de-ro*—Monro, or Munro; and the district bears his name to this day—namely, *Ferrindonald*, or Donald's Land. With the late chief and baronet, Sir Hugh, terminated the male line of Colonel Robert of Obsdale, afterwards Sir Robert Munro of Fowla, the family honours having descended to the present baronet, Sir Charles, as the lineal male descendant of Sir Robert's brother, Lieut-General Sir George Munro, K.B., who married the Hon. Christian Hamilton, eldest daughter to the first Viscount Boyne. Sir George entered the Swedish service, and commanded a division of Gustavus Adolphus's army at the battle of Lutzen. On the breaking out of the civil war he returned to England, and served in the royal army; was second in command of the royal army in Ireland, under the Marquis of Ormond in 1649; commanded a division of the Scottish army under General Leslie; joined Charles II. in Holland after the battle of Worcester; and, on the Restoration, was made commander-in-chief in Scotland for his eminent services to the royal cause. Sir George died at his seat of Culrain in Ross-shire.—*Inverness Courier.*

SPEAKING-TRUMPET.

At the meeting of the British Association, Mr Whishaw exhibited the Telakouphaon, or speaking-trumpet; and in doing so, said that speaking tubes of gutta percha were quite new, as were also the means of calling attention by them of the person at a distance, which was accomplished by the insertion of a whistle, which, being blown, sounded at the other end quite shrilly. Attention having been thus obtained, you remove the whistle, and by simply whispering, the voice would be conveyed quite audibly for at least a distance of three-quarters of a mile, and a conversation kept up. It must be obvious how useful these telegraphs must become in large manufactories; and indeed in private houses they might quite supersede the use of bells, as they were so very cheap, and by branch pipes could be conveyed to different rooms; and indeed, if there were no electric telegraphs, they might, by a person being stationed at the end of each tube of three-quarters of a mile or a mile, be made most speedily to convey intelligence to any distance. In private houses the whistle need not be used, but a more musical sound be produced. He then amused the auditors by causing the end of the tube, which was of the length of one hundred feet, to be inserted into the mouthpiece of a flute held in a person's hand, regulated the notes, and placing his own mouth to the other end of the tube, 'God save the Queen' was played at a distance of one hundred feet from the person giving the flute breath. Turning to the bishop of St David's, he said that in the event of a clergyman having three livings, he might, by the aid of three of these tubes, preach the same sermon in three different churches at the same time. Mr Whishaw also exhibited the gutta percha submarine rope or telegraph, which consisted of a tube perforated with a series of small tubes, for the conveyance of telegraphic wires; and which, for the purpose of preventing its being acted upon by sea-water or marine insects, was banded or braided round by a small rope, and its being perfectly air-tight would render it quite impervious to the atmosphere.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FAIRIES' SUMMER EVENING SONG.

HARK! 'tis little children's voices singing at their play.
Hark! the village bells are ringing, far, far away.
Hark! the bee is homewards coming from the heather hill:
Ever circling, ever humming, humming, humming still.

In the shady coppice Mother Linnet sings,
And shows her little darlings how to spread their pretty wings:
Grasshoppers are chirping one, two, three, and four:
Busy ants are listening at their little door.

Cunning Master Spider weaves his shining snare—
A silly little fly is caught already, I declare!
Lady-bird looks down with pity from her hanging leaf,
Where the glistening dew-drops are weeping sore for grief.

What a long, long chain of daisies little Bess has made,
Where the merry lambs are running races in the shade!
Bring buttercups, and blue-bells, and every floweret fair,
And weave a blooming garland to deck her pretty hair.

[From *Songs for Children* by a Lady: Wood and Co., Edinburgh.
A very small brochure, containing some very pleasing songs for families, Infant Schools, &c.; music and verses being all original.]

SAGACITY OF A PYRENEAN DOG.

Opposite to our hotel was a dog of singular appearance, a great favourite with the neighbourhood, and, I might add, with my son, who took pains to ascertain all that could be learned of his race and breeding. It was a white wolf-dog of the Pyrenees, soft, silken-haired, scentless, spotless; invaluable as a guard, and evincing, not only the utmost powers of instinct, but, as the owners affirmed, of judgment and reason!—*un chien de discernement.* This clever animal, named by the familiar English abbreviation 'Miss,' used to lie at the hooking-office door of the Messageries Royales, Rue de Bec, noticing, with one eye open, everybody and all things. She knew why luggage was placed here or there, and whether certain descriptions of goods were intended for this or that conveyance. She would not permit crowding at the counter; she could discern whether the book-keeper was being annoyed by too many applicants for places at once; she barked off all those who seemed to be *de trop*; and when special care was manifested by any of the porters in arranging a party's personal effects at the moment of departure, she would sit on the property till the owner began to ask for it. She was about two sizes smaller than our common Newfoundland dog, and would have realised a high price in England. She was five years old, and *malgré* her ultraism in discipline, was a perfectly good-natured creature; and however loudly she might bark, however fiercely she might look, she was considered by all who understood her good qualities as a dog who did everything for the best, and did it well too. We subsequently fell in with a similar dog, three years younger, on our way from Abbeville to Boulogne, homeward; and I am surprised the breed has not been introduced in England.—*The Parson, Pen, and Pencil.*

CHARITY.

It is an old saying, 'that charity begins at home'; but this is no reason that it should not go abroad; and should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—*Chambers's*

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EMIGRANT VOICES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

It was upon a raw and gusty day in the beginning of October in the year 1841, that, accompanied by a small party of friends, I climbed the black and lofty bulk of the good ship the 'Birman,' a three-master of 800 tons register, then lying in the river off Gravesend, and waiting but the arrival of her captain, absent on a final conference with the owners, to proceed on her destined voyage to New Zealand. The vessel carried a small store of merchandise, and had two hundred emigrants on board. On getting upon deck, the scene that met our view appeared, to the inexperienced eyes of a landsman, one of inextricable confusion. A heavy shower had fallen not half an hour before; and the decks, filthy with mud and mire brought on board by visitors and lagging emigrants, were crowded and blocked up in all directions with stores of every description, mingled in indescribable disorder. Amidst countless coils of rope and cable, lines, chains, spars, poles, and timbers, casks, boxes, bales, and packages, sodden with the rain, certain imprisoned but invisible porkers were setting up their throats in testimony of their dissatisfaction; while a few others, either not yet housed, or broken loose, took their chance with the human population, and grunted among the cordage for the few stray vegetables scattered about. Near the entrance to the first cabin stood a couple of immense hencoops, cruelly crammed with living victims, whose ragged and ruffled heads, projecting through the rails, gave token of unwelcome contact with rough weather and rougher usage. Aloft in the rigging hung whole quarters of oxen, newly slain; and the occasional bleating of sheep, stowed away in some undiscoverable recess, gave proof of the praiseworthy determination to stick to fresh provisions as long as it was practicable to do so. Though a sprinkling rain was still falling, the deck was populous with emigrants and parting friends, about to be sundered in a few brief minutes, most of them probably for ever. Some were buoyant with hope, and already enjoyed the anticipation of employment and plenty, which, it was but too plainly seen, they had long been strangers to. Others were altogether as downcast, and made but a sorry figure in the attempt to put a courageous face upon the matter. Some were bitterly weeping; some, with uproarious but forced merriment, endeavoured to chase away the feeling to which they were ashamed to give expression.

Not seeing the parties we were in search of among the scattered groups around us, I hailed the second mate, and inquired for Mr W——, who, with his wife and children, we were informed, was below, 'making all snug for the voyage, as they would drop down the river in the course of the night.' Making our way as well as we could towards the open hatchway, over piles of packages and through parties of miserable leave-takers, we contrived

at length to get down the ladder, into the huge belly of the Birman. Though a few candles glimmered here and there through the enormous length of the emigrant ship, the darkness was too great at first for us to distinguish anything that was not in the immediate vicinity of the hatchway; but as our vision grew by degrees accustomed to the gloom, a scene altogether new to most of us broke upon our view—a scene which one might perhaps seek in vain elsewhere to equal, either in picturesqueness of effect or intensity of interest. The disorder here was even greater than on the deck above. Every kind of receptacle, box, basket, bundle, and cask, of all shapes and sizes, were piled up or scattered on the floor, and amongst them all stood, sat, squatted, or lounged, as best they might, more than a hundred persons, of various callings, of all ages, and both sexes. Some had evidently tramped it for a long distance, and were resting after their journey in the oblivion of sleep, in spite of the din of voices and the lumbering of heavy articles above and around them. Others were just arrived, and busily engaged in the vain attempt to find or make some vacant space whereon to settle themselves and their little store of provisions and goods. Some were clamorous to be shown their particular berths; and others loudly complained of the locality allotted them, far from the hatchway, and in almost total darkness. Crowds of little children, who could scarcely walk, totted about among the lumber, prattling, and pleased with the novelty of the sight; and aged men and women, whom one would have thought willing to rest in a native grave, sat calm and still amidst the hubbub, waiting to be disposed of when their turn should come. I questioned one old woman, whose face was a complete quilting of wrinkles, and who could hardly have been less than ninety, but could obtain no intelligible reply. With an aspect of unconscious stolidity, she squatted upon a small bundle, and sucking the end of an empty duteen, gazed vacantly around her. I learned from a bystander that she was grandmother and great-grandmother of a large party of self-exiles, bound to the antipodes, and 'of course could not be left behind.'

Close by sat a pretty, interesting young woman, upon a blue-spotted trunk, writing a letter—an upturned cask her sole table and desk, her inkstand a teacup; her tears fell faster upon the paper than the words from her pen, which every now and then she laid down to wring her hands, and hide her anguished head in her handkerchief. 'Come, Annie, my girl,' said a smart young fellow at length, 'let me finish it for you: I'll tell the old folks how merry we all are.' And he took the pen from her hand, and assisting her tenderly up the ladder, as he said, 'for a mouthful of air,' he sat down and soon completed the epistle. By this time Mr W——, whom, with his wife and family, we had come to see, emerged from the gloom, and beckoned me and my party to that portion of the long vault which had been allotted for

their use. Two small cupboard-looking recesses, about six feet long, and half that in width and height, formed the whole accommodation for himself, wife, and family for the next five or six months. By dint, however, of cleaning and curtaining, it had been made to assume some aspect of comfort; and as the adventurers had previously made up their minds for something even worse than this, they were not disappointed or cast down by the reality. In choosing a career of certain hardship and privation, in the hope of eventual success, W—— had judged, and had judged wisely, that it was as well to begin with self-denial. Had he spent a good portion of his little capital in securing a cabin passage, he might doubtless have escaped much inconvenience on the voyage; but it is certain that at the end of it he would have entered on his labours with diminished means, and most probably a less enterprising spirit. Having inspected and praised his domestic arrangements, and deposited our contributions to the marine larder, and said all the encouraging things we could think of, and cracked as many jokes as we could bring to bear (all our serious saws and admonitions having been expended long before), we began, from the very nature of our position, to flag into silence, which would have been followed by sadness, but for W——'s sensible proposition to show us the lions of the ship. So, pushing aside the little curtain that had enclosed our privacy, we rose to follow him.

Things were already changing for the better: the sun was shining brightly down the hatchway; much of the heterogeneous lumber had been stowed away; and half the late population had gone upon deck to enjoy the pleasant sun. Still, the place was crowded, and we had some difficulty in making our way through the numerous groups all busy in packing, cramming, or arranging. Some of the berths, situated far away from the light of day, and visible only by the gleam of a dull candle suspended in a horn lantern, seemed to me awfully dismal quarters for a half year's residence, and that partly between the tropics. Between the berths, which were on each side of the vessel, was heaped a pile of merchandise and ballast reaching almost breast-high, and extending nearly the entire length of the interior. On approaching the darkest and most distant part, we came upon a singularly picturesque spectacle. Around the light of a single lantern, suspended from a cross-beam, were congregated about a dozen middle-aged men, of the class of respectable operatives, or perhaps small tradesmen: as we drew near, they were singing, in hoarse but manly tones, the last stave of that well-known hymn of John Wesley's, beginning—

'When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid.'

As the last words, 'And flourish, unconsumed in fire,' died away, or were rather drowned in the confused and incessant noise above and around them, the oldest of the little band, clasping his work-worn hands, said solemnly, 'Let us pray!' Our party stopped involuntarily to witness, perhaps to participate in, this act of devotion. The speaker, raising his head, upon which the red light cast a lurid glare, commenced an ardent, almost agonising prayer to that great and good Being to whose guardian care they were about to commit themselves. However much good taste or refined education might revolt at the phraseology of his petition, it was impossible to deny that the spirit of it was eminently suitable to the circumstances of the case. As he proceeded, he grew more loud and energetic in his requests, and the perspiration streamed down his channelled features, and literally dripped upon his garments. It was a scene which Rembrandt might have embodied in a glorious picture: the

gleaming light on the face of the principal figure, partially obstructed by the shadow of his clasped hands; the deep, dense darkness of the background; the dim-discovered forms of the more distant figures of the group; the statue-like, motionless physiognomy of the nearer listeners contrasted with the supplicating earnestness of the speaker—all together supplied the materials for a composition such as that monarch of the 'dark masters' delighted to portray. When the prayer was ended, we proceeded with our tour of inspection; and having completed the examination of the steerage, gladly emerged again upon the upper deck. By this time the sun was getting very low, and the moment of our departure was at hand. I need not dwell upon our leave-taking; all must probably feel on such occasions what our little party felt, that, next to the final separation at the bed of death, a parting like this is the most painful and affecting.

When the morning sun shone upon the hills above the town of Gravesend, the black-looking bulk of the Birman, for so many days an object of curiosity and interest, had disappeared from the river; and the good ship was by this time, we thought, in full sail down the Channel, the wind being apparently fair for a speedy course to the Atlantic. With fervent prayers for the safety and success of our emigrant friends, we returned home to await with patience for the earliest tidings of their good or evil fortune.

The first news was by a letter received a few days after, dated Deal, October 17, 1841. By it we learned that our anticipations of a fair wind had not been realised, that the party had already suffered extremely from sea-sickness and rough weather, that the nights they had passed on board had been awfully miserable and discouraging, and that the majority of the emigrants were already longing to set foot once more on land, and loudly regretting that ever they had committed themselves to the hateful sea. The vessel had been driven back twice in attempting to start from the Downs, and the passengers were looking forward with perfect horror to a third attempt which was to be made that night. That attempt, however, was successful; and clearing the Downs on the morning of the 18th, the Birman proceeded onwards on what proved eventually a speedy and prosperous voyage.

After this, anxious eyes were directed from day to day for many months to the 'shipping intelligence' in the columns of the 'Times;' but it seemed that the Birman had escaped the observation of every returning vessel, her name not being once mentioned as either spoken or seen after her departure.

The next news was a letter from Mrs W——, dated Cape of Good Hope, December 30, 1841. The following are extracts:—'Here we are at the Cape, and a delightful place it is, especially to us who have been tossing for ten weeks on the billows. What a luxury is *soft bread* and *fresh meat*! Everything we could desire is brought on board to us, and all very cheap. We have good wine at fourpence and sixpence a bottle, and fine mutton and beef at three-halfpence a pound. Many of our companions would like to land here, and finish their journey, employment being plentiful, and provisions so cheap; but they say that rent is very high. . . . We have had a very favourable voyage, considering all things; we have parted with the sea-sickness, and taken up with voracious appetites, which we indulge abundantly here, having nothing else to do. . . . This is the last day of the year, and as warm as the summer at home; we have lots of the finest apricots, oranges, lemons, cucumbers, and all the summer fruits and salads; and in a few weeks they say the apples will be ripe. . . . Grog was served round

to all on Christmas Day, and we are to have a pint of wine each to-morrow, New-Year's Day. Our dear mother's birth-day was also the captain's, and all on board made merry upon the occasion. You will easily imagine that my thoughts were with you all in England. . . . The captain is very good and kind, and always at his post—one would think he never went to bed; but he is terribly severe with the unruly. We have also a capital doctor, who is very skilful and attentive; he is chaplain as well, and reads prayers to us every Sunday morning. . . . We have had six deaths—five children, and one woman, who was in a decline when she came on board. We have also had three births: the babies are all doing well. There is not one invalid at present on board. Our own health is excellent, and our children thrive at sea. . . . By the time you receive this, I trust we shall all be safe in New Zealand.*

The following are extracts from some of the various letters received since the arrival of the emigrants in New Zealand, arranged according to their respective dates, from 1842 up to 1847. They may serve, perhaps, to interest the general reader, as well as to show the intending emigrant something of the feelings and experience of those who have gone before him; while they exhibit simply the various states of mind consequent upon surrounding circumstances, and the marvellous force of use and custom in gradually reconciling, and at length endearing, to us the objects of our annoyance and dislike.

FROM MRS W——.

* PORT NICHOLSON, July 23, 1842.

. . . . After leaving the Cape, we had a very good and generally pleasant passage, until we had almost reached the island of New Zealand. We then unfortunately deviated from the right course in making the land, and should have run upon a sunken coral reef, and suffered a miserable shipwreck, perhaps with the loss of all our lives, but for the timely warning of a stranger, who, seeing the course we were taking, put off in his boat, and was, by the providence of God, just in time to intercept us while we were yet within a few hundred yards of the sunken reef. We soon recovered the right track, and at length reached the harbour in safety. We all landed the next day, and were not long of finding out what a wretched place we had come to. What will become of us! . . . On getting on shore, we found that the building intended for our use and accommodation had been appropriated by a ship-load of emigrants, who had had the good fortune to arrive a few days before we did. The result was, that we were all crammed into a large empty storehouse, just like an old barn, filthy beyond description, and overrun with swarms of small rats. Here a space was chalked out for each family on the rough flooring, and here our little property, together with rations for a fortnight, were conveyed, and we were finally left for good and all to shift for ourselves. Of all the heart-breaking spectacles I ever witnessed, this was the worst. The most sanguine lost heart; and many of the women could do nothing but weep and wring their hands. I could have done the same for very wretchedness, but seeing that my husband wore a face as dismal as the rest, I thought it would be better policy to put the best aspect I could upon the business: so I got him to help Tom in arranging our things; and while he was busy in nailing up a curtain across our corner, I went out (taking a little girl with me, who had been very kind in nursing our baby during the voyage) into the wood, which was close by, and cutting a number of small twigs, we managed to make a broom; with this we returned, and set about sweeping the floor of the barn. Our example was soon followed by others, and in the course of the day we contrived to give the place some appearance of comfort; after which we made the discovery that we were better off even here than on ship-board, as we could go out and in as we chose. But my heart misgives me sadly. . . . I have written to dear mother, and if she does not get the letter, which they say is very doubtful, do you send her this. I have made the same request to

her in regard to you.* Oh it is a sad thing, my dear sister, to be banished to this outlandish place at the end of the earth! I shall never make up my mind to stay here. My heart is not in my own bosom, but at home with you in my native land. Heaven grant that I may be permitted to see it again. . . . The natives are a fine race of people, but very dark skinned; most of them are very much tattooed about the face in fanciful patterns; but I understand the missionaries have almost persuaded them to abandon the practice, which is as painful as it is absurd. Their language appears to me to be very difficult to learn; we have picked up a few words, however, and shall speak it in time, if we stay here long, as I fear we shall, not having the means to get away.

FROM MRS W——.

* WELLINGTON, October 2, 1842.

'I send this by a friend, who, happy man, is returning to England. . . . Land here, so situated as to be of any use, is very dear. We are renting a small piece, barely sufficient for the site of a decent house, for which we pay L.9 a year. We have built a small house upon it, and opened a store, what we should call a shop at home. We sell whatever we can buy, anything or everything; and are getting a tolerable business, mostly with the *moories* (natives): we have numbers of these flocking to our store daily; articles of clothing and bread are what they chiefly purchase; particularly the bread, of which they can never have enough. George has occasional employment at his trade, so that we manage to go on and save a little. But I can assure you that much deception is practised in England relative to this colony: great numbers of our fellow-passengers are half-starved through want of employment. Very few indeed get on well, and those that do, would get on anywhere, being persons who possess both prudence and capital: a poor man can hardly be in a worse place than this. It is a most miserable country in the winter; such continual storms and tempests of rain and wind prevail as you in England have no notion of. I could not once venture out of doors for weeks together, and if George or Tom went out on business, they returned on all occasions wet through to the skin: you cannot hold an umbrella, and it would be of no use if you could. . . . There is one thing here that annoys and disgusts us much, and that is, the gross immorality that prevails among the colonists; they seem to have left every moral and religious obligation behind them. The bishop has lately landed here; he is much liked at present; I hope his example and exertions, which were very much wanted, will be of general use. . . . Notwithstanding the wet, we all retain our health wonderfully. The dear children are better than ever they were; baby trots about quite sturdily, and grows apace. They will be little moories before long, learning the language much faster than we who are grown up can do. However, I know more of it than when I wrote last, the natives having formed our principal society for the time we have been here. They are very fond of us, because we are uniformly kind to them: they call us by our Christian names, and are as familiar as you would be; they are very fond and proud of nursing the children, which they do in the most gentle and tender manner.'

FROM MR W——.

* WELLINGTON, December 11, 1842.

DEAR R——, After an absence of fourteen months, I sit down to give you a brief account of our experience since we left Bath. Had I known the amount of privation and discomfort we should have had to undergo during the voyage, it is very certain we should never have undertaken it. Five months shut up, and half-stifed in darkness—it is horrible to think of; but, thank Heaven, we have survived it all, and got here in safety. I can give you but a poor description of the country. As far as I have seen yet, it appears to be all mountain and vale, and trees—trees, everywhere trees; and what seems

* During the period of seven years that the correspondence has now lasted, the miscarriage of letters has amounted on both sides to about twelve per cent.

strange to us, they are always in full leaf, there being never sufficient frost to kill the foliage. . . . On first arriving here I was completely bewildered, everything was so different from our expectations. I soon saw that the idea of living by my trade of plumbing, and glazing, and painting, was out of the question, and what to do for a livelihood was the puzzle. I hired a small house of two rooms, built of clay, and thatched with a kind of coarse reedy grass, which the natives call *touee touee*. Hither we removed our little property, and sat down to ponder on the means of getting bread for ourselves and little ones. As to buying land for the purpose of cultivation, our means would not suffice; cleared land is far too dear, and uncleared land would be of no use to us. My applications for employment were of no avail; the place is swarming with idle hands willing to work; two days a week is above the average employment for each. Considering these things, I resolved upon opening a shop, or store, as they call it here, for the sale of anything for which a market could be found. This course was, in fact, the only thing that remained to us. I had no choice but Hobson's. As no shop was to be got, we had to rent a piece of land, and build one. I got a small patch of ground, 60 feet by 24, for which we are paying L.8 a year. On this Tom and I set to work with right good-will, and soon managed—thanks to our carpentering practice—to knock up a decent dwelling, with a good rooiny shop. But the building materials drained my purse almost to the dregs, and had we not fortunately possessed a pretty good share of linens and wearables, we should have had nothing wherewith to commence our commerce. We tumbled everything saleable into the store, and happily customers soon made their appearance. Had we possessed any capital to begin with, we should have made a thriving business by this time; but we are gradually improving, and have good hopes that, with the assistance of what little employment we can pick up, the store will in the long-run support us all. I save every penny I possibly can, and attend the auctions which take place on the arrival of vessels. Upon all kinds of goods I realise a fair profit; and everything will sell. As I have made a point of meeting my engagements punctually—never, in fact, speculating at all, but buying only what I have—I could pay for—my credit is good, and we can consequently get goods with a reasonable accommodation as to time. But our purchases are not confined to the auction sales; we buy many things from the natives, and more from the colonists; many of our fellow-passengers have sold the very clothes from their backs through destitution. We are often grieved at the melancholy position of persons; formerly in a respectable sphere of life in England, who have here parted with everything of value that they possessed, and now lead a miserable and degraded life, skulking in the woods, and drowning their sorrows in drink whenever they can pick up a shilling. . . . The nominal high wages here is a delusion, work being so scarce through the multiplicity of hands, while the prices of provisions are anything but favourable to families: beef is 1s. a pound, mutton the same; fresh pork is 8d., salt pork, 7d.; butter, fresh, 8s. 6d., salt, 2s. 8d.; bread is considered cheap now at 1s. 2d. the four-pound loaf. . . . The perpetual rain here is a great nuisance, and the tempests of wind are terrific. I often expect our house will be blown about our ears. Earthquakes are another pleasant accompaniment to our condition: we were greatly alarmed with the first, but now take little notice of them, they are so frequent. Have lately had an awful fire, which destroyed fifty houses in one night, and ruined many who considered themselves doing well. The sufferers have been partially relieved by a general subscription. . . . We can never make up our minds to stay in this place, and so soon as we can save a sufficient sum to take us elsewhere, or to bring us back to England, we have determined to bid a final farewell to New Zealand.

FROM MRS W—.

WELLINGTON, September 4, 1843.

. . . . I don't know how to thank you for the articles

you have so kindly sent; you have used the best judgment in their selection, and they will be of great service to us; but we are ashamed to tax your generosity so largely. . . . Am happy to say that our condition is improved, and is still improving: we live now almost as comfortably as we did at home. Prices are much more reasonable than when we arrived; and as we, keeping a store, procure much of our provisions at trade-price, our housekeeping expenses are very moderate indeed. We have every reason for thankfulness, especially seeing that many around us are in great distress. I have as much employment as I choose in dressmaking, mostly for the native women; but having lately enlarged our house, and having four lodgers besides our own family to attend to, I cannot spare much time for the needle. We have now furnished our house quite English fashion, and hung up the pictures which we brought from home on the walls. We put up a stout dresser in the new kitchen, and arranged the wares as at home; but an earthquake shook some of them off, and we have railed in the shelves as they do at sea. George has at this moment plenty to do at his trade, and is employing two journeymen to assist him; so that you see things have a much better aspect than when I wrote last, at least with us. . . . This is a very healthy country: those attacks to which I was always subject, are here much lighter and briefer than they were at home, and my general health is better: my husband is always well, and the children thrive in an extraordinary degree, and are full of fun and spirits. . . . You have heard, of course, of the shocking massacre at Cloudy Bay on Sunday morning, June 18. We were all thrown into great alarm by the unexpected arrival of the government brig, with a demand for a general turn out to act as reinforcements. George volunteered, with a number more, and they went on board; but a squall arising, with a violent gale of wind, the vessel was unable to get out of the bay, and the volunteers came ashore again. Poor Cottrell was the only one of the murdered party whom we knew; we had seen him but a few weeks before. It must have been a dreadful shock to his friends and relatives at Bath. He was much liked and respected here. . . . We are beginning now to feel at home in New Zealand, and are anxious for the peace and prosperity of the colony.

FROM MRS W—.

WELLINGTON, May 22, 1844.

DEAR A—, Having a sudden opportunity of sending a letter, I write this for the sole purpose of inviting you to come out and join us. This is a selfish request I know, and I would not make it, but from the conviction that you would be much the gainer through complying with it. Our business is greatly increased, and we stand much in need of assistance: we could make you very comfortable in every respect, as we have abundance of everything, and to spare. George says if you will come out, he will pay your passage. When you get this it will be the best season for setting out, and you will have no difficulty in finding a vessel. We are all in excellent health, and doing well in every respect. I can say with truth I have never been so happy in my life before. Our difficulties have all vanished by degrees, through the continual blessing of Heaven. We are building a nice new house, which will be ready for your reception before you can arrive: am expecting an addition to my family. Do come, and share our prosperity: you will find pleasant society in the neighbourhood, and all the comforts, and more, that you have been used to at home, without the unceasing toil and anxiety which I know you undergo. Pray do come. . . .

FROM MR W—.

WELLINGTON, December 6, 1844.

. . . . Thank Heaven things are altered much for the better since my last. Our business has succeeded far beyond our expectations, and if it should now take a bad turn, and even desert us altogether, we shall not be without the means of making another experiment. In the meanwhile we do a capital trade, and have been obliged to "pull down our barns, and build greater." Our com-

merce is mainly with the natives, who are ingenious, industrious, and earn a great deal of money. It is not the fate of this nation to "melt away before the whites," you may take your oath. We supply them with provisions, groceries, dry-goods, and also woollens, calicoes, prints, and all kinds of drapery, and we have plenty of stock on hand, and no dearth of customers. Tom is turned shopman, and is always busy. I have given up my old calling, not having time to attend to it. Am bargaining just now for a lot of land, which will be a provision for wife and children in case of accident to me. I wish I could add that all here are doing as well as myself; but there are many unemployed, and not a few who have ruined themselves by foolish speculations. People unfortunately seem to think that the same prudence they would adopt at home is not called for here.

FROM MRS W—.

WELLINGTON, January 10, 1845.

... We have been much distressed by the account of your trials and difficulties at home. Pray come out and join us, both of you; we only wait for an opportunity to send you some assistance. We hope shortly to be able to commit to the charge of some friend bound to England something to be of use to you, either at home, if you still decline to come out, or else to assist you in reaching us. We cannot bear the thought that you should be wanting while we have such abundance. ... I am now far more easily circumstanced than I ever was before, and can devote my whole time to the care of my family, having a good servant, besides a respectable person as house-keeper. ... In June last a little son was born to us; we have called him Samuel, after our youngest brother. He is a fine little fellow, and so strong and hearty. All the children are well and happy, and the girls making good progress in their education. You would be delighted with them, and they with you. I shall not give up the idea that you will come out and join us.

FROM MRS W—.

WELLINGTON, August 26, 1844.

... Thank God, we are continuing to prosper in business, and doing much better than we ever expected to do. I assure you we do not forget the necessities of those dear to us at home, and are only waiting for an available opportunity to send them some proof of our remembrance; but we have evidence of so much dishonesty on the part of people who have been trusted with remittances from hence, that we are fearful of confiding anything to strangers. On this account we have resolved to enclose a small parcel in the first package forwarded homewards by the resident missionary at this place, who has kindly undertaken to receive it, and assures us that it will be promptly and safely delivered upon its arrival in England. ... You will, I think, be pleased to hear that we have placed our two eldest girls out to school, with a very excellent person who has a seminary near Wellington. Our house is become so much a place of traffic, that we felt compelled to this step, and feel truly grateful that we can well afford it. ... You have no doubt heard of the late serious disturbances in the colony; they have, happily for us, not come nearer than eighteen or twenty miles from Wellington; and though the excitement and alarm were at one time very great, things have now taken a peaceable turn, and we are confidently expecting a final settlement of all occasion of quarrel with the natives, who, if I know anything of their character, will readily be conciliated and satisfied with any really just and equitable arrangement. We know their language now quite well, and can discuss the subject with them in their own way.

FROM MRS W—.

WELLINGTON, December 21, 1846.

... With this you will receive a box containing some articles of New Zealand workmanship, and other things, together with a sum of money in one of a pair of stockings of native knitting. Put the stockings on your

feet; send the money to dear —, and distribute the articles as you please among those of our friends who have not yet forgotten us.* Am happy to say that our business is, as usual, prosperous, and that there is now the best prospect of the well-doing of the colony. Peace is restored between the settlers and the natives, and the sale and cultivation of land are going on well. The parties who will bring this and the box to your house are friends of ours, and can tell you everything concerning us.

The last letter from which I need make any extract is dated September 18, 1847. In this Mrs W— says, 'Why do not M— and A— come out and join us! There would be an end to all their difficulties and anxieties at once. I have written to them repeatedly, to endeavour to prevail upon them to do so. Let me beg you to second our earnest request in this particular. It grieves me to think that those who are so dear to us should be struggling painfully to get a living at home, while we could make them so comfortable here, without injuring, but, on the contrary, benefiting ourselves. We try all in your power to induce them to come out. I must tell you that since I wrote last I have had another little son, whom we have christened Richard William, after our two fathers, as we are resolved to keep up the family names. The new-comer is a merry, hearty, strong little rogue, and as healthy as can be. I have now two sons and two daughters, besides one in heaven. Mr R— has returned, and intends settling in Auckland. He paid us a short visit. You cannot think with what delight I looked upon a face that had been and conversed with you. In reply to your inquiry relative to our welfare and prospects, let me say that we continue to get on extremely well. It is true we do not save or lay by much money, because we find it more to our advantage here to expend our profits on land. We have bought a lot of land besides that we live on, and have a good and convenient house; and we are so united, happy, and comfortable in the enjoyment of the respect and kindness of those around us, that, with the exception of a longing after absent friends in old England, we have not, I believe, a single earthly wish beyond New Zealand. ... You remember the Y—s in Bath, who never could or would do anything praiseworthy or respectable at home. They are here—would you believe it?—neighbours, I had almost said friends, of ours. They have assuredly lost their old character behind them, and have turned over a charming new leaf in their history. Ned, the brewer, is repaying his loans to a different community; his conduct is an example of honesty and good-will to all young men; and Tom, that dissolute madcap, is become sober as a judge, and (like Dame Partlett) "more industrious than the bee." Bob, who was never a very bad fellow, has suffered the least change. All three, however, bear an excellent character, and are just the sort of people we want in the colony, and are thriving fast.'

Since the date of the letter from which these last extracts are taken, we have received from the emigrant family no further news which would be of any interest to strangers. They continue in the enjoyment of health, prosperity, and good spirits, and seem fully and permanently to have adopted the country which, as having been the land of their success, is become that of their affection. While so much is being said and done in reference to the subject of emigration, I thought it might not be amiss to lay before the public the simple facts above re-

* Among the articles alluded to were soap-cakes and small wafers, made of a remarkably solid and close-textured wood. This wood would do admirably, it strikes me, for the purpose of engraving, not perhaps for the finest specimens of wood-engraving, where delicately fine lines are used, but for any kind exclusive of the most highly finished, and particularly for such as are now daily used on plaques, as pieces could be obtained of almost any size, the tree growing to an immense bulk. On trying it with the graver, it was found to cut perfectly clean, having a very slight tendency to crumble when hair lines were attempted. The articles were the production of the natives, and were mostly turned in a lathe; still, the form of the soap-cakes (whether copied, or of native design, I do not know) is elegant.

ceeded. One lesson of actual experience is better than a thousand speculations upon a subject of such importance, and such a lesson these brief memoranda may help to impart.

ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICAL PHENOMENA.

SINCE Franklin's time numerous interesting discoveries have been made regarding this subtle fluid. The introduction of voltaic electricity has simplified many of our experiments, and it is now pretty clearly demonstrated that a thunder-cloud is composed of alternate rings, sections, or zones of positive and negative electricity, resembling the arrangement of the plates in a voltaic circuit.

Various are the phenomena displayed by atmospheric electricity besides those emitted in storms; namely, those lights known as Will-o'-the-wisp, those which are sometimes observed on the masts of ships at sea, meteors, and the peculiar lightning known as *sheet* or *heat* lightning, which is not accompanied by any report of thunder, at least by none which can be heard by the ear.

It would be out of place in this paper to enter into an explanation of the causes of these curious phenomena, although this may easily be done by means of the late magnificent improvements in electrical apparatus. The object of this communication is rather to mention some very curious facts which have been furnished to the writer by General Sir George Pollock, who commanded a division of the army in the famous operations carried on in the province of Cabul, and country of Afghanistan, in the year 1842.

The portion of the forces under Sir George Pollock's command was stationed at Jellalabad, a place of considerable size, situated between the 34th and 35th degrees of north latitude, at the foot of that extension of the Himalah Mountains known as the Indian Caucasus, and at the north-east corner of the province of Cabul, which is surrounded by hills on all sides. Jellalabad stands on an elevated situation, being about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and is about forty miles from the Khyber Pass, now rendered famous in the history of our wars in India. The soil in this district was a vast plain of sand.

The particulars of the phenomena exhibited were as follow:—About the end of April, or the beginning of May 1842, the air being quite clear, not a cloud to be seen, while the European sentry on duty carried his arms, with fixed bayonet, sparks might be drawn from any part of the barrel of the musket by a second person bringing his knuckle near to it. Sir George Pollock has been witness to this, besides having often himself drawn sparks from the firelock. He states that a succession of sparks could be obtained from the same musket, and that it did not require any great interval of time to elapse before a second could be elicited after one had been felt.

The stocks of the muskets were made of the sipootree, a peculiar wood which grows in the East Indies, and of which the musket-stocks of the Indian troops are usually made. There is generally a band of brass which goes round the lower end of the butt of a gun: this must have been touched by the sentry's hand while he carried his musket; but it is not connected with any other part of the metal.

From these facts, it would appear as if the electricity entered by the point of the bayonet, and was lodged in the barrel, until drawn off by the approach of some body having a connection with the earth. It is still difficult to conceive how the electricity could remain accumulated in the musket, without passing off by means of the butt into the hand of the sentry, and so to the ground. The wood of which the stock was made must have been very dry—almost in a baked state—and must thus have served as an insulator or non-conductor to the fluid.

That the air must have been highly charged with

electricity there can be no doubt; and from the appearances indicated, may we not infer that the largest battery might have been charged in a short time, and the most intense physical effects produced? According to Mr Crosse, as stated in a pamphlet lately published,* 'Clouds with well-defined edges, and more condensed, are far more electrical than a large expanse of clouds with no edges visible.' But it is not easy to understand how the electricity can be so easily and plainly developed in the absence of clouds, as shown by the phenomena stated.

The question may hence arise, whether the agency of this species of electricity may not be made available in many of the operations which are every day carried on by men? It has hitherto been employed simply as the toy of the philosopher, or means have only been taken, and that most successfully, to guard us from its dangerous effects; but may there not be a method of training this terrific power, and of making it practically useful?

The associations connected with it are not of the most pleasurable nature; but the beautiful and interesting, as well as startling experiments of Mr Crosse, Sir William Snow Harris, and others, have shown that it may be subdued and guided wherever we list.

For the purpose of rending rocks, or exploding artillery, not a more terrific and powerful assistant could be employed; whilst, when not required, by a proper disposition of our arrangements, its effects might be made to pass harmlessly away. The application of *frictional* or ordinary electricity to the blasting of mines has already been attempted, but with little success; and it has given way to the greater advantages derived from the employment of voltaic electricity for the same purpose.

There does not exist a more universal agent in nature. Still and noiseless in its motion when judiciously conducted, it is yet susceptible of swelling, by induction and concentration, to produce results the most overwhelming and astonishing that the mind of man can conceive.

Physiological researches tend to show that this subtle fluid enters largely into the constitution of man and animals; and it would be interesting to study in how far a farther prosecution of this science and its laws may operate in enabling us either to prevent the generation, or to stay the progress of disease. For this purpose it would be necessary to learn the nature of the electricity developed by the decomposition of animal and vegetable matter; whether it be positive or negative; and to find out also the exact nature of the electricity existing in the living subject. The late highly-interesting experiments of Professor Matteucci of Pisa have thrown much light upon this latter branch. The observations of Dr Pallas, principal physician of the French armies, and chief physician of the military hospital at Oran, as to the insulation of patients suffering under various disorders, and the results of whose experience have been just published in the 'Pharmaceutical Times,' are very useful and instructive.

It has already been clearly shown by many kite experiments, that the higher regions of the air are positively electrified with reference to those below them; and that, in the absence of clouds, the earth is negatively electrified, and therefore attracts the positive electricity from the atmosphere. In other words, the higher we rise above the earth, the more positively electrified do we find the atmosphere. It is generally found that in a clear condition of the air, man and animals enjoy a more healthy state of body; but when clouds or dull weather make their appearance, that healthy condition changes, and they are differently affected, according to the nature of what we call their nervous temperament. Clouds and foggy weather may therefore be considered as the effects of a change or disturbance in the electrical condition of the air, during

* Electrical Condition Applied to Facts. By Franklin Cworthy.

which a portion of the earth may become *positively* electrified with reference to the air immediately above it. In this case a repulsive action would take place between the earth and the higher regions of the atmosphere; and the intermediate air, containing moisture, by absorbing a surplus of electricity, may be condensed, and be formed into ice; thus causing those clouds from which the rain descends when the earth again becomes negative. It may be said that, according to this doctrine, lightning should sometimes be sent upwards from the earth. This fact has been observed; and M. Arago, in his admirable treatise on thunder, inserted in the 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes' for 1838, quotes authors who have remarked this singular phenomenon.

It would thus appear to be desirable that, in order to promote a healthy tone in animal and vegetable life, the electrical condition both of the atmosphere and the earth should be preserved in as uniform a state as possible. The means of accomplishing this may yet be discovered. It must be the result of vigorous and careful experiment. Every day throws some new light upon this beautiful and captivating science; and from the great number of labourers now in the field, we may entertain the hope that ere long their combined exertions will be crowned with a brilliant success.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FEBRUARY 1848.

THE newspapers have sufficiently informed us of the public events which occurred during the last week of February, but many a sad tale connected with these days of horror remains unknown, save to the few who acted in them. On one of these occasions, when the noise of firing and drum-beating sounded at a sufficient distance to lead me to suppose actual danger was equally far off, I set out to see a friend who lived about three-quarters of a mile farther from Paris than the street I then resided in. It was a fine fresh spring day, the lower branches of the lilac-trees began to burst their leafy buds; the snowdrop, crocus, hepatica, and gay yellow daffodil enlivened the gardens, and the wall-flower filled the air with fragrance. After the sleepless nights and anxious days I had lately passed, I was more than commonly susceptible to these sweet perfumes and sights, which seemed to speak of peace and quiet so strongly, that they almost induced a feeling of security for the moment; and I began to comfort myself with the hope that the worst was over, and that although it might be long ere commercial or social confidence was restored, still life and property would be safe, and by degrees those who lived out of the gay world, as I did, would return to the usual routine of their former quiet habits, and feel that to them at least a monarchy or republic made little difference, while political matters would in due time be settled and arranged on a new plan. Encouraging myself in these pleasing anticipations, though I then more than half feared they would turn out delusions, as they assuredly have done, I walked briskly forward, when all at once the peculiar tap, tap, tap of the drum, and the heavy unmeasured step of a large body of men, struck upon my practised ear, telling too plainly it was not military who were approaching. While deliberating which way to turn, I looked up, and saw there was no retreating, without showing the alarm which was always dangerous at this time. Making, therefore, a virtue of necessity, I walked boldly forward, and addressing a tall, fierce-looking, rather sullen young man in a blouse, I said that, sure of the politeness of Frenchmen, I ventured to request him to conduct me past the advancing body of *citizens*, who perhaps—as the wit equalled the gallantry of his brave countrymen—might be led to make quizzing remarks on a lady walking alone amid so many men during such stirring

times. At first he looked as if disposed to be insolent; but as I proceeded with my speech, his vanity was no doubt satisfied, for his countenance relaxed, and he smilingly assured me he would with pleasure accompany me, and accordingly we walked, unmolested, and almost unobserved, through this martial crowd. All were armed variously; some had swords drawn, many had their arms bared up to the elbows, ready for bloody work, and the red flag of the revolution waved every here and there, while shouts, cries, songs, and howls rent the air.

At length we arrived at clear ground, and I smilingly thanked my conductor.

'Salut, citoyenne,' said he.

'Vive la nation! Vive la république!' responded I, and walked on somewhat relieved.

I arrived at Madame de Vannion's house, and found her at work with her daughter Celestine—an only child of about nine years of age; a little girl of much family consequence, as she was heiress to an immense fortune on the death of her grandfather. We talked of the times, and I related what I had just passed through. 'Ah!' said she, 'many bands of insurgents have gone by this house, but we do not approach the windows, and none of them have ever molested us; but God knows when our turn may arrive. There you may hear their horrid revolutionary tap now at a distance!'

Shortly after it became more audible, nearer and nearer it approached, and we looked at each other with alarmed countenances. At last the pikes and flags became visible.

'Louis! Louis!' cried Madame de Vannion to the servant, 'bolt the doors, and at your peril look out of the window!'

The noise increased, and Celestine began to cry. Her mother tried to comfort her, and we talked of the unreasonableness of being frightened at a mere sound; but as there was some reason to apprehend a slight derangement in the action of the heart in her case, her mother, acting upon the advice of her medical attendant, rose to prepare a soothing draught they were in the habit of giving to the child when any unusual circumstance agitated her. I had heard of their alarms on this subject without myself sharing in their fears, for Celestine was sturdily made, bright complexioned, fond of play, and accustomed to live so much in the air, and to take so much exercise without ever appearing over-fatigued, that I almost inclined to think her parents were over-anxious about their precious charge, and used the doctor's name as an excuse for spoiling her a little, particularly as even he announced that by careful tending she would outgrow these symptoms.

At this moment, however, her unusual pallor struck me, and I drew her kindly towards me, while Madame de Vannion proceeded to the next room in search of a caraf of water. Upon opening the door, we discovered Monsieur Louis standing staring at the open window. 'Come back, Louis,' said Madame de Vannion quickly. 'Did I not tell you on no pretence to approach the window?'

'Be easy, madame; it will be nothing; they are past.' At this moment he started, and exclaimed, 'Ah! one of them looks back: he looks angry!'

'Leave the window!' cried we, striving to drag him from it. But he seemed spell-bound: he wrung his hands.

'They have turned: they are coming: it is over with us! Ah, madame, may Heaven have mercy on us!' The next minute thundering blows fell on the door of the house. 'Ouvres—ouvrez!'

'Louis,' said his mistress with quiet dignity, 'open the door.'

The pale quaking coward answered, 'No, no: no such thing!'

The knocking and kicking continued, and my friend advanced to the window. 'What do you want, mes amis?'

'Want! Everything—meat, money, bread, wine! Come, come, open the door, malheureuse.'

At that moment one of these madmen presented his musket at her and fired; but fortunately being quite drunk, the ball went on one side.

'Do not beat down my door,' said my friend; 'wait and I will open it.' And both of us advancing, keeping the poor child behind us, opened the door. The multitude poured in; they were drunk, and dirty, and filled the house with a horrible odour. They opened every closet, every door, every drawer, and three shots were fired in the drawing-room; however, they fortunately hit none of us. Wine and bread, and thirty francs, which were lying on the mantelpiece, were taken; and one ruffian seized a pendule, but the leader crying out at once, 'No robbery!' he replaced it.

'Are they going to kill us, mamma?' asked little Celestine.

'My child, I cannot tell; but if they do, we shall go to God, and in heaven there are no terrors.'

'I am saying my prayers, mamma.'

She shed no tear—she uttered no cry—but amid all the uproar of this fearful scene, the beating of her little heart was distinctly audible. We trembled, yet our words were calm, and our looks firm. At last there were signs of departure; the noise lulled; they bayoneted the bread, drank the wine, putting the bottles to their lips, and then breaking them afterwards; they pushed us rudely about, under pretence of shaking hands with us, saying they would on their return settle matters with the man who had only escaped a coward's death *that time* by running away to conceal himself. They then left us amid oaths, shouts, and laughter; and when the door was closed, and the fearful sounds had died in the distance, we began to feel a terror that during the scene I have just described we had not been conscious of. All was put in order by our own hands in silence, for we durst not speak; and we felt that active exertion alone could preserve us from fainting. On M. de Vannion's return to dinner, when his wife related to him the events of the morning, he appeared anxious about the effect such a fright must have had upon Celestine. The child assured him that she hardly remembered the scene. She recollected a first terror, and then a feeling of faintness, and that her heart had beat very quickly; but that she feared nothing now, that her own papa was beside her. Still, she did not regain her former cheerfulness, nor was she calm and gentle as heretofore: she became irritable with her companions, impatient with her *bonne*, and frequently left her plays, complaining of headache. This unsatisfactory state of her health ended in an attack of fever, from which in due time she recovered, although her complexion never regained the brilliant hue for which it had been remarkable, but remained pale as a marble statue. Another singularity was, that neither before nor during her illness, nor after her recovery, did she ever name the visit of the insurgents; and she showed so much uneasiness when any one else alluded to it, that her parents requested their friends to avoid the subject, and talk of other more cheerful matters before her. She soon returned to her toys, plays, lessons, and childish prattle, and seemed as happy and thoughtless as usual; though a drum, a shot, or a shout, always turned her paler. One evening, as there appeared to be more than common disturbance in the street, and Celestine appeared uneasy, her mother proposed that she should retire early to rest, hoping to get her to sleep before the uproar increased. She obeyed at once, and was soon in her little bed.

'Good-night, my child,' said her mother, kissing her. 'But stay, I will go and get you a chocolate bonbon.' On her return she held it out: 'Here, my love, here is the bonbon;' but Celestine's hand was not raised.

'Are you asleep already? Are you ill?—or are you

playing me a trick? Come, take the bonbon, and give me another kiss. Speak, Celestine, to mamma; do not agitate me, my dear child.' Little Celestine was dead!

THE WISDOM OF WAITING.

THE whole theory of a wise conduct in this world may be summed up in the knowledge of when to act and when to refrain from action; the whole practice consists in acting according to such knowledge. A complete mastery of both theory and practice is rarely attained by an individual. Some persons, like the Athenians in the old story, know very well what is right to be done, but do not do it; others there are who do right by instinct or habit, without knowing *why* they do it; and so M. Jourdain talked prose all his life without being aware of the fact, so they do the right thing, at the right moment, without any conscious premeditation or effort of judgment.

Although, as has just been said, the union of the theory and the practice of a wise conduct in worldly matters is rarely attained, that is no reason why we should not try to attain it. It is better to set our aim too high than too low. Failure in a great undertaking is far nearer to excellence, than success in a small one. People who can act quite up to their own ideas of virtue and wisdom, and whose practice is in all things adequate to their principles, are never very numerous; very wise, or very high-principled people. We believe that the standard of virtue we erect for ourselves ought to be very high: by straining to reach unto it, there is hope that we may at least reach half-way, and thus be forced up beyond the low and the mediocre. We would offer a few words upon a branch of this important subject—that of the *wisdom of waiting*. Surely many persons may exclaim, 'it cannot require much intelligence to wait.' It cannot require much skill, or prudence, or wisdom to do nothing. On the contrary, we venture to affirm that it is often a very difficult thing to do nothing; that, in fact, there is no harder work in this world than to do nothing *judiciously*; or, to put our proposition in other words, it is often a much harder trial to a man's spirit to wait than to work. We do not for a moment dispute the superior dignity of action to inaction; but we wish to show that inactivity is sometimes wisdom. It is a great truth, that those who would properly use opportunities, must make them; but there is another truth we would insist on, *namely*, that 'wise men bide their time,' knowing well that—

'These also serve who only stand and wait.'

How often are we placed in critical circumstances in which no action of our own is at all likely to improve—in which it is clearly most prudent to take no step—to do nothing, to say nothing; but to wait and see what the opposite party will do or say. Now this position is what *half-wise* people cannot maintain with patience, and often they cannot maintain it at all. Restless from temperament, or some other cause, they go and do something when it would be infinitely better that they had sat quietly at home and done nothing. How frequently are clever people the victims of this over-activity! They hasten away to buy stocks in railways, and other undertakings, when they should have kept their money in their pockets. They make proposals which reflection shows them they cannot fulfil without embarrassment or loss of credit. They entangle themselves with arrangements into which they ought on no account to have plunged. Is not much of the actual vice and crime, not to speak of common imprudences, a result of this inconsiderate activity? The young, in particular, are constantly getting themselves into scrapes, all through a headlong wish to be doing. They are not aware that the world is, on the whole, a very commonplace affair, in which he who jogs on imperturbably, and with a patient reliance on the natural current of events, will be justly

sure of being ultimately successful. It is all very well and very proper to be enterprising, and to be ready to take advantage of circumstances; but, in the name of common sense, let them take care to be enterprising in the right direction, and not rush without foresight into imprudent undertakings, merely from a wish to be doing, or from a notion that the world is going to run away before they can get a hold of it. We say, let them take things coolly—let them have a reasonable degree of patience. With anybody, however, in these days of high-pressure, listen to such grave admonitions? With the bulk of people, patience does not raise us a virtue at all; it is disregarded as a mere negative quality, useful enough as ballast to rebuke less richly freighted than their own; and it is precisely for the want of this ballast that many fine minds have been wrecked in the sea of life. The ancient philosophers were fully alive to the importance of patience in all things: their disciples were taught how to wait. Pythagoras made his followers learn to wait before they were allowed to plunge into action; he made them learn to be silent before they learned how to speak. It would be well for us of this advanced generation if we could serve a sort of Pythagorean apprenticeship to silence and patience, so that we might become adepts in the difficult art of waiting.

All cultivated persons at the present day are fully aware of the importance of work: it has been reiterated in a hundred different voices that labour is divine; therefore we deem it superfluous to repeat that truth now. Still, though every one knows that there is much wisdom in working, we are tolerably sure that many people have not considered how much wisdom there is in waiting. This is not at all surprising, because folly and vice so often show themselves in connection with idleness and passivity, that it is natural enough for casual observers to suppose that inaction is in all cases to be condemned. But more careful examination of the subject will prove that this is a great error. Because foolish persons will not take the trouble to work, but sit listlessly, ever waiting for something from without to stir them to action, it does not follow that it is not sometimes a very wise thing to wait. The difference between the two classes of waiters is exactly indicated in the parable of the Ten Virgins—five of whom were wise, and five were foolish. The wise waiters are prepared for action when the time for action comes; the foolish waiters are utterly unprepared.

Indolence is a slow-consuming disease; impatience is an unbroken horse, that bears away its rider to destruction, and both are equally opposed to the wise waiting which we would have united to wise working. To quote the beautiful verse of the American poet, let us, while this life lasts, go on cheerfully—

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour, and to wait."

F E A S T S.

THE institution of feasts is one of the few customs current in all nations, savage and civilized, from the Londoner's Christmas dinner to the Kamskatkadale's glorification over mushroom wine in the first days of September. Every people have their feasts. The details may and do differ considerably, as in the cases cited, but the principle of feasting appears to be the same throughout the world; its origin evidently rests among the peculiarities of human conduct and history, as no species but our own in the wide creation has been observed to appoint assemblies, or make preparations for the purpose. Some of them have indeed been too often founded at the expense of man—such as wolves and ravens in great battle fields; and the old poets were accustomed to represent them as calculating the chances, and rejecting in the prospect of war; but this was in the style of the court jester, who, when a quarrelsome prince of Haugary, just come to the throne, inquired why so many carrion crows appeared in the neigh-

bourhood of Presburg, informed him that they were assembling to congratulate each other on his majesty's happy accession, as there would soon be plenty of provisions on either the German or Turkish frontier.

Religion, politics, and social habits have contributed to the number and variety of the world's feasts; and those of religious institution, however perverted from their original design, are generally found to have the most continuous hold on popular memory. A monk, some centuries ago, obliged the world with a treatise entitled 'The Feasts of All Times,' which he divided into the special and the stated. Under the first division were comprehended great banquets, for the celebration of particularly happy occasions, or at least those that were so considered; and under the last, the fixed and annual festivals that always return with their seasons. The monk's volume must have been entertaining, though its subject is now considerably out of date, for part of the book was occupied with directions, as the author said, for the government of feasts in general, according to the wisdom of the ancients, and the old approved rules of festivity. Whether it is that our times are too prudent and business-like to countenance the consequent expense of time and funds, that the daily wants and wishes of civilized mankind have increased to such a degree as to engross their entire energy and attention, till all work and no play has become the description of these latter days, or that the nations, having outgrown their childhood, no longer place their chief joy in plumcake and holidays, it were difficult to decide; but the glory of feast and festival has waned from among us, and, like the rest of the old world's customs, now presents but feeble and fading memorials, which every year diminishes.

The special feasts or banquets which formed such an important item in the expenses of earlier times, are indeed still worthily represented by our great public dinners. A French tourist has remarked that everything in England begins and ends with a dinner; and the zeal of no party could be satisfactorily demonstrated without the play of knives and forks, as if the highway to the sympathies of the nation led through the digestive organs of its people. These observations were never more strikingly verified than in the present day. The dinner is an affair of all-work, and does duty on every occasion: the tribute of admiration to the genius of a successful poet, of sympathy with a disappointed politician, and of confidence in a popular minister, is a dinner. By this events are commemorated, political parties strengthened, and mercantile companies cemented; in short, interest, resolution, and enthusiasm, all come out strong in the shape of a dinner. Balls are at times produced by the same causes, but they generally come as afterpieces, in consideration of the ladies, all of whom are not likely to be satisfied by seeing 'the lions feed' from the gallery, however curious or edifying the spectacle may be; but dining is the recognised demonstration of the modern Englishman. The more showy but unsubstantial fête has long been the favourite method in France, perhaps from its pageant-like character being better suited to the theatrical genius of the people; but even there the dinner-giving doctrine has recently gained ground; and it cannot be forgotten that government opposition to a reform banquet was the drop that overflowed the cup in the late revolution; and Louis-Philippe may be fairly said to have lost his crown for spoiling a dinner.

The greatest displays of this festive kind made in Britain of late years have originated in political zeal. The great banquet by which the passing of the Reform Bill was celebrated, and some of the dinners given to O'Connell in the zenith of his popularity, are remarkable examples. They had no rivals in their line, except one or two coronation banquets, and the fête given by George IV., when Prince Regent, to the allied sovereigns at Carlton House.

The preparations for this royal 'blow out' were completed some weeks previous to its occurrence, and ex-

hibited to the public, with no small profit to the regent's servants. 'Ave you been at Carlton 'Ouse?' is said to have become a standing inquiry among Cockney acquaintances, the sight being regarded as scarcely inferior to the Christmas pantomime. But even kings and princes no longer feast as of old. What are our modern dinners, with all their toasts and speeches (the latter, by the way, being a luxury or infiction unknown to our ancestors), compared to the banquets chronicled among the doings of past generations?

The coronation feast of Edward III. cost a sum in those days equivalent to about £40,000 of the present currency; and as the church came little behind the crown in either ability or expense in that feasting period, at the installation of Ralph, abbot of St Augustine, Canterbury, in 1309, six thousand guests were entertained with a dinner consisting of three thousand dishes. That these dishes must have been tolerably substantial, is presumable from the fact, recorded on most respectable authority, that at the marriage feast of Alexander III. of Scotland, and the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England, which was solemnised at York, the archbishop of that city presented the English king with sixty fat oxen, which were all consumed on the occasion. Some portions of those profuse entertainments would create something more than surprise in the mind of a modern diner-out: for example, the flesh of cranes, herons, and hawks, prepared in various fashions, were accounted delicacies. Great pieces of whale and young porpoises are mentioned in terms much higher than those employed by a fishmonger of to-day in describing his new turtle even to a London alderman.

Though it does not appear that the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' so often referred to since its mention by the original poet, formed any considerable part of the great old banquets, provision for their mental refreshment was not entirely neglected; but the apparatus for that purpose now reads rather strangely, especially when we find mimics, and bards, and fools, together with morris-dances, tumblers, and moralities, described as appearing between the courses under the title of 'Interlards': amusements so called were among the most expensive and peculiar supplies necessary for great feasts of the middle ages. The French particularly excelled in them. At a dinner given by their king, Charles V., to the emperor of Germany, towards the end of the fourteenth century, the following ingenious device was exhibited:—A ship with masts, sails, and rigging was seen first; she had for colours the arms of the city of Jerusalem; Godfrey de Bouillon appeared on deck, accompanied by several knights armed cap-a-pie; the ship advanced into the middle of the room or hall, without the machine which moved it being perceptible. Then the city of Jerusalem appeared, with all its towers lined with Saracens. The ship approached the city; the Christians landed, and began the assault; the besieged made a good defence; several scaling-ladders were thrown down; but at length the city was taken.

The difficulty of executing such a festive design in an age when mechanical science was so little understood may be imagined; but it is a proof to what expense and trouble the men of those days were willing to go for their feasts' sake, and, as the chronicler adds, 'made all who heard of it admire, and delighted the emperor between the two great courses of fish and fowl.' The feasts of old Europe in their most costly days were, however, but feeble imitations of those by which the Eastern monarchs rejoiced the hearts and lightened the purses of their subjects about the same period. The festive details in the 'Arabian Nights,' so dazzling to the early imaginations of most readers, are, incredible as it may seem, far outshone by some real affairs of the kind which have found place in authentic history. The marriage feast of the Caliph El-ma-Moon continued for nineteen days, the father of the bride entertaining on the banks of the Tigris crowds which no palace could

contain; and by way of variety, between the courses showers of gold coins, bags of ambergris, and at length balls of musk, were scattered among them, the latter enclosing small papers, each of which was a ticket for some of the different kinds of disposable property most valued in Asia—lands, slaves, and horses; the fortunate scrambler being made aware by proclamation that immediate possession should be given of whatever was inscribed on the paper. The *chef d'œuvre* of this feast was a candle of ambergris, weighing eighty pounds, which burned in a golden lantern in front of the palace; and a trayful of pearls, which the bride's grandmother emptied upon her and the caliph as they sat in state. After this pattern wedding, we are informed that El-ma-Moon bestowed upon his father-in-law the revenue of a Persian province for a year, in order that that munificent satrap might have an opportunity of reimbursing himself, the taxes being completely in his power to increase or diminish; and it is not probable that he adopted the latter arrangement.

This present-making fashion was a frequent attendant on ancient feasts, and by no means unknown in Europe; but sums of money and rich dresses seem to have been the approved offerings in western lands, and are often mentioned as bestowed by sovereigns on their guests. A curious and somewhat characteristic mode of presentation was once adopted by a Chinese emperor at a great feast given to celebrate the birth of his son. The utensils with which each guest was provided for the occasion were according to the rank of the user; the lowest of gold, and those in the ascending scale ornamented with gems of more or less value; and a public crier in the midst of the entertainment announced that they had his majesty's permission to carry them home when the assembly broke up. Asia is indeed the native soil of feasts, where they have expanded to the greatest magnificence. The diminished power and wealth of its princes no longer enable them to emulate the wedding of El-ma-Moon; but they still maintain the feasting fashion of their ancestors, with all the remnants of expense and splendour they can muster; and so essential is a feast on felicitous occasions considered to the respectability of private life, that families of even the inferior castes in Hindoostan have been known to expend not only the savings of years, but their entire means of subsistence, in furnishing forth a single wedding. It has even been urged as an excuse for the infanticide of female children, in former times more frequent among them, that the expense of marriage feasts would thereby be spared to the family. So much for Eastern providence!

To use an American phrase, the further we 'advance backward' in civilisation, the importance and magnitude of feasts continually increase. Athenæus describes an entertainment given by an ancient Gaelic prince to his whole people, and all strangers who chose to attend: it lasted for a whole year, according to that author, and the bill of fare consumed, he states, was such as would astonish the world. A feast among the ancient Britons appears, by the following description, to have been a very different affair from the annual banquet at Apsley House, or even a great political dinner, not to mention the Lord Mayor's display. The dishes in which the meat was served up were either of wood, earthenware, or a kind of baskets made of osiers. The guests sat in a circle upon the ground: a low table or stool was set before each person, with a portion of the meat allotted to him upon it. In this distribution they never neglected to set the largest and best pieces before those who were most distinguished for their rank, their exploits, or their wealth.

There is a tradition in Ireland regarding a Celtic chief, whose pride and generosity are said to have been equally remarkable. He had made a feast, the last of many by which his rule was distinguished; but finding his funds utterly inadequate to go beyond the second day, and less than three being considered niggardly in his land and times, he contrived a hint for the company

on the morning of the third, leaving orders with his servants to burn the castle in their absence, as the only possible apology for abridging the festivities. The legend adds—his command was executed, and the chief, with all his family, went to seek their fortune on the continent, whence none of them ever returned.

Dryden's well-known poem, 'Alexander's Feast,' records a similar, but far more deplorable event—the burning of a great city, the ancient capital of Persia, which was fired by Alexander and his officers in the frenzy of intoxication, at a feast held within its walls. Passing to pleasanter though ruder scenes of the festal order in the extreme north: a feast usually takes place on any part of the Greenland coast where a whale happens to be stranded, the fare being furnished by the great fish. The young men of whatever tribe has despatched or discovered it—for freshness is by no means a requisite to Greenland cheer—assemble and construct a long low house of snow, there being no scarcity of such building materials. A circular hole in the end, generally facing the south, is left for the entrance of the company; the interior is covered with skins till not a particle of the snow is visible, and heated with large earthen lamps, in which all manner of oily matter is kept constantly burning. Then the viands, prepared by the active hands of the ladies, and consisting of all the flesh of the whale, and as much train oil as could be conveniently extracted, are arranged on the centre of the floor in Esquimaux fashion—the solids in the middle, and the oil, accompanied with stronger liquida, if such can be procured from any trading whaler, set round in coarse earthen vessels by way of liquor. All being ready, the invitations are immediately given by the young men, who run for that purpose from family to family. They are as speedily accepted; and when all the guests have arrived, the entrance hole is closed with a strong barricade made of driftwood, to keep out the polar bears; but within, the revelry continues with little intermission, till the whale is entirely eaten up, and the snow house, in spite of the external cold, begins to melt away from its numerous inhabitants.

The feasts of former times have furnished some of the most striking subjects for modern poetry. The Holy-wood banquet described in Scott's 'Marmion,' and that in the opening scene of the 'Lord of the Isles,' will occur to every reader. Mrs Hemans, in her 'Kaiser's Feast,' has epitomised the story of a German emperor, who, having warred with his only brother for years, and at length succeeded in dispossessing him of the throne, was informed of his death in exile and poverty, and presented with his orphan children in the midst of a splendid banquet. The old and much diversified legend of a spectral and uninvited guest appearing to claim broken promises, or announce retribution, at the banquet where successful treachery or injustice held the highest place, is familiar to the poets of Europe, and contains a sounder moral than those generally attributed to the rude and superstitious times in which it had its origin. Spectres may still appear at life's feasts, though not of the kind common in old stories, that made the lights burn blue. By a sort of contrast, these reflections recall a singular version of the Barmecide's feast, said to have been enacted by the notable Beau Brummell in his latter days. The beau lived to be old and paralytic, his fortune was considerably diminished, and those of his former friends or rivals whom he had not survived had forgotten him when no longer seen to reign over dinners, and legislate in ballrooms; but the ruling passion was still with Beau Brummell, and in the long winter evenings he was accustomed to indulge in make-believe dinner-parties in the fashion of other days, every tittle of which was as exactly imitated as his most faithful memory could command; and there the old man sat, in his solitary room, pouring forth the ancient strain of compliment and salutation. 'My dear duchess, I have been dying to see you this fortnight!' 'Sir Robert, you look well, in spite of politics.' 'Almost late, my lord; is it Lady Charlotte or the poet should account for it?' And an

he went on, addressing beauties, ministers, and *littérateurs*, long dead, and mostly forgotten, as one after another they were announced, according to his directions, by the footman, who used to shudder years afterwards at the recollection of his own terrified expectations, as every name sounded through the lonely house.

In short, many and curious have been the varieties and accompaniments of feasts; but with the last-mentioned specimen we conclude for the present, proposing to return to the second division of our subject—Festivals and Holidays—in a succeeding article.

A WALK AMONG THE EAST OF LONDON JEWS.

We had occasion the other day to wait for a brief space near the India House, in Leadenhall Street. Time passes but slowly with the listless lounge of the pavement; so it did with us. We inspected ten times over the stores of nautical instruments, the masses of ready-made clothes for the hurried emigrant, the libraries of books of colonial interest, the plates of Indians in hurricanes off the Cape, and of apocryphal naval battles, wherewith most of the shop windows in that most maritime of the city thoroughfares are stocked; and at length, tired of what we saw, turned down St Mary Axe into the great Jewish colony of London.

It is not a savoury locality the city Ghetto. Picturesqueness and dirt, however, frequently go together, and here assuredly were both. For hundreds of years, the labyrinth of small crooked streets, blind lanes, and tortuous passages, ending in tiresome *cul de sacs*, which stretches away north of Leadenhall Street, has been inhabited, as it is inhabited now, by Jews. The ancestors of the bearded men you meet lived and died in those quaint, dirty, high-gavelled houses about you. For hundreds of years the Passover has been kept in these streets, and the probability is, that it will be observed there hundreds of years to come. Everything about you is entirely and essentially Jewish. Five minutes' walk has brought you from a Christian city to a Judaic colony. It is not a solitary example of such isolated colonies. Every now and then, in exploring the swarming regions of Eastern London, you come upon a cluster of Jewish lanes. You may know them by the almost universally-opened windows, by the men and women seated in chairs upon the pavement before their dwellings—perhaps a memorial of the patriarchal times when every man sat under his own fig-tree—by the dingy shops of second-hand wares, the clusters of dirty frippery hung from door-posts, the plates of oil-fried fish displayed in the cook-shops, and the masses of old iron and rusty rags, blurred phials with unwholesome breath, and all the chaos of grimey odds and ends which go to make up the stock in trade of the dealer in marine stores.

The West End Jews are few and less characteristic, being in general more or less fallen off from the nation. Many, in point of fact, are in noway distinguishable from the better classes of English gentry; they are in reality Englishmen, only of Jewish descent, and of the ancient Hebrew faith; and that such persons, not to speak of the Jews generally, do not possess all the ordinary privileges of British subjects, is by no means creditable to our national policy. To neither the Hebrew gentlemen, nor the Hebrew merchants and tradesmen in the central and western parts of the metropolis, can we refer for the true Jewish characteristics. We must look to the Jew in the East as the true object of interest. He lives where his father lived; he drives the trade his father drove; he marries a woman of his own race, and sends his children to the synagogue to do after him what he has done himself. Such is the class of people you meet about the 'Clothes Mart' off Leadenhall Street. To the eye accustomed to the polished Judaism of the Quadrant or the Haymarket, these East-End Caucasians appear exaggerated Jews. Noses seem more hooked, ringlets more crossly black, and eyes more narrowly slanted.

Everything about their quarter wears a dirty, slovenly, yet bustling aspect. The houses are old and high, and appear crumbling and fading away. There is a damp, fusty odour lingering over the whole district. The glimpses you catch of old stained wooden panelings and musty moth-eaten window curtains, bring up unpleasant associations of spiders spinning undisturbed, of ancient hereditary black beetles, and other haunters of places unsavoury. These suspicious mansions are evidently crowded from the ground to the roof. Unshorn men, in their shirt sleeves, smoke at the opened windows; children go screaming about the doors; dirty drabs of women shout to each other from house to house; and knots of men, many of them bearded, all of them black haired and black eyed, lounge round the thresholds, bargaining and disputing in that harsh, snivelling, Jewish accent which makes you sometimes doubt whether those who use it be speaking English or no. And thus you fish your way along the guttery stones, amid rotting vegetables, fish offals, well-churned and trampled mud, and a host of other abominations, turning from one narrow dirty lane into another, catching glimpses of close-confined courts and narrow sodden wynds, with yellowish-hued lines fluttering aloft from poles, and everywhere surrounded by the same piles of high, grimy houses, smoke-hued, and reeking with hot fetid vapours.

At length, perhaps, you will turn unexpectedly into a small square. Instantly you feel that you are in a new hemisphere. Although still on Jewish ground, you have left behind you the smell of fish, and the frowzy odours of old clothes, to experience in exchange an intense effusion of the perfume of oranges. You tread on something soft, and perceive that you are trampling on a small mountain of orange-peel, mingled with mussy lumps of soft and decayed fruit. All round you are orange shops, or rather stalls—dark, dismal places—on which you can see piles of the fruit arranged upon low tables and counters, and superintended by dirty Jewish boys and as dirty Jewish matrons. You are in the Orange Change, where all the itinerant Hebrew dealers in the fruit come to purchase their stocks, and whence they roll it about on their barrows through all wide London. The houses of the square are of much the same class as those we have been describing. A tavern at the corner boasts a sign, decorated with Hebrew inscriptions and Jewish symbols; and if you look about, you will recognise, what you never see on the dead walls of any other part of London, placards conched partially, or altogether, in the Hebrew language, and addressed to 'the Jewish public.' Many of these documents refer to cakes, meats, and other viands in exclusive use amongst the Jews, principally at their times of religious festivity. You will be sure to see advertisements of 'Coshier Ram,' and 'Motzoos'—the latter being, we believe, the appellation of the Passover cakes of unleavened bread. Here and there too you will observe a news-vender's or bookseller's shop, full of Hebrew literature, and generally displaying in the windows the extended sheets of Jewish journals, of which there were, until lately, two, now reduced to one; very little, if at all, known beyond the Israelitish community.

Leaving the Orange Mart, and proceeding some little way westward, we come upon another distinctive feature of the district—the Clothes Mart. Here is the very centre of the trade carried on throughout all London in old clothes. The tribe of shabby, black-muzzled hawkers, who wander from street to street, shouting their monotonous chant of 'Old clo!' bring their treasures of cast-off raiment here. Running along and across broad yards, are squares and rows of rickety old sheds, with benches and frames for exposing the peculiar merchandise to the best advantage; whole streets or avenues; it may be said, of shabby-genteel garments. Crowded by a multitude of shabbier-living men, chaffering over their wares, exalting or depreciating their merits, disputing about the texture of a stuff, accosting likely customers, pushing, bustling,

laughing, and joking. The buyers and the seller group, and swarm, and cluster around throngs of dark, milldewy-looking men, most of them with their professional black bags over their shoulders. Not outside the mart, is the activity and bustle less great; the vendors and purchasers are seen going in groups to cement their bargains in the low-browed, dark public houses; the narrow street is choked up by the carts and barrows of sellers of vegetables and fish; wretched women scream and scold over slimy piles of flounders and soft, sodden lumps of salmon; the cheap tobacconists are crowded by amateurs of smattering, three-days-stewed meat, and piles of unknown materials; barefooted urchins drive hard bargains with apple-women and baked-potato men, or perhaps over the trays of whecks and periwinkles deposited upon hampers in every corner. Alternating with these cheap provision shops and stands are magazines of old iron, broker establishments, and grimy coal and potato sheds; while, crowding backwards and forwards, chattering and hawking, there swarms hither and thither the coarse, dirty, Jewish population, only broken here and there by the blue uniform of the policeman, who stands with his eyes about him at the corner, or by the stately form and the long flowing robes of the rabbi, as he slowly picks his way amid his flock to the neighbouring synagogue.

Altogether, the scene is a strange, but not a pleasing one. Dirt is the prevailing feature—dirt in the streets, dirt in the houses, dirt in the men and women. Try it is that of all their Oriental customs, cleanliness should be almost the only one which the Jews have entirely forgotten. Yet they look content and happy in their foulness; reflecting, no doubt, that as good a bargain can be made in tainted Africa in the wholesale breeze. That important point settled, the Jews, although they may make an article of merchandise of soap, appear to consider it as a commodity with which they have no other necessary connection.

THE WILL.

BY ANNA MARIA BARNARD.

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century, Oakwood Hall became, by purchase, the property of a gentleman named Willoughby. To the former owner—his last representative of an ancient family, who had dissipated a large fortune in extravagance—the new proprietor was a complete contrast, being parsimonious in the extreme. The halls which had once resounded with music were now deserted, except by the sawdust and marionettes, which built their nests in the recesses of the lobby-painted windows, and flew at pleasure through the many apertures which were suffered to remain unrepaired. Instead of the almost princely train of attendants the young marquess had in waiting, the new occupant had but three domestics—an elderly woman, who performed the duties of housekeeper to this meagre establishment; a man who filled the several offices of butler, footman, and gardener; and his wife, who acted as both cook and housemaid. Mr Willoughby was a bachelor and a radical, and he had chosen this epoch on account of its retirement and the salubrity of the air. The principal part of his life had been spent in India, where he had amassed considerable wealth; but, his declining state of health had obliged him to return to his native land. He was one of those characters who may be said to be spoiled by prosperity. Having met with unusual success in his own undertakings, he had become indulgent in his opinions of those to whom fortune had been less

* 'Constant readers' will readily understand that the writing and publishing of this paper are not prompted by any wish to amuse, by ridicule of a depressed and everywhere unjustly treated race. It has seemed to us, however, that a high-coloured sketch of the Jews' quarters of London might have a beneficial effect, in leading to improvement in their habits and domestic conditions on which health and energy so intimately depend.—Ed.

kind; and towards his dependents he was exacting, tyrannical and overbearing. The chief aim of his existence had been to accumulate wealth; but this accomplished, he was incapable of enjoying the blessings it might have purchased. The constant companion of this miserable old man was an orphan niece, the daughter of a deceased brother; and the adoption of this child was the only benevolent act he was ever known to perform. Some gleam of natural affection had warmed his sordid nature when his dying relative had intreated him to succour his friendless and portionless girl; but, his subsequent conduct towards her proved that the protection he had for so many years afforded her was purely selfish. When he became the subject of a debilitating disease, no one else would endure his impatience and fretfulness, more especially as his domestics were but ill-requited for the services they rendered him. The patience with which this gentle creature endured the ill-humour of her invalid uncle was, by many attributed to interested views, it being generally supposed that she was to become his heiress; but such persons wrongly estimated the character of Gertrude Willoughby: her unremitting attentions and meek forbearance sprang from a deep sense of gratitude. Her aged relative had, she said, been a father to her in her utmost need, and she deemed it her duty to repay the debt by fulfilling a daughter's part.

Mr. Willoughby was a bigoted professor of religion, though lamentably deficient in practical piety; and the Rev. Mr. Vivian, the rector of the parish, was the only person who was ever received as a guest at the inhospitable mansion. The young churchman was handsome, talented, and accomplished: it was therefore no matter of surprise that he should make an impression on the warm and susceptible heart of its fair inmate. From the hour when she was bereft of her natural protector, she had never till now met with a congenial mind. The attachment was mutual; and she was too little versed in the cold policy of the world, to take it once into consideration that her uncle might object to the union. Though Mr. Vivian was without personal property, he thought that, as his family was unexceptionable, and his talents were likely to gain him preferment, there could be no reasonable objections to the match. He calculated also on the favour with which the old man had hitherto regarded him. But love and the sanguine spirits of youth had deceived him: far no sooner did he propose himself as a suitor for the young lady, than her uncle, in a fit of ungovernable rage, peremptorily ordered him to quit the house, and never more to enter it. To the sordid heart of Willoughby all appeal was useless. It was his determination that if his niece ever married, it should be some wealthy person; and he was, moreover, too dependent upon her for his daily comforts, to make a sacrifice for her happiness. The unfortunate girl had therefore to endure an augmentation of spleen for what he termed the rector's toterity and her ingratitude.

Gertrude now found her position almost insupportable. A sense of duty had hitherto chained her to the sick couch of her relative; but now that he had acted so unkind a part, she began to question if any moral obligation really bound her to devote her life to his service. Her lover, meanwhile, importunately urged his suit by letters sent through the medium of one of the domestics. He could not but be aware that any step taken by Miss Willoughby against the wishes of her uncle would probably deprive her of his fortune; but he was too sincerely attached to her to allow any mercenary considerations to influence his conduct. He pleaded that his living was sufficient to provide them with all the comforts of life: its luxuries, he said, neither of them desired. The result of this correspondence was, that after a brief period of hesitation, Gertrude voluntarily left the Hall to become the wife of the young churchman, and mistress of the humble parsonage. The rage of the old man at the desertion of his niece knew no bounds, and it operated so powerfully upon

his health, that he became a more confirmed invalid than before.

I must now introduce a new, but not unimportant personage, to the reader: this was Mary, or, as she was usually termed, Molly Hawkins, the housekeeper at the Hall. Strange stories were whispered in the cottages concerning this woman's early history; but all that was really known of her was, that she came with her daughter, then a young woman of two or three, and twenty, to reside in the village, a few months prior to the purchase of the estate by Mr. Willoughby, and that she was immediately engaged in his establishment. The powerful influence she appeared to have over a man who would permit no one else to oppose his wishes, was a matter of surprise. That influence had not been exerted to promote the interests of her master's protégées; and now that she had given him some grounds of complaint, she failed not to do her utmost to aggravate her young mistress's offence. So completely did her plan of separating the uncle and niece succeed, that the old man positively refused every solicitation made by Gertrude to be admitted again to his presence, though she had afterwards reason to believe that the letters containing these appeals had been intercepted by the wily attendant, who, now that Willoughby was wholly confined to his chamber, seldom quitted his side for an hour.

The continued displeasure of her relative was the only barrier to the young wife's happiness; for she entered on her new duties with delight, and fulfilled them in a manner which reflected the highest credit upon her character. Hers were the quiet unobtrusive virtues which shine most conspicuously within the hallowed circle of home; but as mistress of the rectory, she had a far wider sphere of usefulness than when the humble dependent of the niggardly master of the Hall. Her liberal hand was now open to relieve the temporal wants of her husband's poor parishioners, and she was no less willing to co-operate in administering to their spiritual necessities. How much good may be accomplished through the instrumentality of a pious and amiable woman, who devotes her days to offices of charity, the records of eternity will alone unfold!

Many years glided on thus tranquilly, when an incident occurred which effected an unlooked-for change in the rector's family.

The parsonage-house was situated on an eminence commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country; the Hall was, however, only discernible from the window of one of the chambers. When Gertrude first became an inmate of the dwelling, she was wont to visit this apartment, that she might cast a glance towards her late abode. Long association had made her uncle more dear to her than she had herself deemed possible; but as year after year passed, and he took not the slightest notice of her, all hopes of a reconciliation ceased. It was the evening of the seventh anniversary of her wedding-day; she was now the mother of a little fairy, who made her home even more happy than heretofore. She felt, however, on this occasion some renewed yearnings of affection towards the protector of her helpless youth, and she escaped from the cheerful friends, and the more than usually gay circle which were gathered there, to spend a few minutes in meditation at the little casement. The night was dark, and she could not discern the mansion, but she fixed her eyes in the direction, and called down a blessing on the head of its occupant. A sudden blaze of light here attracted her attention, and curiosity was changed to alarm when she observed that it increased in magnitude. 'The Hall is on fire!—the Hall is on fire!' she shrieked forth; and her cry brought her husband and children to the spot. Her surmise was too true: some combustible matter had, by accident, ignited in the servants' offices, and the left wing of the building was enveloped in flames and smoke.

Unpopular as Mr. Willoughby's parsimonious spirit had made him amongst the villagers, they, for the sake of his amiable niece, were not slow in rendering

assistance. The man-servant came running to solicit it just as Mr Vivian was summoning them to the duty. The devastating element in the meantime destroyed nearly the whole of the wing; and the miserable old man, who was lying totally helpless in one of the chambers, was with difficulty conveyed by his two female domestics to a cottage in the vicinity. Here Gertrude and her husband found him in a state of terror which had almost bereft him of reason. The meeting was afflicting in the extreme. Seven years had elapsed since they had seen each other, and those years had wrought a great change in the aspect of the invalid. He appeared more like some ghastly spectre than a living being. He survived the shock but a few days, and the only sane sentences he was heard to utter were violent self-accusations for having wronged his innocent niece.

These observations naturally led Mrs Vivian to suppose that the property had been willed away from her. Great, therefore, was her surprise, when, in a deed-box which had escaped the fire, a will, duly signed and sealed, was found, making her his sole heiress. This document bore the date of the year in which the testator had taken up his residence at the Hall.

It is here necessary to state, that after assisting her fellow-servant in conveying her master from the flaming mansion, Molly Hawkins had been seized with a fit of paralysis, which deprived her of speech and consciousness. She lay for some weeks in the cottage of her daughter, who was now married to a labourer, and still resided in the village; and here she breathed her last. Judith Hawkins, or rather Judith Dawson, was disliked and shunned if possible even more than her mother had been. The poor man who was so unhappy as to make her his wife was little better than an idiot, and she consequently exerted undisputed authority in the family. This woman violently and pertinaciously persisted that the Hall, and the immense wealth left by the late Mr Willoughby, was her mother's; that it had been willed to Molly by that gentleman in consideration of her long and faithful services; and that there was a document yet in existence (though it had been suppressed by the persons interested) which would prove the truth of her statements. These assertions greatly affected the sensitive mind of Gertrude. She thought it not improbable that her uncle had in a fit of anger willed away the property which he had previously designed for her. His dying words in a great measure corroborated the supposition; yet, as justice was certainly on her side, and the pretended heiress lay in a state which gave no prospect of light being thrown upon the subject, she hesitated not to take possession of the disputed wealth.

The Hall underwent partial rebuilding and thorough repair, and the rector's family subsequently left the little parsonage, and took up their abode in it. Mr Vivian was now a rich man; but he was too deeply interested in the profession to which he had devoted himself, to relinquish it because he no longer stood in need of its emoluments. He merely engaged a curate to assist, to whom he paid the whole of the proceeds of the living, and still dwelt amongst his flock, like a father amongst his beloved children. Gertrude had it now in her power to exercise benevolence without making those self-sacrifices which she had hitherto done, and she and her husband went hand in hand in works of love and charity.

Contrary to the wishes of Mrs Vivian, the two domestics who had resided so many years with Mr Willoughby left the house at his death, and removed into one of the northern shires. As these people had always shown great attachment to her, she was much surprised at their determination. No mention was made of them in the will; but deeming their services deserving a recompense, she presented them with a handsome sum ere she suffered them to depart.

Gertrude now filled up her establishment from her husband's parishioners; and strange as it may appear, amongst these was Susan Dawson, the daughter of her bitter foe. This girl had become attached to Mrs Vivian from having been a pupil in the village school

at which that lady presided, and she now begged permission to become an under-servant in her nursery. Gertrude was too generous to permit the misconduct of the mother to affect her treatment of the daughter. She, moreover, saw that to remove her from the contaminating influence of evil example would probably be to save her from ruin, and she therefore acceded to her request without hesitation.

Another seven years elapsed with little change, excepting that Mr Vivian's family increased in number, and, if possible, enjoyed an increase of happiness. A fresh vicissitude, however, now took place in Gertrude's eventful life. Great events frequently spring from apparently trifling causes, and we must here enter into the detail of some seemingly insignificant matters, in order to proceed with our story.

Some relatives of Mr Vivian, who had been abroad for several years, wrote to intimate an intention to visit him *en route* on their return to their residence in England. As this family consisted of the master and mistress, servants and children, much preparation was necessary for their accommodation. Mrs Vivian, therefore, proposed that some chambers, which had not been made use of since the death of her uncle, should be comfortably furnished for the reception of her own domestics, and that they should give up their apartments for the time to the strangers. This proposition met with general approval, with but one exception, and that was to the room which had been occupied by Molly Hawkins. A superstitious dread of they knew not what made the ignorant people shrink from the thought of sleeping in a chamber which she had tenanted. Susan Dawson, who was superior to such fears, volunteered, however, to become the occupant. The old woman was her grandmother, and perhaps she was a little indignant at the odium cast upon her character. The servants were loud in their opposition to what they termed her folly. They were sure, they said, some evil would happen to her: and, by a singular coincidence, the girl had not occupied the chamber many nights, ere she was taken suddenly and seriously ill. The cause did not certainly originate in the apartment, or anything connected with it, but no reasoning could persuade the superstitious people out of their preconceived opinions on the subject.

Judith, bad as she was, was not wholly without natural affection; and hearing that her child was lying ill at the Hall, she broke a vow she had made, never to enter a house in which Mrs Vivian was mistress, and even solicited permission to attend her daughter in the capacity of nurse. Gertrude could not refuse so reasonable a request, though it was far from agreeable to her to have a person of Judith Dawson's habits as an inmate of her quiet dwelling.

The crisis of Susan's malady proved favourable; but as she was for some weeks in a state of extreme weakness, and unable to leave her chamber, her mother still continued to attend her. Judith was one day reaching down a book from a closet, in compliance with the request of the invalid, when her hand unconsciously touched a secret opening, which disclosed a small aperture in the wall, wherein something lay concealed; she seized on it with the eagerness of a vulture lighting on unexpected prey.

'Cannot you find the book, mother?' asked the sick girl, drawing aside the curtain as she spoke. The almost fiendish expression which sat upon the countenance of her parent terrified her. 'What is the matter?' she demanded, scarcely knowing whether to believe she was in a state of sanity or not.

'Nothing—nothing,' was the woman's reply; and she strove to conceal the parchment, for such it was, which she had purloined, in her apron.

'Mother, you have taken something from that closet; whatever it may be, it is neither yours nor mine. I intreat of you to restore it to its place.'

Judith answered by a burst of wild laughter. Finding all attempts at concealment vain, she resolved

to terrify her daughter into silence. 'I have found that which will show who is mistress of this mansion,' she exultingly said, holding up the scroll to Susan's view; 'but I charge you to speak of it at your peril. Mrs Vivian will learn her downfall soon enough.'

The menacing words which fell from the lips of her parent, the horrible gestures which accompanied them, and a presentiment that some evil was impending, operated so powerfully on the feelings of the sick girl, that she sunk back on her pillow in a state of insensibility. A relapse of the disorder was the result. But though her life was now in imminent danger, Judith did not scruple to leave her, and set out that very night on a journey to London, that she might have legal advice on the matter which was uppermost in her thoughts.

Dread of her mother's resentment, and disinclination to expose her faults, induced Susan to regard her injunction to silence; but the concealment preyed on her mind, and affected her already enfeebled frame to such a degree, that though the malady was subdued, it was apprehended that she would sink into a decline. Susan's fondness for the children, and her general good conduct, had much endeared her to her mistress, and Mrs Vivian proposed visiting an adjacent watering-place, for the sole purpose of affording her the benefit of change of air and sea-bathing. The family were on the eve of departure, when apprised, through the medium of a man of law, that proceedings would forthwith be commenced against Gertrude Vivian for the unlawful possession of certain property, which could be proved to belong to one Judith Dawson, in right of her mother Mary Hawkins, whom he affirmed to have been the lawful heiress to the said property.

This letter threw the Vivians into consternation. The matter had remained quiet so long, that they had almost forgotten that their right had been disputed. The rector was willing to hope that no positive document had been found; but Susan, to whom the intelligence was tenderly communicated by her gentle mistress, now felt it to be her duty to reveal all she knew on the subject. This confession threw a fresh aspect on the affair: still Mr Vivian hoped it could be proved that the testator was in a state of imbecility when the more recent will was dictated and signed; on this ground his wife could maintain her own right to be inviolate. The visit to the watering-place was of course set aside, and Susan earnestly begged permission to accompany them to London. She felt herself placed in a most painful position. Her conscience, judgment, and every sentiment of affection and gratitude, induced her to espouse the cause of the Vivians—to espouse it in opposition to a parent.

We will not dwell upon the process of law: suffice it to say, that when the new will was brought before the court, it was found to be legal. It had been duly signed by the late Mr Willoughby's two domestics, John and Margaret Webb; and these persons, having been subpoenaed by Judith Dawson, were obliged to confess, when put to their oath, though it was with evident reluctance, that their late master was to all appearance perfectly sane when the will received his signature.

The fact was, that Webb and his wife had been prevailed on to give their sanction to what they felt to be an unjust act; and they had left the neighbourhood on the death of their master, with the hope of escaping any further involvement in the unhappy affair, should the will in favour of the old woman ever come to light.

By these means Gertrude was dispossessed of her uncle's property, and, with her family, once again returned to the rectory. Mrs Dawson did not make, as may be supposed, a very good use of the wealth she had acquired by such means. She launched out into the most reckless extravagance, and gathered together a number of dissolute and unprincipled people, whose persuasions and intemperate example had so powerful an effect on the weak mind of her husband, that he fell a victim to the excesses in which he was induced to

indulge. No words can give an adequate idea of the distress endured by Susan. The holy influences of such a home as she shared in the rector's family had naturally tended to elevate her character, as well as refine her manners; and she now positively refused to share any part of the ill-gotten wealth. As Mrs Vivian could no longer afford to keep up her former establishment, she sought a situation in a distant town, that she might be removed from the more immediate knowledge of what was passing in her native village.

Growing weary at length of the amusements which a country village afforded, Mrs Dawson purchased a handsome house in one of the principal squares in the metropolis. She here spent her time in frequenting places of public resort, or in giving expensive entertainments. There are always a set of persons to be met with who will flutter around the wealthy, be their pretensions to respectability or their moral worth what it may. The widow, therefore, found it an easy matter to fill her spacious drawing-rooms with guests who wore at least a fashionable appearance. If their characters had been investigated, it would have been discovered that not one of them could bear a very strict scrutiny.

A career of reckless vice is not often of long duration. Such was the case with the course pursued by this worthless woman. In less than three years after she became possessed of Mr Willoughby's property, she met with an accident which suddenly terminated her miserable life.

The dreadful intelligence was communicated to Susan by the attorney who had acted for her mother in the late law affair; and he made it known in so abrupt and unfeeling a manner, that her sensitive mind for a time sunk under it, and she was again thrown upon a bed of sickness. The first shock over, however, she made a strong effort to undertake a journey to her native village, with the view of paying a visit to her late master and mistress.

It was the winter season, and night had closed in ere the chaise in which she travelled reached the place of its destination. She was an unexpected guest, but not on that account unwelcome. The family group, collected around a blazing fire in the little parlour, now consisted of eight smiling faces. Mr Vivian was reading aloud from an amusing and instructive volume, whilst his wife and elder daughters were engaged with the needle. It was a beautiful picture of domestic harmony and happiness, and it so powerfully affected the mind of the visitor, that she could not utter a word in reply to the various questions put to her regarding her health, and whether, judging from her haggard aspect, any misfortune had befallen her.

'It is not in the power of wealth to purchase such peace as I find here,' she mentally soliloquised, 'nor can it, I think, even add to it.'

The family had not heard of the death of Mrs Dawson. Great was therefore their surprise when Susan, on recovering her self-possession, put into the rector's hands a paper signed by herself, giving up all claim to the property, which, she affirmed, had been legally, but nevertheless unjustly, held by her late mother. Astonishment for some moments chained Mr Vivian's lips; but when he did speak, it was to express the admiration he felt for this noble act. Gertrude embraced her as she would have done a sister or a daughter. 'Dear Susan,' she said, 'your exemplary conduct has conferred more real honour upon you than a coronet could have bestowed. You love us, and you imagine that you owe us a debt of gratitude, but I am convinced that a higher motive has instigated you to this self-sacrifice. A deep sense of justice, which the laws of man cannot controvert, though they may render it nugatory, has been the leading spring of your actions, and you would have relinquished a claim you felt to be unjust had we been total strangers to you.'

'You have rightly judged me, dear Mrs Vivian,' Susan made answer.

Gertrude, with the perfect concurrence of her husband, would have forced a considerable sum on the noble-minded girl, who was thus the means of reinstating them in their former affluence, but she positively refused its acceptance. It was her wish to resume her former position in the family, but they would not hear of her being received otherwise than as a friend. Another offer was, however, made her, which was, to become the mistress of an establishment of her own. A young farmer in the neighbourhood, charmed with the part she had taken in the affair, now came forward as a suitor for her hand, and was accepted.

It need scarcely be told that Mr and Mrs Vivian did all in their power to advance the interests and promote the happiness of the young couple. They educated their children, and advanced their interests in life. Nearly threescore years have passed since the above-related transactions occurred. The inhabitants of the Hall and the inmates of the farm now lie in the little churchyard, but the name of Susan Dawson is remembered in her native village, and her moral worth is still the theme of panegyric among its inhabitants.

A SWARM OF LOCUSTS.

Speaking of natural exhibitions, a fall of locusts is, beyond all comparison, the most awful I have ever seen; and I may be excused for digressing from the immediate thread of my narrative to give my readers some account of that dreadful scourge, which is considered in eastern and southern countries the most unfeeling manifestation of the wrath of God. Travelling along the western coast of Africa, I once beheld this terrible infliction. Those creatures fell in thousands and ten thousands around us and upon us, along the sands on which we were riding, and on the sea that was beating at our feet; yet we were removed from their most oppressive influence; for a few hundred yards to our right, darkening the air, the great innumerable host came on slowly and steadily, advancing in a direct line, and in a mighty moving column. The fall of locusts from this central column was so great, that when a cow, directly under the line of flight, attempting ineffectually to graze in the field, approached her mouth to the grass, there rose immediately so dense a swarm, that her head was for the moment almost concealed from sight; and as she moved along, bewildered by this worse than Egyptian plague, clouds of locusts rose up under her feet, visible even at a distance as clouds of dust when set in motion by the wind on a stormy day. At the extremity of the field I saw the husbandmen bending over their staffs, and gazing with hopeless eyes upon that host of death, which swept like a destroying angel over the land, and consigned to ruin all the prospects of the year; for wherever that column winged its flight, beneath its withering influence the golden glories of the harvest perished, and the leafy haunts of the forest disappeared. There stood those ruined men, silent and motionless, overwhelmed with the magnitude of their calamity, yet conscious of their utter inability to control it; while, farther on, where some woodland lay in the immediate line of the advancing column, heath set on fire, and trees kindling into a blaze, testified the general horror of a visitation which the ill-fated inhabitants endeavoured to avert by such a frightful remedy. They believed that the smoke arising from the burning forest, and ascending into the air, would impede the direct march of the column; throw it into confusion, drive the locusts out to sea, and thus deliver the country from their desolating presence.—*Lord Carnarvon's 'Portugal and Galicia.'*

SCARCITY OF YOUNG CELEBRITIES.

It is rather curious at first, to one unfamiliar with the artistic world, to see how little youth is to be met with amongst the celebrities. Our young poets are middle-aged men; our rising authors are bald; our distinguished painters are passing into the 'sere and yellow leaf'; our very young Englishmen are getting gray and pursy. The truth is, life is short, and art is long; and although a privileged man does sometimes, in the ardour of youth, reach the summit of reputation by a bound, either from the prodigal richness of his genius, or from having hit the favour of the movement, yet, as a general rule, celebrity is slowly gained; and not without many years of toilsome effort.—*Leves.*

YESTERDAY.

I see it now, through bygone years,
As plainly as of yore!
Though grief and age have worn life's page
And stained its traces o'er,
That fairy home of boyhood's time,
When the world was pure and gay,
Comes sweeping back o'er memory's track
As fresh as yesterday.

I see again the well-known scene—
I tread the path anew
Where lily, rose, and eglantine,
Commingling fragrance threy:
You cannot say I'm weak and old,
Or that my looks are gray—
I'm hale and young—I stand among
The scenes of yesterday!

Thou reverend, old, and hallowed oak,
I hail thee once again!
The stately waven thy branches gave
Is solemn now as then,
When underneath thy charmed shade
I mused the hours away,
Nor thought too bright the dreams I made
In sunny yesterday.

Thou creeping vine, that lovest to twine
Around the cottage door,
And weavest thy slender, misty arms
My chamber lattice o'er—
I've clapped my little hands for aye,
And thought no vine so gay
As the vine that clustered fruits for me
In childhood's yesterday!

Ye tinted flowers of varied hue,
That fringe the walks along—
Ye modest plants that hide from view
Amidst the blooming throng—
Him bounding down your garden slope
With my long-forgotten 'Merris'—
I'm shouting loud the song of Hope
You taught me yesterday!

Alas! alas! that boyish song,
For me, is hushed and still;
The blue that danced so light along
Creeps slowly now and chill!
My sight grows dim—my limbs grow old—
The vision fades away—
Though bright it seem, 'tis but the dream
Of bygone yesterday!

CHARLES WILKES.

—From the Cottage Gardener.

CONFESSION.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owing what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error; more humility to acknowledge it; and more grace to correct it.—*Saunders.*

MARRIAGE OF MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES.

We have received a letter from a lady belonging to the Moravian Communion, informing us that the author of an article in No. 244 of this Journal, entitled 'A Ride in South Africa,' is mistaken as to the marriage of the missionaries. It seems they do not invariably go out unmarried, and some are married at the Cape. The lot, as a consequence, adds, is a religious ceremony, performed occasionally by the elders of the congregations for the purpose of ascertaining 'whether it is the Lord's will that such and such a thing be done, and unless it is, so the phrase is, the desire of the individual affected by the result, it is binding.

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NATIONALITY.

NATIONALITY is one of the most mischievous words in the dictionary. It has occasioned the bitterest wars related in history, and at this moment is setting all Europe by the ears. Peace—wealth—home—family: these trifles may go, and their moan is soon made, but let us fight to the last for our nationality! I wonder what nationality means?

A nation being an aggregate of individuals, its mind must be formed of numerous different opinions and shades of opinion, and its manners exhibit the same variety. One would think that there could be no common rallying-point here; but the fact is otherwise. One aggregate is different from another aggregate, just as one individual is different from another individual; and climate, soil, government, and a thousand other and more obscure circumstances, give a distinguishing tone even to the diversities of a nation. Among these circumstances, not the least, perhaps, is physical constitution, transmitted, as regards a people, in the same way as family likeness, moral and personal. It matters not what difference there may be in the social condition of the members of the community; rich and poor, noble and mean, all bear a certain resemblance to each other, and all have done so from the first period of their congregation. The fighting Roman of ancient times was not more different from the trading Carthaginian, than is the volatile Frenchman of to-day from the steady Englishman. Nationality, therefore, or nationalness, as it used to be written, is the expression of the common idiosyncrasy; it is, in fact, the egotism of a nation.

An individual who does not assert his own rights, cannot love right for itself; and if he is tender of the rights of others, this can only spring from fear or temporary interest. It is not the assertion of right, however, that constitutes egotism, but the assertion of self in totality. An egotist values a thing because it is his; an opinion, because it is he who holds it; and not on account of any intrinsic worth or wisdom in what he values. Such a character is devoted to ridicule by the common consent of mankind; and perhaps it is time to inquire whether there is anything that should exempt the egotism of a nation from being placed in the same category. May not the reverence with which we view nationality arise in some degree from our moral perceptions being confused by its complication?

When a smaller nation is absorbed in a greater, before weeping over ruined nationality, or girding on our sword to fight in its rescue, we should inquire what general civilisation has gained by the revolution, and what the individual sufferer has lost. Perhaps it has lost a bad government; perhaps it has been freed from feudal oppression; perhaps it has been removed from a

progress. In this case nationality is mistaken; as mistaken as the Scotch at Culloden; as mistaken as the Highlanders when they refused to abandon their unseemly costume and antiquated language, because these were their own. But nationality rarely reasons. A serf fights for his collar as bitterly as a noble for his estate. At the famous partition of Poland, the country was the property of a handful of landowners, and the masses of the people were merely animals of burden belonging to the soil. But what of that? The serfs were Poles, and they rallied round the national flag, and fought and died in thousands for a cause to which they could not give even the name of liberty. Such is Irish nationality at this hour. The people, starved or neglected by a body of incompetent and generally heartless landlords, desire to have a king and a parliament of these landlords, as a panacea for all their ills!

If there is a mistake, it may be possible to discover what it is. Let us at least stir up the subject. Let us look behind the folds of that worn and clotted standard, beneath which so much blood has been shed, and try to find out what they hide.

The Spartans, in a moral point of view, were perhaps the most distinguished people of antiquity, and they had likewise the most nationality. Their little state was the object of universal admiration; contemporary historians conceded to them the superiority over all the Greeks; they carried on for ages a career of unexampled prosperity; and when ancient Sparta was at an end, and they had entered into the régime of the modern world, the remains of their impetus carried them on through the system of states that perished under the Macedonian rule, and afterwards through those of the Achæan league, till they were the last community of Greece which sunk into village insignificance in the empire of Rome. During a great part of their long and lofty career, the nationality of the Spartans must have been of the true sort; and it must have been only by slow degrees that it became diluted or travestied by the contaminations of the vulgar world. Here, then, we may obtain some light. Let us inquire what this peculiar nationality was, and in what it differed from the obviously mistaken nationalities of our own time.

But do not be alarmed. There is no occasion for a dissertation on the institutions of ancient Sparta. The Spartans were not half so proud of their red or purple garments as the Highlanders were of their kilts. They were a little partial, perhaps, to black broth (the national kail or parritch), but even this they would not have made the watchword of liberty. They would not have died for the soup on which they lived, turning away with sickness from turtle and mulligatawny. Their pride was in matters of quite a different sort; and how could it have been otherwise with a

counsellors and commanders, as to a general nursery of statesmen and warriors? Would these governments have sent in the hour of their need to invoke the aid of men who wore red caps, or who were adepts in eating black broth? The nationality of the Spartans was no materialism like this. It was moral and intellectual. It prided itself on energy, penetration, bravery, generosity, and self-denial; and a devotion of this kind was found in practice to withstand the revolutions of Greece, and the wear and tear of ages.

'When I observed,' says Xenophon, 'that this nation, though not the most populous, was the most powerful state of Greece, I was seized with wonder, and with an earnest desire to know by what arts it attained its pre-eminence; but when I came to the knowledge of its institutions, my wonder ceased. As one man excels another, and as he who is at pains to cultivate his mind must surpass the person who neglects it, so the Spartans should excel every nation, being the only state in which virtue is studied as the object of government.' What the virtue of that people was, it is foreign to my present purpose to inquire. Let us be satisfied with knowing that it belonged to the character, not the position; that it was moral, not physical; that it did not depend on forms, or dynasties, or native localities, but that, if dispossessed, by force of arms, of their country, the retreating sound of the Spartan file would have led its unchanged denizens to found a new empire upon new ground, and radiate freedom and wisdom over a new circle of admiring neighbours.

To come from aggregates to individuals: what do we think of the man whose egotism refers only to his coat, or his horse, or his house, or his estate? Do we think much better of him in whom it points to family antiquity, going back perhaps to the progenitor whose talent and valour won those advantages of which his descendant can only boast? In fact, in the case of individuals we have no difficulty. It is only when we come to national complications that we are puzzled, and confound names with things. When a man loses in speculation a house for which he has a high value, either because it was his own acquisition, or because it had been the seat of his family for centuries—or if the house is forcibly removed, to make way for a road or other public benefit—we may pity him for the misfortune, but we never suppose that he has been injured in his moral self. He is the same man as before, with the same moral qualities, the same intellectual powers. Nothing has been changed but those external things in which the experience of the world shows their possessors have no perpetual property. A new shifting of places has occurred, a new arrangement been made—and that is all: perhaps the small revolution turns out for the general good, and we console ourselves with the idea, that private losses are public gains.

The fortunes of nations, or aggregates of individuals, are looked upon with a different eye. With them everything is to be permanent. Institutions good, bad, and indifferent, must remain intact. The territory lost in the chances of war, or swallowed up in a new system of states, having been once theirs, must be theirs in right for ever. Discontent with the changed order of things is virtue; insurrection, however utterly hopeless, heroism; and when the masses of the people wilfully remain, age after age, idle, filthy, and starving, we lament their misfortunes, and honour their patriotism.

There can be no watchwords more respectable or more glorious, when properly used, than 'country' and 'liberty'; but under these names we fight as often for shadows as realities. When called upon to lament a thing that is lost, we should inquire, in the case of nations, just as we do in that of individuals, what is its value? The answer will be received in both cases from the manner and aspect of those who demand our sympathy; for if they have no qualities worthy of respect, they can have lost nothing that deserves to be deplored. It is needless to apply these observations at present to

any case in particular. We would rather wait till the grand shuffling of the cards is over which is now going on in Europe, and then look at the state of the game.

In the meantime, we would confine ourselves to protesting against the abuse of the word 'nationality,' which really refers to those qualities of a people which defeat cannot take away, and not to external circumstances, perpetually changing in the onward movement of society. Misconception on this point is full of practical mischief. It hinders us from understanding history, and therefore from benefiting by its lessons. It distorts and travesties contemporary events, and fills the world with illusions. Even in private life it obscures our perceptions, and prevents us from distinguishing right from wrong. It invests *our own* country and *our own* countryman with a fantastic and unreal eminence which provincialises and vulgarises us. If our particular nation is distinguished for anything good or great, let us unite the ideas of the thing and its qualities, and form of that union the standard of our nationality. Thus we shall no longer be confused by associations, and swindled by names, but possess a test whereby to know whom to recognise as competitors or reject as aliens.

STORY OF NICHOLAS DECHAMP.

It was towards the close of the year 1685, at a time when many of the fairest districts of France were being abandoned by thousands of their most industrious inhabitants, in consequence of the persecutions engendered by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that a small trading vessel, which had sailed ten days previously from the coast of Bretagne, came to an anchor off the harbour of Greenock. At that period, any arrival from a foreign country was an event of universal interest to the population of this then modest little seaport; but in the present instance, that interest was greatly enhanced when it became known that the vessel in question had sailed from the shores of France, and that she carried as passengers some of the individuals who were obliged to flee from their native land in consequence of the impolitic bigotry of Louis XIV.

These, however, were but two in number: one a man rather under the middle stature, who had already long passed the meridian of life, but who still appeared to possess much energy of character and physical activity; the other a little black-eyed, brunette of some eight years of age, naturally, it could be observed, a lively and happy disposition, but upon whose youthful features there lingered the marked traces of great sorrow or fatigue. It was evident to the beholder that they were parent and child.

The first-mentioned was Nicholas Dechamp, an ardent member of the Protestant party in France. He had been for many years established as a paper manufacturer in the vicinity of the Loire, and had by honest industry succeeded in acquiring a little fortune, and every sense of security, either for himself or his property, was dissipated by that blighting act of intolerance to which we have just referred. At this period he had been for some time a widower; and of a large numerous family, all that now remained to him was one solitary flower—the last come, and the last reserved—his youthful daughter Elise. Obligated to abandon his home and business, he had hastily realised a small portion of his property and had with his wife secured a passage in a vessel bound for the Clyde—a destination to which he was directed in a great measure by accident.

It may easily be conceived that this sudden change of fortune was felt as a severe affliction by Dechamp, especially when he looked on his young companion in thought of the hardships she might be required to undergo. But he was a man of a stout heart; he felt that he suffered in a good cause, and was buoyed up by the cheerful hope that he would not be abandoned, deserted in his calamity. His eye had not long been

upon the rugged mountains of the north, when he began to dream over what might yet be his—a quiet home in the land of the stranger, of which his fondly-loved child should be the presiding genius, to sweeten with her affection the days of his declining age.

Despite the difficulties to be encountered by a foreigner, from his ignorance of the language of the inhabitants and other causes, Dechamp had not long set foot in Greenock before he had the good fortune to make several friends, by whom he was encouraged in the design which he had entertained, soon after his arrival, of endeavouring to prosecute his business in the west of Scotland. With this object in view he set out, accompanied by his young companion, from whom he could not part, on a tour of observation; and after having paid a visit, among other places, to the flourishing city of Glasgow, he eventually found himself in a secluded corner on the banks of the river Cart, at no great distance from the historically-celebrated field and village of Langside. Here it was that, after having made the necessary arrangements with the proprietor of the ground, he resolved to take up his abode, with the view of commencing what was almost an entirely new branch of industry in Scotland—the manufacture of paper; a commodity for which this country was at that period chiefly indebted to the Dutch.

Dechamp's beginnings were necessarily on a very limited scale, and, as was to be expected, he had many difficulties to overcome; but his perseverance and industry were unbowed, and these eventually led him on the way to success. Having succeeded in the first step requisite—that of procuring a residence, with adjoining premises, which, by a little alteration, were made available to his purpose—his next proceeding was to collect a supply of the raw material, as it may be called, necessary to his undertaking. With this view he was accustomed, as is still mentioned in oral records, to perambulate the neighbouring districts, visiting the guidwives of the farmers and cotters, and somewhat astonishing them by his inquiries for old rags, often telling them in his broken English that however soiled and apparently worthless, he would 'Buy dem all, and make dem very good for de fly-vite paper.'

It would appear that he was very soon successful in convincing the good people of the country around that it was their interest to follow his advice, and that in due time he was enabled to commence operations with a sufficient accumulation of materials, and a fair promise of future supplies. At first, his progress was slow and tedious, but having by degrees engaged a few assistants, who were willing to be instructed in the mysteries of this novel employment, he began gradually to experience the onward current of success; and so steadily did it bear him along, that in the course of a few years he found himself at the head of a very flourishing business, possessed of much enlarged manufacturing premises, and all that could be desired in a comfortable domestic establishment.

Ever since his settlement in the vicinity, he had become a regular attender in the parish church of Cathcart; yet he seems, while enjoying a certain measure of their respect, to have been for a considerable period regarded with some feelings of distrust by the majority of the simple-minded rustics who worshipped with him in that temple. He was a Frenchman, and had come from a 'popish country': these were suspicious facts; and although it was generally known that he was an exile for conscience' sake, and that he led a sedate and blameless life, still this was not entirely sufficient to dispel occasional doubts as to his opinions being of a perfectly orthodox character. Sensible, apparently, of the existence of such a feeling, he had, in order to its removal, as well, perhaps, as from other and higher motives, made application, a year or two after his arrival, to be admitted a member of the Church of Scotland. After surmounting some difficulties which lay in the way he at length succeeded in effecting this object, but only, according to parish records, after he

had publicly appeared before the congregation of Cathcart, and in its presence made a renunciation both of the Pope and the devil!

Meantime as years moved on, and as Dechamp found both his means and business on the increase—thanks, in some measure, to the energetic traders of the adjacent city of Glasgow—the young companion of his expatriation, the joyous-hearted Elise, had passed from the morning of girlhood into the more advanced day of life—acknowledged on every side to be one of the 'bonniest lassies' for many a mile around. The apple of her father's eye, she was in reality more to him than his sincerely religious spirit would allow him to believe, far less to acknowledge; while with the workpeople he employed, as well as with young and old among his more immediate neighbours, Peggy Dechamp, as she was familiarly styled, was an acknowledged favourite, to whom every one was ready to tender a kind word when occasion offered, or if by chance over-diffident for such an act, to doff at least in silent respect the in general well-worn 'bonnet of blue.' By the time when she was verging on her eighteenth year, the fondest expectations of the father may be said to have been realised. He had indeed secured to himself a peaceful home in the land of the stranger, and of that home his daughter was to him the solace and delight.

It may readily be surmised that a young person possessed of so many attractions as Peggy Dechamp was not likely to have attained the age in question without awakening in some hearts feelings of a rather tenderer nature than those of mere admiration: but hereby hangs a tale. Among those of his neighbours with whom Dechamp became more intimately acquainted soon after his settlement on the banks of the Cart was a person named Hall, who carried on the business of a miller at no great distance from where the former had taken up his quarters. Hall, a man of some property, and of respectable standing in the parish, had at an early period shown considerable kindness to the lonely refugee and his child. He had at their first acquaintance made them heartily welcome to his fire-side, which was enlivened by the presence of one of the most thrifty and good-natured wives in Clydesdale, and a family of two sons; the one an active youth, who took a part in the labours of the mill, and the other a fine boy about ten years of age, who, at the period in question, was attending the parish school.

The intimacy thus early formed between Dechamp and the miller's family gradually ripened into a steady friendship, and it was with sincere gratification that, in the course of a few years, John and Isabella Hall beheld the increase of their neighbour's prosperity. Meantime their youngest son 'Jamie' had finished his education—the plain education of a Scottish farmer's son—and it had become necessary for his parents to consider about his future employment. Jamie being a lad of a quiet disposition, with a rather studious turn of mind and very diffident manners, it had early been their intention to have him educated for the 'kirk'; but to the prospect of a ministerial life the boy himself had, probably from a want of self-confidence, a rooted objection; on which account the design had been abandoned. Now, however, something decided required to be fixed upon, and it was when Mr Hall was on one occasion referring to the subject in Dechamp's presence, that the lively Frenchman ejaculated, 'Why you not make him a papermaker? Put him yith me, and I shall teach him a good trade.' Suffice it to say, this proposal was eventually approved of; and with Jamie's ready consent, he became Mr Dechamp's indentured apprentice. In this new position, let it be added, he soon gained the good opinion of his employer, equally by his steady attention to business and by his modest obliging disposition; in which, however, there prevailed what may be termed rather too much of reserve.

Young Hall was in the last year of his apprenticeship, and had nearly completed his twentieth year. He had been familiar with the presence of Peggy Dechamp

from the days of her girlhood; they had, in fact, grown up almost side by side. Was not he, then, one of those on whom the opening charms of the dark-eyed beauty had had, with more than common effect? Alas! it was so; and Jamie deeply loved; but his love was in every sense a silent one, and so carefully concealed within his breast, that no one, not even the fair creature who had inspired the feeling, as yet knew of or suspected its existence. Kind and alike affable to all, she on her part did not appear to have imbibed any particular predilections; for if it could be said that she had ever exhibited the slightest trait of partiality more favourable to one individual than another, that partiality, evidently, pointed at her father's sedate apprentice, Jamie Hall. But Jamie had never detected or dreamt of anything of this kind: he felt confident of himself when compared with others of her known admirers; and this feeling no doubt increased the natural bashfulness which made him shrink from any of those little attentions which might have told his love.

Thus were matters situated: young Hall, not altogether an object of indifference, it may be, to her, on whose his secret thoughts were spent—when one fine summer afternoon, while his own people were still at work, and his friend the miller busied in his usual avocations, Mr. Dechamp unexpectedly entered the clean tidy kitchen, where Mrs. Hall was seated alone at her spinning-wheel, and after his usual cordial salutation, told her that he was come to have a little conversation with her. It was a frequent custom with him to 'look in' at this manner *en passant*, and after a few kind inquiries, or a little friendly chat, to pass upon his way; but on this occasion the good lady could perceive from his manner that he had something of more importance than usual to communicate; so, after a cheerful welcome, she smilingly added, 'Just tak' the guidman's chair, Mr. Dechamp, and let me hear what it's a'bout.'

The purport of her visitor's communication was this: 'He felt,' he said, 'that he was becoming an old man; that he could not expect to survive many additional years; and that he was, in consequence, very desirous of seeing his daughter respectably settled in life; for he grieved at the possibility of his child being left without a natural protector, in a land where, although possessed of many friends, she had not a single relation.' She would inherit whatever property he left, and that he was happy to think, would in all probability not be inconsiderable; and, he continued, 'it had been for some time a cherished idea of his, that, if agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Hall, it would be an excellent thing to have their "good boy Jamie" for a son-in-law. But alas! added the worthy Frenchman with a shrug of the shoulders, 'I fear that your Jamie is very cold; and that he cares for my Peggy nothing at all.' With these views and impressions he had come, he said, to open the matter, leaving her to judge whether it would be advisable to mention it to her husband, or to endeavour to sound Jamie himself upon the subject.

Mrs. Hall was not very much surprised at this disclosure, for it had often occurred to her that a match between her son and the papermaker's heiress would not prove by any means a bad arrangement. She even had a suspicion that Jamie was not entirely blind to the attractions of the merry-hearted Peggy Dechamp; but she was sensible that any attempt to pry into the matter would have an injurious effect, so she merely indulged in an occasional guess upon the subject, and kept her surmises entirely to herself. To Mr. Dechamp she accordingly replied, that in so far as she was concerned, she could see nothing objectionable in what he proposed; but that she would of course consult her husband before saying anything farther on the subject; and that, if it was his wish that she should do so, she would certainly take a mother's privilege of speaking to her son on a matter of so much importance to himself.

The 'cats and ins' of these matters it is unnecessary to follow. Mr. Hall would appear to have entered very much into his wife's opinion on this momentous question,

while the latter actually dropped the whole affair to Jamie himself; but as to all that passed on his son's side we are unfortunately in the darkness. It was, however, within about a week or so of the day of his visit to his Hall, as Mr. Dechamp was walking in the little garden adjoining, while his work people were absent at dinner, that he beheld, through an open window, of his establishment—oh! astounding facts—the brawny bachel and retiring apprentice attempting to snatch a kiss from—could he believe his eyes?—get it was his daughter Peggy; and there was Peggy herself, riding with blazes, and struggling to escape from Jamie's embrace. This was quite enough, all that, for the moment he could have desired to see. He was not one of those cruel fathers who would glory in dashing the cup from the lips of young and joyous love; but he so quietly withdrawing from his accidentally assumed post of observation, he mechanically continued on his way, occasionally rubbing his hands with the air of a man who had suddenly experienced some stroke of great good fortune; and now and then giving vent to some audible expression that was ever accompanied by a quick sparkle of the eye and a sudden smile. He reached the little garden gate, but he stopped neither: it appeared to open of itself before him; and some minutes had elapsed, he might have been seen proceeding; at something beyond his usual pace, towards the miller's domicile. All is all well, very well, with the now grey-haired but still maroonish Bonhomme, as he stepped buoyantly into the presence of Mr. Hall and his goodwife, who happened to be still at the spinning-table. 'Your Jamie loves my daughter, he has kissed her, my own eyes saw it; I am very happy to be so; and—' Astonishing and unexpected as all this had appeared to Mr. Dechamp, the announcement made did not shake his audacity to any extent at all in consequence with his own exulted feelings; a cordial welcome, however, was given for the intelligence, which he brought, and the horny hand of the miller grasped his old man with a pressure that spoke of a gratification not less deeply felt.

Need we lengthen out the tale? It is assumed, not at no distant period, the lively Peggy Dechamp, the daughter of the expatriated foreigner, was joined in the hands which may be likened to other ones, as circumstances determined, with Jamie Hall. As years rolled on, the worthy papermaker was gathered to his fathers, and the business was continued by his son-in-law for a considerable period; how long we cannot tell; but this we know, that within the next forty years his lineal descendants of Jamie Hall and Peggy Dechamp held a highly respectable position in the city of Glasgow.

It may be added, that the writer of this sketch to whom the story of Nicholas Dechamp had been for some time familiar, was highly interested lately, when accidentally 'dipping' into the business-books of the 'Company trading to Africa and the Indies,' the famous Darian Association, now preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, to find that considerable quantities of paper had been purchased by the persons who acted as the company's agents in Glasgow from Nicholas Dechamp, and that his name was

FROM THE POD TO THE PIECE.

FROM Manchester to Stockport it is but nine miles, or fifteen minutes by rail; and from the three great cities of Great Britain to Manchester is only a day's journey. Let those, then, who can, take up their carriage, and pay the visit, if they would see the pod become the piece; but let the multitudes, who cannot travel with us along the lines of thought, as we bring the most wonderful combinations of human skill, the world has ever seen before their eyes.

Behold us, then, note-book in hand, and with every faculty on the alert, set down in the atoning, grating, buzzing town of Stockport. The factory people are

just returning from their dinner, and every house and every cottage pours out its tributary streams, until a great river of human beings, men, women, boys, girls, young men, and maidens, sets toward the factory gates. Waiting a while for the reception of this animate tide into the precincts of the huge structures before us, and joining company with one or two stragglers who are behind him, we enter the gates, but we fare better than the stragglers, for one of them, in going forward to his allotted part in the factory, has to pass through a little wicket by the side of the office. In vain he attempts to pass unseen; he steps on to a movable platform, and by some secret mechanism he is suddenly turned round with the box, and presented, greatly to his annoyance, at the office window, where he remains a fixture until his number is taken down, and he is released, abashed and confounded, if he be a novice, to proceed to his duty. The many factories by the side of the office is a small apartment in which two or three persons are engaged, in a very peculiar task, covering small rollers with smooth leather coverings. The stranger will probably wonder what connection this multitude of leather-clad rollers, not larger than an average sized reel of cotton, has with the cotton manufacture; but before he has concluded his survey, it will appear that one of the great secrets of the system is contained in the beautiful machines, called 'drawing-frames,' of which these rollers constitute an essential part. Producing, in order of admission, we are led into the portals of the steam-hive; and with the very earth trembling under our feet, and the air vibrating with the whirling, clack-cling, and humming noises of the impetuous machinery within, the door is opened into the picking-room, and we become fully aware of our voyage from the pod to the piece, by the aid of an unobtrusive guide. The bales, each weighing on the average about three hundred pounds or so, are brought into this room, cast upon the floor, and with two or three blows of a sharp knife the cord around them is cut, and the elasticity of the cotton flings the bale open; the canvas covering is then stripped off, and the contents of the bale are spread out on the floor of the apartment to be picked. This operation is performed by a few persons, often women and children. Ordinarily, the good and bad cotton are mixed together and cast upon a pile or stack, from one side of which they are dragged by a rake, applied from the top to the bottom, thus insuring a mixture of all the different strata. Sometimes, however, the very fine cotton is reserved, and placed separately for the manufacture of lace, &c. In the next room is a small machine, at one side, parts of which are in rapid motion, and produce a whirling sound. This machine is the 'willow,' and prepares the work for all the rest of the building. The cotton here first falls into those powerful hands of steel which part not with it until they have turned it off a finished fabric. And truly it is roughly handled in this initiatory proceeding; a man takes up his two handfuls of the light material, and places it in a compartment on one end of the machine; the white masses tumble hastily in, and if you will step into the room beyond, you will see how they come out, looking whiter, cleaner, and infinitely more flocculent and downy than before, blown out with a powerful current from the mouth of the willow, which opens by a square opening into this room. In the intermediate process they have been caught by iron teeth of different lengths, revolving at a rate of six hundred revolutions per minute; the cotton has been thus repeatedly torn asunder; its impurities have dropped to the bottom; and it is wadded, like so many tumbling masses of band before a strong wind, into the third room, from whence it is taken in proper quantities to the next floor. It is difficult to convey a just impression of the blowing-room, into which we are now brought. What with the noise caused by the beaters, the deep thrilling hum of the ventilating-fans, and the heat developed by the friction of the bearing machines,

make his exit as quickly as possible; not to mention the awfully dusty state of the atmosphere of the room, which deposits in the most delicate but tenacious manner the floating filaments of cotton upon his apparel, until, if he went in in a black coat, he certainly emerges in a gray one. But such a rapid escape will not avail us, who have to trace the filament completely through its fearful pilgrimage, to the last parting squeeze of the hydrostatic press.

The blowing, or 'beating,' or, as it is sometimes called, 'scutching' engine, is a beautiful thing when seen with all its most modern additions; or are those before us? Upon a moving feed-roller, at one end, a certain weight of cotton wool is spread by the person in charge; this is seized by a pair of fluted rollers, which convey it into the interior of this terrible engine. As it is being delivered off by them, it receives the blows of a frame composed of flat bars revolving at an enormous rate—it is said four thousand in the minute; the fibres are thus effectually loosened, opened, and purified from dirt, which falls through an iron grid at the bottom; the wool proceeds on through the machine, and gets a second thrashing, as severe and tremendous as the first; proceeding further still, it is gently pressed, and spread into a flat loosely-coherent fleece; and at the end of this ingenious machine behold the cotton web exhibit the first evidence of constructive skill, and, assuming the form of a soft fragile web, roll itself up, at the rate of about three feet in a minute, upon a self-acting roller, which, when filled, is removed by an attendant, in order to substitute an empty one for it. Thus, then, the cotton fibre is—1st, beaten; 2d, purified; 3d, beaten; 4th, purified; 5th, pressed; and 6th, rolled up. As this is a very dusty process, a peculiar contrivance is fitted to each engine, consisting of a pair of fans or blowers, which produce a very forcible draught of air up the machine, by which means all the dust is conveyed away through tubes, and blown out into the air. This operation being attended with some risk of fire, from the latent heat developed by the beaters, is often carried on in a separate building, which may always be recognised outside by the large ventilating coils on its roof, through which a stream of cotton dust may be seen vehemently blowing. As these fans take about a horse-power each to drive, it seems to us worthy the consideration of our manufacturers whether a jet of high-pressure steam might not be applied to produce the requisite ventilation of the blowing engine. The processes hitherto have all had for their object the thorough disentanglement of the fibres of the cotton; they have no mutual coherence, or but very little, and are therefore in a condition to obey the manufacturer's will as to their future disposition and arrangement.

Let the reader take a mass of cotton wool in his hand. Those multitudinous fibres, no two of which have the same direction, have to be further cleaned, and all laid straight and even, before they can receive the least assistance to their union into a firm texture. The problem may seem almost insoluble, but the carding-room, into which we next direct our steps, furnishes the first element in the solution. Other machines employed in the cotton manufacture have more science about them, and display more signal triumphs of mind over matter; but the carding-engine has the greatest beauty of appearance, and produces the most attractive and elegant results. There is not the least difficulty in fully comprehending this ingenious apparatus with a little attention. This rolled-up fleece coming from the blowing-room is placed upon proper supports, in a horizontal position, at the back of the carding-engine; it is partly unrolled by the 'tenter,' an attendant is called, and the end introduced to the carding mechanism, which continues to unravel it until it is exhausted. The end is caught by a large circular brush, composed of short iron wires, set at a particular angle. This tears off the cotton wool into the finest filaments; and rubbing against a number of other circular brushes of the same kind, the filaments are again and again torn from each

other, until they are reduced to a delicate web, all the dirt and knots having fallen through in the process, or having been arrested by some stationary flat brushes at the top of the engine, against, or in almost contact with which, the great brush rubs. The operation of this web from the teeth of the great brush is effected in the simplest manner by a smaller circular brush, the teeth of which are set in another direction, rubbing against it. It remains still to remove the web from this brush also, and this is effected by an up-and-down movement of a long comb, which, sweeping over the face of the wires of the second brush, combs off in a homogeneous gauze, or gossamer-like web, the carded wool. This is then, as it were, poured through a funnel, or is, more properly speaking, drawn through by the carrying powers of two revolving rollers, and appears in a stream of a certain size, as soft as down and as white as milk, at the other end of the engine. This stream is a delicate, flat, and narrow ribbon, known as a 'siver.' It is impossible to represent the beauty of this process, and the almost magical skill with which its different steps are conducted, with adequate colours; but it is believed that any one who will attentively read the above short description will be able to form a clear and satisfactory conception of the machine. The carding-room is a busy and a noisy place. Here are little boys running to and fro clearing the top cards of the engines from their cotton impurities—they are called 'strippers'—and then with an armful of down-like wool hurrying to the waste-baskets; whilst girls and women hasten to and fro, some with full cans of sivers, others with empty ones; add to this the continual dancing motion and sharp clicks of the comb-cranks, and the ceaseless whirl of pulleys and straps, and the scene from the door of a room from two to three hundred feet long, full of these engines, may be readily conceived to be of no ordinary character and interest. What has now been done to the cotton? It has been—1st, cleaned; 2d, partially straightened; and 3d, collected into a flat ribbon or siver. When the cotton is destined to be spun into very fine yarn, it is customary to card it twice; and the first machine is called a 'breaker,' and the second a 'finisher' card.

The filaments are by no means yet straightened and equalised to the degree necessary before commencing spinning; and now we come to see the use of the leathern rollers before-mentioned. Leaving the carding-room, we may as well save the walk up stairs by getting into the 'hoist'—the square box which rises and falls at the pleasure of the persons inside—and in a few seconds we are in the drawing-room floor. There is some true philosophy in the drawing-frame, although it is the most simple of the machines employed, at least in appearance. If we were to take a little flock of cotton wool between the thumb and finger of one hand, and holding one end in those of the other, were gently to draw it out, the effect would be to straighten the filaments of it. This is precisely the *modus operandi* of the drawing-frame. But how was a task of such delicacy to be accomplished by iron fingers? The sivers, in their cans, are brought together in sets of sixes, and arranged behind the 'drawing' machine. The six sivers are then collected together, and flow in a common stream between two pairs of rollers—the upper of leather, the under of iron. A little observation will show that one pair of these rollers revolves more rapidly than the other. In consequence of this, this pair, which is the front pair, drags out the stream of wool, and thus attenuates it, because the back pair of rollers will not allow as much of the cottony stream to emerge from their grasp as the front ones demand. There is therefore no alternative: the band of cotton must be stretched and elongated; and in this condition it is passed into the receiving-can, which, rotating on its axis, gives it a slight twist as it is deposited therein. Thus the six sivers, by their union and 'drawing out,' only form one common siver at the other end of the machine. Thus, then, the action of the human fingers is successfully imitated; and with a

thousandfold more precision than they do this intimate machine execute this difficult task. The relative speed of the rollers, and the exact distances between each pair, are subjects of the most exact calculation; and may be adjusted by a simple method to the quality of the cotton. For instance, a short-fibred cotton requires the rollers to be nearer together than a long one, and the contrary. As the 'drawn' siver fills the can rapidly, requiring a girl to thrust it often down, to prevent its falling on the floor, there is a peculiar contrivance attached to modern drawing-frames, which entirely obviates one person's employment, and plunges down gently the siver, until the can is so full as to hold no more. The appearance of these falling weights in a long room is very curious. The next process is 'doubling'; that is, a still larger number of sivers are made to form only one, and thus still further to straighten and equalise the filaments. The steps of this process are precisely similar to those of the drawing-frame, and the doubling was carried to such an extent in a new factory visited by us, that it was calculated that the siver was doubled nearly half-a-million times before proceeding to the future operations. The average rate at which the siver proceeds from the rollers is about sixty feet a minute. In some of the most recent doubling and drawing engines there is a beautiful little contrivance, intended to insure the perfect uniformity of size in the siver as it is being drawn. Suppose thirty-two sivers are collected into one stream; and by the drawing-rollers converted into only one; if one of these thirty-two were to break, and the machine continued to run, the resulting siver would be of unequal thickness in its latter portion. In the elegant machines displayed to us at a large factory in Manchester this was exquisitely guarded against. The sivers were made to run over small forks; and immediately that one broke, slight though the impulse of rending aside such a delicate and soft ribbon would be, the whole length of the machine was instantly stopped, as if by an electric shock, and refused to stir, until the 'center' ran up and repaired the broken ribbon, when, as if sensible that all was right again, it resumed work.

All is now ready for spinning. The filaments are nearly parallel; the siver is of uniform thickness; and all that is now necessary for its conversion into thread, or, technically, yarn, is to give to the filaments that intertwist which will unite them into a coherent cord. No part of the process of the cotton manufacture has engaged so large an amount of attention as this, nor does any manufacturing process, of whatever nature, bear comparison with the amazing efforts of inventive skill exercised in this. The difficulties will appear as we proceed. It has been customary to consider the first step of the twisting process, which is called *roving*, apart from the 'spinning'; but the division is an incorrect one. The whole manufacture divides itself into two great classes of operations—the first of which is to straighten the cotton fibres, and the second, to twist them. The spinning, therefore, begins at the roving-frames. But how shall we describe this great and noisy machine, with its hundreds of whirling spindles, and the complicated motions of its iron limbs? Its name is the 'bobbins and fly frame.' Let us say, then, what it has to do, and it will then be seen by what means its work is done. First, it has to elongate the siver from the thickness of a finger to that of a quill-barrel of small size; next, it has to twist the 'drawing,' or 'roving,' as the attenuated slip is called, just enough to give it a little coherence; and lastly, it has to wind it up on a proper reel or bobbin. Beside these, a number of important functions must be fulfilled at the same time, which we shall immediately see are of no ordinary kind or difficulty. The machine is perhaps twenty feet long, and four or five feet high. At one end is the prime moving mechanism. Over the whole length of the top runs a rod, which stops it at the pleasure of the attendant; and in front are perhaps a hundred upright spindles, mounted with large reels, on which the roving is

being wound and twisted at the same time, and revolving at a vast velocity. The sliver starts from the cone, into which it was poured by the drawing-frames, and is conducted again between rollers, and drawn out as before, only to a far greater extent, for it is here elongated to from four to five times its length. The thin cord then enters a hole in the top of an iron instrument called a 'flyer,' and resembling an inverted U. Thus it goes down one of the arms of the Ω which is hollow, and reappears at the end of a little cross piece, from whence it winds on to the reel, which revolves on its own axis, while the flyer also revolves around it, only at a little greater velocity; by which means the reel being always a little behind, in point of time and place, the arm of the flyer, the roving is wound up. To get a clear idea of this process, suppose a common two-pronged dinner-fork had one prong hollow, and at its end a little hollow arm, with an eye or hole at its extremity; cut off the shank of the fork almost close to the prongs; suppose it also hollow, and communicating with the hollow prong; pass a thread down the shank, and down the hollow prong, and bring it out at the eye-hole of the little arm; suppose, further, this two-pronged affair to be poised in the middle by an upright spindle, which, being put in motion, caused the two-pronged thing to revolve also—being, in fact, the axis of it. Here, then, is a regular 'flyer' for us. Now put a reel upon a hollow tube, inside which the spindle of the fork will move without touching, and let the reel be, as it were, half embraced by the fork; that is, half-way up the Ω , inside its arms; let the tube which holds the reel, and the spindle which supports the fork, both be made to revolve on their long axes in the same direction, only the tube a very little slower than the spindle and fork, and you will find that a regular winding-up of the thread upon the reel will take place. This being clearly understood, and it being remembered also that the flyer necessarily, by its revolutions, twists the roving as it winds it, a difficulty occurs as to arranging the rovings regularly on the bobbin. If, for example, we were winding thread upon a cork, unless we directed it alternately to one and the other end of the cork, it would wind up all in a heap in the middle. This is obviated by causing the frame on which the bobbins rest to rise and fall alternately, and thus the stream of soft cord flows in regular alternations from the top to the bottom, and from the bottom to the top of the bobbin. But again, as more and more of the roving is wound upon the bobbin, of course it becomes, in homely terms, fatter and fatter, and therefore its diameter being increased, its circumference is increased, and consequently in one turn it can take up more roving than it could when it was thinner: but the machine cannot supply more roving in a given time than it did when the bobbin was first put on, and the roving would therefore be torn away as the bobbin increased in size, unless some contrivance could be thought of to diminish gradually the speed of the bobbin, so as to make the loss of speed in its revolutions compensate for the increase of its diameter, and consequent greater demand for roving. Here is a truly arduous undertaking, nor was it effected but with the lapse of time, and by the continued application of the most powerful minds to the task. It would be hopeless to dream of elucidating the intricate mechanism by which it is perfectly effected in our limited space; but an essential feature of it is what is called a 'speed-cone,' a sort of conical pulley, along which a strap is gradually moved as the bobbin fills, and the moving pulley-surface thus becoming smaller and smaller, a gradual and most gentle, but sufficient reduction is effected in the revolutions of the bobbin. Mr Houldsworth added to this an exquisitely-arranged invention, called the 'differential box,' by which the application of the principle was rendered easy to roving of every thickness, by the simplest adjustments.

Now comes the true spinning process. There are two kinds of spinning—the continuous and the discontinuous, which includes a stretching operation. In a

discontinuous process, the first is throstle-spinning, the second is mule-spinning. Those who have comprehended the description of the bobbin and fly-frame will readily understand that of a throstle engine, for it is in some respects very similar. We are ushered into a large room full of these oddly-named machines. They consist of frames of considerable length mounted with a mighty host of spindles, bobbins, and flyers, in such enormously rapid movement, that they appear almost stationary; and it may even be necessary to touch them to be convinced that they are really moving, and their whirling sound is something quite oppressive to the ears. In these the roving goes through three pairs of rollers to be again elongated, and is thence drawn by the revolution of the flyer, which winds round the yarn as fast as it is twisted upon a smaller bobbin. The same rising and falling contrivance arranges the yarn in regular order upon the bobbin, as in the former instance; but the bobbin has no motion of its own, as in the last process, being merely dragged round by the thread or yarn as it is wound upon it. The resulting yarn is hard, strong, and well-twisted, in every respect a striking contrast to the soft and fragile roving out of which it is made. Throstle-yarn is, on account of these properties, generally preferred for the long threads of a cloth; or, in weavers' words, the 'warp;' but for finer purposes it is not sufficiently soft and delicate. This defect was the origin of another and yet more extraordinary process of spinning, called 'mule-spinning,' a process yielding to none in ingenuity, and equalled by none in the elegance and singularity of its appearance. Entering an upper room in the factory, one of the most extraordinary scenes the imagination can picture presents itself. Looking in the long direction of the apartment, it is impossible to get a definite conception of what is going on; but standing at the side, you behold two pairs of long iron frames, with thousands of delicate spindles advancing and retreating to and from each other, as though they were performing an iron quadrille; and all this, thanks to the extraordinary skill of Mr Roberts of Manchester, without human intervention, excepting where here and there a little boy is seen crawling under them sweeping up the dust, or a girl is attending to a broken thread. Think of a machine one hundred feet long, carrying a thousand spindles, twisting, stretching out by its advance and retreat, and ultimately winding up, when these processes are finished, a thousand threads so delicate, as to be visible only in the mass of them, performing a variety of motions of adjustment, and capable of working incessantly without aid from man; and finally, actually counting up its own work; and after it has done sufficient on each spindle, ringing a bell, to inform the tender that its task is done—and some mind-glimpse of this astonishing mechanism may be caught! The objects the mule accomplishes are—1st, To elongate the roving between rollers; 2d, To spin the yarn at the rate of about ten thousand revolutions to each length of fifty-six inches; 3d, To stretch out the yarn, and thus still further equalise its diameter; and 4th, To wind it up in 'cops' of convenient form for the weaver or for the winder. For a long time the mule was directed and controlled by a powerful man, called a 'spinner,' who received very high wages; but in consequence of the continual turn-outs, in which these men were always the most prominent, because possessed of the most power, and the bad conduct of the spinners as a class, manufacturers became extremely desirous of dispensing with their functions, and of substituting the stern obedience of machinery for the capricious one of these men, from which they had so repeatedly suffered the most serious inconvenience. Mr Roberts executed the difficult task, and the 'self-actor mule' appeared, to the dismay of a large body of the disaffected, who saw in it their abused power swept away. The self-actor is now largely used, and in every new factory is exclusively adopted, for it does its work not only more surely, but in a better style and method, and with greater precision than the old

one. From the mule-spindles, or from the throstle-engine, the yarn is taken to that part of the factory where the weaving by power is carried on.

Let us follow it in this concluding stage of the history of the cotton filament. In a room, the quietness of which forms an agreeable contrast to the noise of the preceding, and as we are soon to find, to the tremendous clatter of the succeeding, stands on one side the minding, and on the other the warping frames. The first of these is very simple: it is merely a large frame, on the top of which the yarn is placed as it comes from the mule or throstle, and is wound off by power to a multitude of upright reels in rapid revolution. The warping frame is more complicated. It is all painted black, to render a broken thread readily detectable. The shape is something like a very large hand-printing press, when the fly-leaves are thrown back. At one end is a large roller, on which the warp, on long threads of the cloth, are wound; at the other is a framework, on which are many hundreds of reels, each receiving its thread to form one of the number rolled on the roller. It is moved by machinery, and the warp is rapidly laid on the roller by this means. Sometimes a thread breaks, the machine is then stopped, and the attendant, laying a long steel bar over the threads, causes the roller to unwind until the broken end is discovered and repaired without disturbing the parallelism of its threads. A door leads us from this room into one the atmosphere of which is at a very high temperature, and in which there is much more motion, noise, and bustle than the last, while every now and then the tinkle of a bell is heard in every direction. This is the "dressing-room," an apartment in which, as in others of a similar kind, the natural defects of the cotton fibre are smoothed over, and prepared for public gaze. It is filled with a number of patent dressing-machines. These are in shape something like a large mangle; at the ends are the rollers which have come from the room we have just left; eight of them are required to furnish yarn for one warp, four of them are therefore arranged at one end, and four at the other. In the centre is an upright framework, at the top of which the roller rests, in which the dressed warp is wound by cog-wheels. In its passage from the end rollers to the warp-roller, the multitude of threads receives the dressing. The yarn passes first between two wooden cylinders, the lower of which revolves in a trough of size or paste; it is then saturated with the dressing, but unevenly; and therefore the machine gives it first a brush on the upper, and next on the under surface, to lay the paste evenly out; by means of a couple of brushes, which have an odd movement, connected with drunks. It is then passed up towards the action of a rapid vane, which blows hot air across the threads; it is then wound up and ready for the loom. As the process goes on, the machine counts the proper length for the "piece," and by a bell; sometimes the tender to mark the place in red paste, as a guide to the weaver in his operations. Some of these machines will dress a mile of warp in an hour.

Of all the tremendously noisy, deafening places in the whole factory, the weaving-room or power-loom-department is the most so. As for conversation, it is altogether impossible; hearing a person bawling into your ear with all his force is about as much as is to be expected here. Conceive an enormous room containing one thousand power-looms arranged in long rows, and all helping to raise the most awful din that can salute mortal ears. Each loom consists of a number of complex mechanisms driven by straps and pulleys from the ceiling in endless multitudes. The warp-roller being placed at the back of them, is gradually unwound, and by the assistance of the shuttle, and other contrivances, the yarn assumes at length the woven texture of the piece of calico-cloth, the preliminary steps in the formation of which have occupied so much of our time. From the loom the piece is conveyed into the storehouses, is measured by being alter-

nately hung on a course of hooks a yard apart, is then folded smooth, put in the packing-press, receives its last embrace from machinery, to the weight of eight or ten tons, and is sent off to market, or to the wholesale dealers.

Before leaving the factory, we were shown the room where the size is prepared for "dressing" the goods. Several large tubs heated by steam are arranged round the sides for boiling the paste, while it is agitated by an iron agitator in the interior; and upon the floor, in the centre, were a number of large casks full of paste, covered with the tings in a coating a quarter of an inch thick. One would suppose it was all spoiled, but the manager assured us it was just at the prime, and ready for use. In the operations of one firm, eight hundred barrels of flour are used every year for this purpose; but it is necessary to mention that this is a quality unfit for human consumption. Each room has been calculated to consume three pounds of flour a week.

It is not an easy task to give the average number of yards of calico made in a day at one of these immense places; nor, if it were, is it easy to estimate its true amount. It is said that one manufacturer declared, if a ship were to fasten to her stern one end of a piece of cloth, and sail away therewith, he could not be sufficient to keep up with her, sail as fast as she might.

Such is a short account of our visit; and, we believe, a succinct statement of the present state of the cotton manufacture, at least from the Fod to the Piece.

JOHN KEATS, Esq.,

These works of Keats have two classes of readers: those who consider them as a promise, and those who consider them as an accomplishment. By the one he is revered as a great poet; and by the other he is lamented as a victim of some caprice of nature, which, after having implanted in him the seeds of genius, cut him down in the spring. For our part, we are of opinion that nature, who is so chary in her production of true artists, is so prodigal of her work when it does appear. The promise of Keats, if rightly considered, will be found, we think, to apply not to the individual, but to the general artistic mind. The accomplishment is his own; and it must be estimated partly according to its intrinsic merits; and partly according to its value in transmitting and diffusing the light of poetry along the ever-flowing stream of time. In the former point of view it is wonderful, but imperfect; it lives in such fine and prodigiously rich poetry, but no great poem. In the latter, its inspiration is greater than is perhaps yet suspected, and its influence more widely spread over the young mind of genius throughout the English world.

We have no faith in what Keats, had he lived, might have done in the way of accomplishment. Poetry is neither a trade nor a science, to be studied by rule, and learned by induction. The old adage is worthy of all acceptance: *Poeta nascitur, non fit*; his art is innate; and when he has mastered the forms of the language, he is ready to pour forth what is in him, and to teach what he cannot learn. We doubt whether Chatterton or Henry Kirke White (with whom Keats is usually associated, for no other intelligible reason than that they all three happened to die young) would have produced anything better in after life, either the one by his genius, or the other by his indomitable mediocrity. No example of this has ever occurred; for if a young man copies verses, should be classed with imitators. Keats did not die till his 26th year; his mind from boyhood had fed upon poetry; he had been cheered in his devotion to the Muse by sanguine and idealistic

friends, and, without overturning all experience and all analogy, we must perforce conclude that the world had received from him what was his to bestow, before he sank into his early and lamented tomb.

His early fate is the more lamentable, that he died before his fame had begun to live. He carried with him to the grave only raised hopes and disappointed love; desiring his friends to inscribe upon his stone, 'HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.' From that humble tomb, however, there has now come a light to which the eyes of rising genius are turned from the ends of the earth. Keats is one of the great teachers of the new world, and of new spirits in the old; and already, besides numerous editions of the works, imperfect as they may be, of this once despised poet, we have two volumes of his 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains.'

We do not think that Mr Milnes has stated completely the case between his author and the public. The reviewers of "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly," he tells us, 'were persons evidently destitute of all poetic perception, directing an unrefined and unscrupulous satire, against political opponents, whose intellectual merits they had no means of understanding. This, indeed, was no combat of literary principles, no struggle of thoughts, no competition of modes of expression; it was simply the judgment of the policeman and the beadle over mental efforts and spiritual emanations.' Now it appears to us to be quite clear that Keats's poetry was not abused, and the abuse acquiesced in by the public, on account of his politics, but simply because neither critics nor public felt and understood it. The hostility of the critics may have been imbibed by politics, and the political principles of the Cockney school used against its leaders, just like the pimple of Hazlitt or the criminal addiction of Leigh Hunt to tea and muffins. But if politics had been the sole motive of the critics, it would have worked in two ways, and the object of their derision would have enjoyed the fame as well as endured the torments of a martyr. The Lake school, with politics diametrically opposite, was the object of as much critical objugation and popular neglect as the school of Hampstead; and Keats himself is noticed by our editor as having been daringly singular in his admiration of Wordsworth.

The truth appears to be, that the public mind was at that time in the transition state from a kind of poetical materialism, in which it was satisfied with the sensuous images of such writers as Scott; to the more metaphysical taste that followed, uniting the kingdoms of matter and mind, and recognising the spirit of nature even in the meanest of her external forms. Keats was one of the prophets who helped forward this movement, and was stoned for his pains; but the stones have now become at once his own monument and a memorial of the fruitless zeal with which his critics strove unconsciously to impede the progress of mind. This zeal, however, was fruitless only as regards the cause: it was fatal to the individual. It is absurd to deny the temporary power of contemporary criticism. 'If the frank acknowledgment,' says Mr Milnes, 'of the respect with which Keats had inspired Mr Jeffrey had been made in 1818 instead of 1820, the tide of public opinion would probably have been at once turned in his favour, and the imbecile abuse of his political, rather than literary antagonists, been completely exposed.' Would this have saved Keats? Yes. We talk not of his life. That is unimportant, for one must die some time or other. But it was hard for this young man to die before knowing that he had lived; it was hard for him to think that all his proud hopes and lofty aspirations had been vain; it was hard for him to believe that it was empty air he had felt stirring like a god within his gallant heart; it was hard for him to read in imagination the legend on his unhonoured grave: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water!"

Mr Milnes has discharged his duty as an editor with great ability, but too timidly. If Keats is not what he represents him to be, then there was no need for the book at all; if he was, then biographical facts were of too great value to be concealed for the purpose of sparing private sensibilities. 'These pages,' he tells us, 'concern one whose whole story may be summed up in the composition of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one passion, and a premature death.' This passion, which must have been, and was, an essential part in the life of a poet, receives not the smallest illustration from the editor; and here was a point, we think, in which private feelings should have yielded.

Keats was born on the 29th October 1795. His father was in the service of Mr Jennings, the proprietor of livery stables on the Pavement in Moorfields, whose daughter, the mother of the poet, he married. The family consisted of George, John, Thomas, and a daughter; and the boys were distinguished at school for their furthest pugnacity. In John, however, this disposition was combined with a passionate sensibility which exhibited itself in the strangest contrasts. Convulsions of laughter and of tears were equally frequent with him, and he would pass from one to the other almost without an interval. He cared nothing about the character of a 'good boy'; bravery, energy, generosity, these were his great qualities; and they impressed his schoolfellows with the idea that he was destined to succeed in some active sphere in life. He was at times laborious and attentive to his studies, and then carried off all the first prizes in literature. He learned French, and translated much of the *Æneid*, but was indebted to English works for the knowledge of the Greek mythology, which afterwards, distilled in the alembic of his own imagination, produced something more spiritual than the Greeks ever fancied.

At the death of his parents, about £3000 was left to be divided among the four children; and in 1800 John was apprenticed for five years to a surgeon at Edmonton. In 1802 the reading of the 'Fairy Queen' formed an era in his intellectual existence; Chaucer following, he inhaled 'the pure breath of nature in the morning of English literature,' and at the end of 1804, Byron inspired him with an indifferent sonnet. Later, a much better sonnet, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer,' might seem to indicate how early his taste disavowed the school of Pope. After the termination of his apprenticeship, he removed to London, for the purpose of walking the hospitals. He now became intimate with Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, Haydon, Godwin, and others; and Mr Ollier published for him his first volume of poems, which attracted no attention. He passed his examination at Apothecaries' Hall with some credit; but as soon as he entered on the practical part of his business, he saw that his sensibility rendered him unfit for it, and he was thus thrown upon the world arm in arm between poetry and poverty.

He now went to the Isle of Wight and other parts of the country, and began seriously to labour at his poem of 'Endymion.' His correspondence (May 1817) is full of this work, and of his doubts and fears. 'I have asked myself so often why I should be a poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is, how great things are to be gained by it, what a thing to be in the mouth of fame, that at last the idea has grown so monstrously beyond my seeming power of attainment, that the other day I nearly consented with myself to drop into a Phaeton.... Does Shelley go on telling "strange stories of the deaths of kings?" Tell him there are strange stories of the deaths of poets. Some have died before they were conceived. "How do you make that out, Master Vellum?" His personal appearance about this time is thus described by a lady:—'His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side his face; his mouth was full, and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness—it had an ex-

pression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen—it was so wide over the forehead, and so small at the chin. He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him." Mr Milnes says—"His habitual gentleness made his occasional looks of indignation almost terrible: on one occasion, when a gross falsehood respecting the young artist Severn was repeated and dwelt upon, he left the room, declaring "He should be ashamed to sit with men who could utter and believe such things." On another occasion, hearing of some unworthy conduct, he burst out—"Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?" This quickness of feeling was evidenced on the occasion of his repeating to Wordsworth the hymn to Pan in 'Endymion.' The Christian poet merely remarked that "It was a pretty piece of paganism," and Keats took the seeming contempt more to heart than the after abuse of the 'Quarterly' or the ridicule of 'Blackwood.'

In 1818 his independence of spirit is thus finely shown in a remonstrance to the objections of his friends to his having a preface to the 'Endymion.' 'I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public, or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men. When I am writing for myself, for the mere sake of the moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me; but a preface is written to the public—a thing I cannot help looking upon as an enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of hostility. If I write a preface in a supple or subdued style, it will not be in character with me as a public speaker. I would be subdued before my friends, and thank them for subduing me; but among multitudes of men I have no feel of stooping—I hate the idea of humility to them. I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought.' After all, 'this first sustained work,' says Mr Milnes, 'of a man whose undoubted genius was idolised by a circle of affectionate friends, whose weaknesses were rather encouraged than repressed by the intellectual atmosphere in which he lived, who had rarely been enabled to measure his spiritual stature with that of persons of other schools of thought and habits of mind, appears to have been produced with a humility that the severest criticism might not have engendered.' Jeffrey, when too late (in 1820), pronounced the poem to be as full of genius as absurdity, and described it as 'a test to ascertain whether any one had in him a native relish for poetry, and a genuine sensibility to its intrinsic charm.' Byron was thrown into a fever of jealous rage by this encomium, in which he talked of 'the drivelling idiotism of the manikin Keats;' but in after years, when the poor youth was no longer in his way, he made the *amende honorable*, and pronounced the fragment of 'Hyperion' to seem 'actually inspired by the Titans,' and to be 'as sublime as Æschylus.'

This noble poem was begun at the close of 1818, but never finished. The ode 'to the Nightingale' and 'to a Grecian Urn' followed; and in 1819 the 'Eve of St Agnes' and other pieces. While occupied in this way, he received a L25 note in a letter by the post, the sender of which he never discovered. This year he determined to endeavour to subsist by writing for the periodicals; and taking lodgings in London, he plunged into work and into dreams from which he was soon to be awakened. 'One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement—it might have appeared to those who did not know him one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little fevered, but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed, and as he kept into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed, and said, "That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle; let me see this blood." He gazed steadfastly for some moments at the

ruddy stain, and then looking in his friend's face with an expression of sudden calamity never to be forgotten, said, "I know the colour of that blood—it is arterial blood: I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop is my death-warrant. I must die!" He got better—worse—worse again—alas! in the old routine; and then he was recommended to go to Italy. When Haydon went to bid him farewell, he "recessed in his journal the terrible impression of this visit: the very colouring of the scene struck forcibly on the painter's imagination; the white curtains, the white sheets, the white shirt, and the white skin of his friend, all contrasted with the bright hectic flush on his cheeks, and heightened the sinister effect; he went away hardly hoping."

Before following him abroad, we must advert to a passage which throws a romantic yet terrible hue upon the last year of the poet's life. At his first interview with the nameless lady we have alluded to, he describes her thus:—"She is not a Cleopatra, but is at least a Charmian; she has a rich Eastern look; she has fine eyes, and fine manner. When she comes into the room she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess. She is too fine and too conscious of herself to repulse any man who may address her; from habit she thinks that *nothing particular*. I always find myself more at ease with such a woman: the picture before me always gives me a life and animation which I cannot possibly feel with anything inferior. I am at such times too much occupied in admiring, to be awkward or to tremble: I forget myself entirely, because I live in her. You will by this time think I am in love with her; no, before I go any farther, I will tell you: I am not. She kept me awake one night, as a tune of Mozart's might do. I speak of the thing as a pastime and amusement, than which I can feel none deeper than a conversation with an imperial woman, the very 'H yet' and "no" of whose life is to me a banquet." This was in October 1818; and in this same month in the following year Mr Milnes describes the irresistible influence she exercised over him. 'She, whose name

"Was ever on his lips,
But never on his tongue,"

exercised too mighty a control over his being for him to remain at a distance, which was neither *étiquette* nor presence, and he soon returned to where at least he could rest his eyes on her habitation, and enjoy each chance opportunity of her society.' When in the vessel which was about to carry him from the shores of England, Keats writes thus to his true friend and patron Mr Brown:—"There is one I must mention, and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, she would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for, will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health, it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I dare say you will be able to guess on what subjects I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house? I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from those pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great *acquaintances*; but death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is past. I often wish for you, that you might flatter me with the best. I think, without my mentioning it, for my sake, you would be a friend to Miss — when I am dead." Yet think she has many faults, but for my sake, think she has not one. If there is anything you can do for me by word or deed, I know you will do it."

And again he writes from Naples, where he had arrived with his friend Severn:—"The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to do-

I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunk that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her. I see her!—I hear her! There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England: I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time that I was a prisoner at Ham's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now!—oh that I could be buried near where she lies! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her—to see her handwriting would break my heart—even to hear of her anyhow: to see her name written would be more than I can bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do? Where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish Town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poete restat*)—if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if—

Keats did not like Naples. He felt that he was dying, and appears to have laboured under the restlessness which so often induces persons in this state to change even their bedroom. Arrived at Rome, a letter of introduction to Dr (now Sir James) Clark obtained from him and his lady the affectionate attention which might have been expected from the character of these estimable persons. In a letter to Mr Brown—supposed to be his last letter—he declares that he has a habitual feeling of his real life being past, and that he is leading a posthumous existence. After this, the melancholy news is from the pen of his devoted friend Severn. On the 14th December 1820 the patient was seized anew with an alarming vomiting of blood. 'Not a single thing will he digest, yet he keeps on craving for food. Every day he raves he will die from hunger, and I've been obliged to give him more than was allowed. His imagination and memory present every thought to him in horror: the recollection of "his good friend Brown," of "his four happy weeks spent under her care," of his sister and brother. Oh, he will mourn over all to me whilst I cool his burning forehead, till I tremble for his intellects.'

'Jan. 15th, 1821, half-past eleven.—Poor Keats has just fallen asleep. I have watched him, and read to him, to his very last wink; he has been saying to me—"Severn, I can see under your quiet look immense contention; you don't know what you are reading. You are enduring for me more than I would have you. Oh that my last hour was come!" Then came the misery of want of money, which it was necessary to conceal from Keats, 'as that would kill him at a word.' His letters were now unopened: 'they tear him to pieces—he dare not look on the outside of any more.'

'He would not hear that he was better: the thought of recovery is beyond everything dreadful to him: we now dare not perceive any improvement, for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have. . . . Such a letter has come! I gave it to Keats, supposing it to be one of yours, but it proved sadly otherwise. The glance at that letter tore him to pieces; the effects were on him for many days. He did not read it—he could not—but requested me to place it in his coffin, together with a purse and a letter (unopened) of his sister's; since then, he has told me not to place that letter in his coffin, only his sister's purse and letter, and some hair. . . . Last night I thought he was going; I could hear the phlegm in his throat; he bade me lift him up in the bed, or he would die with pain. I watched him all night, expecting him to be suffocated at every cough. This morning, by the pale daylight, the change in him frightened me: he has sunk in the last three days to a most ghastly look. Though Dr Clark has prepared me for the worst,

I shall be ill able to bear it. I cannot bear to be set free, even from this my horrible situation by the loss of him. I am still quite precluded from painting, which may be of consequence to me. Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend; he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me, they close gently, open quietly, and close again, till he sinks to sleep. This thought alone would keep me by him till he dies: and why did I say I was losing my time? The advantages I have gained by knowing John Keats are double and treble any I could have won by any other occupation.' And now all is over. 'Feb. 27th.—He is gone; he died with the most perfect ease—he seemed to go to sleep. On the twenty-third, about four, the approaches of death came on. "Severn—I—lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy; don't be frightened—be firm, and thank God it has come." I lifted him up in my arms. The phlegm seemed boiling in his throat, and increased until eleven, when he gradually sunk into death, so quiet, that I still thought he slept.'

The Protestant cemetery of Rome where Keats was laid is on a grassy slope among the ruins of the Honorian walls of the city. He had a passion for flowers, and there they grow, violets and daisies covering his resting-place the whole year through. What a blessed change! There, in that lonely spot, sleeps the dust of the immortal, while the living world is filled, as before, with withered hopes, vain aspirations, white quivering lips, and breaking hearts.

'Go thou to Rome—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city; and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness;
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green acacia,
Where, like an infant's stifle, o'er the dead
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

And grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublimous,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a power beamed
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death,
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and, if the seal is set
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! Too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?'

Thus the Adonais; and a few years after this exquisite elegy was written, there was placed near the grave of Keats another tombstone, 'recording that below rested the passionate and world-worn heart' of the author, Shelley, in these expressive words, '*Cor Cordium*.' We must now force ourselves away from this strangely fascinating subject, concluding too brief an article with the eloquent words in which Mr Milnes has brought to an end his labour of love. 'Let no man, who is in anything above his fellows, claim, as of right, to be valued or understood: the vulgar great are comprehended and adored, because they are in reality in the same moral plane with those who admire; but he who deserves the higher reverence, must himself convert the worshipper. The pure and lofty life; the generous and tender use of the rare creative faculty; the brave endurance of neglect and ridicule; the strange and cruel end of so much genius and so much virtue—these are the lessons by which the sympathies of mankind must be interested, and their faculties educated, up to the love of such a character and the comprehension of such an intelligence. Still the lovers and scholars will be few: still the rewards of fame will be scanty and ill-proportioned: no accumulation of knowledge or series

of experiences can teach the meaning of genius to those who look for it in additions and results, any more than the numbers studded round a planet's orbit could approach nearer infinity than a single unit. The world of thought must remain apart from the world of action, for, if they once coincided, the problem of Life would be solved, and the hope, which we call heaven, would be realised on earth. And therefore men

"Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

THE NOBLE COOKS.

"We never know what we can do till we try," and "Necessity is the mother of invention," are two time-honoured adages, which, contrary to the usual fate of ancient saws, are fully as often practised as preached. Certainly if there be truth in the latter one, poor Necessity is the parent of a very queer and incongruous progeny; and if "the age of miracles" be past, "the age of inventions" is surely present. Our business just now, however, is not with such lofty excursions up the hill of science as are every day undertaken by the master-spirits of the age, but rather with a lowly, though adventurous descent, into the culinary regions, accomplished by knights, and lords, and ladies fair.

It happened some years ago that a lady of the highest rank in Paris, named Madame B——, had assembled in her château sixty distinguished personages. The entertainment was given in honour of the Prussian ambassador; and the Luxembourg, the Palais-Bourbon, and the diplomatic body, all had their representatives among the guests. Every one had arrived; and "the trying half-hour" before dinner passed in brilliant chat. A comical general recounted some scenes in the private life of Ibrahim Pacha; while a deputy from Languedoc drew laughter loud as ever came from lips polite—from the group who surrounded him, as he read aloud a letter just received from one of his electors. The worthy informed him he had two camels, which he knew not what to do with, and modestly requested the deputy to sell them at a high price to government for the Garden of Plants. "It won't cost the country much," he added, "and will secure you my vote!"

Madame B—— was passing from one to another of her guests with the most bewitching grace, when suddenly she perceived her head butler making telegraphic signals towards her from behind the door.

"What's the matter?" said she, approaching him.

"Ah, madame, a great mishap!" cried he, clasping his hands.

"What is it?"

"The cook is tipsy—indeed so very drunk, that he has not even caused fires to be lighted. If he could even get about preparing dinner now, it would take four hours to make ready."

By this time the guests' appetite had become sharp, and diplomatic stomachs were in question. Madame B—— remained calm and serene. "It was impossible to avoid the difficulty," so she met it with a smiling face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said she, addressing the company, "I invited you to dinner, but there is no dinner to be had. I have this moment learned that my cook is intoxicated; and if we want to have the table covered, we must turn cooks ourselves."

The proposal was received with enthusiastic applause. The Prussian ambassador immediately turned up his sleeves; all the others followed his example, and amid merry peals of laughter they descended en masse to the kitchen.

The cook was seated in an arm-chair, looking as red as a turkey-cock, and as immovable as a sphinx. Around him were plenty of saucepans and stewpans, but not a vestige of anything eatable. "Conquer or die!" was their motto; and they conquered.

A peer of the realm was placed in charge of the spit; two ministerial deputies watched the frying-pans; three secretaries to the embassy were promoted to mix

the sauces; and two presidents of the court, with ten bet to skim the pot. Seven or eight admirals and generals waged valiant warfare on the poultry, and came off victorious with twenty dozen eggs, and chickens and ducks innumerable.

All the ladies declared that they were perfectly versed in making omelets; accordingly there was no end to these dainties. The most remarkable were an omelet with rum by a duchess, an omelet with truffles by a marchioness, an omelet with asparagus by a countess, and a sweet omelet by a baroness.

Madame B—— maintained order in all departments of the service; she reserved to herself the seasoning of the ragouts.

"And how they did laugh!"

"Where's the vinegar?" cried a comical

"A little parsley for my capon!" shouted a d'Affaires.

"Salt and pepper, if you please!" demanded a secretary of state.

"Flour for me!" vociferated the attorney-general.

After the omelets, there still remained so many eggs that the ladies set to work and prepared fried and boiled eggs, sliced eggs, and eggs beaten up in froth.

While these active preparations were progressing the cook tried now and then to rise, but sank down again with a heavy sigh. Then he would follow with his drooping eyes the gentlemen in black coats, and the ladies in satin robes, all protected with napkins, feeling totally unable to comprehend this invasion of his empire.

At ten o'clock Madame B—— announced, in the midst of general enthusiasm, that dinner was ready, and shortly after they all sat down to table.

Every one had earned a dinner and an appetite, and the dishes were pronounced by acclamation excellent. Seldom was a banquet so thoroughly enjoyed; and at a late hour the illustrious guests separated, in good-humour with each other, with their hostess, and with themselves.

Next morning, when the valet of Madame B—— awoke from his lethargy, he called for a sword to pierce his breast; but being able to find nothing better than a carving-knife, that professional implement seemed to him an ignoble instrument of death; and on second thoughts, he resolved to live.

THE WAKALAHs, OR COMMERCIAL HOTELS OF EGYPT.

EVERY one who writes about the East, thinks it incumbent on him to say something of the bazars, or bazaar quarters of the great towns, but rarely, if ever, is any notice taken of the wakalahs. It is very easy to mount a donkey, and, riding through the streets of Cairo, for example, examine in a cursory manner the aspect of the shops, the nature of the goods exposed for sale, the appearance of the traders, who seem sitting in their portraits within them, and the varied costumes of the crowds that stream by. The picture is a striking one, and easy to paint. First, grocers, with their piles of sugar, and coffee, and sweetmeats, and yellow and red and white tapers; then pipe-sellers, with their cheristicks, and their jasmimes, and their cheap maps, plain, or ornamented with silk coverings and tassels, and with cases of costly mouthpieces; next come dealers in manufactures, as cotton-prints, muslin shawls, swinging flauntingly from poles thrust out over head; farther on we see carpets, and silks and velvets in odd juxtaposition with Damascus swords, afterwards Morocco shoes or Stambouli slippers; the Fez caps, there burnouses, with now and then a more changer watching over his strong chest of old carved wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Generally speaking, the persons who sit in the bazaars are men of small capital, with stocks that can be turned in at one single glance, but which are commonly

plished by dealings with the wealthier traders, who are to be found in the *wakālahs*. The plan is to take a shop—often a mere recess, some six feet broad by four or five deep—furnish it with an assortment of goods more or less meagre, and gradually to increase the stock as profits come in. It often happens that a wealthy merchant finds it his interest to give credit to a young man, entering on business, in which case he considers himself as a sort of joint proprietor, comes in to see how his protégé is getting on, watches how sales progress, interferes in every bargain, sometimes praising the articles on sale with the indifference of a mere spectator, sometimes recommending a reduction of price, sometimes fomenting a wordy war between the dealer and an obstinate customer, who will neither pay the price asked nor go elsewhere. In this way the men of the *bazaar* frequently sink down into the mere agents of the men of the *wakālahs*; and these latter deserve, consequently, some notice, if we would form a correct idea of the way in which commerce is carried on in the East.

The *wakālahs* are, properly speaking, places of resort for *jaḥāz*, or merchants—as all persons travelling with a view to business, are called in the East—and combine the advantages of a warehouse and a hotel. They are always built round a quadrangular court. In general the ground-floor, or rather basement, is allotted to the reception of merchandise, whilst above are lodgings—houses and suites of apartments of all sizes. Cairo possesses nearly two hundred of these establishments—many, however, no longer retaining their original character—distributed through its various quarters. They are easily recognised in passing along the streets, the usual line of shops being broken by a vast portal, disclosing an extensive courtyard, and generally obtruded with merchandise, upon or near which a few strangers may be seen sitting smoking their pipes, and enjoying the sight of the busy crowds going by. These are generally new-comers from Arabia, from Barbary, or from Turkey, and are more numerous about the time of the departure or return of the pilgrim caravan.

Either in the doorway, or in a little recess, you may generally see the *kafas*, or large crate made of palm branches, on which the *bawāl*, or porter, spreads his carpet at night. It is ten to one, also, that the old gentleman will himself be there, exchanging whiffs out of a dingy jasmine pipe with some grinning black, or handsome Berberi, or sullen Moghrebbi. Farther on you may see the narrow entrance of a gloomy passage, where you stumble upon a set of steps of all heights, breadths, and inclinations, leading to the upper part of the *wakālah*.

Let us, however, first enter the courtyard, which the great portal has disclosed to us. It is surrounded by a colonnade below and an open gallery above—the intercommunications, if I may use the word, terminating for the most part in a pointed arch. Higher up, the building is very irregular—lofty here, low there, with one, two, or three storeys, a *kiosk* hanging over one corner, a balcony rising at another. In Alexandria, it is common to observe massive pillars and capitals of rose-coloured granite—the fragments of the ancient city—used to support the gallery, and contrasting strikingly with the rough hasty work of the rest of the structure. In the centre of the court, beneath a graceful cupola, there is often a basin of water, used by the lodgers and hangers-on for their ablutions. The interior view of a *wakālah*, therefore, is not at all unpicturesque. The recesses, the doorways of various heights and sizes, the galleries, the irregular projections, the fantastic architectural ornaments, the latticed windows, the balconies, form a far from disagreeable whole, especially when animated by groups in great variety of costume—merchants exhibiting the contents of their bales to a crowd of competing shopkeepers; porters hanging about ready for a job; camels kneeling here, a richly-caparisoned horse or mule pawing the ground there; a veiled lady, followed by her *fellaha*, or servant,

sailing, by in a cloud, of fluttering silks, and satins; Abyssinian, or Galla girls, with bread grins upon their faces, leaning over the parapets above. In a country where an attempt is made to conceal the most elegant women, there must ever be an air of mystery about the houses. However common the white veils, and henna-dyed fingers, and flashing eyes may be in the streets, one always imagines there must be something inexpressibly lovely hid behind each jealously-closed shutter. The fancy in such cases works powerfully, at least it did with me; and perhaps this is the reason why the old tumble-down houses of Cairo, which lean all ways, but never deviate into the perpendicular, were invested in my eyes with a romantic character, which some persons seem totally to have missed.

As I have said, the ground-floor of the *wakālah* is entirely occupied by warehouses and magazines, generally vaulted, and very secure. If possible, each of these is allotted to some particular merchant, who takes it for a certain time, and sometimes affixes his seal; but several stocks are often accumulated in one chamber, and it happens, though rarely, that depreciation and pilfering take place. In summer, the poorer merchants spread their mats under the colonnade, and thus achieve the double object of saving and of watching their property; others go outside to lodge, and put up at coffee-shops, or with friends; others, again, take houses in the *wakālah* itself, establishing themselves there with their harems, and often staying a considerable time, either until the whole of their stock is sold, or until they determine to try their fortune at another place.

The classes of people who frequent these establishments are very various. Some are mere Egyptians, engaged in the trade between the villages and the towns. These bring wheat, barley, beans, cotton, flax, &c. all in small quantities; for the principal part of the trade is a monopoly. Others come from Upper Egypt, from Nubia, from Dongola; others again from Sennaar, Kordofan, Abyssinia, and Darfur, and bring senna, precious gums, gold dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, koor-bashes, tamarind cakes, and slaves. All the towns on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea have also their representatives in the *wakālahs* of Cairo: the coffee trade is of course an important one, employing many merchants, and there is a considerable importation of spices, frankincense, &c. The Syrian silk manufactures and tobacco are chiefly distributed by Levantines, of whom there are always immense numbers in Egypt, some settled, others merely on business visits. The majority of the latter, however, do not put up in the *wakālahs*; but, like the Jews, generally bring letters of introduction to some private family. From Constantinople, and all the principal towns of Asia Minor, numerous Turks come to Egypt with great varieties of merchandise—as amber, swords, and other arms; white-lead, copper, ropes, charcoal, firewood, timber, drugs, as opium and hashish; gold thread, dried fruits, mastic, olive-oil, silk, salt, provisions, soap, yellow slippers and red shoes, pipe-bowls, tobacco, and cigars; *eggadehs*, or prayer-carpets, embroidered napkins, dye-stuffs, wines and arrack, sulphur, &c. Vessels laden with cattle often come from Karamania; and from Cyprus, Rhodes, Candia, and most of the islands of the Archipelago, little Greek schooners run over occasionally, with their decks crowded with bearded *tajirs*, each owning a few parcels of dried fruits or skins of oil. From Barbary a great number of traders bring about twelve thousand dozens of tarbooshes, or red caps, annually, a small quantity of other manufactures, shoes and slippers of Morocco leather, some wool, with *shams*, or blankets, *burnouses*, white and black, carpets, dye-stuffs, saffron, and sulphur; Persians with costly shawls; Hindoos with precious stones, silks, and muslins; and even Chinese, are, sometimes to be encountered in the *wakālahs*.

This is not the place to give an account of the formation and progress of the caravans. It will be suffi-

cient to state, that after traversing perhaps thousands of miles of desert in a comparatively compact mass, they generally break up on their arrival in Cairo, each trader repairing to the locality where the articles he brings are usually stored. Thus, although the *wakálahs* were intended to be miscellaneous depôts, many of them have gradually become set apart for particular classes of merchandise; so that there are rice *wakálahs*, and wheat *wakálahs*, and date *wakálahs*, and manufacture *wakálahs*; and especially slave *wakálahs*. All sorts of articles, however, are temporarily stowed away in the courtyards of these buildings, which are often encumbered with bales, barrels, and especially with huge millstones, cut from the quarries of Gebel-el-Ahmar. Many are no longer resorted to by commerce; and long rows of tailors' and shoemakers' shops may be seen under the colonnades.

I have already hinted that the time when the greatest quantity of merchandise is brought to be stored in the *wakálahs* is on the arrival of the pilgrim caravan, especially the outward-bound one. The Orientals continue to reconcile their interests with their devotions; and it is very rarely that they do not enter into speculations both in going to the sacred city and in returning. At any rate they think it proper that they should reimburse the expenses of the journey, and bring home some presents for their friends. The dangers to which they expose their lives they consider sufficiently meritorious without any pecuniary sacrifice. It is vulgarly believed in Egypt that the pilgrims are always well provided with money; and I have often sat with the native merchants, and observed those holy men, though poor and ragged in appearance, making extensive purchases, generally without the furious bargaining which distinguishes the Egyptians. These are of course not the regular traders, but people who, according to the established custom, wish to indemnify themselves by a little investment for the cost of their pilgrimage. Some of the more uncivilised *Moghrebis* bring nothing but jars of oil, which they will only sell for Spanish dollars; others barter their wares for shawls and silks, which they dispose of no doubt at an enormous profit in their own country.

The portion of the *wakálah* buildings which may be compared to a hotel is situated over the magazines, and is sometimes divided into as many as thirty or forty houses, all of which have separate entrances from the gallery, which, as I have said, runs round the whole quadrangle, and receives light and air from the courtyard. This gallery is seldom regular or handsomely built, though its proportions are sometimes majestic. Many of the *wakálahs* belong to a single proprietor, others are divided amongst several. Rent is very low, but is always paid in advance. The houses are never furnished, but all that is required is generally bought by the travellers, who are satisfied with a few mats, carpets, blankets, and rugs, cooking utensils, boxes, &c. Those who find it necessary, on account of their having their women with them, take a whole house to themselves, setting apart the upper rooms, often reached by a steep, tortuous staircase, ending in a sort of trap-door, for the harem and their more portable and precious articles of merchandise, whilst they reserve the lower portion for their own use. A *seggedah*, and a few cushions arranged in a raised recess, or upon a *kafass*, form the divan upon which the merchant, often a man of considerable wealth, receives visits of compliment or business. A slave or servant is always at hand to present coffee and pipes; and in these matters alone is any luxury displayed. Not uncommonly a party fortuitously collected take a house in common, each spreading his mat in a different room, whilst some coffee-shop awhile serves as a place of *réunion*. To this they repair very early in the morning—all Orientals rise betimes—and obtain for ten *paras* (little more than a halfpenny) a cup of coffee, and a *shishak* or *gazak*—the first the regular water-pipe, like the hookah; the second the Egyptian *narghileh*, with a cocoa-nut instead of a

glass or metal bell, and a straight tube formed of lead instead of a flexible tube or snake. The luxurious Syrians pass the smoke through iced water; but this is a refinement unknown in Cairo.

After partaking of the morning meal, the denizens of the *wakálah* disperse through the bazaars, in order to buy and sell, visit their debtors, receive money, or ascertain the state of the market. At noon, the more prosperous or extravagant return to enjoy a *plou* or a dish of *bamias*; whilst others sit down wherever they may find themselves, and are content with bread and cheese, perhaps with a water-melon or a handful of dates. A siesta generally follows, and then business occupies them until sunset, when the great heat of the day takes place. In the evening, nearly all repair to a coffee-shop, where they end, as they began, with *Mokha* and *Gebeli*, talk about money or merchandise, brag of the wealth of their fathers, and of their own poverty, or listen to the performances of some professional singer or story-teller.

An incident that came under my own observation may be selected as an illustration of the accidents which strangers who put up in the *wakálahs* are in the way of encountering. Near the entrance gate of one of these buildings there was a coffee-shop, kept by one Ibn Daoud, whose good *tumbak* (the tobacco smoked in *shishaks*) used often to lure me into spending half an hour with him. Close at hand was a little cobbler's stall. It was a dull season, and the *wakálah* was nearly deserted; so that almost the only customers for the half-dozen *shishaks* and gazeks of the coffee-shop were chance passengers; and the cobbler lacked a regular demand for his labours, there being no red shoes worn with travel requiring his attention. The consequence was, that the cobbler passed half his time in the coffee-shop, spending his savings, and having his ears tickled by the interested sympathy of Ibn Daoud, who pocketed several *khamsehs*, or five-para pieces, daily by the circumstance. Whenever I stepped in and took my seat on a *kafass* within ear-shot of these two worthies, I invariably found that their talk was of wealth; and I heard their tongues discourse glibly of stunts which it never entered into my imagination to covet. The whole worldly possessions of one seemed to be a few pipes, a coffee-pot or two, some small palm branch *kafass*, and a huge earthen pot, that, standing in one corner of the shop, with a cooling bottle beside it, was daily filled with water, sometimes flavoured with mastic, for the gratuitous use of any passer-by who chose to step in. The cobbler's stock in trade was smaller still. He had a sharp knife, an iron block to cut out leather upon, a few red sheep-skins, a couple of awls, and the clothes he stood up in; and he used to sleep sometimes on one of Ibn Daoud's benches, sometimes with the bawls of the *wakálah*, sometimes in his own little stall. And yet these two miserable beings dared to raise their hopes to millions of golden pieces, to spend them in imagination, and, with remarkable consciousness of their own Arab characters, to contemplate a return in their old age to their primitive humble employments. It did not strike me at the moment that these enervating aspirations might lead to the commission of crime; but I amused myself by listening to their wild speculation, and sometimes joined in the dialogue. My Frank scepticism, however, was not at all pleasing to their *hittah* fancies. At length a third dreamer joined the party. This was a coffee-pounder, who used to stop, with his pestle and mortar, to ask for work; and generally to get none.

Things were going on in this way when, one day, three camels heavily laden, and one with a *schahw*, or awning, covered closely with carpets, were slowly turning into the *wakálah*. The whole party happened to be collected, and by an instinctive movement of curiosity went to stare at the new arrival. '*Ayah fee khabar?*'—['What is the news?'] I inquired of Ibn Daoud on his return. 'A merchant from the *Moghreb* (west),' said he, 'with his harem; four

of tarbooshes; some carpets, worth each two hundred dollars; and pearls and precious stones."

Nearly all this was gratuitous assumption on the part of Ibn Daood; but the cobbler and the coffee-pounder supported his asseverations; so I had nothing to say, and not feeling particularly interested in the matter, went about my business. Two or three days afterwards, again passing that way, I saw a stranger in the coffee-shop. He had a large white turban, a good-humoured, handsome countenance, and a curly black beard; but his clothes were rather seedy, and his feet were bare. Ibn Daood was boiling a small pot of coffee, which he held in one hand, whilst his face was turned eagerly towards the stranger, who was holding forth; the cobbler and the coffee-pounder sat near, also attentively listening. I went in, made my salam, and soon found that this was the merchant from the west. He had preceded by some days the great caravan from Tripoli, and was of course bound for Mecca. It now appeared that Ibn Daood had originally come from the same country—the same town, in fact, as this stranger; had claimed acquaintance with him; and was listening to a pompous promise of protection. I did not like the looks of the trio as the good gentleman dilated, with verdant simplicity, on his marvellous good luck, but of course held my peace.

It was some time before I went that way again. When I did so, I found a crowd collected round the door of the wakalah; and working my way through it, saw the coffee-shop and the stall deserted, the furniture broken and scattered, a soldier mounting guard in each, and numerous groups in eager conversation around. I asked what was the matter; but could only learn that something evil had happened. At length a Jew money-changer, who was sitting in his little shop opposite, beckoned to me; and when I had seated myself by his side, spoke as follows:—

"Young sir, I perceive you are interested in what has taken place; I will tell you the news. Ibn Daood is the greatest rascal in the world, and the cobbler and the coffee-pounder are greater rascals than he."

"That is a misfortune," I threw in, "for I have often sat talking with them."

"Very true," said my new friend, "I have seen you do so; but you will not talk with them again. You remember the merchant that arrived from the west before the new moon?"

"I do."

"Well, you must know that he was a fool, and boasted of having monies. God knows, I should not boast of riches if I were rich! He arrived with two thousand piastres in his belt, and twenty thousand piastres worth of merchandise, besides a beautiful slave. He used to go into the *sooy* (bazaar) every day, and sit with the merchants, and sell his goods in small parcels for ready money, putting what he received into his belt, and boasting of it to Ibn Daood, and to the cobbler, and to the coffee-pounder. The other day he sold the slave—her name was Nefessa, and she was like the moon—for ten thousand piastres, all which he put into his belt. Now you must know that Ibn Daood had gained his confidence because he came from the same town; and the day before yesterday, as they were sitting together after sunset, spoke to him about a hidden treasure, the locality of which is known, but which can only be got at by an incantation. The Moghrebis are very famous magicians, and the merchant Abdallah said he knew seven verses which could not be resisted. Being a learned man, too, he could write *tarshoon*, and all the other charms. So last night the four went out together to the tomb of Sultan Berhook, near which they opened a trench and lighted a fire; and the merchant, having written and burnt the necessary papers, began to chant. But it will never be known whether or not there was a treasure; for he had scarcely uttered ten words, when the coffee-pounder hit him with his pestle over the head, and knocked him down."

"They killed him!" I exclaimed.

"They thought they had, and were about to take his belt, when two Greeks came up and frightened them away. The guard of the gates was then called; Abdallah recovered and denounced the assassins; and this morning they have been arrested, and their chattels destroyed. May misfortune come to them!"

I afterwards heard that the three criminals were taken before the kadi, and pleaded a whisper from Satan as an excuse for their attempt at murder. They were all sent to the galleys; whilst the merchant Abdallah, who, it is to be hoped, learned a little prudence by this adventure, proceeded on his journey to the Holy City.

CANCER SAID TO BE CURED BY MESMERISM.

TWO October number of a periodical work called the *Zoist* contains an account by Dr Elliotson of a case of cancer alleged to be cured by mesmerism. The patient, Miss Barber, presented herself to Dr E. in March 1843, with an intensely hard tumour in the breast, of about a year and a-half's standing. The doctor commenced subjecting her to mesmeric treatment, with a view to her being rendered insensible to the pain of the operation which he then thought inevitable. After daily 'passes' for a month, she attained a slight degree of 'susceptibility'; her pains during this time and for some months after lessened, and she improved in complexion; but the disease still went on; and many surgeons who saw the breast declared it a case of decided cancer, for which nothing could be done but excision of the part. Dr Elliotson continued to throw her into the mesmeric sleep every day during the ensuing winter, and she at length became liable to fall into a state of perfect rigidity, during which her arms, unconsciously on her part, would follow those of the operator, from whose fingers on those occasions she beheld a stream of colourless fluid passing towards her. The summer of 1844 saw her pain diminished, her strength increased, the cancerous salowness gone, and a warty-looking substance had dropped from the breast, leaving a sound smooth surface.

In autumn, Dr Elliotson being abroad on a tour, the operations were performed by another person, but less regularly. The bad symptoms then returned with great virulence, and the diseased mass was found to have adhered to the ribs. Regular operations being resumed, an improvement recommenced; and in the summer of 1845 the pain had entirely ceased. During 1847 the disease steadily gave way. The mass had not only become much less, but detached from the ribs. At length, during the present year, under the constant daily practice of the mesmeric passes, the cancer has been pronounced to be 'entirely dissipated'; the breast is perfectly flat; the skin rather thicker and firmer than before the disease existed. Not the smallest lump is now to be found; nor is there the slightest tenderness of the bosom or armpit. The quondam patient lives at Mrs Gower's, No. 12 New Street, Dorset Square, open to any examination or interrogation on the subject.

Assuming that the account of the case is correct, it is certainly a remarkable one. Here, fortunately for the mesmerists, there ought to be no dubiety about the means of the cure; for cancer is universally regarded by the profession as incurable by anything but the knife, and the knife, as we see, has not been employed. The doctors will scoff; but is scoffing in such a case strictly rational? Would it not be better to investigate, and ascertain if there be not, in certain operations inferring a nervous intercommunication, a salutary influence capable of effecting great good for suffering humanity? It is surely but the simplest dictate of common sense, as well as benevolent feeling, which would prompt an unprofessional person to point out this course as preferable to the eternal gabble of a barren scepticism.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

'In the course of a ramble in Banffshire in 1842,' says the editor of the *Inverness Courier*, we noticed a rural improvement then commenced by the late Sir George Macpherson Grant of Ballindalloch—the reclamation of a tract of waste land about 200 acres in extent, which in some parts was covered with several feet of moss. Last week we revisited the spot, and saw the ground in full occupation as a farm, all thoroughly drained, and producing abundant crops. The works were finished in 1844, and since then, Marypark, as the farm is called, has produced 1400 quarters of grain, exclusive of the present year's crop, besides having each year about forty acres under turnip, and maintaining from seventy to eighty head of cattle. The spirit of agricultural improvement characteristic of the late proprietor has descended to his son, Sir John Macpherson Grant, who has already laid off a farm adjoining Marypark of about 100 acres, one-fifth of which will be in crop next year. He has also improved forty-five other acres by trenching and thorough-draining. The tenants on the estate have caught the contagion, and one of the number (Mr Robertson, Burnside) has 120 acres marked for improvement, two-thirds of which are to be trenched, thorough-drained, and enclosed. He expects the whole to be completed in about two years from the present time. These tenants' improvements are effected by advances made under the drainage act, the government inspector and the proprietor together selecting the portions most likely to yield a good return. Small crofters paying only L2 of rent share in this advantage the same as large tenants. All is done by contract, and in many cases the tenant or his sons contract for portions of the work, thus earning the means of liming or manuring the land, and putting it into a productive state. The interest demanded by the proprietor is six per cent., but it is not chargeable till after the first crop at Martinmas. These rural improvements have made the estate of Ballindalloch a scene of busy industry for the last year or two. Above two hundred persons were at work, and the general aspect, the amenity, and productiveness of the soil will be all altered for the better. We have occasionally,' says the same paper, 'called attention to the spirited improvements carried on by Mr Rose, farmer, Kirkton on the lands of Lomasha, rented by him from Culloden, and situated close by the battle-field; and have just learned with very great pleasure that Mr Forbes has marked in a most flattering way his sense of the importance of the labours of Mr Rose. On Saturday, Mr Rose was invited to Culloden House, where an elegant piece of silver plate, valued at fully L30, was presented to him by his young but excellent landlord. In eight years Mr Rose expended L6000 on his improvements, and reclaimed two hundred acres of land! His operations were upon Drummoislie Muir, but he has carefully abstained from any intrusion upon the graves of those who fell on that fatal field. He has out on the farms 63,000 yards of drains, or about thirty-six miles!—has erected 5000 yards of double stone dike, and 2700 yards of seal dike, which will be faced with stone; and has laid upon these reclaimed lands 10,000 bolls of lime. In addition to all this, he erected at his own expense, in 1845, a splendid slated farm-stead. When one contrasts such a record as this with the miserable accounts daily received from Ireland, of ejectments, of seizures of crop, of burnings of houses, and of murders that almost invariably follow; and of the poverty and distress prevailing generally wherever the tenant-at-will system exists, it surely says something not only for the spirit of the tenant and the excellence of the landlord, but also something for the superiority of the legal relation between landlord and tenant now general in all the more forward districts of Scotland. No tenant would peril such an amount of money, or carry on plans of improvement so extensive, unless backed and sheltered by a lease. We have little doubt that already Mr Rose has reaped a portion of the reward which is his due.'

MORAL SEASONS.

'With many persons the early age of life is passed in sorrow in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on in nourishing and maturing these vices; and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of these most accursed seeds.—*D. Argonne*.

DO OR DON'T.

I hate to see a thing done by halves: if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—*Chapin*.

TO AN OLD VOLUME OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

My ancient favourite! while I bend
On thee my fascinated gaze,
The voice of some old pleasant friend
Seems talking of my childhood days.
Such sweet and mingling memories cling
About the dear-familiar page;
Back to my mind they freshly bring
The joys of that light-hearted age.
Time shrinks not thus;—oh, how I long
So long as boys and girls there be;
Forgotten tasks, neglected play,
Will prove thy changeless witchery.
To me what real life they seemed,
While yet thy graphic scenes were new;
Admiring childhood never dreamed
They could be otherwise than true.
I read till twilight's gradual shades
The letters to confusion roused,
Then stooping to the fire I read,
Till eyes and forehead ached and burned.
When bedtime came, the volume lay
Beneath my pillow closed in vain;
I spent the hours till dawn of day
With *Crusoe* in his lone domain.
Girl as I was, I felt thy spell,
My cherished day-dream for a while,
How I, like thee, should one day dwell
On some far-off unpeopled isle!
Since then, old friend! I've learned too well
How desert islands there may be,
Surrounded by the roar and swell
Of human life's great rushing sea.
To be shut out from sympathy,
Unloved, and little understood,
The heart feels all too bitterly
How deep that real solitude!
For 'cast away' I too have been,
Just such a lonely spot was mine;
As desolate, although I ween
Not half so beautiful as thine.
Its culture was a sickening toil,
For the green things I planted there
Refused to grow in such a soil,
Or withered in the chilling air.
I had my cats and parrots too,
Bright flutterers with plumage gay,
Who not, like thine, attached and true,
Chattered of love, and flew away.
And those sleek silky friends whose stay
Lingered till they could wound no more,
Whose little tough billows would carry
The few strange footsteps on the shore.
I watched till hope itself was spent,
While some fair bank went headless by,
And signal after signal sent,
Till distance mocked my straining eye.
Love's language, all unused, grew strange,
Not even a Friday turned to me,
Thou but God, whose eye can range
O'er wild and desert equally serene.
And now that thine that days are gone,
And that I am at home again, dead of love,
A life in Eden's bowers alone
I feel would be a life of pain.
The loving tone, the kindly glance,
Must be the spirit's longest-for food,
Despite the rose-bud of romance,
Which checks each charmer's questing hand.
Had we sorrow, how hard to guess!
What would such human nature be,
Sure Heaven's rich sympathies were
Because they're sung in company!

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THE CROSSCAUSEWAY CLUB.

EARLY in the winter of 1787, a few lads who had been schoolfellows and playmates in the Crosscauseway, a humble street in the suburbs of Edinburgh, celebrated by Walter Scott as the residence of his hero *Greenbrecks*, met together one evening in the house of a friend. It was a pleasant and not particularly silent assemblage; the enjoyment of a social chat was the object which drew them together, and their merriment was not the less that the place of meeting was a small garret room at the top of a house seven storeys high, and lighted by a penny candle, which had been as good as begged for the occasion.

'What would you think of instituting a club?' said one of the party during an interval of laughter.

'Capital!' said another. 'By all means let us get up a club. What shall it be called?'

'I am not talking in jest,' added the first speaker. 'I do not mean any sort of convivial affair, but a society for reading and instruction. I have an idea that we might do a great deal in the way of teaching and improving each other. One knows one thing, and another knows something else. Would it not be an excellent plan to melt down into a lump, as it were, all that we individually know, and then distribute a fair share of the whole to each?'

'First-rate idea!' was the general declaration. 'When shall we set the thing on foot?'

'I vote for meetings twice a week as long as we can hold together,' said a lad of shrewd parts; 'and that Hogmanay evening, the last night of December, shall be our anniversary.'

The proposition was carried. Without reflecting on the nature of the engagement, all pledged themselves to meet, if in their power, on the last night of every year during the whole term of their lives; and that, in the event of inability to attend, the absentee should forward a letter explaining the cause of absence. The purpose of the annual meeting was to talk over young days; to relate matters of personal adventure to each other; and to ask and give mutual counsel and assistance.

From the whimsicality of the proposition, it might be inferred that the impossibility of carrying it out would soon be apparent, and that, after one or two years, the whole thing would dissolve, and be no more heard of. Such, however, was not the case. In this cluster of youngsters there was something more than usual. A congeniality of disposition seemed to unite them in close friendship, and they stuck together with amazing tenacity. Perhaps something was due to the clanish spirit which has always distinguished the Crosscauseway boys; but after all, a general desire for mutual improvement was the primary cementing prin-

ciple of the society. The club began with five or six, but subsequently was increased to thirteen members. At the time they commenced operations, books were not easily got. There were no cheap publications in those days, and few even at a moderate price. The only way of obtaining a book at a cost within ordinary bounds of possibility, was to pick it up at a stall; and from the keeper of one of these venerable depositories of literature, at the foot of the High School Wynd, our party of self-improvers managed to secure a decayed copy of Euclid, an English grammar, and a Latin Rudiments.

With these aids to study, the business of mutual teaching was begun; and in about six months afterwards a French grammar was added. A poor student of divinity for the Latin, and an old soldier who could smatter a little French, helped to forward the scheme of instruction; but beyond this no external aid was sought. As time went on, the members found their mental capacities not a little expanded; and they undertook the writing of essays for debate at their evening meetings. Little superior to the ordinary compositions of young men of indifferent education, these essays nevertheless evinced that their authors were thoroughly in earnest in their pursuit of mental improvement. Being at the mercy of general criticism, any tendency to superficiality, carelessness of diction, or unsoundness of logic, was peremptorily checked. A material benefit which arose from the practice of essay writing, was the degree of self-reliance it imposed. It compelled the writers to think; and though they might not always think rightly, the mind was exercised—a point of no little importance to the young and aspiring. Probably the practice was also negatively advantageous; for it occupied attention during leisure hours, and may have prevented indulgence in profitless or unworthy pursuits.

We need say no more of the mutual-instruction part of the plan, than that it contributed to advance in life several members of the society. It also gave to nearly all a greater zest in their respective occupations, for the pleasures derived from the pursuit of knowledge are independent of mere worldly station. A mentally-trained artisan has an infinitely greater enjoyment of life than one who is acquainted with little more than animal sensations. How sped, meanwhile, the anniversary meetings? It is of these we would chiefly speak, because it must be curious to know how long the association remained without a break in its membership, or rather how long any were left to meet on the appointed Hogmanay evening. The imagination was excited with the idea of an annual assemblage which should stretch on till the extinction of thirteen individuals; and many a laugh was raised among the young men, as the members pictured to themselves one hobbling into the meeting on a crutch, another carried in a sedan, and all

bearing at least wrinkles and gray hairs. Then they would raise the mysterious questions—who should be the last?—what would be the feelings of that one man when no longer any of his twelve early compeers remained on earth to greet him? This thought as to the last survivor, as well as who should be the first to go, naturally imparted melancholy feelings. There was a double problem to be solved.

Five anniversaries took place in succession, and still there was no break: there was not even a removal from the town. But as all were now pushing out in life, the club could not expect to remain much longer entire. Before the sixth Hogmanay elapsed, an unexpected and sudden casualty occurred, which reduced the numbers to twelve. The youngest of the party, having received an appointment to a situation in India, set out with two of his fellow-members to take leave of some friends, at a few miles' distance in the country. Duddingstone Loch was in the way, and the season was winter. In the evening, on their return, the party, to shorten the road, attempted to cross the lake on the ice; but a thaw having commenced, the surface gave way, and the whole were instantaneously plunged into the water at the point where it is deepest. Two had the good fortune to scramble out; but the third, the youngest, got below the ice, and his body was not recovered till life was extinct. The feelings of the two survivors need not be dwelt on.

Now reduced to twelve, the members at next annual meeting were somewhat less hilarious than usual. He whose death was the least expected, and who promised to be the longest liver, was no more. Such a circumstance had a certain sobering effect. Death, they had reason to observe, was exceedingly unceremonious and capricious in his visits.

In the course of the seventh year there may be said to have been a visible divarication in the standing which the members were respectively to assume in society. They had all started pretty equally as to position. Some had become apprentices to handicraft professions, others had gone into places of business, one had entered the church, and one had gone to sea. Now, the remarkable thing was, that success did not seem to depend on the nature of the pursuit. Some did not appear to be able to keep pace with others who were not a whit better off as to profession. It was observed with regret that nothing could brisk up the energies of two or three members. All the instruction and counsels lavished on them seemed as if thrown away. Not that at first there was anything positively bad about them. Their defect was a want of proper self-denial and foresight; in short, of a determined wish to get forward, with the virtues which such a wish never fails to inspire. We shall take the case of two members. Each was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and they therefore started fairly in the race. One of the two had a great taste for botany, and he contrived to advance himself so considerably in that delightful science by dint of private study and practical examinations, that he was taken from his last, and after a few transitions, raised to be the keeper of one of the largest public gardens in England. The other of the two, Peter —, preferred loitering away his evenings in the High Street, with a pipe in his mouth and his hands in his pocket, and finally he settled his destiny by marrying the widow of an old clothesman in the Cowgate, with a family of half-a-dozen children. What came of this wayward personage we shall afterwards see.

On the whole, the party, dispersing abroad in the

world, did credit to the early and united effort at self-improvement. One, who had begun as a carpenter, rose to be a professor of natural philosophy in one of the universities. Another, who commenced as a coach-painter, became a considerable wood-merchant. Another started as a printer, but afterwards was taken into partnership in a country solicitor's office; here he finally became the sole proprietor of the business, and was, in addition, made manager of a bank. Another, who began as a linendraper's shopman, removed to Manchester, where he rose to be at the head of a large manufacturing concern. He who started for the church never obtained a living, and died in somewhat pinched circumstances, universally regretted. Among the party, at least nine attained highly-respectable positions in society.

The life of the young man who went to sea was perhaps the most romantic of the whole. He began as a cabin-boy in a Leith smack, was afterwards pressed in a seaman into the royal navy, fought with great gallantry in an engagement off the coast of Holland, and when, some time afterwards, he was discharged, he was appointed to the command of a merchant vessel trading to St Petersburg. Now he experienced the benefit of having studied Euclid in early life; for a knowledge of mathematics, with his experience in seamanship, recommended him to the Emperor of Russia, by whom he was raised to an admiral's command in the Russian service. The intelligence of this promotion imparted great satisfaction to the Crosseauseway Club, which doubtless felt that it was no small matter to have produced an admiral. But the club was still more delighted when, at its next meeting in the Archers' Hall, a letter was read from Admiral —, detailing an amusing interview with the emperor when presented at court. The account recalled an incident of old times—a *biclé*, or battle with stones, which had taken place between the youthful democracy of the Crosseauseway and the more aristocratic boys of George Square; on which occasion the great man, now an admiral, had received a wound that left an ugly scar over one of his eyebrows. The jocular part of the story must be given in the admiral's own words:—

'I observe,' said the emperor sympathisingly, speaking in French, and pointing at the same time to the deep scar over my eyebrow, 'that you have suffered severely in some affair: may I ask the name of the engagement?'

'*La bataille de Crosseauseway!*' said I, with becoming gravity.

'*Ah!*' said his majesty in reply, with his usual politeness, bowing with much dignity, '*C'était une grande affaire que la bataille de Crosseauseway!*'

A joke is as good as an endowment to a club. This one about the *bataille de Crosseauseway* told admirably, and furnished the members with a never-failing resource. Admiral — died in the Russian service, in which his son now holds a high appointment.

To go on with the history of the club: the anniversary meetings, as may be supposed, fell woefully off. When the ninth came round, only five members mustered. Two had been cut off by death, one could not show face, and five had left the town. When the twelfth anniversary arrived, one of the absentees had died, and now only ten were alive. At the seventeenth annual meeting only four were present, and what rendered this assemblage particularly dismal, was the fact of the ne'er-do-weel who had made the unhappy marriage having been transported for a by no means light

offence. For the credit of the club, it must be mentioned that Peter had not been suffered to sink without an attempt at recovery. He had been frequently talked to as to his conduct; and in his difficulties many a pound-note and half-crown had been administered. On one occasion his friends in the club got him appointed to a post in the excise-office, suitable, one would have thought, to his capacities. It consisted of nothing more than sitting in a lobby reading the 'Edinburgh Courant,' and attending to bell No. 29. Peter, however, possessed an unfortunate tendency downwards, which could not be resisted. One day he answered bell No. 29 in a condition approaching *ebrius*, which the ringer of the said bell, a very presumptuous sort of gentleman, considered so unpardonable a piece of eccentricity, that he forthwith dismissed the luckless Peter. After this affair, he wandered out of one mischief into another, and, as has been said, was at length sentenced to transportation. Unfortunate being! he lived not to be an exile. Before the eighteenth Hogmanay, intelligence arrived of the wreck of the convict ship which was carrying Peter to his destination, and that he had perished in the billows.

It would be useless to dwell minutely on the succeeding anniversaries, and we pass on to the fiftieth Hogmanay, the 31st of December 1837. What a change had come over the club! Only four were alive, and of these three made their appearance; two having travelled some hundreds of miles in order to be present at what they called the jubilee. Such a jubilee! Three old men, two with their gray hairs, and the third bald—voices no longer sonorous and confident, but sobered down to gravity and decorum. Still there were pleasant congratulations and inquiries after the welfare of sons and grandsons, which were quite cheering to their old hearts. When the parting came, there was a moment of real sadness. One of the three observed that he had a presentiment that they should never meet again—it could not be expected in the course of nature, even if other circumstances permitted. And from reflections on the possibility of a further diminution of numbers, he passed on to remark how singularly happy had been the fortune of the party generally—that in almost every instance the well-doing of the respective members, as far as temporal means were concerned, had been in a great degree imputable to the mutual improvement classes; while of the few who had been unsuccessful in their career, each had clearly himself to blame, because everything which friendship could suggest had been done for them. 'I end with this reflection, which I make after long experience,' concluded the old man, 'that those who will not take some pains themselves to get up in the world, cannot be dragged up!'

The presentiment of the aged member proved too true. Ere the fifty-first anniversary, he had joined the great majority of the dead. The Hogmanay of 1847 was the sixtieth anniversary of the club. Will it be credited? There was a meeting. The two survivors met, but it was for the last time. A short time ago one was removed after a long and well-spent life, and now sleeps with his fathers in the south-west corner of the Greyfriars' Churchyard.

Loiterers in Princes Street may observe on fine forenoons a handsome carriage rolling along at a more than usually gentle pace. It is driven by an old coachman in a flaxen wig, but inside there is a man still older; his face is sunken, his eyes are dim, and his figure is seen reclining in a corner, as if unconscious that he pertained to a living and breathing world. Do not

envy that poor old gentleman his apparently luxurious indulgence. He has seen twelve of his dearest friends, the joyous companions of his youth, disappear from the stage of existence. He has the misfortune to be the sole remaining member—the last man of the CROSS-CAUSEWAY CLUB!

CHEMISTRY OF WINTER.

SPRING and autumn are the two seasons that poets love: in summer the Castalian fount is dried up—in winter it is frozen. But in winter the delights of the earlier year are reproduced in memory, and not unfrequently enhanced by imagination. Shivering in bed, or clustering round the fire, we recall the songs, flowers, and sunshine of vanished months, till we feel as if we could really

'Wallow naked in December's snows
By bare remembrance of the summer's heat.'

Science, however, although suggestive of poetical ideas, has nothing to do with imagination; and while the dreamer sees all sorts of fantastic resemblances in the white mantle that covers the earth, the philosopher takes up a portion of it in his hand, inquires into its formation, and traces its objects and effects in the economy of nature. Yet science, though unimaginative herself, so far from repressing, regulates and sustains the flights of imagination, and is thus to a certain extent the handmaid of poetry.

Water is subject to a remarkable anomaly. There is a point in its temperature—about 40 degrees in our common thermometer—at which it is most dense or compact, and from which it expands in heating till it becomes steam, and expands in cooling till it becomes ice, which takes place at 32 degrees. This is a beautiful provision of nature. By being less dense than water, ice floats on the top, and, by forming a hard crust, prevents the mass of less cold liquid beneath from being greatly affected by the intensely-cold atmosphere. Thus the lower stratum of water in lakes and rivers continues to maintain a temperature from six to eight degrees above the freezing-point; and in this comparatively warm stratum fishes dwell as usual, till the return of spring brings them to the surface, to look out upon a new heaven and a new earth. Running streams resist congelation longer than lakes, and the ocean in temperate climates longest of all, partly from its depth, and partly from the quantity of saline matter it contains. This latter circumstance may be illustrated by mixing common salt and water so as to form brine, which will remain liquid at many degrees below the freezing-point of fresh water. Salt water is so much denser than fresh water, that a person may swim more easily in the sea than in a river.

When a bottle is 'broken by the frost,' this is occasioned by the expansion of the water during congelation; but iron water pipes are burst in the same way, and an experiment is tried with a bottle of wrought iron, which is found to be no more capable than glass of resisting the occult power of the congealing process. In Canada, bomb-shells of cast-iron, 13 inches in diameter, and 2 inches thick, filled with water, and firmly plugged with iron bolts, have been split asunder when exposed to the cold of winter. But this formidable force is used by nature for the most beneficent purpose. The water imbibed by the soil by capillary attraction, separates the particles during its expansion; and these, when the thaw of spring takes place, crumble down into a soil fit for the reception of seed.

In the same way is explained the rounded or weathered aspect of many rocks; for instance, limestone and sandstone; and the ruinous heaps that lie at the base of slate rocks, the strata of which, separated by this agency, glide down the sides of the mass. When the winter is very severe, the sap of trees is frozen, and the same effect takes place—the tree being rent asunder with a hard explosion. Acquainted practically with this law, the mason never uses mortar or cement during frosts; and when frost is likely to come on after his work is done, he always covers it carefully with straw, the non-conducting power of which prevents the mortar from freezing. For the same reason, the service-pipe which runs across a kitchen area is usually covered with bands of hay or straw during frost. The part of the pipe under ground runs little risk of freezing, except in very severe weather; but when it comes into the open air, the metal, owing to its good conducting power, is in danger of bursting. To preserve ice, substances of bad conducting power are of course chosen. A small quantity, for instance, may be kept for a considerable time by being wrapped in folds of flannel; or placed in a wooden box, enclosed within another wooden box, in such a way so as to leave stagnant air between them—air being, as well as wood, a bad conductor.

When fish-ponds, or other small collections of water, are completely frozen over, it must not be supposed that the fish live very comfortably at the bottoms in their 40 degrees temperature. They can stand the cold very well, perhaps as well as the warmth of summer; but like human beings shut up in a close room, they are poisoned by their own breath. The wintry sun is too feeble, after its passage through the ice, to exercise much influence on the aquatic plants, which would otherwise decompose the carbonate acid; and this accumulating, would prove fatal to the fish, if we did not break holes at the surface to admit the air, and let out the mephitic vapour. On this friendly service being rendered, the fish are seen rushing up to the aperture, as dancers in a crowded room, when the exhalations become stifling, fly to the open window to gasp. They often rush to their own destruction; for the fisherman know what they are about.

Nature is as beneficent as man on such occasions, and less selfish. Although the ice on a large pond or lake prevents the admission of heat from the top, and would therefore become of a uniform thickness, there are agencies at work below to counteract the danger. The springs by which the lake is fed, coming from the comparatively warm earth, throw up a column of water, which gradually thaws the ice on the surface, or renders it thin enough for the fainting fishes themselves to throw open their sash. When the cold is too intense for this process—when the very springs are frozen, and the covering of ice rests like a sheet of solid iron on the lake—what becomes of its inhabitants? The earth, unable to emit, exercises its power in attracting water into its bosom, and thus a vacuum is formed beneath the ice, which, unable longer to sustain the weight of the superincumbent atmosphere, gives way, and admits air, and light, and life, into the waters beneath. Were it not for their danger of suffocation, the fishes in keen frosts would be better off as regards temperature than land animals; and indeed persons who have accidentally fallen through the ice usually remark that the water felt much warmer than the air.

When the air is at zero, a warm vapour rises through a hole broken in the ice, and condenses into crystals so minute, that they have the appearance of smoke. In like manner the vapour from our lungs becomes visible on a frosty day; and in cold climates, such as that of Lapland, when a blast of air is suddenly admitted into a room, the breath of the inmates turns into snow. Another beautiful and less obvious effect of condensation is seen in the footprints of men and animals in a field. These are covered in some cases with a thin sheet of ice, and in others with a delicate network of frost; but in neither is there found a single drop of water in

the cavity below—the hard surface crumbing into powder beneath our feet. The explanation of chemistry is, that the water which originally filled the footprints was wholly or partially frozen on the surface, and the remainder sucked by capillary attraction into the earth.

Snow is supposed to be formed by the gradual congelation of the thin watery vapour in the upper regions of the air. As this becomes solidified, it descends to the earth by the natural law of gravitation; and if immediately examined with a high magnifier, exhibits crystals with figures as regular and beautiful as those of a kaleidoscope. Snow as well as ice is a bad conductor of cold; and as a covering of the latter preserves the water beneath at a temperature in which fish can live, so the snowy mantle with which winter wraps the fields protects the seeds and roots of the earth from the killing frost. Snow is actually given like wool, as the Scripture says; and not only as regards whiteness, but warmth; for the fleecy coverings respectively serve the same purpose both for plants, and men, and animals. Under the surface, the temperature of snow is little colder than 32 degrees, while above it is not infrequently 20 or 15 degrees; and thus wheat will continue growing beneath at a time when every blade would be killed that was exposed to the air. This accounts for the phenomena of spring in northern countries, where the plants are no sooner released from their covering of snow, than they burst suddenly into strength and beauty; and this although the temperature of the region during winter was many degrees below zero.

Hail is supposed to be formed from the sudden congelation of rain drops; but, unlike snow, it is found in all the other seasons as well as winter, and we have already had occasion to describe it.

Connected by contrast with the subject of congelation is the process so familiar in winter of boiling water, and between the two there are some curious analogies. Cold freezes the surface of a pond, and water being a bad conductor of cold, the ice thus formed keeps the rest of the water comparatively warm. For the same reason heat will cause the surface of water to boil, while the rest of the liquid remains perfectly cold. This is why we place the fire under rather than over the kettle. If we placed it over, the portions constituting the surface would boil, and the boiling film being lighter than the portions below, would float upon them. When, on the other hand, we place the fire under, the water it first reaches is expanded by the heat, or, in other words, becomes lighter, and rises in the vessel; while the heavier portions, obeying the same law, sink and take its place. These, again, are operated upon in turn by the heat, and so on till the whole mass receives the desired temperature. When this reaches the point when water can no longer remain liquid, vapour rises and flies off—or, in other words, the kettle boils. The boiling point of water is not fixed and definite like the freezing point. It is 212 degrees at the level of the sea, but in consequence of the diminished pressure of the atmosphere, becomes lower as we ascend, till on a summit 15,781 feet high it is 180 degrees. At the bottom of a mine 1650 feet below the level of the sea, water will boil at 216 degrees.

Fire, says Professor Griffiths, was anciently regarded as a peculiar, distinct principle or element, having a specific or inherent power of destruction; and in this sense it repeatedly occurs in many of the most sublime and forcible passages of Holy Writ. Barbedine has been permitted to discover that fire, so far from being an element, is the invariable result of intense chemical attraction between two or more substances.

During ordinary combustion, the elements of the combustible or inflammable substance exert affinity for the oxygen of the air, and produce compounds which in the generality of cases, are gaseous or vaporous, and therefore elude observation; but they admit of separation by the chemist, and from them he can again draw forth elements, the sum total of which affinity

equals the original weight of the combustible substance; therefore, when a substance is burned, or apparently destroyed by fire, its physical form alone is changed; but its elements are perfectly unchANGED, or, in other words, the elements of the combustible have been induced by elevation of temperature to relinquish their original affinities, and to assume new but definite arrangements. These, in all ordinary cases, are carbonic acid and watery vapour.

Such compounds are ordained to travel throughout the creation; and under the recondite powers of vitality, are decomposed, and their elements secreted into the form of woody fibre, and other organic matters, and thus again presented as fuel, which again produces the same compounds; and so on, perpetually travelling and illustrating at every change of their affinities the indestructibility of matter, and the wisdom and power of the Creator.

All substances of organic origin are combustible, but all are not equally calculated for the evolution of light or heat. For these purposes substances are chosen that are without nitrogen. Animal and vegetable oils are composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen; wood likewise is entirely free from nitrogen, and so is the best kind of coal. Fat or oil, we have all observed, does not burn of itself. The wick of the lamp or candle must be first lighted, and this drawing up the liquid oil or melted fat by capillary attraction, it vaporises, and then burns with a brilliant flame.

If we suppose, in the midst of summer, when the earth is fainting with heat, when the flowers are in their deepest dye and richest fragrance, and the animal creation, according to habits, are hiding in luxurious shadows, or basking or fluttering in the sun—if we suppose a sudden rush of winter to break in upon the gorgeous scene, what confusion, what dismay, what destruction, what horror, would ensue! The streams, already attenuated by heat, would be chained up in frost, the flowers would wither, the leaves would fall, the insects would perish, and man himself would feel as if struck to the heart by the deadly and unnatural chill. How, then, is a winter of months, perhaps of many months, a season of positive enjoyment?—how are both vegetable and animal life preserved throughout all its rigours?—and how do human beings, with elastic step and buoyant spirits, pursue their ordinary avocations amid the frozen waste?

These questions are suggestive of grand, happy, and yet awful ideas. We are lost in the mysteries of creation; we are overwhelmed by the might, yet reassured and softened by the mercies of Providence; we are angry with ourselves for the stolid indifference with which we view the wonders by which we are surrounded, and yet a proud though terrifying feeling is superinduced by the thought, that we ourselves are seen and watched over by an Arm so mighty, an Intelligence so vast.

We have already shown how the lives of fish are preserved throughout the severest frosts of winter; but the same care extends to the whole of organised creation. Exceptions sometimes occur—just to remind us of the rule: the sap of a tree, for instance, as we have already remarked, is frozen, and as it expands, the trunk explodes, and is rent in pieces. What, then, becomes, in ordinary cases, of the tender buds, from which new leaves are to issue in the following spring? The chemist has discovered that in autumn they are covered with a resinous substance, which protects them from frost, and in this state of security the tree goes to sleep for the winter. And this is not a figurative expression; for it is a true sleep, in which the usual functions of the tree are suspended, and in which it may be removed from its native soil without injury. The provision here mentioned is made only in the case of the trees and shrubs that require it; in the tropical regions, where it is unnecessary, there is no such thing. That the tree is 'not dead, but sleepeth,' is proved by these very buds thus wrapped up in their winter cements; for if you cut

off one of them, and hang it to the branch during a severe frost, it will be frozen through, while its living brethren remain uninjured. We may even say that during this vegetable torpidity there is a mystical process of preparation going on for a new term of active existence. How else can we account for the fact, that after an unusually late spring, the plants rush forth into leaf and flower with a rapidity that appears to bespeak some periodical within which is impatient of delay? It would seem as if the plant knew its season, and was in haste to make up for lost time! In regions where the summer is extremely short, this adaptation is still more wonderful. In Siberia, according to a well-known register, the snow and ice begin to melt on the 23d June; on the 1st July, the fields are clear; by the 9th they are quite green; by the 17th the plants are at full growth, and by the 26th in flower; by the 2d August the fruit is ripe; and by the 18th the reign of snow is resumed.

Similar to the protection afforded to the buds of trees, but still more wonderful, is the glutinous matter which at this season covers the eggs of various insects. This is insoluble by all the means, and unchanged by all the frosts of winter. Such eggs have been exposed to a temperature of 22 degrees below zero; and then the substance within, found in a liquid state, and wholly uninjured. The mopus with which the garden-snail surrounds itself in its winter quarters has properties of a similar kind; but the fur, with which various caterpillars are clothed as the cold season advances is perhaps a still more curious provision of nature; associating them in this respect with the larger animals, whose coats of hair become thick and shaggy on the approach of the hyperborean snows. The white colour of these winter coats, however, although we cannot dwell upon it here, is a subject more within the province of chemistry. White is said, in common parlance, to be a cold colour, but that means that it does not radiate heat freely; and thus, although its power of absorbing warmth from the surrounding atmosphere may be small, it is the best calculated to retain the heat generated in the bodies of the animals by the vital principle.

Man has no provision of this kind, no instincts of hybernation. Naked and helpless he comes into the world, with no defence against the seasons; and no armour against enemies. His is not a species—although the vulgar still follow this classification of the old naturalists—but a genus, distinct, alone, supreme. By means of the reason with which the Almighty has endowed him, he adapts himself to all circumstances; invents artificial weapons, makes the lower animals his slaves or his food, and wrests from external nature the means of subsistence, comfort, and enjoyment. Wherever he finds, or can transport the materials with which he works, he is at home. With this condition, he is as much at home on the shores of the Frozen Sea as the polar bear—as much at home as the embryo in its egg, which no cold can kill—as much at home as the hybernating snail in its elaborate sarcophagus.

It is familiar to the experience of us all, that during keen frost we eat more than in hot weather; and this would seem to be as natural as that we should desire to wear heavier and thicker clothing. Our food is not intended merely to form bone and muscle, or supply the physical waste of our bodies, but likewise to keep up the vital heat; and for this reason it is not uncommon for an Esquimaux, within the polar circle, to eat twenty pounds of salmon at a meal without special injury. What this vital heat may be, chemistry has not ascertained; but at the present moment great excitement prevails in the scientific world, from the idea that stupendous discoveries are on the eve of being made, which will connect, if not identify, various hitherto unexplained phenomena with electricity. The dryness of the atmosphere in the polar regions may be supposed to be the great cause of the elasticity of spirits, and regularity of health, maintained there even by natives of temperate climates. At home, in a much less degree of cold, wet feet occasion disease; and they are sup-

posed to do so because the water acts as a powerful conductor, and causes a sudden loss of the electricity with which our bodies are charged, and the due equilibrium of which is necessary for the maintenance of health. The use of flannel next the skin, summer and winter, is explained in the same way by its absorption of moisture, and by the wool of which it is made being a non-conductor. But science, however wonderful its discoveries may seem to our ignorance, has yet much to do: when men are better chemists, their residence on the earth will be both longer and happier.

SAYING AND DOING.

A TALE.

THE post-house at Oberhausberg had just been thrown into confusion by the arrival of a travelling carriage on its way from Saverna to Strasburg. Master Töpfer, the innkeeper, was running hither and thither, giving orders to his servants and postilions, whilst the carriage, which stood before the door of the courtyard, was surrounded by a group of children and idlers, who amused themselves by passing their remarks on the new-comer and his handsome equipage. Amongst the lookers-on might have been especially remarked one man with a keen quick eye and sunburnt countenance, whose Provençal accent contrasted strongly with the language of the other spectators. M. Bardanou was, in fact, a native of the south. Chance alone had led him to Oberhausberg, where he had set up, exactly opposite the inn, a hairdresser's shop, on the blue window-shutters of which were inscribed, in words which we may translate, 'Hair-cutting and shaving done here at all prices;' and 'Shaving performed after the fashion of Marseilles.'

Mingling among the inquisitive group of idlers who had gathered around the door of the inn, the hairdresser bore his part in the general conversation, in a species of German which we can best describe by saying that it was the Alsatian dialect spoken with a strong Provençal accent.

'Have you seen the traveller, Monsieur Bardanou?' inquired an old woman, whose basket, laden with thread, needles, and laces, designated her trade as pedlar.

'Of course I have, Mother Hartmann,' replied the hairdresser: 'he is a very grand-looking man, but I have some doubts as to his brains—more money than wit, I suspect.'

Now Bardanou was critic-general of the neighbourhood, and had a fancy for saying ill-natured things, merely to show his cleverness—for it always looks clever to find fault.

'Hold your tongue, Bardanou; he is a baron!' interrupted a merry laughing voice.

Bardanou looked around, and perceived the god-daughter of Master Töpfer, who had just made her appearance at the door of the inn. 'A baron!' he repeated: 'who told you that, Nicette?'

'The tall footman who accompanies him,' replied the young girl. 'He declared that Monsieur le Baron could not dine in the common eating-room, and that he must have everything carried up to the large balconied sitting-room.'

The gossips raised their heads: the room of which Nicette spoke was directly above them, and the window was open, but the closed curtains prevented the indulgence of idle curiosity.

'So it is in that room you have laid the cover for him?' inquired Mother Hartmann, pointing to the balconied apartment.

'No, I did not lay it,' replied the young girl. 'Monsieur le Baron did not choose to have anything to say either to our porcelain ware or our crystal glasses. He always carries about with him a service of plate; and I have just seen his valet taking it out of an ebony chest.'

A murmur of surprise and admiration arose amongst the crowd; the Provençal alone shrugged his shoulder. 'That is to say that Monsieur le Baron cannot either eat or drink like other Christians,' he ironically rejoined: 'he must have a room to himself, and a service of plate! The great King Solomon might well say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."'

'Come now, Bardanou, you are again going to speak ill of your neighbour,' interrupted Nicette with a smile.

'Of my neighbour!' repeated the hairdresser. 'And do you call this baron, then, my neighbour? I know him well enough already: your great man! he is like all the nobles whom we see passing this way. Did you hear how he called to his valet, who had stayed behind to speak to Master Töpfer. Depend upon it that baron is a regular tyrant.'

'Ah! what makes you say that, Bardanou?' exclaimed Nicette. 'I hope you may be mistaken! Do you know what is bringing him into the duchy of Baden?'

'Not at all.'

'His servant told me,' replied Nicette, lowering her voice: 'he is going to be married.'

'To be married?'

'Yes: to the richest heiress in the country—a widow—'

'With whom doubtless he is not acquainted.'

'I know nothing about that.'

'You may be sure he is not acquainted with her. Those kind of people marry, as one carries on commerce, by a correspondence: they only think of satisfying their avarice.'

'Hold your tongue, Bardanou,' exclaimed Nicette impatiently; 'you are always ready to think evil of others without knowing them.'

'And I generally think worse of them when I do know them,' added the southern.

'You know, however, very well, that all the world do not marry for the sake of enriching themselves,' replied the young girl, slightly colouring and turning away: 'there are yet some to be found who only consult their feelings.'

'Like me, for instance,' added Bardanou gaily, as he took her hand and drew her towards him.

'That has nothing to say to it,' hastily replied the young maiden.

'Pardon me, though, but it has,' exclaimed the Provençal. 'You know very well, Nicette, that I am no seeker after wealth, and that I do not admire you one whit the less because Master Töpfer has declared that he cannot give you any portion. But then I am an original, my dear; as your godfather says, a philosopher. I have ideas upon all these matters which are quite different from those of other people. And so surely my blood boils when I see men like your fine baron there, in whose hands fortune is only an instrument of vanity, tyranny, and avarice, and I cannot help thinking that if I were in their place, I should do more credit to the arrangements of Providence.'

'That remains to be proved, Monsieur Bardanou,' observed the old pedlar woman; 'fortune alters characters strangely sometimes.'

'When one has no solid principles,' exclaimed the Provençal; 'when one allows one's self to be driven about like a shuttlecock by every passing wind. But I know my own mind, and how things ought to be, Mother Hartmann: I have a philosophy of my own. If I were to become rich in a single moment now, you see I should no more be changed by it than the church clock. You would always see me as just, as disinterested, and as friendly as I am now.'

Bardanou was interrupted in this imaginary catalogue of his own virtues by the appearance at the door of the hotel of the identical traveller who had given rise to the above conversation. He was a man of about forty years of age, stout, somewhat bald, and whose heavy features would have revealed his German descent, even if his strong accent had allowed of the

slightest doubt remaining on the subject. But notwithstanding this, his clear blue eye burned with intelligence; and prejudice alone could have prompted the judgment which the hairdresser had so hastily passed upon him. The baron bowed in a courteous manner to the group assembled around the door, and said with a cheerful smile—'A pretty spot, gentlemen; a pretty spot, and a fine day too!' Those whom he addressed contented themselves with returning his salutation, but made no reply. The German appeared, however, to be in nowise disconcerted by this silence. 'I hope,' he continued, still smiling, 'that the country here is fruitful, and the people happy?'

'When contentment dwells within, one can be happy anywhere,' sententiously replied Bardanou.

The baron nodded assent. 'The sentiment, sir, which you have now expressed, is one of deep import,' he replied in a tone of deference; 'and I trust that this remark is the fruit of your own experience: he who understands so well the secret of happiness, ought himself to possess it.'

'I make the best of my position,' said Bardanou. 'I never complain, Monsieur le Baron, seeing that when one sows complaints, one seldom reaps anything but discouragements. I cut hair, shave beards, and dress fronts, and live in hopes of some lucky chance turning up.'

'And so it will,' said the baron; 'be sure it will come: fate has not imitated the example of your government; it has not abolished its lottery, and a good number is always to be hoped for.'

'A propos to lottery tickets; we have two of them,' exclaimed Nicette. 'What if we were to gain the château!'

'A château!' exclaimed the stranger, becoming suddenly attentive.

'Yes; with lands and forests,' added Bardanou. 'There was a travelling clerk who came here about three months ago from Frankfort to sell the lottery tickets, and Nicette persuaded me to take one.'

'Do you mean by any chance the domain of Rovembourg?'

'Indeed I cannot tell, for I know nothing about it. I neither looked at the name nor the number; but doubtless I have it all written down here.'

The hairdresser took out an old pocket-book, and drew from it a prospectus and a lottery ticket. 'That is the very name,' he said, when he had glanced at the paper. 'Domain of Rovembourg, situated about two miles from Badenwiller, at the entrance of the Black Forest. The prize was to be drawn on the 20th July.'

'And it has been drawn,' the stranger quietly replied.

'And do you know which it is?'

'Yes; 66.'

Bardanou looked at his ticket, and became deadly pale. He uttered an exclamation of surprise, and repeated in an anxious tone, '66! Did you say 66?'

'Yes, certainly.'

'Then the domain of Rovembourg is mine!' cried the hairdresser, almost beside himself with delight.

'Yours!' repeated the baron with surprise.

'Look, only look! I have No. 66!'

He held up his ticket triumphantly, showing it to all the neighbours. The stranger's countenance changed, and he approached hastily; but when he had looked at the number, he seemed again at ease, and was evidently on the point of speaking, when suddenly he stopped, as if a thought had flashed across his mind, and looking at Bardanou with that air of good-natured archness which seemed habitual to him, he bowed in token of congratulation.

The news of Bardanou's good fortune spread quickly through the village, and he was quickly followed to his shop by a host of neighbours, who almost overwhelmed him with their congratulations. The Provençal bore this marvellous change at first pretty well: the only

difference at all perceptible was, that his voice was somewhat louder than ordinary, and his affability was more dignified. The hairdresser was evidently becoming transformed into the *grand seigneur*. His first step in his new character was to send for the village notary, who strongly recommended him to proceed immediately to Rovembourg. Bardanou readily assented to this proposal, and requested Master Töpfer to prepare his best postchaise and finest horses for the journey, at the same time inviting him and Nicette to accompany him, as well as the notary, whose services would be required on the occasion. As the carriage rolled on towards its destination, Bardanou felt more and more the certainty of his bliss, and his mind began gradually to lose its equilibrium. At the last inn at which the party stopped on the road he complained of everything: the linen was coarse, the dishes chipped, the knives and forks not fit for a gentleman to use.

At length the dark avenue of pines leading to the Château of Rovembourg appeared above the horizon, and towering amidst them arose the pointed turrets of the château itself. Nicette uttered cries of admiration at the sight of the meadows, so richly spangled with flowers; the notary seemed occupied in calculating, half aloud, the income which the woods and fields would bring in; and Master Töpfer was in ecstasies at seeing the fine horses which were galloping about in the pastures: Bardanou alone was silent. When the turrets of Rovembourg first met his eyes, a new anxiety took possession of his mind. The acquisition of a title now seemed to him a necessary appendage to his new possessions; without it, Monsieur Bardanou would never be anything more than a wealthy plebeian. The reflections of the hairdresser had reached their culminating point when his equipage drew up at the gate of the château. Nicette proposed that they should get out; but Bardanou was resolved to enter his new dwelling in style. They must wait till the porter, who was absent, should return to open the gate for the postchaise to enter the courtyard amidst the cracking of whips and the tingling of the bells. Bardanou had learned from the porter that the family man-of-business was not expected from Frankfort for a couple of days, but that Madame de Randoux, niece of the former proprietor, was in the château. This lady soon made her appearance on the steps, where she received the Provençal with all the ready grace of an accomplished woman of the world, and at the same time with all the simple friendliness of a *bourgeoise*. Madame de Randoux was a widow of about twenty-five years of age, with a pleasing rather than handsome countenance, with elegant manners, and her conversation full of interest. She was equally courteous to the companions of Bardanou as to himself, and led the whole party into a rich saloon adorned in the style of Louis XIV. Here the hairdresser found the baron, who had preceded them by some hours, and whom the widow presented to him as an old friend. Refreshments were served, and Bardanou did full justice to them, with a certain ease of manner which showed that he felt he was only partaking of his own. Madame de Randoux afterwards proposed that they should visit the demesne, and ordered horses to her carriage, inviting Nicette and the baron to accompany them. Her offer was joyfully accepted; and Bardanou expressed himself tolerably well satisfied with the property, talked of improvements, embellishments, &c.; and ended by declaring that he wished to make Rovembourg a truly princely residence.

As they drove round the place, Madame de Randoux gaily expressed her approbation of his plans; the baron gave his assent in a more reserved manner. Bardanou began to suspect that he was jealous of him, and made up his mind that he would by no means spare so unworthy a feeling. Consequently he continued to affect the airs of a grand seigneur, complained of the roads, the bad state of the fences, and the negligence of the foresters. Nicette continually interrupted him by pleading some excuse for those concerned: but

Baradanos, who thought that a systematic course of complaint gave a certain air of dignity, stopped her mouth by an injunction not to interfere about matters which were above her comprehension, and the frightened girl dared not say another word upon the subject. On their return to the castle things were still worse. Off the odorous hairdresser found the furniture poor, the attendance inefficient. When the hour of repose drew on, he was conducted to the finest apartment of the castle, where an adorned bed had been prepared for him. There walls were hung with portraits representing the successive lords of the castle. Baradanos saluted them with respect, embowing himself in veneration, such as he would have felt for his ancestors. In fact he was almost beginning to feel himself the legitimate descendant of the House of Roventbourg. It was late in the night before he fell asleep, and then in dreams he saw himself at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, his breast covered with crosses and ribbons. When he awoke, the day was already far advanced. He was about to rise in haste, when he suddenly remembered that it was not suitable for a man of his quality to dress himself without assistance. He rung for the valet de chambre, who immediately appeared, and began to perform all the duties of the toilet, according to the established rules of etiquette. Baradanos, who was not willing to appear ignorant of the habits of a seigneur, bore the whole operation patiently; only, when it came to the hairdressing part of the arrangement, the remembrance of his former trade overcame his sense of dignity, and watching the comb out of the hands of his German valet, he gave him a practical lesson on the coiffure of a gentleman. At length, his toilet being completed, he went down to the garden, where he perceived Madame de Randoux, who was returning from a morning walk. The young widow was dressed in an elegant *négligée*, and wore on her head one of the Black Forest hats, whose wide brim stretched to her shoulders. She advanced, holding in her hand a little bouquet of wild flowers, and singing, half-sung, an old Swabian melody. Baradanos hastened forward to salute her, and kissed her hands, as he had seen it done at the theatre. The pretty widow received him very graciously, and gave him an account of her ramble through the adjoining copse. In the course of her conversation Madame de Randoux gave him to understand that she was deeply grieved at her uncle having consented before his death to dispose by lottery of Roventbourg, which had hitherto been an heirloom in their family. The 200,000 florins which this speculation added to her dowry was far from appearing to her a sufficient recompense for her loss. She would infinitely rather sacrifice 20,000 florins out of her own fortune to enter again into the possession of Roventbourg and its dependencies.

Baradanos understood that this statement of her wishes was meant as an indirect hint to himself, but he had already acquired too great a taste for playing the part of lord of the manor, to be willing to exchange his newly-acquired privilege for a sum of money.

He replied to Madame de Randoux with a smile, that although Roventbourg had changed proprietors, it was not the less entirely at her service, and that he hoped she would continue to dispose of it as freely as she had hitherto done. The widow bowed with a graceful but impatient air.

"I see you do not choose to understand me," she said with a smile, "you wish me to be your guest at Roventbourg, whilst I rather desire you to be mine."

"Of what consequence is it which is the host," gallantly observed the Provençal, "provided only you feel yourself at home?"

"At home!" gaily replied Madame de Randoux, "you would be well punished if I were to take you at your word."

"How so, madame?"

"Because a stranger is always in the way with a newly-married couple."

Baradanos made a movement of surprise.

"Pardon me," she added, "perhaps it is a secret, but Mademoiselle Nicette has been the first to betray it. Why, really, exclaiming the hairdresser somewhat embarrassed, 'it was as yet only a project'—"

"Which there is now nothing to prevent you from putting in execution?"

"That is true," answered the hairdresser, "but I think that Mademoiselle Nicette would remind you, if it were necessary, of your engagement, for she would find it difficult to replace you, Monsieur de Baradanos."

The hairdresser bowed, colouring with joy. It was the first time that this glorious little word which designated him as noble had been added to his name. At this moment Madame de Randoux looked at him radiant with beauty.

"The end of the whole matter is," continued she, "that I must now abandon all hope of ever again turning to my beloved Roventbourg; and yet I know how much I would have sacrificed to retain it. What would you say, Monsieur Baradanos, if I were to tell you that I was on the point of sacrificing the whole happiness of my future life to this one object?"

The Provençal felt almost bewildered, and could only stammer out a few disjointed sentences.

"Yes," resumed the widow, as if she were replying to his unuttered thoughts, "the happiness of my whole life. You have seen the Baron de Robach—the gentleman whose arrival here preceded yours by a few hours?"

Baradanos replied in the affirmative.

"Well, he is an old family friend, who has ever been much attached to me, and who even when I was what annoyed at my union with Monsieur de Robach. Since my widowhood, he has rendered me many services, and has repeatedly made me offers of his hand; but liberty was sweet to me; I shrunk from the thought of a second marriage, and constantly refused him. At length, however, when Roventbourg was put up to lottery, he perceived my distress, and the power of leaving it, and playfully urged me to marry him. I won the château. I consented to do so, and he consequently took tickets to the amount of 20,000 florins. Until the day of drawing I feared this being the winner; but now I am foolish enough to regret not having passed into other hands, and feel as if I should hardly have purchased it too dearly, even at the price of my hand."

A sudden thought flashed across Baradanos' mind: he saw his fortune tripled, his position in the world established—it was a second prize in the lottery. It would be madness not to take advantage of such an opportunity. He ventured, at first tremblingly, then with more confidence, to hint his wishes to the widow. She listened to him with hesitation, but apparently not altogether with indifference. Intoxicated by the vision of greatness which floated before his mind, he forgot the attachment of the innkeeper's daughter, and the ties which bound them together. He hastened to the château, and sought Nicette; but he did not fail to consider himself called upon even to offer any justification of his conduct.

Forgetting all that had passed between them, he spoke to Nicette as to a protégée whose happiness he would gladly insure. He had no desire to be the only one to profit by the happy chance which had enriched him; he was resolved to give her a liberal portion, and to provide for the happy man whom she might select her partner for life. The poor young girl listened at first with perplexity; but by degrees, as Baradanos continued speaking, light broke in upon her mind, and with it came a grief so poignant, that she was totally unprepared for it. Still she was silent. With quivering lips and tearful eyes she listened patiently to all the fine promises of the Provençal; and when he had finished, she only rose and walked towards the door.

"Where are you going, Nicette?" inquired Baradanos, startled by her silence.

'I am going to return home with my godfather,' was her only reply.

'And why must you go so soon?' continued the hairdresser.

Nicette made no reply, but she left the room. Bardanou felt heavy at heart. However he might seek to blind himself, the silent reproaches of conscience made themselves heard within, and his feelings protested against the casuistry of his reasoning. He rose from his seat, and traversed the room with hasty strides, vainly striving to recover his wonted calmness. Each moment he grew sadder and more disappointed. It seemed a relief to him when he remembered, all on a sudden, that he had not yet tasted any food. He rung the bell, but when the footman appeared, he informed him that every one in the house had already breakfasted. Bardanou, who only wanted some pretext to vent his ill-humour, expressed his displeasure at not having been duly summoned to the morning repast. The footman replied that Monsieur le Baron had given him no orders on the subject. This was the signal for an explosion of anger on the part of our Provencal friend.

'The baron!' he exclaimed. 'And since when, may I ask, sir, have you learnt that you must await the commands of the baron to attend on me? Which is master here—he or I? To whom does Roventbourg belong?'

'I know nothing about it as yet,' the footman brusquely replied.

'Ah, so you know nothing about it!' repeated Bardanou exasperated. 'Well, then, I will soon teach you to know, you blackguard. Leave this place, leave it directly, and never venture to let me set eyes on you again.'

The footman was about to make some reply, but the baron, who entered at that moment, made a sign to him, and he retired.

'You treat this poor fellow very roughly, Monsieur Bardanou,' said he, closing the door behind him.

'I shall treat him in whatever way I choose,' proudly replied the Provencal; 'and I think I have some ground for astonishment that any one should venture to give orders here besides myself.'

'In the first place,' politely replied the baron, 'I would beg of you to observe that, as executor of the former proprietor of Roventbourg, the administration of the affairs of the chateau was placed in my hands until the arrival of the new possessor.'

'And I would beg of you to observe,' remarked the hairdresser, 'that the new possessor is here.'

'And from thence you come to the conclusion—'

'That every one should be master in his own house.'

The baron bowed. 'Incontestably so,' he replied. 'It only remains to be seen in whose house we are.'

'In whose house?' repeated the astonished Bardanou.

'Surely Monsieur de Robach cannot pretend ignorance on that head, since it was he who first informed me what number drew the prize?'

'I remember it perfectly.'

'And most probably you have not forgotten either that this number was 66; and that here it is, Monsieur le Baron, in my possession.'

The latter bent forward to look at the ticket which the hairdresser presented for his inspection. 'Bardanou,' said he, 'but I think Monsieur Bardanou has made a slight mistake.'

'How so?'

'I fancy that he has not noticed that on his ticket the dots precede the ciphers instead of following them.'

'Well, and what of that?'

'Only, that Monsieur Bardanou has unfortunately read his number upside down, and that this number is 99!'

'99!' repeated the terrified hairdresser. 'What are you saying? But then what of 66?'

'Hem! it is,' replied the baron, 'showing another ticket.'

'What! yours?'

'Yes; the authenticity of the ticket has been recognised by the administration at Frankfort itself; all the formalities have been gone through; here is the deed which places me in full possession of the domains of Roventbourg.'

He handed to the Provencal a paper covered with stamps, seals, and signatures. Bardanou tried to peruse it, but a cloud obscured his sight; his whole frame trembled with emotion; he was obliged to sit down. The fall had been as sudden as the previous elevation, and he felt his strength failing him. However, when the first moment of bewilderment had passed away, he started up; his depression was succeeded by anger and doubt. He looked the baron full in the face. 'Then you deceived me at Oberisachberg?' he exclaimed.

'Say rather that I left you undisturbed in your error,' replied M. de Robach.

'It was treacherous and cruel,' interrupted Bardanou.

'No,' interposed the baron quietly; 'only a chastisement and a lesson. Seated in the balcony of the hotel, behind a curtain which concealed me, I heard your pronouncing judgment on me without knowing me; and accusing the rich in general of vanity, tyranny, ingratitude, and cupidity, and boasting that you would not yourself fall into these errors if fortune were to favour you in your turn. A curious chance led you to suppose that your denials were actually accomplished. I wished to see whether your principles were as strong as you believed them to be, and therefore suffered the illusion to continue.'

'And so, then, it was a delusion after all?' repeated Bardanou in a tone of despair, whilst he kept his eyes fixed upon the ticket.

'Yes,' replied M. de Robach more seriously; 'but what is not an illusion, is the time of conduct you have pursued from the moment in which you imagined yourself to be the proprietor of Roventbourg. Since yesterday, tell me, I pray you, which of us has shown himself the most full of pride? Which has been most imperious and hard towards his inferior? In which of us did Madame de Randoux's position awaken feelings of cupidity? And by whom has Nicette been cast off with cold ingratitude because she was poor?' The hairdresser hung down his head, overwhelmed with shame. 'You now see,' continued the baron, 'that one must learn to be more indulgent towards others, and more distrustful of one's self. All men bear within themselves the germs of the same weaknesses, but different positions may develop them under different forms. You must learn to excuse the rich man when he forgets himself so far as to become hardened by prosperity; and he must forgive his poorer brother if adversity sometimes sours his temper, and excites in him feelings of envy or ill-will. The best means of improving the different classes of society is, not by opposing them to each other, but by seeking to enlighten each according to its respective needs.'

'And it was to convey to me this lesson that Monsieur le Baron has exposed me to this reverse of fortune?' bitterly exclaimed Bardanou. 'He has been pleased to make me a subject for his observations; he desired to perform an experiment upon living flesh and blood, without disturbing himself about the results to which such an essay might lead.'

'Pardon me, Monsieur Bardanou,' said M. de Robach; 'Madame de Randoux, who bore a part in this mystification, has already repaired the misery you might have brought upon yourself; and the best proof of her success is, that here she is bringing you back Nicette.'

The god-daughter of old Töpfer made her appearance at this moment with the widow. The latter had found no difficulty in counselling the simple girl by persuading her that Bardanou's rupture with her was only a trial of her love, that the domains of Roventbourg

did not belong to him, and that he loved her better than ever. Nicette believed everything that was told her; and the Provençal, ashamed of his conduct, received her with a tenderness so full of humility, that it affected her even to tears. Whilst this explanation was taking place, the baron was speaking to Master Töpfer, and inducing him to consent to the marriage of Nicette, whom he expressed his intention to portion with a dowry of 8000 florins.

The newly-betrothed couple set off the same evening on their return to Oberhausberg, where their marriage was duly celebrated about a month later. The lesson he had received proved of essential service to Bardonou, without, however, altogether curing him of his disposition to criticise. He was still at times disposed to give way to violent declamations against the rich and the powerful; but at such moments the thought of Rovembourg would suddenly flash across his mind, and at the remembrance of his own weakness he became more lenient in his judgment of others, and would cheerfully return to the duties of his appointed station.

LIBERIA NOW AN INDEPENDENT STATE.

THE newspapers have lately announced that the colony of Liberia has been recognised as an independent republic by France and England, and that between these countries and the republic a treaty of commerce, favourable to all the parties concerned, has been agreed to. So little is generally known respecting Liberia, that in making this announcement, it was considered necessary to explain where and what Liberia is, and an interesting notice has accordingly appeared on the subject in the 'Times' newspaper of November 16.

Liberia cannot be unknown to the reader of these pages. It may be recollected that the settlement of the colony was described by us as long ago as 1832, and that its remarkable and gratifying progress formed the matter of comment in an article in 1841. With no little pleasure we revert to this subject. Having noticed it in its infancy and youth, we are now enabled to refer to it in its manhood, when apparently it is about to run a course of prosperity and social happiness.

Liberia is the most interesting colony in existence, and from its history we may draw some useful lessons in social economics. It is a settlement of pure negroes, speaking the English language, imbued with the Anglo-American civilisation, and influenced by Christian belief and ethics. Placed on the African coast facing the Atlantic, it may be said to present a cheering spot on that great waste—a frontier of intelligence to what has been hitherto a wide-spread and hopeless world of savagery. The origin of Liberia is curious. In 1817, an association was formed in the United States called the American Colonisation Society, the professed object of which was, 'the final and entire abolition of slavery, providing for the best interests of the blacks, by establishing them in independence on the coast of Africa—thus constituting them the protectors of the unfortunate natives against the ravages of the slaver, and seeking through them to spread the lights of civilisation and Christianity among the many millions who inhabit those dark regions.' The Society commenced by buying a tract of land on the coast of Guinea, and some years were spent in adapting it for settlement. All necessary arrangements being completed, the colony was begun in 1820, and a governor was appointed by the Society. The United States claimed no sovereignty over Liberia, which owed allegiance only to its founders—a method of colonising which we believe would not be consistent with English polity unless sanctioned by royal charter.

The project of the Colonisation Society was successful from the first. By means of subscriptions, it purchased the liberty of slaves within the States, and despatched them along with free persons of colour to the colony. No force was employed. Every one emigrated with his free consent. The proposal of clearing the United States of slaves by a slow process of buying them up individually may be admitted to have been visionary; and so it has proved. One can understand how the Society to this extent should have exposed itself to a degree of ridicule; but for its whole scope and tendency to have been indiscriminately attacked by parties assuming to be Abolitionists, is calculated to excite more surprise. The colonisation of Liberia met with uncompromising hostility from those who usually affect to mourn over slavery and pine for its abolition. They detected in it a groundwork of selfishness and illiberality. It was a plan of deporting negroes from America, where they had as good a right to live as the whites: it was the beginning of a wholesale riddance of the coloured population. Let it be granted that it was convenient for the Americans that the blacks should remove from their country, it must surely have been quite as convenient and agreeable to the blacks to be removed, otherwise they would not have gone. It is convenient for many parishes and men of fortune in this country to induce the surplus population to emigrate; but who thinks of opposing emigration on that account, so long as it is obviously for the benefit of those surplus labourers that they should settle in distant countries, where there is a greater demand for their services, and where their whole condition is improved? Besides, what better means could be devised for the moral regeneration of Africa, and the repression of the slave-trade, than belting round that continent with a coast-guard of civilised men of the native race, capable of enduring the climate, and able and willing to use great exertions for the enlightenment of their benighted brethren? If the free blacks were disposed to enter on this good work, assuredly no third party had a right to say one word against the Liberian scheme.

Arguments of this nature did not occur to the opponents of the plan, who saw in it only a base attempt to exile the coloured population. The Colonisation Society, however, persevered in the face of obloquy, matured its plans, and set the colony on foot. The labour of thirty years is now rewarded: Liberia is a populous and independent state. The account of the progress and present condition of this young negro nation may be given in the language of the 'Times':—'Since its commencement in 1820, its population, including the aborigines who have incorporated themselves with the immigrants, has increased to upwards of 80,000, while the land they occupy extends along 320 miles of coast, and reaches on an average about eighty miles into the interior. The proportion of the population born in America, or of American descent, is estimated at about 10,000; and such has been the effect of their example and influence, that out of the remaining 70,000, consisting of aborigines, or of captives released from slavery, at least 50,000 can speak the English language, so that any one would perfectly understand them, while their habits are rapidly becoming those of civilised and steady agriculturists. The desire for education is also manifested by the surrounding tribes, and instances are not uncommon of natives sending their children 400 or 500 miles from the interior to be instructed in the primary schools established in the republic. Of these

there are thirty-six in operation, with an average attendance in each of about forty aboriginal pupils.

'The whole of the territory of Liberia has been purchased from time to time from the aboriginal owners, and in this way at least twenty petty sovereignties have been extinguished. In its former condition, the coast was the constant resort of slavers, but the traffic is now effectually suppressed as far as the jurisdiction of the republic extends, and its entire abandonment is an invariable stipulation in every treaty of trade and protection into which the republic may consent to enter with neighbouring states. The disposition to avail themselves of treaties of this description is plainly on the increase on the part of the surrounding natives; and it is estimated that not less than 2,000,000 of persons in the interior now obtain their supply of European goods from the republic and from the kindred colony of Cape Palmas. Last year eighty-two foreign vessels visited Liberia, and exchanged merchandise for articles of African production to the amount of 600,000 dollars.

'The natural resources of Liberia are immense, and are steadily in process of development. The principal articles of export are ivory, palm oil (of which 150,000 dollars' worth was shipped in 1847), camwood, gold dust, &c. Coffee is indigenous, and of excellent quality, and is now being cultivated extensively. It yields more than in the West Indies, and the belief is entertained that it may be produced so as to compete with slave-labour. Sugar also thrives well, but enough only is grown for home consumption, and there is no present hope of competing with Cuba or Brazil. Cocoa has just been introduced, and promises well. Cotton, it is expected, will soon become an article of export. Indigo, ginger, arrowroot, and various other articles of commerce, likewise grow luxuriantly. Rich metallic mines exist in the country, and only require capital to open them up.

'The population is, upon the whole, well disposed to work, and the rate of wages per day is about 1s. sterling. It is an extraordinary feature of this part of the coast, that horses and other draught animals will not live, and hence every kind of transport, except that upon the rivers, is performed by manual labour. Much of the camwood which is exported from Liberia is brought a distance of 200 miles on men's backs. It is seen, however, that this difficulty, which appears a great one at first, may have the effect not only of inuring the people to labour, but of stimulating them to every kind of mechanical contrivance by which it may be overcome. The climate of Liberia, although more healthy than Sierra Leone, is still deadly to the European; but the improvement it has undergone during the last ten years, from the effect of clearing, drainage, &c. is stated to have been most remarkable. The coloured immigrants from America, who used invariably to suffer from fever on their arrival, are now able to go to work at once. The duration of life amongst the colonists is considered to be about the same as in England.

'At Monrovia, the port and capital, the population amounts to about 9000. A large portion of the territory has been accurately surveyed, and is sold in sections by the government, at from 58 cents to 1 dollar per acre. The government of the country is precisely on the American model, consisting of a president, a vice-president, a Senate, and a House of Representatives, the number of members in the former being six, and in the latter twenty-eight. The possession of real estate to the value of 30 dollars is the electoral qualification. The revenue, which was last year about 20,000 dollars, is derived entirely from an *ad valorem* duty of 6 per cent. on imports, and the produce of land sales. Ardent spirits, the use of which it is sought to discourage, form an exception, and are taxed 25 cents per gallon. The

principal trade is carried on by barter, but there is a small paper circulation of about 6000 dollars, redeemable on demand.

'The organisation of the republic as an independent state took place in July last year, when Mr Roberts, who had formerly acted as governor under the Colonisation Society, was elected president. Speaking of his qualifications, Commodore Perry, of the United States navy, says in a report to the American government, dated in 1844:—

"Governor Roberts of Liberia, and Russwurm of Cape Palmas, are intelligent and estimable men, executing their responsible functions with wisdom and dignity; and we have in the example of these two gentlemen irrefragable proof of the capability of coloured people to govern themselves." While with regard to the advantages of the colony he adds—"So far as the influence of the colonists has extended, it has been exerted to suppress the slave-trade. Their endeavours have been eminently successful; and it is by planting these settlements (whether American or European) along the whole extent of coast from Cape Verde to Benguela, that the exportation of slaves will be most effectually prevented."

The success of this experiment at colonising is in many respects interesting. In the first place, it is, we think, conclusively shown that the negro races may be impressed with all the ordinary characteristics of a civilised people, and that they are thus capable of that species of self-government which marks a high state of intellectual advancement. Of their capacities for assuming this condition, after due culture and experience in orderly habits, we, indeed, never entertained any doubt. It is very pleasing to find that out of the rude and unshapely mass of negroism, there has at length arisen a people who, in the eye of the world, vindicate their claim to humanity—their full and fair title to be treated as men and brothers. It is true that an experiment of the same nature has been less successful in Hayti, greatly to the damage of arguments in favour of negro self-government, and some may fear that the present effort in Liberia may terminate as ingloriously; but the two cases are so widely parallel. Hayti commenced its career in blood and violence, and its civilisation never appears to have been anything but a French polish, beneath which there was neither intellectual culture nor moral or religious restraints. The basis of Liberian independence is very different. The nation was begun in Christian love, was fostered with the parental tenderness of superior intellect, and attaining strength and self-confidence, has at last been committed to its own experienced guidance. Besides, its civilisation is essentially Anglo-Saxon, and with the English tongue and the English Bible, not to speak of a spirit of English industry, we may suppose it possesses a power of endurance, and skill in management, which unhappily never distinguished the imperfect nationality of Hayti.

Of the vast use which Liberia may be in suppressing the slave-trade much could be said. Its success, to all appearance, solves a difficulty which has hitherto set philanthropy at defiance. The slave-trade, in short, is only to be extinguished by planting colonies of civilised negroes on the African coast—not colonies under an expensive and impossible system of government centering in Westminster, but settlements, like that of Liberia, charged with their own management, and responsible for their own maintenance.

Only one word may be added respecting the objections which were formerly raised against the scheme of colonising Liberia. The results of the project as now before the public, show how unsafe and uncharitable it is to cavil at a great general good, because, to appearance or in reality, there is involved in it something of individual selfishness. What can it signify whether the proposer of a scheme of broad public utility may be suspected of contemplating something more than the common share of benefit? Let the scheme be discussed

entirely on its own merits, and adopted or dismissed accordingly. So far from joining in the cry against the Colonisation Society, because it may have had an end of its own to serve, we give it the highest credit for its sagacity; and to the Anti-Slavery Societies of Britain we feel much inclined to say—*Go ye and do likewise!*

WINTERING IN PAU.

BY A LADY.

FIFTH AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.—AFTER CHRISTMAS.

THE fun which usually distinguishes the church festivals in Italy is poorly imitated in Pau, and the Carnival and *Mardi Gras* passed off with only some third-rate frolics. Even Easter did not excite any great commotion—the air of these plains having, it is said, the effect of diminishing the circulation, and so composing the nerves. However, on Palm-Sunday there was more stir, many parties walking about with green branches in their hands; and on Holy Thursday every one was abroad, high and low—it being the duty of each individual to visit every church, and leave an offering on every altar. This kept the streets crowded all the early part of the day. Good-Friday was quiet. Saturday—all was bustle again: immense nosegays, and baskets full of flowers, were progressing in hands and on heads, from the country to the churches, for the purpose of assisting to decorate the altars next day. Little children had little chairs at the corners of all the streets, covered with aprons or petticoats, like miniature altars, stuck all over with such trifling ornaments as they had been able to collect—bits of looking-glass, common prints, faded flowers, beads, ribbons, pinchbeck trinkets, and such things; and they stayed beside these treasures all the long day, with small saucers in their hands, begging for some. The merriest scene we saw during our residence here was on Easter Monday, under the trees in the Place Royale—the population quite alive for once. A stage was erected about the middle of this hapdoma space, on which sat an orchestra of three musicians. The instruments performed on were a violin, a horn, and a drum. A fourth person acted master of the ceremonies, and called out the figures of the *contre-dances*, which went on with spirit, all on the gravel, in the open air. The crowd was very tight packed, but very orderly; and room was always made for the dancers, several sets of whom were dispersed over the place. The people were all well-dressed. The women wore plenty of dark, full petticoats; the handkerchief upon the head was frequently of silk; and the apron was of a gay colour. Full half of the men were in the blouse—a clean one; and all had thick-soled shoes. The men paid the piper a sou a-piece for self and partner every dance, and they take out the value in good earnest—cutting every kind of caper—heeling, toeing, shuffling, double-shuffling, cutting, *entrechatting*, and swinging themselves and their partners round with an air of audacity only to be equalled by the Reel of Tulloch among our own Highlanders. It was a sort of a hornpipe style, and the tunes were very jiggish, though the figures were the same as those in fashion in the drawing-rooms. Having unlimited command of space, they did not crowd the sets—seldom more than two couples standing up together, *vis-à-vis*, like a reel, or four at the most, to form the *contre*. The women moved very modestly, with little exertion, their eyes on the ground—quite a contrast to their desperate associates. Good-humour and perfect decorum prevailed; all seemed thoroughly happy in their quiet way, content with their condition, and perfectly satisfied with such a dance as this on Easter Monday.

The next remarkable fête we had was on the great day of the year, the 1st of May, the king's birthday. Five cannon were fired off as a salute in the morning; the soldiers were all marched to church, this being one of the days on which it is etiquette for them to appear there; they were afterwards reviewed, and an extra-

ordinary quantity of orders, were given away among them. Merit must abound in this fair land, for almost every man we met in any dress beyond the blouse exhibited a bit of red ribbon at a button-hole; the want of this decoration was the distinction. The loyalty of the town was displayed by such quantities of little flags waving from every window, as put all the streets into a flutter; the upper storeys of the old castle looked really gay with the red and the tricolor streaming from the old turrets. The bells were set a-ringing, too, and melancholy bells they were; not like the joy-bells of merry England—the sharp, quick-repeated, heart-stirring sound, that welcomes home friends, or wakes up the bridal parties. At night the houses were all illuminated, at no great cost, but the effect was good. Little earthenware gallipots filled with grease, and a bit of rag in them for wick, were set in rows on frames of different sizes, all in pyramid form, and placed in the windows, on the walls about the old castle, and in the various open spaces; and this looked particularly well at a distance, from the nature of the ground, the buildings being clustered up and round the sides of the hill, which is crowned by the castle. But it did not do to approach these brilliant objects; no one could stand it—no delicate nose. The populace moved about through all this perfume, expressing nothing but pleasure on this lovely spring night, able for once in the year to find their way without difficulty after sunset; a matter impossible except on moonlight nights, for little trouble was expended in the ordinary lighting of the town. In a long street there were no more than two lamps, suspended of course at a great distance from each other. They were of a large size, certainly; unnecessarily large, for the flame within was very small, and it burned very languidly. These ponderous machines were slung upon a rope, which swung across the street from house to house, fastened at each end into iron loops, and only crossed the larger streets, the smaller being left in utter darkness.

Besides the fêtes, there were other sights to see in and around Pau all these pleasant months of spring; sights too common for the notice of the natives, although interesting to strangers. One of these we encountered, or might have encountered, every Thursday afternoon, which, being a half holiday all over France in the educational department, was enjoyed by the pupils of the academy in a very sensible way. About two o'clock in the afternoon they walked out of the town in procession, all in their uniform, two and two together, directed by one of the masters, and followed by a boy carrying a large tray of refreshments, principally cakes and fruit; and away they went, far out into the country, to bask in the sun, or to lounge up a quiet valley, and repose after their long walk near a fountain. Those young men who were fortunate enough to have friends at hand, spent the time with their acquaintance. We often saw the neat uniform mounted on one of a group of ponies, or attending among a party of pleasure on foot. They were all happy-looking healthy boys, evidently of respectable parentage, their dress always in good order, which gave them an air of superiority. It is a remarkably neat attire—dark-blue cloth trousers, and single-breasted frock-coat closely buttoned, black hat, black stock, boots, and gloves. They moved well, as if accustomed both to drill and dancing; and we understood that the course of study embraced all that was useful, and much that was ornamental, as well as the usual classics. The pupils are relieved by sufficient recreation within the walls of the college grounds; and their diet must agree with them, for they never have illness of any kind among them; but we should not consider it exactly calculated to develop the powers of a British constitution.

The next sight that struck us was the file of descriptions setting out for head-quarters, nearly five hundred very young men, some little better than boys; the contribution, we supposed, of the department. They marched on in pairs, with a few drums before them. There is

no misery life known; and a few soldiers behind, looking dull enough; leaving home, and the pure air of their mountains, to sink under the vices of a military life; pressing onwards to a moral and an earthly grave; the new recruits, after being drilled, getting orders generally to proceed to Algiers, where the climate soon delivers the regiment from the charge of the weakly. Why this thinning of the ranks should be more desirable than the more frainane method of embodying a lesser number, I could never hear explained. Some of these young soldiers were decently clothed, and carried on their backs a knapsack containing their few valuables; others, of inferior appearance, had only a small parcel of the most necessities tied up in a coloured handkerchief, swinging from the hand. They are generally encouraged to sing as they march away. On this occasion they were silent, stepping wearily on up the steep street from the bridge, cheered only by the roll of the drum. It takes place now but once a year this sad procession. In the Emperor's day it was much more frequent, and the numbers were greater, and the ages less, and death before them certainly. How much misery then must have been caused far and wide! Algiers terrifies no one. Strange to say, both men and officers like the idea of service in Africa. Nor do their families grieve when they are ordered upon this duty. The commandant of the garrison got his promotion this spring, and was ordered with his regiment to Algiers. His delight was perfect; his countenance was radiant when receiving the congratulations of his friends, who all flocked to wish him joy of his good fortune. The two bands of the two regiments stationed themselves beneath his windows, and played alternately for a couple of hours, surrounded by a crowd in high spirits; the company thus honoured showing themselves in joyful mood upon the balcony. After this the two colonels mounted their chargers, and headed the troops, who all marched out in beautiful order; drums, little women, little boys, and all, for a four-hours' tramp over the country.

After parting with the conscripts, we met a much more diverting group on the edge of an adjoining common: a herd of swine, such as might have been led by Gauth, the born thrall of Oodric, grubbing away under the leafless chestnut-trees, in charge of a boy-herd, whose business it was to attend them, to watch them in the plains, to lead them up the valleys, to take them to the woods, to bring them home at night, and keep his tamper with them ever. One of these daintily-nurtured animals, handed over at a fit age to the tender-hearted lady in the lane, was either coaxed into the excellent pork for which this locality is famous, or else still further elevated into the much-prized ham, which are certainly excellent, even as it is the country fashion to dress them; but are first-rate when cooked in our way. The Bearnais mode is to stew them slowly, with vegetables and wine or beer as we do, but for eight or ten hours. They are then boned, and pressed into the shape of a Twelfth-day cake, and cut up when cold in slices, on little stalls in the streets. They eat short, like petted meat, and lose much of their flavour. Our hut ham, with few accompaniment, was much admired by the favoured few invited to partake of it; and I am quite persuaded that, were the meat and poultry really good, such less disguise would be used in the dressing of them: lean stringy beef and tasteless chickens require some condiment.

Another very pretty procession was the return to the mountain valleys of all the flocks and herds which had been pasturing on the Landes during the winter. We met them every evening, about the end of April and the beginning of May, slowly moving over the plain; a lagging few in every drove, lingering among the sweet grass by the wayside; a tired lamb often nestled in the shepherd's bosom. At this season, too, the streets became noisy with the stir made by the porters wheeling luggage from almost every door to the *roulages*, where it was weighed and despatched; for the society was all dispersing. Pau is quite deserted during

the hot months, more out of fashion than necessity; although it certainly is very agreeable to exchange the still languid air of the plains for the pure breezes among the mountains. We had resumed all the gaieties of the place as soon as Lent was over; but as the season advanced, the style of amusement was very pleasantly varied. Pic-nic parties to the many interesting scenes around us, riding excursions to a greater distance, or *dejeuners* in some of the nearer country-houses, kept us almost continually out of doors during the fine weather. When these entertainments were *improvised*, we sent our provisions out before us, in a basket of pretty large proportions, on a female porter's head; and I remember once when an over-liberal supply of wine had been provided, there was no small difficulty in getting back the remainder through the *octroi* free of duty. The more formal parties in the French country-houses were on a grander scale. The ladies dressed after a rural fashion, the rooms were prepared with some care for company, and the luncheon or early dinner was a great affair. Salmon dressed with oil, every sort of *extremé*, game, poultry, beef-steaks soaked in oiled butter, and plum-pludding for the English; fruit, confectionary; a variety of wines, black coffee, and brandy; tea; and a quantity of iced water, kirschwasser, and other warming liqueurs afterwards. The amusement was to walk up and down a gravel path, bordered with China roses, till it was time to set out the card-tables, unless there were young Britons enough in the company to get up a Polka.

I must not forget a visit we paid to the old castle, or rather many visits, for there was an irresistible attraction about its 'time-coloured walls,' independent of the beauty of part of the building and its picturesque situation. It dates from three eras: a very old tower and dangerous-looking bit of steep-roofed house is supposed to have been built either by the Moors, or for protection against them. The principal part of the remainder only goes back to Gaston de Foix, whose arms are still attached to the corners of the cornices, and the ends of the groined ceilings of the royal apartment. Louis-Philippe added a little at one end, and repaired, and improved, and considerably altered the whole at his own expense. It contains many more rooms, and they are much more magnificent, both as to size and decorations, than the defaced appearance of part of the outside would lead any one to suppose. A newly-arranged dining-room, contrived out of many small chambers, and hung with old tapestry discovered in old chests, is quite kingly in its proportions and its furniture. A drawing-room of large size would have been cheerful but for its emptiness. The many windows reach the ground, and open on a new stone balcony, admirably adapted to the style of building; and they look upon the beautiful river, the plain, the mountains, on which the sun almost ever shines. There were pictures, and vases, and marble tables, and handsome chandeliers, all for one only seat—the king's; so we passed on to the family drawing-room, where I could with pleasure have seated myself, drawn in my chair among the royal family, and arranged my wools beside the queen; it all looked so very comfortable, like my own sitting-room at home. Louis-Philippe had sent here from the Louvre all the furniture that could be certified to have once belonged to the castle of Pau; and some of nearly equal antiquity, which well suits the sort of old-age air belonging to the suite of state-rooms. A great deal of marble from the neighbouring quarries is worked up into ornamental furniture, and two vases of Swedish marble—a present from its French sovereign—we thought beautiful. The modern antique is perfectly preserved throughout all the alterations. The curiosities pointed out are mostly connected with the adored of all Bearnais hearts—their Henri IV. His mother's bed, and chest, and *pré-dieu*—they do not say much about his father—his own cradle; a large turtle-shell; his statue, that of a little man, sturdily made, and handsome; his spear; all sorts of things, in

fact, which may or which may not have belonged to him. The four celebrated pictures of Gobelins' tapestry represent some of his pastimes: they quite deceived even my practised eye, framed as they are, and hung up on the walls of a small closet; I took them for old paintings faded. There was a pretty little old chapel, and a painted glass window in it, much valued; the table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, next to a worm-eaten coffer mounted in silver, which carried the wardrobe of St Louis on his African crusade; with many more such relics of the past; and more ancient than all, rolled the river through that plain of beauty, as if smiling in its ever-renewing youth at these vestiges of decay.

No account of Pau would convey a correct idea of the comfort of a residence in it without some serious allusion to the climate, the variations of which from heat to cold, from wet to dry, are so sudden, so extreme, and yet so little dangerous. The near neighbourhood of the Pyrenees probably causes these unceasing changes, which were so remarkable, particularly during the spring months, that I made regular entries of them up to May, as a meteorological curiosity. Immediately after Christmas came a fog so thick, that we were reminded of London. It lasted some days, during which time cattle strayed, people mistook their way, a man and horse were near being drowned, and the diligences were overturned. Then came some very wet weather, which rendered the roads impassable for foot travellers. We had to confine our walks to the castle terrace and the *parc*, where the gravel was always sufficiently dry to allow of our getting hurried airings between the showers. At this time fevers much prevailed, and influenza, and they continued till a cold week set in, with fresh snow on the Pyrenees, so deep in all the valleys, that the wolves wandered in search of food as low down as a spot four miles only from the river. The fog had been very cold, the rain was mild; it ended in a hurricane—a rare occurrence, as wind is not common in this sheltered town: when it does blow, it is in earnest, scattering tiles, carrying off Venetians, levelling trees, and so on. Torrents of rain accompanied this tempest—rain which turned the steep streets into rivulets: the quantity that fell in a few minutes was surprising. We had a fine week or two after this, quite settled weather, and warm again till towards the end of February, when we had a faint repetition of the January outbreak, followed by a longer lull. Then there came a chill: the *bise* blew—a sharp dreadful wind from the north-east, almost as blighting as our own easterly scourge: it blew fiercest in the mornings, which yet we found the only time for taking exercise, as the afternoons generally turned to rain. The spring was backward: no such early 'delicacies of the season' to be had here as are to be obtained at home: a few flowers towards the end of March, but no young vegetables, no precocious lamb or poultry. Provisions became dearer, Lent even failing to influence the market in this respect. Summer broke on us by surprise upon the 2d of April; fires became insupportable; walks under the burning sun oppressive: we had to return to our hot-weather hours—go out early in the mornings and late in the evenings, and occupy ourselves quietly in the house during the middle of the day; the mountains all the while well covered with snow; the trees still leafless. In a fortnight after, we were glad to sit by the fire again; but only for a few days while it rained. Another waterspout then poured down, which made more noise than the former one. Then came the May of the poets—open windows, green trees and fields, bright flowers, and carpets discarded; with one chilly week, just to verify an old proverb, which promises an abundant harvest any year that old women and horses have shivered during May. It was so hot during the greater part of May, that I feared my son might lose some of the strength he had gained, so we resolved to wind up all our Pau affairs, and set out without delay for the mountains. We had our servants to

part with, our apartment to give up, and a carriage to hire for our journey.

We began with the apartment. The two leases and the two inventories were produced with due formality, and conned over with punctilious deliberation, for we found our civil landlord most remarkably particular in going over his items. The furniture had suffered no damage, but all the glass and china, and a good deal of the kitchen buttry, had to be renewed, the servants invariably breaking everything breakable, and nothing ever so trifling escaping the sharp eyes of monsieur. It was all very right; we could not complain; but I had a little pleasure in accurately replacing all missing articles, and myself repairing all ill-used locks, and bolts, and hinges, that we might leave as few *degradations* as possible to lighten the purse of our successors; for certainly, had we made as careful a survey as we underwent, we would have had better order established before entering on possession of premises by no means faultless. The search after an equipage was a long one; we had to make a tour among all the *voituriers* in Pau before we could quite suit ourselves with a sufficiently good pair of horses, and safe carriage, and comparatively honest driver. We were in stables, and in kitchens and bedrooms attached to stables, all comfortably furnished, and occupied by industrious families. We chose a sharp-looking little man, who lived within the ruins of the old cathedral, and having made our bargain, we wrote it down. The love of money-making is so strong with all these people, that they are sadly unscrupulous about the ways and means of getting it: the constant watchfulness necessary to guard against being extravagantly imposed upon is one of the greatest drawbacks to a residence in their country. It was well we had a written testimony of our contract, for at the moment of starting, M. Pierre announced that, on minute calculation, he found the price agreed on was too low. In the beginning of our travels we should have been angry; we had now become used to the customs of the land, and merely ordered the trunks to be carried back into the house. M. Pierre scratched his head, abated about half of his new demand; madame shook hers, and smiled: it was quite a pantomime. 'A trifling addition?' suggested M. Pierre. 'The old bargain, or none,' said madame. 'As madame pleases,' said M. Pierre; and the trunks were very good-humouredly cordoned on to the carriage. He knew his trade this little *voiturier*; for though he cheated us in the matter of a third horse, which had been hired for the hilly stage, and which he swore had gone on to be in readiness—and is going on yet, I suppose, for we never came up with it—he was so civil, so attentive, so useful, that we never parted company while we remained among the mountains, and felt ourselves bound to add a grateful gift at the close of the bargain.

On parting with the maids, we were made acquainted with the peculiar ceremonies in use on occasion of the dismissal of servants. They brought me the keys of their boxes, and very prettily informed me their effects were ready for inspection. It seems this is regularly done by all masters; and that, after the scrutiny, the boxes are locked and corded, and despatched with their owners at once; a useless trouble, we should suppose: a dishonest servant could dispose of stolen property much more securely than by placing it in a trunk. We were really sorry to take leave of our two attendants: they had done their utmost to serve us agreeably, and we had grown quite attached to their well-bred manners. Provided people are reasonable enough not to expect the inhabitants of other countries to possess all the customs of their own, masters and servants can live very happily together in France. Housekeeping is an easy business there, always supposing no Dutch neatness be expected. One thing which much contributes to the lightening of the burden of these little domestic arrangements, is the simplicity with which accounts are kept: the francs and centimes all divided or multiplied by ten with the most delightful rapidity;

and the equalisation of weights and measures; the magic ten ruling yards, and feet, and pounds, and pints so perfectly, that there is no sort of chance of confusion. I felt I should never again be reconciled to our own perplexing varieties of money and market tables.

Our few preparations made, our adieux over, we entered M. Pierre's *caboché*, and turning away from Pau, not without regret, we took the road up along the Gave to Betterram.

BEARING OF RAILWAYS ON AGRICULTURE.

UNTIL very lately, railways were generally opposed by landowners and agriculturists, less, perhaps, on account of the probable damage to lands and an encroachment on private domains—for all that was well paid for—than from a notion that railways would be injurious to road trusts, and somehow upset the present order of things. Experience has, however, shown that no class in the community is so likely to be benefited by railways as the proprietors of lands. The benefit, it is true, will first be felt by tenant farmers; but it cannot be doubted that what improves the value of a farm, will ultimately advance the rent. So much is this the case, that lands situated near railways are rising in their market value, while those which are left out of the sphere of railway influence are necessarily declining, or at least not advancing in value. The effect of railways is to put lands distant from a great centre of population nearly on an equality with those situated nearer towns. This has been ably demonstrated in a paper on the Progress of the Railway System, by Mr Wyndham Harding, and lately read before the Statistical Section of the British Association at Swansea. From this paper we make the following selections respecting the bearing of railways on agriculture:—

'First, As to the saving in driving live stock. The loss in weight of stock in driving has been calculated, as on the average, for driving beasts 100 miles, 5 lbs. per quarter, or 20 lbs. per beast, equal to about 2 per cent. of the weight. For sheep, at 2 lbs. per quarter, or 8 lbs. per head, 10 per cent. of weight. For pigs, at $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per quarter, or 10 lbs. per head, 5 per cent. of weight.

'This loss will of course vary according to different circumstances. I have had no opportunity of determining if the above is a fair average result, but the estimate of Mr Smith (of Deanston) as regards beasts is higher. Very nearly all this is saved by railway conveyance. What railways can do in this respect may be inferred from the fact, that cattle were lately sent from Carlisle to Norwich, 250 miles, as the crow flies, in a day and night, without taking them out of the truck.'

Railways are useful 'in the facilities of sending meat, as is already done on a large scale; in the conveyance of manure, lime, coal, and all the various appliances of modern agriculture; in the transport of the produce of a farm; in giving the farmer the command of more markets, and the opportunity of taking advantage of a turn in the market: the uses of railway communication are acknowledged by all agriculturists who have experienced their effects.

'As illustrating some of the points, the following extract from the evidence of Mr Smith of Deanston before the Railway Acts Enactment Committee in 1846 is curious:—

Statement of the probable Exports and Imports from a farm of 300 acres on a Six-Course Shift:—

	Tons.	cwt.	lbs.
IMPORTS.—Lime, Guano, Oilcakes, Coals, &c.	197	15	63
EXPORTS.—Wheat, Turnips, &c. &c.	148	19	36
	346	14	104

Comparative Estimate of Expenses by Railway and by Common Road.

Expense of transmitting the probable Exports and Imports for a year from a farm of 300 acres, 15 miles by Railway:—

347 tons, at 1d. per ton per mile, . . .	L.21	13	9
Say one person travelling by rail for 300 days, at 1d. per mile, 15 miles per day, . . .	18	15	0
	L.40	8	9
Expense of transmitting the above by common road, with the exception of 29½ tons of cattle, 317½ tons, at 6d. per ton per mile, . . .	119	1	3
Expense of cattle travelling by common road, Say one person travelling per day for 300 days, at 2s. per day, . . .	90	0	0
	L.142	16	3
Saving effected by railway per annum, . . .	L.102	7	6

'Consequently the rental of such a farm would be, without a railway, £400 per annum, and with a railway, 10s. per acre more, or £500 per annum.

'The following calculations are also added to illustrate the saving effected by substituting railway conveyance for road conveyance in the exports and imports of one square mile of land. It will be seen that, according to this estimate, this saving is equivalent to £14 per acre.

One Square Mile.

Expense of transmitting the probable Exports and Imports from one square mile, or 640 acres, deducting 40 acres for fences, &c.:—

By railway,	L.121	6	3
By common road,	428	8	9
Saving effected by railway,	L.307	2	6

Thirty years' purchase of the above saving, L.9213 15 0

'Such calculations as these are sometimes exaggerated, and must always be modified according to local circumstances, but they are not without use in indicating the manner in which the saving may be estimated.

'It is satisfactory also to find that those who have had the opportunity of observation, as, for instance, Mr Peto, M.P., appear to think well of agricultural traffic as profitable to the railway; an opinion which is confirmed by the investigation of Mr Desart, into whose hands the Belgian government placed the statistics of their railways, and who found, from examination, that the traffic of the small towns and villages along a line is proportionately greater than the traffic between two large cities at its termini.

'These facts appear to be calculated to impart confidence as to railways in agricultural districts, always supposing they are made cheaply.'

ANFREDI, THE MERCHANT OF ROCHELLE.

IN the thirteenth century, a merchant of La Rochelle, Anfredi by name, had acquired by laborious and honest industry considerable wealth. The continued prosperity of his affairs had enabled him to engage in large speculations, and on the most distant seas were to be seen his vessels, laden with valuable cargoes. The merchants of Rochelle were at this period almost exclusive masters of the trade of the Mediterranean. The principal amongst these was Anfredi, who was so constantly favoured by fortune, that, like too many, success inspired him with a blind confidence, a rash braving of all chances of reverse. The merchant of La Rochelle was soon to receive a terrible lesson from that Providence whom he was forgetting or tempting. He had risked nearly the whole of his capital in cargoes of merchandise to different parts of the Levant, and was now expecting the return of his vessels with that capital doubled. But a year elapsed since the ships had quitted the port of La Rochelle, and no news of them had reached Anfredi. Insensibly his confident security gave place to the tortures of anxiety. Suspense was soon terminated by news which deprived him of all hope. His ships were lost with their whole cargoes; and of all his immense wealth, there remained to him but heavy engagements which he had contracted, and in meeting which his honour was involved.

In such a situation, many, sinking under adverse fortune, might have abandoned themselves to despair, or yielded to the temptation to want of integrity. But Anfredi, of quite another stamp, thought only of the resources he could command to save—not the wrecks of his fortune, but a good a thousand times more precious to him—the honour of his name. In the strength of a noble fortitude, he assembled his creditors, and made a formal surrender in their favour of all that yet remained to him. This step completed his commercial ruin; but he was thus enabled to meet all his engagements, and to preserve a calm conscience and an unsullied reputation. And can that be called ruin in which a man is able to enjoy such treasures as peace of mind, spotless character, and a fortitude prepared to bear all that is preparing for him?

How unjust are men in general in their judgments of others! The conduct of Anfredi was not appreciated as it deserved; no friendly hand was extended to enable him to resume, even on a small scale, his career as a merchant. He had the grief of seeing himself basely forsaken even by the friends who had been frequent guests at his hospitable board, by familiar associates, whom he had frequently aided by his wealth or forwarded by his influence. This was the most bitter ingredient in Anfredi's cup of misfortune; but far from suffering himself to be depressed by it, he endured

it with manly firmness, and adopted a course of proceeding which makes him indeed a model worthy of imitation. He now left La Rochelle with all his family. Though he had no cause to blush for his poverty, yet he was glad to spare the feelings of his countrymen as well as his own. He repaired to Marseilles, and there, in the dress of a common sailor, mingled with the porters on the quay, prepared to earn, like them, his bread and that of his children by the sweat of his brow.

In embracing this novel employment, the former merchant had the good sense to prevent his mind from dwelling upon past prosperity. As he had never abused his authority, it now cost him less to submit to that of others. In no way did he seek to distinguish himself from his new comrades; rude and unpolished as they almost all were, he mixed with them as their equal, not only in their labours—rolling with them heavy casks, or bearing on his shoulders large bales of goods—but in the interchange of social conversation. He told them his misfortunes, and found in them a pity, and a sympathy, and a respect, which his more civilised townsmen had denied to him.

Three years had Anfredi passed thus, not without toils, and cares, and privations, but—*is there any to whom this will sound strange?*—not without happiness, when one day signals from the Tower of St Jean announced that vessels were coming into port. Anfredi, wearied with the labour of the day, was resting himself on the quay.

'Huzza! huzza!' cried one of the sailors, 'here is a job for us. Mr Anfredi, from what place would you say these vessels were coming?'

'They are too far off yet to distinguish,' answered the native of La Rochelle. 'However, it matters little to us; for whatever they are, these vessels only bring to us a day's work; and if they belonged even to the king of France, our wages would not be a penny higher.'

'That is quite true,' said the sailor; 'our rations are always the same size: we have not more to eat one day than another.'

'It is the order of things, and we must conform to it,' said Anfredi; 'nay, we must endeavour to be satisfied with it.'

'That is easily said,' cried a third interlocutor; 'but'—

'Not quite so easily done,' continued Anfredi, 'I grant you; but this it is that makes the merit of submission and content. But stay!' he suddenly exclaimed, as the vessels approached. 'Can it be? Do I dream? Is it delusion? No, I am not mistaken; I have known them too well: there is no doubt. Dear comrades and friends, rejoice with me: here are the very vessels so long believed to be lost.'

'Take care that it is not the sun that is in your eyes, Mr Anfredi,' said one of the sailors, who could not credit so unexpected a return. 'It would be too bad to be mistaken; it would be a terrible disappointment!'

'No, no, I am not mistaken,' replied Anfredi, now giving way to transports of joy: 'these are my own dear ships: the closer they come, the more I am persuaded they are my long-lost vessels. I thank thee, oh my God; thy providence has not then abandoned me.'

And soon all the companions of Anfredi gathered round him, with cordial shake of the hand and warm congratulations. Meanwhile the vessels that had called forth such demonstrations of honest joy entered majestically the port. They were indeed Anfredi's ships, returning laden with immense wealth. A few hours later, Anfredi was again become one of the richest merchants of France. His first care was to endeavour to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-labourers on the quay; he distributed amongst them the sum of four thousand pounds, and then took his way to his native town, whither the news of the return of his vessels had preceded him.

The inhabitants poured out to meet him, and led him in triumph into the town; those even who had treated him with so much ingratitude a few years before, were amongst the most eager in their civilities and congratulations. The house of one was at his service, and another overwhelmed him with the most pressing invitations to dinner. In short, there could not be a more disgusting exhibition of meanness and servility. But Anfredi had many injuries to forgive, and was happy in forgiving them. He met with a generous indulgence all his former friends; he suffered not one upbraiding word or even look to escape him; but nevertheless he determined at once to set at rest any interested views or speculations his forbearing lenity might induce them to form. He therefore invited them all to a banquet; and when the guests were assembled, and build-

ing many flattering hopes of future advantage from this mark of renewed cordiality, he entered the room, accompanied by the Bishop of La Rochelle, two naval officers of distinction, and a notary, who brought with him a deed regularly drawn up.

'Gentlemen,' said Anfredi, 'in order that I may not be imposed upon by false friendships or interested selfishness, I have come to the resolution of dividing my fortune amongst men whom wealth has not rendered proud. I have determined to found an hospital for the poor; the sailors shall have the first place in it. It shall bear my name, and I shall live in the memory of those to whom it will be, I trust, a comfortable asylum.'

The deed was signed on the instant. The hospital received the name of Anfredi's Hospital, which name it still bears. During the days of his adversity he had lost his wife and daughter, who had pined away under the sad reverse of fortune, and now he was resolved to have no other heirs but the poor men in the midst of whom he had lived so long. It was to this interesting family of his adoption, in whom he had found kindness, and generous feeling, and compassionate sympathy, that he devoted, as the offering of pious gratitude, the riches which had been so unexpectedly restored to him.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

'VAIN are his labours who is never idle!'
So hath a wise man said, and truly too;
For when we brush aside the morning dew,
Or mount the cliff, with steps no task doth bridle,
And follow greenwood paths and lanes all new,
Without one other object to pursue
Than intercourse with nature, and desire
Of leisure and repose—the worn attire
Of Thought within us renovates; and true
Embryos of action breed within the mind,
From which, in future days, the pen, the lyre,
The pencil or the chisel—all shall find
That labours lose no whit of worth or measure,
But rather gain, by moods of prudent leisure!

SONNET TO BEN LOMOND.

COPIED FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK AT BOWERBINNAN IN K.

Proud and repulsive, as some conquering knight
Who, loaded with his country's praise and gold,
'Neath adulation's wings grows very bold,
And thinks himself sole hero of each fight,
Forgetting all the thousands, in the night
And burning hopes of youth, untimely slain,
To fatten with their limbs the battle-plain:
Like him thou art. For, haughty still! how trite
Thy over-lauded beauties would appear
Wanting the auxiliation of steak-pie,
Cold fowl and ham, cogniac and table-beer!
Graced with the glance of woman's witching eye!
Even then thy rugged grandeur would be nil
Without thy smiles, sweet Naisid, of the illicit still!

EFFECT OF TRIFLES.

Mohammed, when pursued by his enemies, ere his religion had gained a footing in the world, took refuge in a certain cave. To the mouth of this retreat his pursuers traced him; but when they were on the very point of entering, their attention was arrested by a little bird darting from an adjoining thicket. Had it not been for this circumstance, the most trivial that can well be conceived, which convinced them that here the fugitive could not be concealed, Mohammed would have been discovered, and he and his imposture would have perished together. As it was, he effected his escape, gained the protection of his friends, and by a most artful course of conduct, succeeded in laying the foundation of a religion which now prevails over a large portion of the world.—*Dr Dugdale.*

INSTRUCTION.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and beasts by nature.—*Cicero.*

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DILEMMAS OF HUMANITY.

SELFISH people feel a wicked pleasure in pointing out the bad effects which arise from inconsiderate beneficence, and in twitting their kind-hearted neighbours with the disappointments which so often befall their well-meant efforts. The most familiar case is that put into a proverbial form, 'I lent my money to my friend,' &c. We may deplore the triumph which facts often give to those who are so wise for themselves; but we cannot deny that there are some perverse tendencies about human nature which do make it difficult to be beneficent and liberal without injury to those whom we design to benefit. It assuredly is a truth that a friend is in danger of being lost after he has become a borrower; all experience attests it. Still more imperilled is the friendship of those who receive gifts. It seems as if not only were the inequalities of fortune, by which so many suffer, a determined part of nature, but as if every special effort to remedy them, by an imparting from the prosperous to the unfortunate, were fated only to make matters worse.

If there is one amiable feeling in human nature, it is that from which alms-giving springs. The act has been in a sort of doubt for some years among political economists. We sometimes see very wise heads shaken at it. In spite of everything, it is a heavenly act, well worthy of being placed among religious virtues. There cannot, however, be a doubt that, as matters stand, while it is an elevating act for the giver, it is a deterioration for the receiver. Relieving, as it may be, from the pressure of immediate pains, and justifiable as it may thus be, it also, as we well know, saps still further the moral state of the party relieved. The condition of mendicants everywhere attests the certainty of this effect, so that it fully appears as if that which is a virtue in its motive, were really something like a vice in its consequences. It is a strange dilemma, seeming to imply that heaven itself commands the desertion of the stricken deer. Such, we may be well assured, cannot be the case; but yet, as far as we can readily see, such a thing as unmingled good from beneficence is not in the world.

Some years ago, a poor, but reputedly honest tinsmith, living in a country town in Berkshire, was burnt out, and utterly ruined. It was suggested that he should go about amongst the townsfolk with a subscription paper, in order that he might be re-established in his little business. A gentleman conspicuous in the management of public charities gave him a certificate for this purpose. So furnished, the tinsmith commenced his rounds, and in one week collected five pounds, being probably about the amount of his losses. Surprised, however, at the facility with which money was thus to be obtained, he persevered till he had com-

pleted the round of the town, which he effected in about a month. Being now reimbursed four times over, it might have been expected that he would contentedly settle to his business, and beg no more. He was by this time, however, completely fascinated by the new profession he had adopted; so he went with his wife into the country to prosecute his subscription, out of which he is supposed to have made about two hundred a year ever since. The gentleman who gave the certificate, telling us the story, said in conclusion, 'My writing that bit of paper was one of the worst actions I ever committed, because it has utterly corrupted two of my fellow-creatures.'

A state provision for the poor is, properly speaking, only a regulated mode of alms-giving, an effort towards equalising matters between the fortunate and unfortunate. We all know, however, how endangered, if not lost, is the moral state of those who accept of this succour. It is everywhere reported that, from the moment an independent labourer tastes of public charity, his self-respect is lost, and he is never after so good a man. It is the universally-confessed dilemma of the administrators how to relieve pressing and real want, without holding out an inducement to the independent labourer to relax in his industry and frugality, under the certainty of sharing at the worst in this public benefaction. The common saying of some is, that the poor's fund makes the poor; and the most generous must allow that there is too much truth in the remark. It is also true that the fund undergoes a continual siege on the part of worthless impostors, who ought to have no business with it. Novelists persist in describing the sufferings of genuine wretchedness at the hands of charity officials; they do not see that incessant deception makes men suspicious, and that nothing but supernatural wisdom could distinguish at a glance between solitary cases of virtuous poverty and the multitude of impostures. A gentleman of perfect humanity, who once took charge of a charitable establishment in a large city, told us that he had had occasion, while in that duty, to examine into ten thousand cases brought before him, and there was not one free from deception! In Glasgow, at the present time, the annual expenditure for the poor is £118,000, mostly in the form of out-door relief. Now, as we have heard much of the misery pent up in that city, this seems comfortable news; but stop till we hear a few facts. A single spirit-dealer relates that his receipts for whisky on the pay-day are always £10 above the average. Shoals of the tickets establishing the right to a monthly alms are pledged to pawnbrokers—how the results are bestowed may be imagined. It has become common for married couples to separate under a paction, that the apparently deserted wife may receive an allowance, part of which she gives to her husband. 'The mortifying fact is,' says a

gentleman officially concerned, 'that the paupers abuse the charity to an enormous extent, and notwithstanding all we spend on them, and all our unwearied labours in their behalf, poverty, disease, and death are multiplying their victims, and are not anywise subdued by our exertions.'*

Humanity is in a similar dilemma regarding criminal prisoners. It desires to treat them leniently, and to win them back, if possible, to better courses. It has therefore dictated the total abolition of those dens of misery which Howard described, and which were such a terror to the well-doing, and has substituted in their place good comfortable houses, where indeed there is restraint, and solitary life, but no want of physical comfort, and nothing that can be felt as very degrading. At the same time, persons of education and humane feelings go to the prisoners, converse with them kindly, and endeavour to fortify them with moral and religious sentiment for their re-encounter with the world out of doors. And what is the consequence?—that jails have ceased to operate so well in deterring from the commission of crime. We may well re-quote the declaration of the chief criminal judge of Scotland upon this subject:—'Even on the separate system, imprisonment has really no terror for the bulk of offenders; and the better the system, it is an undoubted result, that the dread of imprisonment will and must be diminished. After these offenders are all taught to read, and get books to read at extra hours, if reformation is not produced, at least the *oppression* of imprisonment is over to people of coarse minds, and living a life of wretchedness out of prison. And hence I am sorry to say, that with those who are not reclaimed in our prison, the dread of imprisonment seems to have entirely vanished. And I understand that among the community at large in Scotland, and with magistrates and police officers, the feeling is very general that, owing to the comforts necessarily attending a good jail, the separate system, looked on first with alarm, has now no effect in deterring from crime those who are not reformed.' What a triumph, to all appearance, for the old harsh flogging system! To it we cannot return—we are too refinedly mild now-a-days for that; endless newspaper articles would din the public sin into our ears continually, till the philanthropic plan was resumed. But the inappropriateness of this plan to its object remains nevertheless palpable. We leave the poor man's home undisturbed in its wretchedness, and hold out a comfortable jail, as if to wile him from the paths of rectitude. Even our efforts to reform the prisoners, the best-meant part of the whole system, are attended with difficulties. The poor independent man out of doors sees the criminal thus obtaining a degree of attention from his superiors, and exciting an interest in them, which must have something agreeable about it. It cannot be encouraging for his virtue to reflect that, while he remains virtuous, no such care is taken of him, and no such interest expressed about his fate.

Is there a solution for these dilemmas of humanity? We think there must be, for otherwise, we should have to deny that predominating rule of good which appears in the whole of the providential arrangements of the world. These difficulties, it appears to us, are only inseparable from a system in which man's nature remains unregenerate in its native selfishness. Were the Christian aim realised, and we all did really love our neighbour as ourselves, there would be no exaltation in the rendering of a favour, and no debasement in receiving it. The selfishness extinguished on both sides, we should feel in these matters exactly as parents and children do in their intercommunication of good offices. The very idea of gratitude would be extirpated, as something not necessary to the case. The giver and the receiver of common charity would alike feel that they were work-

ing out the will of God, and it would be as blessed to take as to give, because both acts were essential to the realisation of the Divine decree. Probe all humane dilemmas, and you will find that selfishness is at the bottom of them. If we were not each so much for ourselves, there would be less of crime, and no such problem as that of the jails would exist. The remedy is a change of our feelings to the effect of making all others' interests as dear to us as our own. A remote one, you will say. True, but it may not be the less certain that, till it is realised, dilemmas must continue to beset all benevolent designs.

JAQUES CALLOT.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE ancient town of Nancy slumbers peacefully amid the pretty landscape which surrounds it, scarcely recalling to the traveller the glories of its earlier days; but the villages embosomed in trees, the vineyards varied by cherry orchards, the bright green of the meadows, the sombre depth of the forests, the sparkling river, and the clear, ever-changing sky—all at once remind us that Nancy was the birthplace of Claude Lorraine; that from these forests, these hamlets, these flowery fields and sparkling waters, he drew inspiration for those pictures which charm alike the accomplished artist and the simple child. Remembering this, and that the efforts of genius, both in painting and in poetry, generally take their colour from first impressions, we might wonder how so peaceful and gentle a landscape can have been the cradle of Jaques Callot; and we ask where he found the originals of the soldiers, conjurors, and gipsies, which form the subjects of his pencil. The history of his early life will enlighten us.

In the town of Nancy, near the old Hôtel de Marque, let us picture to ourselves an old house with a high roof, its door and windows ornamented with weather-beaten carvings. Below is a stone bench, used by travellers and beggars; on the first floor are two windows, encased in stone; and in the roof, above the gutter, are two others, surrounded by moss, tufts of grass, and here and there a flower, planted by the wind or the birds; above all rises a tall chimney, with its never-ceasing smoke-wreath. At the lower windows may occasionally be seen a gentle and anxious woman, or a grave and worthy man, the parents of Callot—Jean Callot and Renée Bruneault; at the upper windows might be seen a young and happy family, among whom we recognise Jaques by his inquisitive and fearless look, always seeking subjects for his pencil.

The interior of this house corresponds with its exterior. There are chairs sculptured in oak; Gothic tables, with twisted legs; a devotional chair; an ebony crucifix, on which the spider has never been suffered to hang a thread; a wide chimney, decorated with a lozenge-shaped glass, a timepiece, and silver goblets of elegant form and good workmanship; while on the shelves are vessels of pewter and stoneware—all dimly lighted by the little lozenge-shaped panes which compose the window. Our first glance shows us Jean Callot in a showy dress, walking up and down the room to aid his thoughts, and Renée sitting in the chimney-corner spinning.

In this house was born, in 1593, Jaques Callot, of a family originally Flemish, but afterwards attached to the Burgundian family. Claude, the grandfather of Jaques, was ennobled by Charles III., Duke of Lorraine, for his bravery and loyal services: he married a grand-niece of the Maid of Orleans. Jean, the father of Jaques, was herald-at-arms to the Duke of Lorraine, and Renée his wife was daughter to the physician to Christina of Denmark. She was a good, quiet woman; and having lost all her daughters, placed her warmest affection upon her youngest son Jaques, who never forgot her tender care of him. Jean Callot, prouder of his title of principal herald-at-arms than the Duke of Lor-

* Common Sense, being Eight Letters on the Administration of Relief to the Poor of Glasgow. By David MacLure. Glasgow: D. Chambers. 1848.

raïne was of his duchy, fixed upon his youngest son for his successor, his elder ones having already embarked in other callings; and from the age of eight years Jaques was taught by his father how to draw and paint armorial bearings. His passion for drawing was such, that at his writing-school he made a sketch of each letter of the alphabet. A was the pointed roof of his house; B the weathercock of his neighbour's; and thus with the rest. There had been painters in his mother's family, and Renée herself loved the arts, unconsciously giving the same taste to her youngest son. She could not comprehend how any one could pass a whole life in clearing away the dust from old coats of arms, as her grave and austere husband did; and whenever she was alone with Jaques, she roused his young fancy by lively tales of the adventures of men of genius. Well acquainted was this good woman with the strange histories of the old painters; and after hearing these, Jaques would go up to his own chamber, and with pen or pencil make sketches at random. When his ardour cooled, he would lean out of his attic window, and while feeding the sparrows with the bread which he had used for his drawings, he would ponder upon his mother's tales, and gaze upon the streets, or into his neighbours' windows. From his window he saw before him a beautiful landscape, hemmed in by mountains and forests, variegated by groves and villages, and cultivated fields, among which the Meurthe meandered. But Jaques cared little for the beauties of scenery: man had far greater attraction for him; and he studied all that he saw of singular, extravagant, or original in his fellow-creatures. He delighted in bullying soldiers; street singers, with mouths wider than the wooden bowls out of which they ate; quack doctors, who sang and danced; beggars in picturesque rags; pilgrims with their doublets slashed with the rents of time, and carrying about boxwood rosaries, artificial flowers, leaden medallions—all the devotional gewgaws of the saints. In 1600 there were no theatres in the provinces; thus it was a rich age for dancing-bears, fortune-tellers, and tumblers on fête-days. Jaques early attempted to sketch all these grotesque figures, either from his own window or in the open street; and he has been seen sitting carelessly on the pavement quietly drawing in his schoolbook some conjuror who struck his fancy. Once his father found him seated upon the edge of a fountain in Nancy, his naked feet in the water, earnestly sketching the great nose and wide mouth of a clown who was grinning at some distance.

Even when these sights were wanting, Jaques knew how to amuse himself with his pencil in sketching his schoolmaster, sometimes grave to absurdity, sometimes inflamed by the worship of Bacchus; and when tired of reading, he would play the truant, rush into the first open church, and pass hours there contemplating the sculptured altars and monuments, the frescos, the Gothic windows, the religious paintings of the old artists. He made his way wherever anything curious was to be seen—into churches, monasteries, hotels, even into the ducal palace; and, thanks to his handsome face, half hidden by fair curls, thanks to the fine Flemish lace with which his mother ornamented his throat and wrists, no one stopped him.

One Sunday morning Jaques was attracted to his window by the sounds of the fife and drum of a band of gipsies, who were setting up their tents before the Hôtel de Marque. The beams of a spring sun fell brightly upon the group, and Jaques, enchanted, crept down to the gutter to watch them; he next mounted to the chimney, and there, with his eye fixed, his mouth half open, but silent, his ear listening, he beheld the curtain raised, and preparations made for the play: he saw the decorations taken out of a little cart drawn by an ass, which ass and cart were themselves among the actors. Spangled dresses, faded long ago, shone in the sun; while three infants were deposited among lions and serpents of pasteboard, which served them as playthings. In the space of a quarter of an hour

Jaques saw so many things, natural and unnatural, come forth from the cart, that he imagined the chief of the party must have the power of creation. Hastening down to the spot, he stood aside for a little while; but as his astonishment increased, he approached close to the curtain, and to obtain pardon for his boldness, he offered the first gipsy who passed near him a wild sunflower which he had gathered on the house roof.

'By the saints!' said the gipsy, smelling the flower, 'here is a handsome child! Do not blush, boy. Did your mother sew on this rich lace? She may well kiss your fine curls. Come, do not be afraid: I am not the red woman.'

Saying this, the gipsy embraced Jaques tenderly, adding, 'This face foretells us a lucky day, so I shall tell the pretty child his fortune. Come, look at me with those blue eyes; they will recommend you to the ladies, and you will make your way, my child.'

'My way! my way!' murmured Jaques sighing. Then he asked, 'Have you people ever been in Italy?'

'Many times. Do you wish to travel? Yes indeed; I read it in your countenance. You shall travel so much, and to so good purpose, that when you die, your bones shall be shrouded in your cradle. If that proud lip is to be believed, you will be a valiant soldier.'

'Never!' cried Jaques.

'What, then, could you better like to be?'

'A painter.'

'A painter! That is a low trade: do not try it if you wish always to wear such lace as this.' 'I know more than one who is obliged to live upon chance. Nevertheless, if it amuses you, forward! But it is not your destiny.'

'When do you set off for Italy?' asked Jaques.

'In November; for in winter the sun of Naples is warm enough for us.'

'Since you know everything,' said Jaques, hesitating, 'tell me at what age I shall die?'

The gipsy took his little hand. By a chance with which his after-fate agreed, the line of life was broken in the middle; and the gipsy turned away her head sorrowfully. 'The line is not yet formed; at our next meeting, I will tell you how long you will live.'

'If I live to be forty years old, like my Uncle Brune-hault, I shall be content.'

At this moment Jaques saw his father coming from the ducal palace, and he hastened into the house.

'A good journey, and good-luck!' cried the gipsy to him, touching her lips with the sunflower.

Jaques hoped his father had not seen him; but the first thing the latter did on entering the house was to call his son and wring his ears, crying out, 'Go along: you are only a mountebank, unworthy of bearing either my name or my shield; above all, unworthy of my dignity of herald. I had reckoned upon you; but do you think the grand duke will confide his great genealogical book to you after my death? Instead of learning the old histories of the nobility of our land, in order to do justice to each according to his arms and his deeds, you should make sketches of jugglers: the greatest prince to you should be the best rope-dancer. Go; I despair of you, disobedient child! With your vagabond habits, you will end your days at the galleys.'

Thus speaking, the venerable Jean Callot walked with a dignified air into his closet; Jaques went to hide his tears on the bosom of his mother, who also wept while rebuking her son.

'You are going to be more prudent, my dear child; these are repentant tears; from this day you will study earnestly the noble science of heraldry. Go—go, the bell is ringing for mass; do not be the last at church, as usual.'

When Jaques had dressed himself, he thought with a smile of hope, 'This costume will do well for my journey to Italy.' Till this moment he had not thought of Italy but with trembling; he now gave himself up to the dream with more confidence; and at church his

imagination wandered to the mountains of Switzerland and the Tyrol. The music, the sun streaming through the Gothic windows upon the altar, the incense, raised his fancy to the utmost, and a strange voice seemed to cry out to him, 'Italy! Italy!' All the splendours of the Eternal city arose bewitchingly before his eyes; the Madonnas of Raphael smiled and extended their angelic arms to him. Even if the dangers of such a pilgrimage crossed his mind, his courage returned again instantly. 'Am I not almost twelve years old?' said he, drawing himself up. When mass was ended, he remained behind in the church, to beseech God to bless his journey, and to console his mother; after which he arose, wiped away his tears, and without looking behind him, took the road to Lunaville, believing that his slender purse would carry him to the end of the world. We must not mistake; the love of art was doubtless the motive for this journey; but was not the journey itself something towards the bold determination of this capricious and independent spirit?

We have not the whole history of Jaques Callot's journey: we only know that he went straight on, resting at a farm or public-house, like a young pilgrim, after having eaten of what fruit he could find, refreshing himself by the lonely fountain, and praying before each crucifix that he passed. Although accustomed to a certain degree of luxury, to a good bed, a delicate table, and, above all, to a mother's care, he slept soundly upon the truckle-bed at a public-house, upon clean straw at a farm, and often in bad company; he ate, without grumbling, porridge and vegetables from the earthen plates of the peasants; and even in his worst days, never regretted the paternal roof, so severe and unkind did the worthy herald-at-arms appear to him. While pursuing a glorious aim, Jaques did not forget the pleasures of his age, wild liberty, and a thirist for adventure. If he saw an ass feeding, he jumped gaily upon its back, and without caring what became of it, gave it liberty again after riding two or three leagues; if he saw a boat upon a river, he untied it, jumped in, and rowed away till he was breathless. When taken in the act, his pleasing appearance soon gained him pardon. In this manner he reached a village near Lucerne. Although he had been very sparing, his purse was nearly empty; in two days it would be quite so; but he thought he could live upon fruit, and as it was hay-season, every stroke of the scythe would provide him a bed. He had resigned himself to a prospect more poetical than agreeable, when he heard some bawling music, which reminded him of his friends the mountebanks: it may be guessed that he went towards it. It was evening; the roofs of the hamlet were gilded by the setting sun; the cows, returning to their sheds, answered the shrill sife by their lowings, the bells by the tinkling of their little bells, and the herdsman by his stuning horn. Jaques presently reached the church, near which a band of gipsies were performing an uncouth dance, to the great wonderment of a noisy circle of villagers; and Jaques seated himself on the churchyard wall, that he might enjoy the scene at his ease. He beheld twenty gipsies of all ages, from the grandmother to the cradled infant, dressed in rags covered with spangles; some of them dancing, others playing on the viol or fife, some telling fortunes, and some carrying round their wooden cups among the spectators. The sun shone brightly on their wretched attire, giving it an appearance of magnificence befitting fairy gambols. Among the dancers, two young girls of fifteen or sixteen attracted general attention by their beauty and grace; and Jaques, whose eyes followed all their movements, could not resist drawing their portraits. Taking out the paper and pencils which he always kept about him, he had succeeded pretty well in grouping together the two handsome dancers, when he was surprised to find himself surrounded by several peasants, who were regarding with silent wonder his strange occupation. Without troubling himself at this, he continued his work till the dancers, understanding

that he was drawing them, wished in their turn to see whether he had done them justice; and Jaques, beholding his charming models each leaning over a shoulder with their faces close to his, let his pencil fall from his hand.

'How pretty he is, sister!' said one of them.

'How clever he is!' replied the other.

'Whence did he come? Who is he? Where is he going?'

'I am going to Rome,' said Jaques, not knowing well what he ought to say.

'To Rome! To Italy! We are going to Florence. What a lucky companion, if he would go with us! All roads lead to Rome!'

'Yes, a lucky companion!' said Jaques, drawing out his purse. 'Here is all I have for my journey, and I have eaten scarcely anything to-day.'

'Poor child! I shall take him to the Red Inn, where we are to have some beans and milk for supper, and oat-straw in the barn to sleep on. Come, the sun has set, and our cups are full. Kiss my pearl necklace, and give me your hand.'

Saying this, she bent her throat towards the unwilling lips of Jaques, who, however, kissed the necklace; and each of the sisters taking a hand, they led him towards the troop who were just going away. They soon reached the Red Inn, and before supper, Jaques was formally admitted into the band; and for what little money he had, was promised escort to Florence, on strict condition that he should take portraits of the whole party, beasts included. The scent of the beans made him promise everything required. The supper was joyous and noisy; it was washed down with several cups of common wine, and finished with a roundelay which Callot remembered to the day of his death.

On the following day they passed through Lucerne, where they made but a poor harvest; and then they fixed their tents in a neighbouring forest, where they lived for a week upon what they could steal, rusting themselves and their beasts, mending and washing their clothes, polishing their spangles, coining false money, working at small articles of jewellery, necklaces, copper and leaden rings, buckles, and other ornaments used by the peasants. They lived well upon game, which the older women cooked, while Jaques went with the girls to find birds' feathers to make finery of, and bunches of service-tree for necklaces; he also gathered wild cherries, strawberries, and gooseberries for the general dessert. He likewise cut figures upon the bark of the trees. The two young girls took good care of Jaques, and even hid from his view the scandalous scenes which were passing around him.

When they resumed their journey, they did so by easy stages, begging in villages, stealing from lonely huts, leaving everywhere their evil traces. They crossed the Alps by the wildest paths, living by the convents. At length, after six months of strange and perilous adventures, Jaques Callot hailed the soil of Italy, the holy land of art. It was time, for among these wild people the poor child was in great danger of being ruined. 'Italy! Italy!' he cried, throwing up his hands, while he thanked God with tears. From this moment he seemed to breathe a purer air. 'Adieu, Pepa! adieu, Miji! you are both beautiful, but Italy is more beautiful.'

Such is Callot's early history. Some years later, he immortalised his friends the gipsies in his works of 'Gipsies Travelling,' and 'the Halt of Gipsies.'

The troop went to Florence, not allowing their guest time to satisfy his curiosity at Milan, Parma, and Bologna; but his hasty glance at palaces, obelisks, fountains, and statues, dazzled and enchanted him more and more. He was in a state of mental intoxication, which made him forget the presence of his companions even when they made an exhibition.

At Florence, a Piedmontese gentleman, in the service of the grand duke, met Callot among the gipsies, and was at once struck with the delicate features and gen-

teel movements of the child, whom he could not imagine to belong to the people in whose company he found him. The manner in which Callot was gazing enraptured upon the sculpture of a fountain, taking no part in the grotesque dance and begging manoeuvres of the troop, convinced the gentleman; and calling Jaques to him, he questioned him kindly. Finding that the boy did not understand Italian, he spoke to him in French, and soon learned the little history of his leaving Nancy, his meeting with his companions, and his intention of studying the great masters at Rome, that he might, if it pleased God, become a great master also. This high resolve in a child of twelve or thirteen interested the gentleman greatly; and taking Callot by the hand, he led him at once to an engraver and painter with whom he was acquainted—Gauta Gallina—saying, 'Treat this child as if he were mine; make him worthy of me and yourself.'

Callot was received at once, but at the end of six weeks, he told his protector that he wished to go to Rome, to study where Raphael had studied. The gentleman feared that he had befriended a vagabond rather than a young artist; however, as he loved Jaques, he did not desert him. He bought him a mule and some clothes, gave him excellent advice, with a promise to visit him at Rome, and parted with him affectionately, and with tears. Jaques, proudly seated on the mule, also shed tears; but once set off, the brilliant future occupied all his thoughts. At Sienna, he stopped to visit the church, and learned a lesson in engraving from the splendid mosaic of the pavement under the dome, the work of Duccio. He thought if he was ever an engraver, he would give effect by the breadth of single lines, without using hatching. Arrived at the gates of Rome, he left his mule to take its course, and the beast trotted along after an ass laden with vegetables, of which he now and then took a mouthful, unobserved by Jaques, whose bewildered eye wandered over the Eternal city, now clothed by the setting sun with a golden garment. At length he had gained his desire; but, as it often happens, that very moment he was foiled. Some merchants of Nancy, on their return to their city, met Jaques Callot perched on his mule. 'Oh, ho! Master Jaques Callot, where are you going in this style?' The young traveller saw his danger, and spurred his mule; but escape was impossible with an Italian mule which was feeding so agreeably; and the merchants seized the fugitive. As these good folks had witnessed the grief of the Callot family, they declared their resolution to reconduct him safely to his paternal roof; and notwithstanding his tears, his prayers, and his anger, Jaques was obliged to submit. He bade adieu to Rome without having set his foot in her streets.

In vain did Callot repeatedly attempt to escape from the travelling merchants; they never let him go out of their sight, keeping him on his mule in the middle of the party; and he arrived at Nancy after a month of tedious travelling, in which he heartily regretted his gipsy friends. His father received him with a lecture upon truancy, and a discourse upon herakdic science, which made Callot secretly determine to be off again; the tears of his mother alone restrained him for a short time.

However, he soon went off, with a purse light enough, and skirting the Lake of Geneva, entered Italy by Savoy; but at Turin he was again stopped by his brother the lawyer, who happened to be there, and who forced him back to Nancy a second time.

His third departure was more prosperous, for his father, with tears, gave his consent to it, and Jaques set off in the train of the ambassador from Lorraine to the Pope, to acquaint the latter with the accession of Henry II. Callot was now fifteen, and had still time enough before him to study at Rome. His enthusiasm at the wonders of the ancient city cannot be described; he worked under several masters, but followed his own genius only, and he soon felt that painting was not his forte. He entered warmly into engraving, and placed

himself under Thomassin, an old French engraver residing at Rome. This art was then in its infancy, and Thomassin had made his fortune by it. His subjects were principally religious ones, of which Callot was soon weary. Young as he was, he discovered at each attempt some new resource; and he soon gave way to his fancy, recalling to his mind the beggars, strolling players, mountebanks, and other human curiosities whom he had seen. Under Thomassin he used the graver; but this process was too slow for his imagination, and he soon left it for that of etching.

One day when the pencil had fallen from his hand, as he was sadly thinking of those charming young gipsies who had loved him as their child, the figure of the Lady Bianca, Thomassin's young and handsome wife, rose before him. She often visited Callot when he was at work, and unconsciously he made her his study. Thomassin encouraged this, requesting Callot to be his wife's companion to church and to the public promenade when he could not accompany her; but at length, taking alarm at the result to which this might lead in a young and imaginative man, he desired him to leave the house. Callot did so, taking with him only his works, and bade adieu to Rome, leaving behind him his dreams. He never saw Madame Thomassin again—he never revisited Rome. After this, the history of Callot loses its adventurous and exciting character, offering little more than a succession of undisturbed days and a laborious end.

Jaques Callot went to Florence, undecided whether to remain there; but he hoped to establish himself with his first master. He was almost penniless, and what was worse, his courage had left him. At the city gate he was stopped as a stranger, and, careless of his fate, he fell into a passion, and resisted, demanding to be conducted to the ducal palace without delay. On telling his griefs and his pretensions to Cosmo II., who patronised art of all kinds, the grand duke congratulated himself on what had occurred, and told Callot that he should remain at his palace, where he had a grand school of painting, engraving, and sculpture. Callot was delighted at the accident, and set to work in the palace with even more ardour than when with Thomassin. Besides his former master, he met there a painter and engraver who was of great service to him, Alphonso Parigi, who prepared the scenery for the duke's theatre. Callot passed some time at this work, and also painted some subjects in the Flemish style, of which one remains in the Florentine Gallery. It is the half-length of a Spanish soldier, and has the same bold yet delicate touch—the same grace of composition as his engravings.

Callot remained ten years at Florence, enjoying the same patronage under Ferdinand that he had done under Cosmo II., and receiving the gold medal which was bestowed upon native talent. During these ten years he produced his best works, creating a new world under his touch, and seeing all through the prism of his fancy. His art became his sole passion, enobling him more and more without relaxation, till it conducted him to the grave, young in years, but bowed, faded, exhausted like a noble horse, which has run too long a race. He had no longer eyes except for his work; if he went out of his studio, it was but to seek for subjects for his etching needle—a beggar, a soldier, or some other extraordinary actor on the scene of human life. He never allowed himself time to admire the grandeur or beauty of creation; neither the sun nor the stars, neither the flowers nor the streams: heart and mind were dead, as it were, and the sheet of copper was his only joy.

He returned to Nancy. One evening the aged herald-at-arms, leaning at his window, seeing a carriage stop at the door of his house, asked his wife if it belonged to the court. The good woman Renée, whose heart and eyes saw more clearly, cried, almost fainting upon the window-sill, 'It is Jaques!—it is thy son!' The aged herald went down instantly, asking himself whether it

could be possible that his son, the engraver of silly pictures, was come back in a carriage? After a hearty but grave embrace, he hastened to see whether the Callot arms were painted on the coach. Putting on his spectacles, he discovered with pride and joy the shield of his son—five stars crosswise: 'the cross of labour,' it is said; 'for the stars indicate the nightly labour of Callot, and his hopes of fame.'

Fatigued with his wanderings, Callot resolved to end his days at Nancy, so he bought a house and married. We know nothing of his wife Catherine Kuttinger, except that she was a widow, and had a daughter. It was certainly a marriage of prudence. Callot became religious, going to mass every morning, and passing an hour every evening in prayer. He resumed his work; but adieu to wild inspirations, to satire and gaiety; he only undertook grave and religious subjects. At Paris his fame was known, and Louis XIII. desired him to follow in his suite to the siege of Rochelle, as he alone was worthy to immortalise his victories. Callot obeyed reluctantly, and after the siege, returned to Paris to finish his sketches. He was lodged at the Luxembourg, where he found his friend Sylvester Israel, and where he assisted with Rubens, Poussin, and other great painters in decorating the palace. But in spite of these illustrious friendships—the protection of Louis XIII., and the thousand attractions of Paris—Callot returned to Nancy as soon as he had leisure. He loved quiet, and he left the care of editing his works to his friend Israel. Besides, Callot loved his family, his native city, and his country, whose history he studied in his leisure hours. He had been born when Lorraine was independent, and had lived in the reigns of Charles III. and Henry II., when the nobility were illustrious by their deeds, the burghers industrious and intelligent, the people happy under a light yoke, when art was worthily represented in each of its departments, when religion stood firm upon ancestral faith, when industry produced its manufactures, and the workman blessed the peace he enjoyed. But Jaques Callot also witnessed the fall of his country when, under the rule of Charles IV., she lost everything but honour.

Instigated by the enmity of Cardinal Richelieu to Gaston of Orleans, who had married the sister of Charles IV., Louis XIII. went to besiege Nancy, which he expected would fall as easily as Rochelle had done. But the weather was bad, Louis lost courage, and the siege was about to be raised, when the cardinal be-thought himself of a stratagem. The Duke of Lorraine was drawn into the French camp, in the hope of signing articles of peace, and held prisoner, while the king, at the cardinal's instigation, obliged him to sign an order to the governor of Nancy to open its gates. The Princess of Phalsbourg in vain urged the governor not to obey the order of a captive sovereign; the gates were opened, and the enemy admitted. Callot seeing that all was lost, shut himself up in his chamber to conceal his anger, and when the thoughtless artists of the place went to pay their court to Louis XIII., the latter was surprised at not seeing Callot among them.

'Has he forgotten my benefits, then?' said the king to Claude de Ruet; and the painter repeated to Callot what the king had said.

'Yes,' replied the brave artist indignantly; 'yes, I have forgotten his benefits since he entered the open gates of Nancy fully armed.'

Claude de Ruet urged his friend to accompany him to the ducal palace, where the king was holding his court.

'Never!' said Callot; and the painter left him to his pride and grief. But presently an order came signed by the Duke Charles, 'Jaques Callot is summoned to the palace to the king's presence.'

'Well, then, I shall go; but without bending my head to him.'

The king received him very graciously, and said, 'Master Callot, we have not forgotten that you placed your talent at the service of our glory; you have drawn

for the benefit of future times the taking of the Isle of Rhé and the siege of Rochelle, now you must draw the siege of Nancy.'

Callot, feeling the insult, drew up his head proudly, saying, 'Sir, I am a Lorrainer: I would cut off my finger sooner!'

When he had said it, Jaques expected to pay dearly for his audacious reply. All present cried out, swords were drawn, and at a sign made, soldiers with halberds appeared at the door. On the other side, the nobility of Lorraine, faithful to their country, formed a circle round Callot, resolved to defend him, when Louis XIII., who had sometimes the soul of a king and a man, to the great surprise of all the court and of the artist himself, said to Callot, 'Callot, your reply does you honour; and turning to his courtiers, added, 'the Duke of Lorraine is very happy in having such subjects.'

In this year Jaques felt the beginning of the disease which slowly carried him to the grave. Laying aside his work, he passed the summer at Villers, where his father had an estate. He was amused by the playfulness of his wife's daughter; but his illness increased, and his disordered imagination continually dwelt upon Satan and the infernal regions. When the grave was open for him, he executed his great work, 'The Temptation of St Anthony,' a work worthy of the poet who inspired it—Dante. His physicians desired him to relinquish his labour, to live idly in the open air of the country; but he would not obey them; and having finished the above work under a depression of mind for which no outward cause is assigned, he again seized his graving tool, and in a dream of his youthful days, with all the fire of his best efforts, accomplished the plate known as 'The Little Vine Arbour'—a representation of peasants dancing and drinking.

Callot died March 25, 1635, and was buried in the cloister of the Cordeliers. A handsome monument was erected among those of the Dukes of Lorraine, with his portrait by his friend Michael Lasne; but in 1793 the republicans, believing this the burial-place of a noble, defaced the portrait, and destroyed the tomb. However, in 1825, the remains of Callot were replaced in the church, and a tomb built over them.

'FORTY DAYS IN THE DESERT.'

A HANDSOME octavo volume, embellished with a considerable number of beautiful engravings, invites our attention under the above title.* Supposing it to be designed as a Christmas book, for which the work seems eminently fitted, alike from its elegance and originality of design, we can recommend it to persons looking about for something superior to the fictions which used to form the material of New Year's gifts. 'Forty Days in the Desert' is the account of a journey from Cairo across the wilderness to Suez, thence to Sinai, and so on by way of Akabah to Petra, from which the author retraces his steps to the banks of the Nile. This route has lately been so frequently and well described, that we are familiar with almost everything which falls under notice; and yet from the author, Mr Bartlett, being an artist, and possessing a keen perception of scenery and costume, as well as a power of graphic, though somewhat diffuse narration, his work has a novelty which renders it acceptable to general readers. Besides, such is the depth of interest in the countries referred to, that accounts of them never seem to exhaust the subject. Mr Bartlett's description of Petra, for instance, amidst the rugged solitudes of Wady Moussa, reads as freshly as if we heard of it only for the first time.

The author set out for Cairo on the last day of September, his party consisting of a faithful and intrepid attendant, Hadji Komeh, hired for the occasion, and

three other Arab servants; the whole mounted on five camels, one of these useful animals carrying a tent and baggage. A plentiful supply of provisions—as sugar, biscuit, rice, coffee, &c.—was also taken; for in the desert no species of food is to be had, except occasionally a sheep or kid from tribes of wandering Arabs. Four skin-sacks of water completed the provisionary department; and last of all were included cooking and table utensils, and a supply of charcoal. The English costume is recommended as preferable for travelling, on account of a certain fear which even the remote inhabitants of the desert have come to entertain of our power. The author, however, was on divers occasions saved from the rapacious extortions of native chiefs only by his own firmness and the never-failing address of his servant Komeh, whose qualities of browbeating and intimidation were invaluable.

All things being ready for the journey, each man mounted his camel, and the little cavalcade turning its face towards the east, went off in its 'noiseless track over the broad expanse, as a vessel spreads its sail, and slips quietly to sea; while the minarets of Cairo grew fainter and fainter, till we lost them in the red and dusky hue of an Egyptian atmosphere.' The sensations on first riding a camel are 'singular and half-dreamy,' but after a time, the position on a broad pile of carpets, along with the see-saw motion, becomes painfully fatiguing, and the traveller longs for repose. The route followed was that now taken by the overland mails to Suez, and the party encamped for the night near the first station. Off again next morning—and the same route continued. The practice is to start early, before the sun has gained his power. The mornings are described as delicious. While the sun is not yet up, but under the light of a growing radiance in the east, 'it is for some time delightful to walk over the fine shining gravel surface of the silent desert, my cheerful Komeh by my side, with his pipe, and the Arabs in straggling groups coming up slowly behind. What most surprised me was the elasticity of spirits I generally experienced in the wilderness. The dry pure air probably had much to do with this. Sometimes the sense of free movement over the boundless expanse was indescribably and wildly ecstatic; in general, the incidents of our little caravan seemed sufficient stimulus, and a universal cheerfulness prevailed among us in those hours of dawn.'

Very different was the feeling when the sun had gained a noontide ascendancy, and every living thing was overcome with the intolerably heated glare. 'The camels,' says our author, in his vividly pictorial style, 'now groan with distress; the Arabs are silent, slipping from time to time alongside the water-skins, and, with their mouths to the orifice, catching a few gulps without stopping; then burying their head in the ample bernous, pace on again quietly, hour after hour. The water, which smacks of the leathern bottle, or zememia, in which it is contained, warm, insipid, and even nauseous, seems but to increase the parching thirst; the brain is clouded and paralysed by the intolerable sultriness; and with the eyes protected by a handkerchief from the reflected glare of the sand, and awaying listlessly to and fro, I keep at the same horrible pace along the burning sand. . . . The hot flm, like the glow of a kiln, now trembles over the glittering sands, and plays the most fantastic tricks with the traveller, cheating his vision with an illusory supply of what his senses madly crave. Half-dozing, half-dreaming, as I advanced, lulled into vague reverie, the startling

MIRAGE, shifting with magic play, expands in gleaming blue lakes, whose cool borders are adorned with waving groves, and on whose shining banks the mimic waves, with wonderful illusion, break in long glittering lines of transparent water—bright, fresh water, so different from the leathery decoction of the zememia. On our approach the vision recedes, dissolves, combines again into new forms, all fancifully beautiful; then slowly fades, and leaves but the burning horizon, upon which, at rude intervals, is seen perhaps a dim black speck, appearing over the rolling sandy swell like a ship far out at sea. The film of the desert gives it gigantic dimensions as it approaches: it proves, as it nears us, to be a caravan of camels from Suez, coming along with a noiseless tread; a few laconic words are exchanged between the Arabs without stopping; in another hour it is left far behind, until again it disappears from vision. Thus pass the sultry and silent hours of noon. There is a terrible and triumphant power of the sun upon this wide region of sterility and death, like that of a despot over a realm blighted by his destructive sway; no trace of verdure is there but the stunted shrub, which struggles at wide intervals about the sandy bed of some dried water-course; no sign of living thing but the burrow of the rat, the slimy trail of the serpent, or the carcass of the camel, who makes his grave as well as his home in the wilderness, met with in every stage of decay; from the moment when the vultures have but just fleshed their beaks in his fallen corpse, till, stripped of every integument, the wind whistles through the ghastly framework of his naked ribs, and his bones, falling asunder, and bleached by heat and wind, serve to mark the appointed track upon which his strength was spent.' After a day of this kind, how grateful the cool of evening, and how entrancing the spectacle of the great clear firmament, studded with sparkling orbs! 'No wonder that of old the shepherds of the desert were worshippers of the stars!'

After reaching Suez, the traveller pursued a route on the eastern side of the gulf of the same name towards the rocky district of Sinai, which occupies the narrow part of the peninsula formed by the Gulf of Suez on the west, and the Gulf of Akabah on the east. The track pursued was pretty nearly that followed by the Israelites after their escape from Egypt, and led into a mountainous region, rocky, grand, and generally sterile, but interspersed with sweet little valleys, ravine-like water-courses, or *wadys*, and spots rendered fertile by springs. In wandering through these solitudes, the mind is awed, not more by the rugged grandeur of the scenery, than by historical associations, and the visible traces of a civilized people long since extirpated. As a traveller in search of what could derive aid from the pencil, Mr Bartlett, with much toil and danger among precipitous rocks, sought for certain hieroglyphical carvings which have engaged the inquiries of the learned. His search was rewarded; and under an umbrella, to shelter him from the scorching heat of the sun, he was able to copy these remarkable tablets, which are accordingly represented in his volume. 'I looked at them,' says he, 'with a feeling which more than rewarded me for my previous chagrin and toil.' The tablets, which are cut in the face of different rocks, and near, as is said, the exhausted workings of a copper mine, are Egyptian, and consist of figures of men, birds, and creatures of a combined fantastic character, the whole referring to an early period of Egyptian history, probably coeval with Suphis, the builder of the Great Pyramid, 2120 years before the Christian era. They are believed to indicate the conquest of the country by one of the Egyptian sovereigns. Besides those visited by Mr Bartlett, there are others of later date, which exhaustion prevented him from examining. In conclusion, he observes, 'Is it not almost too marvellous for belief that these tablets existed before the exodus of the Israelites, when Moses, with all his host, actually passed, beyond question, down the valley Mokatteb. or

a short distance below, on his way towards Wady Feiran and Sinai? They must be regarded, I presume, as among the most ancient sculptures in existence; and yet it is evident that when they were executed, the arts were by no means in their infancy, but that centuries at least had elapsed since their unknown and remote origin.

In Wady Maghara, through which the traveller immediately afterwards went, a vast number of inscriptions occur on the rocks, some of which could have been executed only by the aid of ladders. All, including figures of camels and other animals, are rude in figure, and from the most careful examination, they appear to be comparatively modern; a reasonable conjecture making them out to be memorials of the passage of early Christian pilgrims to the heights of Sinai. To the towering and jagged peaks of the celebrated mountain Mr Bartlett was now bound, and we must leave to the imagination his account of the magnificent scenery which was here unfolded to his view. With regard to which is the true Sinai of the Bible, there are various opinions; some contending for Mount Serbal, which is 6342 feet above the Red Sea; while others favour the claims of Mount St Catherine, 1700 feet higher. On the summit of the Serbal is a huge block of granite, to which the traveller clambered, and found on it a Sinaitic inscription. The view from the top of this exposed protuberance extended from the Red Sea to Egypt, and across the desert north-eastward to the hills of Edom and Palestine; embracing, indeed, the whole scene of the Israelitish wanderings, and in whose wild bosom an entire generation was entombed.

Travellers through the region of Sinai frequently observe the ruins of chapels, cells, convents, and other places of devotional resort in past times. Some of these date their origin from an early period in the history of the church, while others were established during the fervour of the Crusades, and the possession of Palestine by the Christians. A few survived the Saracenic reconquests, being tolerated on payment of a certain annual tribute; but all are now deserted except the convent of St Catherine, which is occupied by a reduced establishment of Greek monks under a superior. The convent of St Catherine, which is situated in a valley on one of the slopes of the mountain of that name, forms a useful and hospitable place of reception for travellers, who, however, as at an inn, are expected to leave a sum (100 piastres, equal to a pound) for several days' living. The convent is a collection of buildings walled round like a fort; and for security, the only access is by a door at the height of thirty feet, to which travellers are drawn up by a windlass.

By the superior of the convent Mr Bartlett was kindly received and entertained; and here enjoying repose for a few days, he was able to observe the nature of the establishment and the appearance of its environs, and by favour was permitted to dine in the old vaulted refectory with the monks. The most interesting building within the enclosure is the church. On entering it for the first time, I was both pleased and surprised: although somewhat spoiled by tasteless and gaudy decoration, it is a fine simple solemn basilica, built in the time of Justinian, and is kept with the nicest care by the brethren. Leaning against a carved seat, I waited through the service, of which I understood nothing, but which is described by a previous traveller as 'simple, dignified, and solemn, consisting in great part in the reading of the Gospels, with the touching responses and chants of the Greek ritual.' . . . It was affecting to see some very old men come tottering in from a side-passage during the service, whose beards, long to their girdles, as they knelt down, swept the marble pavement; and who, after a brief but earnest prostration in prayer, withdrew, falling nature being apparently unequal to the fatigues of an entire service. . . . The floor is of inlaid marble. The altar-screen is highly, but not tastefully decorated; and, like the rest of the building, is ornamented with pictures of saints, male and female, painted

in the Byzantine style, on a ground of gold. Numerous silver lamps add to the richness of the effect. Behind the altar is the chapel, over the spot where the Burning Bush is supposed to have stood: upon it the utmost richness of decoration has been lavished; and the floor is covered with costly carpets. This holy spot may not be visited without taking off one's shoes. The relics of St Catherine, whose body, after martyrdom at Alexandria, was conveyed, according to tradition, to the summit of the neighbouring mountain, to which she has given her name, are also preserved with great veneration in another chapel.' . . . The library of the convent contains, according to Burckhardt, fifteen hundred Greek books, and seven hundred Arabic manuscripts: the inmates are not described as literary.

Our traveller visited the garden of the convent, an enclosure which, by care, produces some useful fruits and herbs. In the midst of the garden, and partly below the ground, is situated the cemetery or charnel-house, where the earthly remains of the monks are consigned to their repose. Here was shown a large collection of bones arranged in 'ghastly symmetry, arm-bone to arm-bone, thigh-bone to thigh-bone, in a compact pile, with a mass of upheaped skulls;' but this spectacle was less ghastly than a sight which presented itself in an inner vault. This was 'the skeleton of an anchorite, who appeared to have been conveyed from the solitary cell in the mountains, just as he was found after encountering alone the terrors of the last enemy, fixed in the convulsive form that nature took in the parting struggle: the close-clenched hands, the emaciated head sunk on the bony chest, the attitude of agonizing supplication—with some few rays of his hair-shirt yet clinging to his frame—all gave to this skeleton the ghastliness of life in death, and told of long years of self-inflicted penance and solitary agony endured by its parted tenant.' What a picture! But adjoining there was a fully more extraordinary exhibition. 'In a box close by were the remains of two hermits, traditionally brothers, of exalted station, who, binding themselves by the leg with a chain, also wore out a life of penitence and prayer in the adjacent mountain. Could we know the histories of those whose mouldering relics lie here before us, how often, indeed, might truth appear stranger than fiction, reality beyond the wildest visions of romance!'

We have now, we think, presented a sufficient specimen of the contents of this pleasing book of travel, and shall hasten to a conclusion. From Sinai Mr Bartlett and his party proceeded to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, where, procuring an escort of Arabs, he proceeded to Petra, a deserted city, abounding in elegant rock carvings, in the recesses of the land of Edom. Petra, which has latterly been frequently described, did not fall short of the traveller's expectations. During the occupancy of Syria by the Romans, it was an entrepôt of commerce between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as it had been centuries before; and now it became enriched with those Greek and Roman monuments which survive till the present day. By the Saracens the place was utterly sacked, and rendered desolate. Mr Bartlett's sketches of the defaced but still magnificent sculptures in Petra are the most valuable in the book; while his descriptions convey a good general idea of the locality and its singular appearance. Prophecy, as is well known, points to the desolation of Edom, and its present condition closely accords with the fate which was said to await it. But our author takes leave to say that 'a minute application of particular passages in a well-known work [Keith?] on the subject is not borne out by facts. The passage, "None shall pass through it for ever," alluded, doubtless, to the total breaking up of the great commercial routes, as well as its general abandonment and ruin; and not, as is fancifully supposed in the work in question, to the utter exclusion even of a single passenger or traveller, inasmuch as caravans of Arabs are, and probably ever have been, in the habit of going to and fro in different directions; and

numerous travellers also of late years passed unharmed through the length and breadth of the land.'

Here we take leave of Mr Bartlett, again recommending his volume to attention at this festive season, and venturing a hope that he will next year present us with an equally agreeable production of his pen and pencil.

ROBERT BLUM.

Among the remarkable characters thrown up from the depths to the surface of society by the recent continental revolutions, not one perhaps is more remarkable than Robert Blum, one of the leaders of the German republican party. The following is an outline of the fortunes of this individual, as given in the newspapers; and it will be admitted that if the history were fully written, it would indeed furnish one of the most remarkable of biographies, full of vicissitude and suffering, but showing an energy of mind continually rising superior amid every struggle, and crowned at last by success and fame, only to close by a bloody death.'

He was born on the 10th of November 1807 (the birthday of Luther, it is remarked) at Cologne, on the Rhine. His father was a student, who failed in his examination for the church, and became first a cooper, and afterwards a needle-maker, but could scarcely earn his bread in either trade from bad health. He died, leaving three children; and the mother contracted a second marriage with a day-labourer, one of the class that lives by loading and unloading the barges on the Rhine. This man had children by a former marriage, and the union of the two families increased the misery of both. In the disastrous years 1816 and 1817 they were brought down to absolute starvation, and the boy Robert was obliged to contribute to the existence of all by his talents for—begging! Even at this early age he had a certain gift of language, a power of persuasion that was difficult to resist; and it is recorded that, by his pathetic description of the dreadful condition of the family, he opened the heart of an old miserly uncle, who had never before been known to part with a penny, but who sent him home loaded with a supply of food, and enriched with a piece of silver!

A sister of his father subsequently paid the small sum required for his attendance at the Jesuits' school, and his progress was so rapid as to excite wonder. He then became one of the boys who attend the priest during the celebration of mass, having in the intervals of the services to watch the open church. In these solitary hours, instead of becoming impressed with the solemnity of the place, he fell into religious doubts, especially on one of the principal tenets of the Catholic church. He explained them to the priest, and was enjoined a penance for his presumption. He refused to perform it, and left church and priest to seek his fortune elsewhere. He did not possess the 'letter of recommendation'—a good countenance; but, among his other fatalities, had to struggle against the unfavourable impressions made by his ungainly, not to say repulsive, appearance. He became first the shop-boy of a tinman, and then the general servant and candle-snuffer of a theatre—exhibited talents and honesty, and was made cashier and money-taker. He followed the manager from town to town for some years, collected books, read, and at last wrote for the annuals and journals with great success. At length he fixed himself in Leipsic as a bookseller, plunged into politics, and showed that he possessed unequalled powers of eloquence—powers that not even his opponents could deny, and which frequently they could not resist.

His influence over the people became immense, and more than once he proved it by restraining them within the bounds of peace and order. He was chosen a member of the municipality; and when the German Diet was summoned at Frankfort, under the new system, he was immediately elected one of the deputies for Saxony. In

it he was the recognised leader of the extreme Left, or Liberals. When the emperor of Austria fled from Vienna the last time, Blum was deputed by the Frankfort Assembly to bear to the Viennese the resolution of the Assembly, that Vienna had deserved well of Germany. Unfortunately for him (but whether it will prove to be unfortunate for the country at large remains to be seen), he was taken prisoner, tried by a court-martial, and his life has been the sacrifice. A violent protest against his imprisonment, signed by Blum, and handed in to the military authorities, expedited, if it did not occasion his execution. The protest was delivered in at four o'clock the 8th November; at six o'clock M. Blum was tried, and at half-past seven he was led out to be shot. About an hour and a-half before the time of execution, a chaplain was deputed to visit him, and prepare him for death, of which he had as yet had no notice. At first he could not believe the messenger of death, but the gloomy tidings were soon corroborated by official intelligence. He afterwards appeared quite calm and collected, remarking to the chaplain, 'You know, perhaps, that I am a German Catholic; I trust, therefore, you will exempt me from auricular confession.' The minister, being of his own persuasion, of course assented. Blum then begged a little time to write to his wife, children, and mother, which was granted. Afterwards the chaplain and he conversed a good deal together. Blum was still very calm, and expressed his pleasure that he had become acquainted with such a 'worthy and truly Christian man.' 'I wish,' said he, 'to leave you a remembrance, but I have only my hair-brush left; will you accept that from me, and thereby afford me my last pleasure!'

He was now summoned to proceed to death. An officer approached to put him in irons, but he said, 'I will die as a free German; you will believe my word that I will not make a ridiculous attempt to escape; spare me your chains.' His request was granted, and the procession moved on, guarded by two thousand military. As they proceeded, Blum was much affected, and wept. But he was soon calm again, and remarked to those with him, 'Yes, Robert Blum has wept, but not the delegate Blum—he dies with a free conscience; but the husband, the father—I thought of my dear wife and children.'

About half-past seven they arrived at the place of execution. Blum stepped out of the carriage, and inquired who was to shoot him. The answer was, 'the Jäger.' Blum replied, 'I am glad of that; the Jäger mark well: on the 26th of October they wounded me in the shoulder.' As they were going to blindfold him, he expressed a wish to die 'looking death in the face'; but the commanding officer told him that the Jäger would aim better if they did not see his eyes. Blum answered, 'Since that is the case, I willingly submit.' He then spoke his last words: 'I die for German freedom: for that I have fought. My country, forget me not!' As is the custom, the provost begged three times for mercy; after which nine men stepped forward, and fired: the two first balls struck him—one in the eye, and the other on the left side of the breast.

On Monday the news arrived in Leipsic, and caused much sensation. In the evening, a great town's meeting was held in the Odéon, when many resolutions were passed, among which were—'That all friends of Blum should wear signs of mourning, either on their hats or on their breasts.'—'That his corpse should be brought to Leipsic.'—'and that an anniversary of his death should be held.' After the meeting, the people marched in great numbers to the Austrian consul's residence, and pulled down his coat of arms, and carried it to the market-place, where they first hung it upon a lamp-post, and afterwards trampled upon it, and smashed it to pieces. Other riots took place in the evening, but were suppressed by the Communal Guard. A much more satisfactory demonstration was made by the formation of a subscription-committee for the benefit of Blum's widow and four children.

In the meantime, the Frankfort Assembly has almost unanimously passed a decree, in which it protests 'before all Germany against the arrest and execution of the

deputy Robert Blum, which took place in contempt of the law of the empire of the 30th of September, and summons the ministry of the empire to take the most energetic measures to cause those persons to be tried and punished who took part, directly or indirectly, in his arrest and execution.' So much for the beggar boy of Cologne!

THE MISSPENT GUINEA.

I AM blest, or sometimes I am tempted to say troubled, with a domestic, whose long service in the family of forty years and upwards entitles her, in her own estimation, to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of an actual member of it; and as she has not a known relative living, and not a friend that I am aware of, except ourselves, poor Dolly's claims to consideration and compassion are certainly paramount, and of these she takes due advantage, lecturing, schooling, domineering, and prophesying by turns. The last-mentioned accomplishment is combined with fortune-telling, by means of a pack of singularly dirty cards, and also by the grounds that remain at the bottom of tea-cups: she is an adept at this; and not a marriage or death takes place in the family, even to the fourteenth cousinships, without Dolly foretelling it. She still adheres to the ancient quaint style of costume, formerly permitted to persons in her class: the short jacket and looped-up petticoat, the linen caps with broad borders, the black worsted hose, and thick high-heeled shoes, which, together with checked aprons, and housewifely ponderous pockets, like a pair of panniers balancing each other at her sides, complete her attire. Dolly is a weird, withered-looking crone now; but if traditional lore reports truthfully, in her youth Dolly Mayflower was a comely arch damsel, winning hearts heedlessly, until her own turn came at length, and her own heart was given away, and well-nigh broken into the bargain, for the gallant sailor to whom she was betrothed perished in the war. Years and years have glided by since then, and she never but once alluded to this passage in her history, when she also displayed the hoarded relic of her life—a bunch of blue ribbons, Jamie's last parting gift. Blue is her favourite colour, the navy her standing toast; and never does a beggar, who gives himself out for an unlucky tar, equipped in straw-hat and naval jacket, solicit relief, but Dolly's soft heart melts, the huge receptacles for odd pence are dived into, and though often imposed on, her eyes continue wilfully blind. Report also speaks of Dolly's having been one of a happy and respectable family; but dark shadows rest over the details, and I never heard them explained until within the last few months, from Dolly's own lips; the circumstances leading to the recital were as follows:—

A lady of my acquaintance, the wife of an officer in the army, completed a beautiful present of her own handiwork, which she designed as an offering for the Princess-Royal on her birthday; but understanding that her gracious Majesty had altogether forbidden the practice of sending gifts to the royal children, her chagrin was unbounded, and loud and long were her lamentations over wasted time and wasted. Dolly, who is of course a privileged personage, and knew the lady extremely well, volunteered her opinion and remarks—all tending, as she supposed, to consolation.

For her part, she would rather have any gift rejected than accept one from royal hands, however great the benefit or honour conferred!

Dolly, in making this announcement, displayed unusual agitation and vehemence of demeanour, but declined to afford explanation *then*, merely affirming that royal gifts always brought ill-luck to the recipients. Knowing her invincible obstinacy on every point where her ignorant prejudices or opinions were concerned, I made no remark, but patiently awaited the elucidation which I foresaw was forthcoming. Nor was I wrong in my supposition, as of her own accord she narrated the circumstances piecemeal, which I will put together for

the reader's benefit; merely premising that Dolly related them in corroboration of a favourite superstition, entirely setting aside the useful lesson inculcated.

About thirty-six years ago, Dolly's father had presented a fine hale specimen of the honest English woodman, a hewer of forest giants, living amid the sweet scenes of nature. He was employed in thinning and felling some ancient plantations bounding the Duchess of Brunswick's grounds, at a part where the wooden palings had given way, separating the grounds from the adjacent park, thus leaving a picturesque gap, which gave to view the woodland glades, and green savannas, and the graceful fawns darting across in all directions. His son was working in company with Saul Mayflower, and a young girl of about sixteen rested on the prostrate trunk of a fallen tree, having brought the labourers' dinner from the village, entering by the park and through the gap. She was now waiting until the hungry men had finished their welcome meal; but she did not long sit still, for, with the wild exuberance of youthful innocent spirits, she bounded hither and thither, her fair locks streaming on the wind, her frolic laugh re-echoing through the glades, and her blue eyes lit up with animation and delight. Presently she espied a plank lying directly across the tree on which she had been seated. 'Oh what a beautiful see-saw, if I had but a playfellow!' she exclaimed; and as if her wish had been heard, just at that moment a young lady, apparently ten or eleven years old, plainly attired in a white frock and coarse straw-bonnet, emerged from the surrounding shrubberies, and standing still for a space to contemplate the group before her, suddenly bounded forward, and seated herself on the vacant end of the inviting plank. With shouts of laughter that were perfectly heartfelt, as if such liberty was novel and enchanting to the last degree, and she was determined to make the most of it, the young lady began singing, 'Here we go up, up, up! and here we go down, down, down!' and not behind-hand was her companion, nothing loath to be so congenially met. They romped, they sang, and were in the height of their glorious merriment, when two stately ladies, attended by a venerable gentleman, came quickly forward, evidently in search of the runaway; but though the young lady appeared startled, she was not in the least daunted, and it seemed ~~else~~ there would be a struggle for her own way. There was somewhat in her noble and truly English countenance which savoured of high spirit and command; and though she too was fair, with brown hair and blue eyes, how marked the contrast between herself and her peasant playfellow! Yet both were pretty creatures, and the latter looked the happiest and least thoughtful. Respectful remonstrances, and a whispered communication from one of the ladies, seemed to influence the charming little lady into regaining her decorous propriety again; she in her turn gravely advanced to the old gentleman and whispered a request, the import of which may be guessed from the fact of his taking out a purse, and with a low reverence placing in her hand a bright golden guinea. She then turned towards her late companion, pleasantly asking, 'What is your name?' and when the answer was given of 'Alice Mayflower', re-joining, 'Mine is Charlotte: keep this for my sake; and sometimes remember our happy moments in the woods together.'

The golden guinea was transferred to Alice Mayflower's hand, and the young lady led off by her attendants; but more than once she looked back, nodding her head; and when the last shred of her white robe had disappeared, then, and not till then, did those she had left recover speech, for, said Saul Mayflower, 'That was the Princess Charlotte! I saw her alight from her carriage this very morning when she came to visit her grandmamma. God bless her—God bless her sweet face and kind heart!'

What an immense sum this golden guinea appeared to Alice Mayflower—what inexhaustible riches! She

hung it round her neck, suspended by a gay ribbon; but she looked at it so often, that at length she thought it would be very pleasant to have something prettier than that, which she might still wear in honour of the gracious donor. In the village a new shop was opened, and such splendid things were sold there! earrings—'real gold earrings,' the ticket said—for 'half a guinea,' still she would have 'a half' left; and the earrings were 'so lovely'—'such a bargain!' Why should not she have earrings? There was Nelly Smith had a pair of coral ones, and Sally Muggins had a necklace. Poor Alice Mayflower! she needed a mother's care: she had lost hers at her first entrance into the world. Her only sister, nearly fifteen years her senior, was in distant service, for Saul Mayflower could not support two daughters at home; and Alice cooked and washed for her father, and kept the cottage neat. And Saul loved her so tenderly—the youngest darling of his age, so fair and frolicsome she was too—that he fairly spoilt her, and could not bear to say *nay* when he ought to have done so.

When Alice sported her earrings, he chided her for changing the royal gift for such thriftless baubles; but when he saw how well she became them, as she tossed her head, shaking back the luxuriant curls to show them off better, what more could he say? It was an innocent wish to possess the finery after all. Alas! weak father, in after-days you looked back with bitter remorse and self-reproach for not having checked in the bud those first insidious approaches of the enemies to domestic purity and peace—female vanity, and the love of finery and display. Alice had still another half-guinea remaining; but she never rested till that was also gone: it seemed to burn her neck as it hung there. Bright colours would show off her earrings to better advantage; and having once given way to her ruling passion, and found that it reigned paramount to all other considerations, it was not long ere she found the means to gratify it more fully than she could ever hope to do in her poor father's cot, clad in the homely garb of her station. A lady of fashion, whose villa residence was situated in the vicinity of Alice Mayflower's native village, having just parted with her personal attendant, required a 'good-looking' young woman to fill the vacant situation; and many circumstances, all trivial in themselves, but tending towards the same conclusion, finally ended in the inexperienced Alice becoming lady's-maid on short notice, and after but little consideration.

Saul wished the lady with whom his Alice was to live had been older, and not quite so gay and flighty; but he had not the heart to prevent his dear child's aggrandisement, for she intreated his leave to go. She longed to see the world, and the wages promised were most liberal. Perhaps the father's strongest reason for consenting was, that he found times were 'not so good as they had been;' the woodman's employment must fail as age crept on, and it was as well Alice should make friends for herself. Alice would, often, very often, come and see him when they (for already she classed herself with her mistress) were not in London; and so she departed, full of gaiety and pleasurable anticipations.

To follow poor Alice Mayflower's downward progress were needless, as well as painful. Suffice it to say, that the lady to whose care she was confided was one who, provided that her domestics were honest towards herself, and contributed to her comfort, inquired and concerned herself no further. Alice fell into evil company. Her associates were unprincipled, and her career of vanity and folly ended by her being detected in the act of secreting articles beneath her shawl in a lace-shop, whither she had been sent on a commission from her lady. A valuable piece of Mechlin lace was found in her possession on her trunks being searched; she was committed to prison; her mistress, horror-struck, would have nothing to say on her behalf, but utterly abandoned her; and she was tried, convicted, and sentenced

to seven years' transportation. Who may tell of the father's agony and despair? The poor honest man was utterly struck down: deprived of speech, and of the use of his limbs, the dreaded workhouse received him; for with all her exertions, his eldest daughter could not keep him from *that*, and soon his gray hairs were brought down in sorrow to the grave: and who could mourn when it closed over him? Misfortunes, it is commonly said, never come singly; and at the period when his aid was so much needed, Saul Mayflower's only son had been injured by the fall of a tree which he was engaged in felling. After he had lingered for many weeks in an hospital, death terminated his sufferings.

'And all this misery was accounted for,' sobbed Dolly, 'by my unhappy sister receiving that fatal royal gift of a golden guinea. Oh! wo the day when Alice hung it round her white neck, for it was an evil day for us all! But she died penitent, and sleeps in the convict's grave far, far away. Poor thing—poor thing!'

'Has it never struck you, my good, dear Dolly,' said I, 'that the fault existed in your sister's mind, and might have been brought out by a thousand other circumstances as well as the trifle you blame?'

'But would she ever have got the earrings, if it hadn't been for the guinea?' urged Dolly, indignant at my stupidity. 'Why, ma'am, if our own dear sovereign lady was to offer me, with her own fair hands, a bit o' gold with her beautiful likeness stamped on it, do you think I'd dare take it?'

'I do not think you will ever be tried, good Dolly,' answered I, 'or I wouldn't be too sure of the result, seeing that your capacious pockets often need replenishing; for begging sailors are singularly numerous at our gate, and snuff is a dear luxury—is it not, Dolly?'

THE DIFFERENT EUROPEAN RACES.

At a moment like the present, when the various contests now agitating this quarter of the globe are assuming an aspect of strife betwixt race and race, some short review of the different European races may not be uninteresting.

At the spread of the Roman power, two great nations occupied the greater part of western Europe—the Celts and Iberians. That event, and the subsequent irruption of the Teutonic tribes, which overran the Roman Empire, led at last to an amalgamation of the invaders and invaded, and thus those two races have to a considerable extent lost their individuality—the Iberians, indeed, almost wholly so. Their blood is still the prevailing element in the population of most of the countries of western Europe; but the unmixed nations of their lineage are now comparatively few. In the early days of Rome the Celts inhabited Gaul, the British islands, and parts of Spain and Italy. At present they are the natives of the greater part of Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and Isle of Man, calling themselves 'Gael;' and the people of Wales, Cornwall in England, and Brittany in France, who are termed 'Kymry.' Those two divisions of the Celtic family have distinct dialects of their ancient language, which they all still retain except the Cornish, who lost theirs in the beginning of the last century, after having been on the decline for generations. The last who spoke it were the fishermen and market-people about the Land's End. Celtic blood is much mingled in the nations of Spain and Italy; and in France, notwithstanding the many settlements of invaders, the main stock of the population is undoubtedly Celtic. On consideration this will not appear surprising: the Romans, the first conquerors of France, were partly of Celtic origin themselves, as is apparent from their language; and the Franks, the subsequent invaders, were never so numerous as the original inhabitants who remained. In the east and south of France, in the parts appropriated by the Burgundians and Visigoths, and in Normandy, the settlement of the Northern, the Teutonic admixture is most obvious: in Brittany, as

before-mentioned, the inhabitants are pure Celts; in Gascony (so called from the Uascones), Iberian blood probably predominates. In person the Celts are spare and hardy. There have been many disputes as to their original complexion: Caesar speaks of them as red-haired; they are now, however, much darker than their Teutonic brethren; their eyes are generally black or gray; they are active in mind and body, impetuous, imaginative, hospitable, from their old clan-customs more obedient to persons than principles, and more devoted to kindred than country. Their greatest evil is an unhappy proneness to intestine strife, which has been beyond doubt the most potent cause of their decline in those countries they once exclusively possessed.

Our earliest notices of the Iberians are as the inhabitants of the Spanish Peninsula, whence they pushed themselves into Southern Gaul, Sardinia, and Corsica. As a distinct people they have nearly disappeared. Modern investigation tends to prove that the Basques of Spain and France are their representatives. In all those countries where they once dwelt—Spain, Portugal, Gascony, Sardinia, &c.—they still form an important ingredient in the very diversified population; a diversity in appearance, temperament, language, and costume, which, visible all over southern Europe, is nowhere perhaps so strongly-marked as in Spain—diversity owing to the variety in surface and climate, and deficiency in internal communication keeping alive the characteristics of the many races who from age to age have colonised or conquered there—Celt and Iberian, Greek and Roman, Teuton and Moor. The tall Catalan, in long red cap, and long sash-girt trousers, with his rough manner and restless enterprise, is different from the sullen, listless Murcian: the affable but treacherous Valencian, with animated features, and loose mantle, chequered like the Scottish tartan, is the reverse of the grave, stately, high-minded Castilian: while the Andalusian—boastful, graceful, and gay, the dandy of Spain—is the very antipode of the simple, honest Gallego, in his coarse garb and hobnailed shoes. Teutonic blood is more evident in Galicia, Asturias, and Catalonia than elsewhere in the Peninsula; Moorish blood in the south; and Iberian, or Celt-Iberian, in the other provinces. The Basques, the representatives of the Iberians, are a bold, sturdy population. Their character comprises many valuable qualities—honesty, frugality, cheerfulness, industry, and a high spirit of independence. Of the origin of the older Italian nations—the Etruscans, Umbrians, &c.—we know nothing for certain. The Celts had undoubtedly large possessions in Italy, and the Iberians probably some colonies. The Greeks had also large settlements. Indeed Sicily and South Italy, called from this circumstance Magna Græcia, were to a great extent colonised by them. On the downfall of Rome, the Teutonic tribe of the Longobards settled in, and gave their name to, Lombardy. In the middle ages, the Normans and Spaniards conquered in the south, and the Saracens also in Sicily. From all these circumstances, and the subdivision of the country into independent states, the population is of almost as varied a character as in Spain. The steady, plodding Lombard shows his Teutonic origin; the Greek is the predominating element in the mercantile Plupotonian.

Germany and Scandinavia were the original countries of the Teutons, and in those countries they still continue unadulterated. The various proportions of their admixture with the population in southern Europe has been already noticed. The unmixed nations of this race are the Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Icelanders, Dutch, and by far the greater proportion of the Swiss, English, Lowland Scotch, and British colonists in the north of Ireland. The Belgians are chiefly Teutons, too, with a mingling of French blood. The Teutons are the most widely-spread of all the European races. The qualities most prominent in their character, and which have contributed mainly to their present diffusion and progress, are enterprise, patience, and per-

severance; generally speaking, they are more orderly and more industrious, more reserved and graver in demeanour than their neighbours. In person they are of good size and robust, light or brown haired, and blue or brown eyed. As they occupy almost exclusively their various countries, they require a briefer notice than has been bestowed on the more complicated races.

Another widely-diffused race, the Slavonians, is spread over eastern Europe. The nations of their stock are the Russians and Poles, the Bohemians, Moravians, Carinthians, Carniolans, and Wendes, in Germany; the Slovaks, in Hungary; the Croats, Slavonians, Servians, Dalmatians, Montenegrins, Bosniaks, and Bulgarians. With generally excellent qualities of head and heart, the Slavonians are in a much less advanced state of civilisation than the majority of the nations of western Europe. Feudalism prevails amongst them still. In the present day, the project of a Pan Slavonia, or great United Slavonic Empire, has been broached; but we fear such a powerful union of half-civilised states would be anything but favourable for the progress of European liberty and refinement.

Without reckoning the more mixed races—the French, Spaniards, &c.—the number of the comparatively pure races already enumerated has been estimated as follows:—

Celts, about	9,000,000
Iberians,	200,000
Teutons (in Europe and America),	83,000,000
Slavonians,	70,000,000

The other great families inhabiting Europe are the Asiatic race of the Magyars of Hungary, and the Fins who dwell in the north of Europe: though these two nations have a similar origin and cognate languages, there is no resemblance between them in manners or person. The Magyars are a handsome social people: the Fins, though honest and hospitable, are gloomy and repulsive in manner, and of sinister uncouth appearance, which was probably the cause of their old reputation for necromancy, which they retain even still with some of our own sailors. To the Finnish race belong the Laplanders, Livonians, Esthes, &c. The Vlaches of Wallachia and Moldavia (the former Dacia), and the fierce natives of Albania (the old Illyria), are supposed to be the aborigines of those countries. The once glorious nation of the Greeks is still a fine people, though now in a semi-civilised condition, very different from their former high estate. They are not confined to Greece, but spread largely over European Turkey, the coasts of Asia Minor, the Archipelago, and Levant.

And now that, in the present day, the project has been started by Germans and Slavonians of collecting the various nations of the same race under the same government, it may not be improper to consider a little its merits. Its objects are to confirm and strengthen nationality, and preserve a greater purity of race. The preservation of nationality is both desirable and praiseworthy, and should be with every nation a primary care. In other respects we fear this plan will be less advantageous. An amalgamation of races has (in western Europe at least) been invariably found beneficial. The present progressive character of the British people has by many been attributed to the circumstance of their being so much mixed; and this will appear to have considerable show of reason, when we reflect that the Teutons and Celts are races so contrasted, that the deficiencies in one are almost invariably the prominent characteristics of the other—Teutonic perseverance and patience, and Celtic impetuosity and quickness of perception; Celtic social graces, and Teuton practical ability. Teutonic intellect is generally considered profounder and slower than the Celtic. The first people of the feudal days, in force of character and military prowess, was unquestionably the Normans. In the various countries of their conquests they exhibited a more enduring mental energy than the Celts, more mental activity than the Teutons, proceeding from their being a compound of the two races. In the present day,

the Provençals of France and the Catalans of Spain are the least unmixed nations of their respective countries, and both mentally and physically are certainly inferior to no other Spaniards or Frenchmen.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

A loud and laughing welcome to the merry Christmas bells!
All hail! with happy gladness, to the well-known chant that swells:

We list the pealing anthem chord, we hear the midnight strain,
And love the tidings that proclaim Old Christmas once again.
But there must be a melody of purer, deeper sound,
A rich key-note whose echo runs through all the music round;
Let kindly voices ring beneath low roof or palace dome,
For these alone are carol chimes that bless a Christmas home.

ELISA COOK.

AMIDST the disturbances of these agitated times, which have more or less affected every link in the chain of society, Christmas—merry Christmas—offers a delightful relief. With this high festival are associated joy, peace, and happiness. Those who have perhaps been separated during the rest of the year, meet then around the household altar, and thus a species of home religion is established which has a more beneficial effect than most people imagine. This social gathering creates and keeps alive bright sympathies in the heart—

'As 'mid the waste, an isle of fount and palm
For ever green'—

From time immemorial Christmas has been the most prominent festival in the calendar of 'man's devotion,' and in all Christian countries it has been hailed as a season of holy joy and gladness. In the primitive church no holiday was so marked by ceremonies.

On the three first Thursdays of December, young people went round to the different houses, singing in honour of the approaching anniversary, and wishing the inhabitants 'A merry Christmas and happy New Year,' upon which they were presented with fruit and money. Our modern 'Waits' are in imitation of this custom; they are not always 'most musical,' and but indifferent substitutions for the joyous carols of early times. In many country places there yet exists a custom for the village choir to visit the houses of the principal residents, and perform a selection of music relative to the season, when their vocal and instrumental powers are in full force; and although the sounds may not be quite in unison with a delicate ear, yet they are expressive of good-feeling and kindness of heart, and thus there is no small pleasure in listening to these rural musicians.

The Eve or Vigil of Christmas was formerly distinguished by various sports and observances, which commenced about eight o'clock in the evening, when hot cakes and ale were distributed, and carols were chanted. The singing was continued during the greater part of the night, whilst the Yule log and Christmas candles shed their cheerful glow in the lordly mansion and lowly cot. Although most of these antique customs have departed, burning the Yule log is still continued in some parts of England, more particularly in the north. Carol singing is of very ancient origin, and yet prevails on the Continent. In our island, the fashion is nearly discarded; where it is retained, it has lost much of its original character, and it is now confined to the humbler classes. Leland remarks, 'In the medall of the hall sat the deane and thos of the king's chapel, whiche incontynently after the king's furst course singe a caroll.' Instead of the psalms for Christmas day being read, it was customary, particularly during the evening service, for these festal hymns to be chanted, when the voices of the whole congregation were united, the clerk concluding by wishing in an audible voice, 'A merry Christmas and happy New Year' to all the parishioners. The earliest known collection of carols supposed to have been published is one of which the last

leaf bears that it was printed by Wynkin de Worde 1521. It is now in the Bodleian Library.*

In Queen's College, Oxford, it is customary for the boar's head to form part of the fare on Christmas day. It is decorated with a wreath of bays and rosemary, and a lemon is placed in the mouth. This dish is carried into the hall on the shoulders of two men, preceded by the scholars and taberders, one of the latter, who is considered to have the finest voice, singing the following carol, and all the members of the college assembled at dinner joining in the chorus:—

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot *sitis in convivio.*
Caput Apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us *servire cantio.*
Caput Apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In regiamis abito.
Caput Apri deferro,
Reddens laudes Domino.

There is an older version of this carol given by Ritson in his book of Ancient Psalms. This ceremony has reference to an antiquated story of a tabarder of Queen's College with a Greek Testament.

In the Isle of Man, an absurd and cruel custom formerly existed. After divine service on Christmas eve, which was performed at night, the people hunted and killed a wren, which they carried in much state to the church, and buried with many superstitious rites. In Spain, the festivities of Christmas eve in the olden times were not of a very decorous character. All the shops, stalls, booths, and warehouses were illuminated and crowded with visitors—it was a time of general merriment. Every one who could afford it provided a supper, which invariably consisted of rice-milk, a turkey, a large tart, sweetmeats, and the best wines, according to the ability of the entertainer. The company spent much of the night in dancing and private theatricals. Before their separation, a manger was represented, containing the Virgin and the infant Jesus, surrounded by Joseph, the shepherds, an ox and an ass. These were arranged on a little stage brilliantly illuminated. Some of these mangers were very costly, and frequently brought into Spain from Bohemia a short time before Christmas. During the celebration of midnight mass, the greatest license prevailed. The congregation pelted the priests with apples and chestnuts, the *seguedilla* was played, and at the conclusion of the service the *fandangos* was permitted. *Vallanceros*, or Christmas staves, set to the most popular airs, were sung; but they bore no semblance of devotion, and were performed in all the theatres during the first four weeks after Christmas. These unseemly and irreverent proceedings have, however, been discontinued for very many years. The Council of Braga, A.D. 563, strictly enjoined the commemoration of the Nativity, and directed anathemas to be pronounced on all those who did not duly honour this day of rejoicing. It was imagined by some, that as the Holy Child was born in a manger, the day should be kept in fasting and humility; but one of the Fathers observes, 'The contempt of the place was took off by the glory of the attendance and ministrations of angels.'

In the days of our forefathers, Christmas-day was that on which not only relations assembled, but the

* New Curiosities of Literature, and Book of the Months. By George Boane.

It was filled with retainers of every degree, their Christmas holiday; all partook of the feast, their lord, which was bestowed with no stint. Besides the ponderous baron of beef, the kid, venison pasties, and innumerable other dainties, the festive board was graced by a peacock, according to a manuscript in the possession of the Royal Society, was roasted, after which the feathers were replaced by a skillful *artiste*. This manuscript reads: 'Let hym (the peacock) coole awhile, and take some hym in hys skyn, and gilde his combe, and serve hym for the last cours.' The wassail bowl, whose merits are the theme of many an old Saxon ballad, was garlanded with holly and divers-coloured ribbons, and duly honoured by the 'goodly companie'; the evergreens which decorated the groined roof of the bannered hall.

'Looked down while pledging draughts were poured;'

and metheglin and hippocras went freely round. After the feast entered morris dancers, and the Lord of Misrule, with his attendants gorgeously attired, exhibited their 'merrie disports' amidst minstrelsy and mirthful sounds. Then followed the dance, in which moved in measured steps the stately dame and knightly cavalier. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 'brawls' were much in fashion. These were figure dances, in which Sir Christopher Hatton greatly excelled: to this circumstance, and to his graceful figure, much of his advancement in life has been attributed. Of this gentleman the poet Gray speaks in the following line:—

'My grave Lord-keeper led the brawls.'

Youth and age—rich and poor—all participated in the mirth attendant upon the season. It was truly a joyous time, and 'merriment was a matter of public concernment.' Huge logs blazed and crackled in the capacious chimney, and threw a bright glow over the old walls, wainscotted with black oak, which was almost hidden by the garniture of scarlet-berried holly and pearly mistletoe. A large piece of the latter was invariably suspended from the centre of the middle beam, beneath which many a young gallant saluted the blushing maiden, as she rested for a moment beneath the mischievous branch.

In the olden times, the festivities of Christmas were such, that a nobleman's establishment was considered incomplete unless it included persons whose only duty was to arrange them. The sovereigns of England were wont to celebrate this glorious anniversary with great pomp: the royal castle of Windsor has not unfrequently been chosen as the scene of princely mirth; more particularly in the earlier days by William Rufus, Henry I., and John, and at a later period by Queen Elizabeth.

The 26th of December still retains the old appellation of 'Boxing-Day,' from the practice of giving money to domestics and the servants of different tradesmen. The origin of these Christmas-boxes is rather obscure; but it has been accounted for in the following manner, which explanation is perhaps as satisfactory as any that can be obtained:—'The Romish priests had masses said for almost everything. If a ship went out to the Indies, the priests had a box in her under the protection of some saint; and for masses to be said for them to that saint, &c. the poor people must put something into the priest's box, which was not opened till the ship's return. The mass at that time was called *Christmas*; the box called *Christmas-box*, or money gathered against that time, that masses might be said by the priests to the saints to forgive the people the debaucheries of that time; and from this the servants had the liberty to get box-money, that they too might be enabled to pay the priest for his masses, knowing well the trick of the proverb, "No penny, no paternosters."

Christmas is observed at present in Norway and Sweden much as it used to be in England. In the for-

mer country, on the morning of the festal day, the roads are thronged with sledges conveying visitors to their destinations; and the bells, which decorate the harness of the hardy little horses, make a merry tinkling in the clear frosty air. The day begins with divine service. The churches are remarkable for all absence of architectural ornament, which accords well with the simplicity of the Lutheran form of worship. The congregations are large, and evince the greatest devotion in their demeanour. The service being over, relations and neighbours assemble at different houses according to invitation, where refreshments are partaken of before dinner. This luncheon consists of a variety of viands and liqueurs; for those ladies who prefer them, sweet cordials and confectionary are provided.

This preliminary repast is scarcely ended, before dinner is announced, and the guests meet at a table supplied with

—'All eatable, ookable things,
That e'er tripped upon trotters or soared upon wings.'

Between the courses national songs are sung, and many toasts are given; the burden of them being prosperity and happiness to all.

In the evening, five boys attired in white mantles enter; the tallest holding a coloured lantern shaped like a star, and another bearing an illuminated glass box containing two wax dolls, one of which represents the Virgin, and the other the infant Jesus in a cradle. A bit of candle is moved by machinery from side to side over the cradle, signifying the Star in the East which guided the magi to the feet of the 'Young Child.' During this exhibition a carol is chanted, explanatory of the mystery. Another band of masked performers then appear, dressed à la *militaire*; their uniforms are generally rather tattered from long service, and are profusely covered with tinsel. These masquers perform a pantomime, and various antic sports, for the amusement of the lookers-on: they always meet with a welcome at every house, and are hospitably entertained. After numerous diversions, the company are summoned to supper; that being over, and a short time spent in smoking by the gentlemen, and by the ladies in chatting, for cloaks, boots, caps, and gloves are in great requisition; and sledges fly swiftly over the snow, glittering in the bright moonlight, bearing happy guests from the mansion of their hospitable entertainers to their own homes.

The Swedes likewise are remarkable for their sociability: and at this celebration every one unites in promoting the festivities of the season, which much resemble those of the olden time in England, when mere feasting was not deemed sufficient, unless accompanied by an interchange of kindly feelings. The churches are crowded; the service commences at six o'clock in the morning; at the conclusion, the minister reads from a manuscript entitled *Personalia* the names of those who have recently died in the parish; he makes some comments on their good or bad deeds, and ends by remarking on the uncertainty of life, or some other equally impressive subject. The dwellings of all classes are thoroughly renovated, and the rooms littered with straw, in memory of the birthplace of our Saviour being a stable. Every comfort and luxury, as far as means will permit, are provided; and in the midst of their own rejoicing, the peasants never forget the inferior order of the creation. An almost universal custom exists amongst them of tying an unthrashed sheaf of corn to a pole, which they place in their gardens, or some spot contiguous to their dwellings, for the benefit of the birds, which always suffer severely from the inclemency of the weather at this season. These kind-hearted and hospitable people assign as a reason for this act of charity, that on this great anniversary all creatures should have the means of rejoicing afforded to them. Supper is on this day the chief repast, after which masked figures enter the room dressed in a grotesque manner; one carries a little bell, the other a large basket, containing a variety of presents, which are conferred upon the family and guests. Throughout Sweden, the hearty good-feeling

and cordiality with which this festival is observed extends to all classes, and is the admiration of foreigners.

In England, many ancient customs are falling into disuse—scarcely more than a shadow remains; yet, as far as is consistent with innocent mirth and harmless enjoyment, let us rescue them from extinction, and encourage their observance, and may the spirit of festivity ever accompany the feast!

'Beautifully and truly it is said "work is worship," and in like measure and like manner enjoyment is thanksgiving;' therefore these celebrations should not be observed merely from custom, but from respect to the advent they are intended to commemorate, and from the gratitude which the holy season should awaken; and as our household walls glisten with cheerful holly—

'Oh let there be some hallowed bloom to garland with the rest—
All, all must bring toward the wreath some flowerets in the breast;

For though green boughs may thickly grace low roof or palace dome,
Warm hearts alone will truly serve to deck a Christmas home!'

Saddened spirits there may and will be as each revolving Christmas-day bears witness to the loss of some long-loved companion, and when memory calls up the forms of the dead or absent; untold cares too may 'rule the hour which seems to belong to the mirthful present;' but generally it is a happy season, and rightly so. We conclude with a wish that the Christmas peal may never fail to arouse the best sympathies of our hearts, inducing those who are blessed with the good things of this life to seek to render it also a season of rejoicing for the poor and needy.

Column for Young People.

THE JACKAL.

'Oh, papa,' said a little boy one evening, in India, entering in haste into the drawing-room, 'will you take me upon your knee, for I love to sit there, and then I will relate to you my adventure of this afternoon!'

'Certainly, dear Johnny,' said Mr Smith, stroking the white curly head of his little darling. 'Come: now you have your place upon "Old Dobbin," as you call my two legs, pray proceed with your wonderful adventure.'

'Oh, papa, it was not wonderful. Did I call it so? If you give it that name, I shall think that you are making fun of me.'

'No, no, my pet,' said Mr Smith encouragingly. 'Let us have your narrative: you know that I like to hear all your little tales and stories; that I like to be your confidant; so prattle on, and you will find a patient and delighted listener in your papa.'

Johnny had regained his self-possession by this time, and thus proceeded:—'You know, papa, that my uncle at Hourah promised me a drive this evening, because I said my lesson in grammar to-day to mamma without a single mistake; so about six o'clock he passed our house and took me up. We certainly had a delightful drive of a mile or two; and I enjoyed the cool breeze upon my face; I even took off my bonnet, and let my curls fly about my head hither and thither; for in this hot weather there is no fear of catching cold. I saw several carriages and buggies with fine ladies and gentlemen, and the ladies looked quite cool and comfortable without bonnets, and their snow-white veils just thrown over their heads, fluttering in the breeze. Well, after we had seen all this, and passed some pretty houses, fine gardens, dark-looking groves, and tall cocoa-nut trees, we were about ten minutes' drive from home; and in the middle of the street was a mob collected; "Johnny," said uncle, "what can this be?" and he drew in his horse, and made him proceed slowly to where the people were. As we came closer, we heard a great chattering, and the crying of an infant. Uncle gave the reins to Sadoo the groom, who, you know, meets us always on our way home from driving, and for a short distance can keep up wonderfully with the horse, and we walked into the midst of the crowd.

"Well, my friend," said uncle, addressing an old

Brahmin, who was holding the squalling baby in his arms, "has any accident happened?"

"Yes, maharaz (or my lord): as 'I was in yonder grove plucking some wild flowers to strew upon the shrine of Mahadeo, I heard a plaintive cry of an infant, and lo and behold there was a thieving, prowling jackal dragging this child by the nape of the neck, and making all the haste he could to a hedge of Mysore thorn. See, here are all the marks of the rascal's teeth; and see also how he has made this tender cheek bleed. I of course made a great clamor, and brought around me a number of the neighbours, and we succeeded in rescuing the child; but who its unfortunate mother is we do not as yet know."

'The old man had scarcely stopped, when we saw a nice young woman coming up also. She approached, as we had done, from curiosity, and was carrying a *ghurrah*, or water-vessel, upon her hip. She almost covered her face, and respectfully asked the old Brahmin to let her also see the poor infant. But scarcely had she fixed her eyes upon it, when her *ghurrah* fell out of her arm, and broke into a hundred pieces; she rushed to the baby, pressed it to her bosom, beat her forehead, and began to cry out, "Why, oh why did I leave you? Oh my darling, my darling!"

"Be composed," said my uncle: "as you are the mother, the child is in good hands. Seat yourself, my good woman, upon the footboard of the buggy. I will drive you to my house, and we will do the needful for your child's injuries."

'So, after the mother and child were comfortably seated, away we drove; and as soon as uncle arrived at home, he sent for some warm water, and the child was carefully washed and dried, and uncle spread some plaster, and handed it to the woman.

"What am I to do with this, maharaz!—the baby cannot eat this!" We could hardly help laughing at her ignorance, although we were sorry for the baby; so uncle applied the plasters with his own hands; but the mother, although she seemed pleased and thankful, asked whether saffron and chunam or lime would not be better, as the Bengalees found that good for all sores and aches.

'Uncle smiled, and added, "Perhaps you may find my plasters better for once, my good woman; so continue them: and here is a rupee for you to buy a cradle and a piece of blanket; and do not again forget to close the door after you when you are obliged to leave your baby, and go to the tank for water." The poor mother seemed crying; she touched my uncle's feet with her forehead, and kissing and hugging her child, we watched her for a time as she slowly walked towards her hut amongst the neem trees.'

'Well, Johnny,' said Mr Smith, 'I must say you have told your adventure well and intelligibly; but you must not suppose now that jackals live *always* upon children: it is not often that they venture into the habitation of man to seize a living infant. A jackal is a great coward, and generally prowls about at night. Solitary jackals are constantly seen; but in the dark nights, as you know, they go in packs, and their cry is dismal. Much as we dislike these animals, they have their uses in creation. The jackal and the vulture may be reckoned the chief scavengers of our Indian clime; but for their voracious and unfastidious appetite, many a dead carcase would remain, giving out unwholesome evaporation, and make this land of fever and cholera more unhealthy than it already is.

'It was only the other day that I was breakfasting with Mr F—, when the head of the police came to report that some pilgrims had arrived from Benares in a boat, and as their homes were in one of the villages a little in the interior, they bivouacked under that tree where the butcher displays his meat, intending to go home the next day. Most of them found their way to the bazaars during the night, and but one poor, old, emaciated, careworn, moneyless pilgrim, lay down under that tree, never to rise again, for the jackals attacked the sick, feeble woman in the depth of the night, and almost nicked her bones clean. If she had been able

to bestir herself a little, she might have scared her voracious enemies away; but she seems to have been unable either to call out or defend herself.

'It occasionally happens that a jackal gets rabid; and not many years since, a number of the natives, who, you know, just lie down in these hot months in the open air, or in the sheds which serve as verandahs to their shops, were bitten, and got the hydrophobia; and although a reward was offered for the mad jackal, he was never caught nor killed. Jackals are, fond of fruit, and if they can get access to a garden, are troublesome, and will come and devour our melons and cucumbers; they like the peaches, too, for which they watch under the trees as the ripe ones fall to the ground. The jack-fruit is a particular favourite with them; and as that is a fruit which grows low on the thick branches and trunks of the trees, and occasionally at the very root, sometimes underground even, the jackal has frequently an opportunity of stealing a jack, or rather of sharing it with its lawful owners. Some of these fruits, you know, are a weight for a man, although the greater part do not weigh more than four or five pounds.

I daresay that the jackal is the animal which is spoken of in Scripture as the wild dog; for instance, those who ate up poor Jezebel's body: although the Parish dog of our land, a poor neglected wretch, almost a personification of danger, will greedily join in the same banquet with the vulture and jackal.

Jackals can be tamed; but this is but seldom attempted. A doctor in my regiment, I recollect, made a pet of one, having first killed its mother in a chase: she took to the earth, and three cubs were found by the sportsmen. This denizen of the wood was fond of sugar, knew his own name, and would come readily when called; yet he had none of the attachment of a dog, and eventually ran off to his wild work and warren.

The fox is frequently confounded with the jackal in India, but certainly not by the natives, who have distinct names for them. The Bengal fox never feeds on carrion, but is a clean, smart-looking little animal, about half the size of the jackal. I have seen a fox in the governor-general's park at Barrackpore so tame, that she had nestled under one of the bungalows, which was raised from the ground, and sued to make it dry, and produce a circulation of air underneath. This creature might be seen sneaking out of her shelter in the dusk of the evening, and giving out a kind of faint, pleasing bark; she would hunt for hours for crabs, grasshoppers, and crickets, which abound upon the beautiful sward. No one ever thought of coveting this fox's trash, Johnny: her life was held sacred, and I daresay the careful mother reared many a brood undisturbed under the protection of the Marquis of Hastings, the noble lord, perhaps, all the time ignorant who was sharing his favour. Now, my child, go and take your supper, and do not dream that a jackal is coming to carry off little Mary.

CURIOSITIES OF BOILING WATER.

The higher we ascend, the less the pressure of the atmosphere becomes, and consequently, being to a certain extent removed from its surface, water boils at a much lower temperature than below. Many remarkable facts are dependent on this, for the nutritious principles in many kinds of common animal and vegetable food cannot be extracted at a temperature lower than 212 degrees, therefore those who live in very elevated regions, such as the plains of Mexico, &c. are deprived of many luxuries which their more fortunate, because less elevated, neighbours are capable of procuring. This is rather remarkable as relates to the monks of St Bernard, who live at the Hospice on the Alps at an elevation of 8600 feet. They are obliged to live almost entirely on fried, roasted, and baked food, as water there boils at 203 degrees, which is an insufficient heat to extract the nutritious properties from the food which they procure. Hence that isolated community, situated at the boundary of the beautiful Swiss valleys on the north, and the fertile plains of Piedmont on the south, seem, as it were, cut off from participating in many comforts, from the simple fact, that they cannot make their boiling water so hot as that of their neighbours below.—*Isis's Desk.*

THE 'FRIEDHOF,' OR COURT OF PEACE.*

'SWEET sister, come, and let us roam away o'er the fine-arched bridge,
And gaze on the sparkling water beneath from the parapet's dizzy ridge;
Where the boats are sailing rapidly by, laden with fruit and flowers;
Away to the city behind the woods, where we see the tall dark towers.'

'No,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer;
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

'Come, come, let us hie to the free broad road—the folks are all passing that way,
With cheerful voices and gaily decked—for you know it is festival day.

The harps are twanging beneath the trees, and there's nothing save joy and singing;
And we shall hear o'er the valley lone all the bells so merrily ringing.'

'No,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer;
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

'There are whispering leaves down this green lane amid the elms and yew;
It is long and winding, but sweet, scents float to allure the god honey-bees;

It leads to the solemn, cloistered pile, and over the beautiful plain
Soft musical winds for ever sweep past, as if murmuring anthems strain.

'So,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

This brother and sister were parted wide; but when floating year rolled by,
He returned to his native land, to breathe a last and penitent sigh
Mid the obscured scenes of a roving life—in hat or nest gorgeous dome—

These words still haunted the brother's heart, and recalled the wanderer home:

'For,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

Home of the prodigal! rest for the weary! the path of the just below

Hath pleasures in store for returning sons that wanders now can know:

A day in the court of God's holy house is better than a thousand passed

Mid the vain world's show, and will onward lead to the court of Heaven at last.

'Thus,' said the girl with the golden hair,
Whose blue eyes spake of Heaven and prayer,
'I'd rather far to the Friedhof go—
The court of peace, where the lindens grow.'

C. A. M. W.

* Or, 'burial-place,' in German.

TRUE TOLERANCE.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help; were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at a man for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.—*Pope.*

KNOWLEDGE OF IGNORANCE.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance; for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and therefore he that can perceive it hath it not.—*Bishop Taylor.*

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FIRE-SIDE GAMES.

A SKETCH FOR CHRISTMAS-TIME.

Who does not love the hour between daylight and candlelight, the best of the twenty-four?—the hour of ruddy dusk round the fire, when the sense of home and its comforts is borne in most strongly upon the mind, when the business of the day is ended, and the pleasures of the evening begin. This hour, which is neither day nor night, when people can no longer see to work, and yet are reluctant to ring for light, is a sort of overture to the full concert of family harmony at and after tea. The curtains are not yet drawn, perhaps, and the last streak of day lingers about the windows; or perhaps it is frosty weather, and the shutters are already shut, and the ample curtains drawn close. The father of the family, tired with the toils of the day, leans back in his easy-chair on one side of the fire, and the mother sits opposite to him. The little ones toddle or run down from nursery and school-room; a shuffling of tiny feet is heard outside, and they peep in at the drawing-room floor to know if they may come in. In they come of course; and papa and mamma are assailed with caresses and questions; and then comes a heap of mighty trifles that have befallen the small fry during the past day. Elder sons or daughters crouch down on ottomans close before the fire, book in hand, to catch the flickering light from a noisy coal. Mamma conjures them not to try their eyes by reading at firelight. Oh, they have only a few more words to finish that paragraph, &c. No, no; it cannot be allowed; they must shut up their books, and make themselves sociable and agreeable to the cadets of the family. 'Yes, certainly!' exclaims one of these last; 'put away your tiresome books, and let us all sit round the fire and play. Shall we, mamma? Do let us, papa.'

Papa and mamma are very willing to consent; and the family circle is quickly formed. They begin with—Cross questions and crooked answers; 'I carry a basket;' or 'I love my Love with an A.' But these games are not sufficiently interesting to keep up attention long; and one of the company, in a kind of desperation, 'Forces a laugh.' 'Ha!' cries he, looking into his neighbour's face; 'Ha!' answers she instantaneously; 'Ha!' says the next as quickly; 'Ha! ha! ha!' say they all, one after another, like lightning, till the merriment, instead of artificial, becomes natural, and the forced laugh ends in a general roar.

Encouraged by this successful effort of genius, a little boy starts up from a footstool, and looking down upon an imaginary drum, seizes a couple of visionary drumsticks, and begins to beat the tattoo upon nothing. Another, darting out his left hand, moves his right swiftly across it, and thus discourses most eloquent music upon the violin; another converts his two

hands into a trumpet, which he blows with all his might; a young girl plays the Polka upon a phantom piano, while her sister strum-strums the back of a chair for a guitar; and even the papa, fired with the enthusiasm of art, but choosing an easy instrument, for fear of marring the concert, turns round a fictitious hurdy-gurdy *con strepito*. And all the while each of the band sings out while he plays—'Row-de-dow, goes the drum; twang, twang, goes the harp; toot, too, hoo, goes the horn; twee-dee dee, twee-dee dee, goes the violin; &c. till mamma stops her ears and the music.

These games are too uproarious to last; and so, as they are sitting quietly down to recover themselves, the youngest child picks up a very light feather from the carpet, and blows it to his neighbour. The latter, in turn, blows it from him; and although some are indignant at the trifling nature of the amusement, not one can refrain from giving the feather a puff as it passes; and at last, when a stronger breath makes it mount into the air, it is wonderful to see the keen eyes and pursed-up lips that await its descent, and the eager competition that at last sets the whole circle puff-puffing at the same time.

——— 'Ye smile,
I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while'—

but yet that feather, that enticing spirit of imitation, that puff-puffing, and that competition, might be the subjects of a homily too grave for Christmas-time!

A reaction, however, takes place. Some of the party (neither the youngest nor the oldest) are ashamed of having been betrayed into such silly enjoyment, and set themselves to recall to memory a newer and better game; one that requires more skill, and affords scope for the exercise of ready talent or an active memory.

'Capping verses' is an old game that seldom fails to please young people who have a good store of poetry in their heads. Then there is, 'What is my thought like?'—'How, when, and where did you find it?'—'Proverbs'—and others of the kind.

The best of these, as requiring most cleverness to play it well, is decidedly, 'What is my thought like?' This is still a general favourite; and some thirty years ago it was a very fashionable game among the highest classes. If, dear reader, you have been so intently occupied with the business of life that you have had no time to become acquainted with such things, ask the first girl of sixteen you meet how people play at 'What is my thought like?' and she will tell you all about it; and, unless you are a very dull individual (which we are loath to believe), she will make you competent to distinguish yourself in the game on the first opportunity. In the meantime, you may imagine that in a circle of young, old, or middle-aged persons—for the number of our years is of no consequence, if we have only sense enough to enjoy an individual's

ceived the important thought on which the amusement is to hinge. This thought he writes down in secret, and then demands peremptorily of the company, one by one, 'What is my thought like?' Who can tell what an unknown thought is like? One replies at random that it is like the table; another that it is like a lamp-post; a third that it is very like a whale; and so on; and when all have answered, the written document is produced, and the thought declared. It is then the business of each of the guessers, under pain of a forfeit, to prove the resemblance he has ventured to suppose; and it may be imagined that some merriment is produced by the striking contrasts and wild incongruities of the two objects. On one occasion, when a party in high life were deeply engaged in the game, the mystic thought, when disclosed, proved to be 'Lord Castlereagh.' How could Lord Castlereagh be like a table, or a lamp-post, or a whale? Plutarch himself, one would think, could not have told, capital as he was at parallels; but when Moore, who was among the players, was rigorously ordered to describe the resemblance between his lordship and the thing he had himself named—a pump—the whole company gathered round the poet, eager to witness his discomfiture. Thomas the Rhymer opened his oracular lips without a moment's hesitation, and replied—

'Because it is an awkward thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!'

But of all these fireside games, the most charming, fascinating, tantalising, and difficult to achieve, is the making of cento verses. *Bouts-rimés* is very easy indeed compared with it, and consequently far inferior to it as an art. In case our readers should not know what cento verses are, we will quote for their enlightenment the following passage on the subject from D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.' 'In the "Scribleriad" we find a good account of the cento. A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry, it denotes a work wholly compounded of verses or passages taken promiscuously from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several, and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided into two—one-half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere, but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeably to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. The Empress Eudisia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer, and Proba Falconia from Virgil.'

After speaking of such very elaborate performances, we are almost ashamed to offer our readers a few cento verses, the product of our own family circle. But as they may give them a moment's amusement, and will serve as an example of the kind of thing, we will set them down here:—

'On Linden when the sun was low,
'A frog he would a-wooloo go;
'He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer:
'None but the brave deserve the fair.'

'A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain;
'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;
'Guns and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
'Or who would suffer being here below!'

'The youngest of the sister arts
'Was born on the open sea,
'The rest were slain in Chevy-Chase
'Under the greenwood tree.'

'At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wings,
'And says—rememberance addening o'er each brow—
'Awake my St John!—leave all meaner things!
'Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!'

'It was a friar of orders gray,
'Still harping on my daughter;
'Sister spirit, come away
'Across this stormy water.'

'On the light fantastic toe,
'Othello's occupation's gone,
'Maid of Athens, ere I go,
'Were the last words of Marston.'

'There was a sound of revelry by night
'In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
'And comely virgins came with garlands dight
'To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego.'

'Oh! the young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
'An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he;
'A back dropping in, an expansion of chest,
'Far more than I once could foresee.'

Now I daresay it seems a remarkably easy thing to the reader to make a cento verse: we can assure him that it is often a very difficult thing to make a legitimate one; but then it must be confessed that it is extremely interesting and amusing to chase a fitting line through all the poets of one's acquaintance, and catch it at last. Any person who is anxious to try the difficulties of cento verse-making may do so, and greatly oblige us by finding a fourth line to the following. It has baffled our skill and memory many times:—

'When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
'And little to be trusted,
'Then first the creature found a tongue.'

But if it is difficult to make cento verses, it would seem likewise to be difficult to recognise them when made. We remember hearing John Galt express some dissatisfaction with the verdict of the Edinburgh Review upon his Five Tragedies, and more especially the one entitled 'Lady Macbeth.' This verdict, some of our readers may remember, went the length of a finding of insanity; and it is no wonder that the author was discontented, since the tragedy in question was, as he assured us, a cento from *Shakespeare*!

In making cento verses, when this is done as a game, the guiding association is the rhyme; but 'proverbs' exercise the ingenuity, and even require a certain degree of critical acumen. In the absence of an individual from the room, the party pitch upon some well-known proverb, and each person takes charge of one of the words it contains. When the one whose judgment is to be put to the proof re-enters, he is permitted to ask of each of the company a question on any indifferent subject that may occur to him; and in the answers, all must take care to introduce the word they have charge of. If these answers are ingeniously framed, and the proverb is of a reasonable length, the hunt for it is difficult and exciting; but very short proverbs are too easily discerned to afford much amusement. Let us suppose, for instance, that the one in question is, 'All is not gold that glitters.' In this case the words 'all—is—not—that' introduced into the respective answers give no clue; but if the person who undertakes 'gold' is not very careful to use it in such a way as to prevent its leaving any impression upon the memory of the questioner, it is easily connected with 'glitters,' and so 'the cat gets out of the bag' at once.

Some fireside games aspire to nothing higher than 'raising a laugh' by means of sheer absurdity. Of these the 'Newspaper' is perhaps the most amusing in practice, although but for this it would hardly be deserving of the dignity of print. The company, sitting in a semi-circle, assume various trades—such as that of a grocer, a cook, a draper, &c.; and when the reader of the newspaper—who usually selects an important despatch—pauses and looks steadfastly at one of the party, he or she must immediately help him out with one or two words relating to the particular trade adopted by the individual. The following reading, for instance, may take place:—

'Early in the morning the whole' (looking at one who instantly continues)—

Dinner-service

'Was in motion. Detachments from the suburbs had put themselves in'—

Vinegar;

'Armed citizens occupied the'—
 'Frying-pans ;
 'Others had taken possession of the'—
 'Cotton-balls ;
 'Planted the'—
 'Marrow bones ;
 'And surrounded the'—
 'Scissors.
 'All were prepared to'—
 'Break tumblers.
 'All the powder and lead which they found in the'—
 'Sugar hogsheads
 'Were taken. The entire Polytechnic School came out to'—
 'Make gingerbread ;
 'The students of law and medicine imitated the'—
 'Worked muslin :
 'In fact Paris appeared like a'—
 'Chopping block ;
 'All the shops were'—
 'Cut bias ;
 'And royal guards, lancers, Swiss, and'—
 'Teapots,
 'Were drawn up on all sides.'

'I love my Love with an A' has been for many years considered as the exclusive property of children and childish persons. Strange as it may appear, that childish game was once a fashionable pastime with grown-up people ; and people, too, belonging to lordly, court circles. Pepps, somewhere in his Diary, relates that he went one day into a room in Whitehall, which he supposed to be occupied by state officers transacting business, where he found instead a large party of the highest personages of the court in full dress sitting in a circle (*on the ground*, if our memory be not treacherous), playing with great animation at 'I love my Love with an A ;' 'which,' adds that shrewd, lord-revering prig, 'did amaze me mightily.' The two merriest persons in that uproarious party were, it seems, the young Duke of Monmouth, then a mere boy, and his still younger bride, Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch. Little did that light-hearted girl think of the melancholy fate which awaited her : of the cruel beheading of that beloved bridegroom, of the long, long years of dreary widowhood. Still less did she foresee that a poet of a later day would select her, in her lone retirement in 'Newark's stately tower,' as the fittest lady to figure in a romantic poem as the patroness of genius, 'neglected and oppressed.' But Scott's story might have been true, and the duchess might have listened to such a lay as that of the Last Minstrel, in the dim twilight, beside the great fire of the state-room at Newark ; and a better fireside amusement she could not have had, for music is the very best amusement for that delicious hour between day and night. A simple ballad, well sung, with or without accompaniment, is, after all, better than the best fireside game.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE names of the discoverers of voltaic electricity are yet fresh on the page of history, while their discovery is already effecting some of the most remarkable changes upon the condition of human society. It is not long since we began to speak by the electricity of the pile ; more recently we have learned to print, and later still to draw thereby ; and we do all this at distances as far apart as the opposite extremities of our land—although, in fact, with the necessary appliances, our communications might circle the earth. Now we are told that the same swift-flying and versatile energy is to turn our darkness into light, and to introduce little artificial suns or moons to illumine our dwellings : in other words, we are to have among our sources of artificial light, that produced by the electric fluid, or the Electric Light. As this beautiful invention has been submitted by the patentee to our minute inspection, we conceive that a notice of it, accompanied with a general

sketch of the subject, is likely, in our inventive era, to excite a lively interest among a large body of our readers.

The idea of producing artificial light by means of the electric energy developed by the solid and liquid elements of the voltaic circle, as combined in the varying forms of galvanic batteries, is not new. The celebrated and lamented chemical philosopher Professor Daniell, writes in his work on Chemical Philosophy—'When passing between two charcoal points, the duration of the disruptive discharge of the voltaic battery renders it the most splendid source of light which is under the command of art.' And in the works of most writers on this science, the dazzling intensity of the light produced by the method we shall have presently to describe is particularly noticed. The first practical exhibition of the electric light appears to have taken place in the year 1843 at Paris. For some time an ingenious person of the name of Acheveau had been making applications to different individuals of superior fortune and influence for patronage and support in the introduction of a new description of artificial light. Succeeding at length in obtaining a sufficiently large apparatus, and permission to make his experiments in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, the day was fixed, and a large number of persons—it is said four or five thousand—were present to witness the spectacle. The hour appointed was nine in the evening, and the apparatus was fixed on the base of one of the statues. All that was visible was a glass globe of about 12 inches diameter, with a movable reflector attached to it ; and a couple of wires descending from it to some galvanic apparatus at the foot of the erection. Until a little before nine o'clock in the evening all was in darkness, so far as the simple mechanism was concerned ; but the Place was illuminated with its usual complement of 100 large-sized gas-burners. The proper signal being given, the galvanic circuit was completed by the junction of the wires, and almost instantly the light of day seemed to burst upon the entire area. Although all the gas-lights were burning, they seemed in the glare of this new source of light to 'pale their ineffectual fires,' as in the pure daylight itself. A large number of them were then put out ; but the amount of light did not seem to be in the least diminished : at the distance of 100 yards it was possible to read moderate-sized print with great facility. The astonishment and applause of the populace were equally great, and the exhibition excited for some time much interest in the scientific circles of Paris. We believe that the scheme was afterwards taken up with a view to light the entire city of Paris by means of one vast light, to be called the 'artificial sun.' Owing, however, in all probability, to some defect in the mechanical arrangements of the light, the whole affair was dropped, and seems to have excited little or no attention until lately.

In the customary experiments of the laboratory upon the marvels of galvanic electricity, the phenomenon has long been familiar to us ; and the experiment is commonly made by attaching to the extremities of the wires of the galvanic apparatus a couple of pencils of charcoal pared to a fine point. When the points are brought into contact, and the circuit thus completed, the electric agency passes through with such intense activity as to kindle them, and they may then be gently withdrawn, when the beautiful appearance of a brilliant and dazzling arc of light is seen somewhat in this form—supposing the straight lines to represent the charcoal points, and the half-curve the arc of light —. The light is yet longer and more brilliant in a vacuum—a strong evidence that it is not due to any process of combustion. It is a remarkable circumstance connected with this experiment, that particles of the charcoal appear to fly from one pole, and to be carried over to the other. In some experiments made by an American philosopher, the one pole being charcoal, and the other plumbago, fused particles of the latter substance were transported to the charcoal point, which sensibly increased in length. It may save con-

fusion of ideas to state here, that we shall in the remainder of this article use the more correct expression *electrode*, when it is necessary to speak of the 'poles' of the battery. Some splendid experiments on this subject were made some time since at the Royal Institution. Possessing a battery power of the enormous number of 2000 plates, the experimenters were enabled to display some of the most brilliant results of galvanic energy. The stream of light in their case extended to the length of 4 inches; and the decomposing and incandescent powers of the instrument have rarely been equalled. Professor Daniell, with a combination of seventy of his beautiful batteries, produced a dazzling flame to the extent of an inch in length. Mr. Childsen has given an account of some of his experiments, which will be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' made with one of the most gigantic galvanic batteries ever constructed. The plates of this great apparatus exposed a surface of 32 square feet; there were twenty-one cells, the capacity of which was 223 gallons. Other experimenters have likewise been engaged upon this subject, but without bringing it to a successful practical issue. The principal difficulties have been—the want of a constant, equitable, and continuously-acting galvanic battery of sufficient energy, and of a form of mechanical arrangement by which the steadiness of the light and the unvarying distance of the gradually-consuming electrodes should be maintained. The recent invention of Messrs. Brett and Little, and the preceding one of Professor Daniell, have obviated much of the former difficulty, but the other remained untroubled until the present discovery solved the problem.

The electric light has recently been exhibited in several parts of London. It was first introduced, we believe, at the extensive rooms frequently employed for public meetings in Hanover Square. The rooms were, as usual, lighted with chandeliers of wax candles, with a considerable number of oil-lamps; the total amount of light being considered to be equal to 800 or 900 wax candles. On the lecture-table was the light apparatus, a rather elegant object, covered with a tall glass shade. All things being made ready, the galvanic circuit was completed, and in a few seconds the whole apartment was filled with such a blaze of diffusive light, as caused the now dimly-burning candles and lamps to assume the muddy and lack-lustre aspect they bear in ordinary sunlight. Every object in this large room was brightly illuminated, and as an assistant turned the light on and off at pleasure, the transition was as violent as from broad day to evening twilight. The paintings on the ceiling were displayed in a manner not often witnessed on one of our brightest London summer days; and, what was very remarkable, the tone of the colours was precisely similar to that which they are seen to possess in real daylight. All the delicate intershadings of the yellows, grays, flesh-tints, and even of greens and blues, were brilliantly defined, and in all respects conveyed the daylight impression to the eye. The light was about equal to that of 700 or 800 standard wax candles, yet a lady's bonnet might have covered the entire apparatus; and the actual source of light did not occupy an area of more than an inch in every direction, if so much. The rays were then concentrated by a powerful lens, and directed upon some pictures, which were placed for that purpose on the side of the room. The effect was as if a sunbeam had been snatched from the long-retired luminary himself, and thrown in all its pure radiance on the painted canvas: so brilliant was the illumination, that in the surrounding mirrors it was perfectly easy to see the pure colours of the pictures reflected as if by day. By means of a glass prism, a spectacle yet more beautiful was shown. This was the display of the *prismatic spectrum*, the entire number of the rays being present, and so brilliancy not to be distinguished from the same as shown by the decomposition of the true solar light. Perhaps one of the most striking displays of the character of the electric light followed. The electrodes

were immersed in a globe of water, and still the light continued gleaming forth in all its brilliancy. Those who are familiar with the oxyhydrogen light, and the peculiarly white, and somewhat intense light of the camphine lamp, might have felt doubtful of the result of a contrast with these, but the electric effulgence outshone both to a remarkable degree. It was stated at the time that a volume of light equal to that of 80,000 wax candles could be evolved by the apparatus from a square inch of actual illuminating surface. The light turned, to use in this case an expressive, but incorrect phrase, with great steadiness and uniformity for a considerable time, but with the interruption of a temporary flickering, arising from some metallic impurities in the charcoal electrodes. It was said that a light of from 1 candle to 100,000 might be obtained and sustained by this new system; and with regard to the cost of production, the light of 100 wax candles was obtainable at the rate of a penny an hour, or about, as it is stated by the inventor, one-twelfth less than the cost of gas for the same period, and producing the same degree of illumination.

Through the kindness of the inventor, we were permitted a private examination of the light apparatus, which we shall now proceed to describe. It consists of an upright stand, about 12 or 14 inches high, and 5 or 6 in diameter. The lower part is devoted, for about the height of three inches, to the necessary mechanism connected with the movements of the electrodes. This is covered with a brass plate, and the apparatus is concealed from view by being surrounded either with a casing of wood, or by entering into some part of an ornamental pedestal of an ordinary table-lamp. From the brass plate three curved pieces of iron rise, meeting at the top in the form of the ribs of a cupola. One of these is connected with one of the wires of the galvanic battery, and the electrode is held in contact with it and the others by little screws, being so placed as to hang like a pendant from the point where the three curves of iron meet. From the centre of this plate the lower electrode is seen to rise, carried by an upright piece of brass, which works up and down in the plate, so as to bring the lower electrode either nearer to, or to remove it to a greater distance from, the upper one; or, when necessary, to make both touch one another.

On removing the case, the simple and beautiful contrivances by which the electric-light problem is considered to be solved is exposed to view. It is a combination of electro-magnetic motion and clockwork. The latter is very simple. It consists merely of a spring-barrel, actuating a 'fly' to regulate its speed, and setting in motion a little wheel, near the circumference of which a small pin is fixed, which communicates an eccentric motion to a short bar, working in a straight slit in its upper part. What is required is to produce a movement of the lower electrode either up or down; but the clockwork movements are all in one direction—say from left to right, or so as to move the rod carrying the electrode upwards only. This rod is connected at its lower part with a rack, or toothed portion, into which a small ratchet-wheel works, which is placed on a horizontal axis, likewise carrying a toothed wheel of a larger size, so that when this horizontal axis turns round, the little ratchet-wheel raises or depresses the toothed rack, and consequently the electrode connected with its upper end. It is in the manner by which motion is communicated to this horizontal axis that the alternate rising or falling movement is effected. We have already mentioned the little eccentric wheel as in connection with a flat bar or lever, and thus communicating to the latter a movement from side to side. This lever has attached to its centre a little curved piece of brass, having a hook at each end, very similar in form to the part called, we believe, the 'escapement' of a clock pendulum, only with these remarkable differences—1st, That it moves on a little pivot, so as, by its being either raised or depressed, it

would bring one or other of its hooked extremities into the cogs of the toothed wheel on the horizontal axis; and 2d, That these hooks act in opposition to one another, so that when one falls into the cogs of the wheel, it causes it to turn round in one direction, and the other is raised up so as not to act; or when the other falls into connection with the same wheel, it pushes it round in the opposite direction, the hook which was formerly acting being now in its turn made inactive. Now, from this description, it becomes manifest that all we want, in order to send the electrode up or down, is some delicate contrivance which should cause this hooked piece to be either raised or depressed; for if we raise one of its hooked ends, the opposite one immediately works the wheel round one way; and drives the electrode up; while, if we raise the other, a precisely opposite result takes place, and the electrode falls. Here lies the grand secret of the apparatus, and it is here that the electro-magnetic motion of which we spoke comes into play, and not only holds in check, but, with absolute will, directs the movements of the entire portion of the rest of the apparatus. A delicate bar of thin metal is attached to this movable hooked piece which plays such an important part. According as this bar is raised or depressed, so does it either cause one or other of the hooked ends to drop into the teeth of the wheel, and so turn it round in one or other direction.

The last requisite is a motor power, by which this bar should be affected so as to produce whichever of these movements (up or down) is rendered necessary by the circumstances of the case. At one side of the portion of the stand in which this mechanism is contained will be seen a circular bar, around which a coil or two of copper wire is wound: this contains a bar of soft iron; and in its centre a little rod moves up and down, to the lower end of which a piece of iron is connected, and to the upper the bar moving the hooked piece of which we have spoken. Now when the current of electricity passes along the copper wire, it renders the bar of iron around which it is coiled a magnet,* and therefore capable of attracting the piece of iron at the bottom of the little upright rod. In so doing, the latter is made to rise; and in consequence the bar rises, and the hooked piece is raised at one end; this brings the clockwork into immediate motion, and the electrode is moved by it in one direction. Should the current become feeble, the piece of iron is no longer sustained by the electro-magnet, and the little rod falls, causing the bar to fall, and making the opposite hook now to act upon the wheel; so that the electrode is moved in precisely the opposite direction. Thus a beautiful principle of self-regulation is established; for as it is a law of the electric energy not to be able to leap beyond a certain distance from one electrode to the other, it follows that the greater the distance of separation, the greater will be the difficulty of the passage of the current from one electrode to the other; and thus a retarding power is exercised over the battery, which may be putting forth too much energy at the time. Should, however, the current become feeble, as has just been remarked, the soft iron bar ceases to be a magnet, the little rod drops, and the distance between the electrodes is lessened, until they may actually touch one another, thus facilitating the passage of the enfeebled current from one electrode to the other. The principle, in fact, is precisely that of the 'governor' invented by Watt for the regulation of the steam-engine; too much force and too little being equally made to regulate and counteract themselves. It is hoped this description of this most beautiful contrivance will be fully intelligible to all who will go carefully through it, endeavouring, as they read, to realise the things spoken of: but it may be some help to the mind to know that in some of the illustrated papers a very clear sketch of the apparatus

may be found, and deserves attentive examination. We believe that the application of the self-regulating principle, just explained, which must be considered among the most clever and mind-indicative mechanical ingenuities of our day, is the principal basis on which the patent right is founded.

The character of the electric light presents several remarkably interesting features, most of which belong to no other artificial light whatever, and assimilate it to that of the sun itself. Some of these have been already mentioned. The heat evolved is vastly disproportionate to the light produced, as may be conceived from the fact, that the lamp, when pouring forth a volume of light equal to 800 candles, did not emit more heat than that of one Argand lamp, equal to 6 or 7 candles. The light is independent of combustion; hence it neither adds to, nor takes from, the air of the room in which it is used; and this is sufficiently evident from the fact, that it is made to burn in a close reservoir. How great an advantage this must prove may be well imagined by those whose lungs have suffered from the products of gas combustion. It appears, in fact, to be a pure light of incandescence, and something more, depending upon a peculiarity of the electric energy; certainly incandescences alone will not account for the intense brilliancy of the light, nor, indeed, for other and more striking circumstances. The light has been displayed not only in air, and under water, but also in alcohol, ether, sulphuret of carbon, and in atmospheres of carbonic acid, nitrogen, and hydrogen. Strange to say, this extraordinary light reveals its kindred nature with that of day by its being found to possess those chemical powers of decomposition which are known under the name of actinism*. Preparations of silver, which turn black when exposed to daylight, blacken also in the glare of the electric effulgence; and the chemical union of the mixed gases, hydrogen and chlorine, has been effected by placing a jar containing them in the light of the lamp. These results must surprise every one, and we have scarcely a doubt that by their means some light will be reflected upon that obscure subject—the cause of solar light. The consumption of carbon in the electrodes is about half an inch an hour.

Among the advantages which it is said to be calculated to produce, the patentees say, 'It will be eminently valuable for lighthouses, railway stations, signal lights, dockyards, theatres, public buildings, &c.; for large shops where the exposure of delicate coloured fabrics is necessary; together with its application for the lighting of private houses, as it requires no ventilation, and can be put in operation anywhere at a comparatively small cost, and with perfect safety. The wires might be arranged as neatly as bell-wires. For lighthouses it deserves to be separately noticed, on account of the immense benefit of its penetrating and powerful character, the remarkable economy of its adoption, and the facility of working such a light by submarine wires from any station that might be selected, without the necessity of erecting a building exactly at the spot where the beacon may be required to be set up.' If these can be all realised, the discovery will indeed be a boon to science and to man of no ordinary kind.

In conclusion, there can be no question as to the immeasurable superiority of the light itself, in pure and brilliant lustre, and in far-penetrating power, it is comparable only with solar light. But it is equally certain that there are some arduous difficulties in the way of its adoption, particularly for in-door use. The tardy manner in which gas—a source of light so easy, and so readily intelligible to the humblest capacities—has been admitted into our houses, causes us to speak with circumspection as to the ingress of a new artificial light, absolutely demanding the sharp attention of a pretty clearly-informed mind for its permanence and power. In the case of carburetted hydrogen, all the trouble of

* The writer of this article here presupposes that the reader is acquainted with the phenomena of 'induced magnetism.'

the manufacture is spared us: on turning a tap, we have a perpetual light if we please without further trouble. This can never be said of the electric light, since each light requires a separate system of battery cells; and these must be looked after, cleaned, and renewed from time to time. On such points, however, experience will supply the best decision; and we sincerely trust it may be favourable. For signal lights, or for public illumination, as in large buildings, where it is an attendant's especial duty to look to the lights, we have little hesitation in expressing our hope and belief that this new and splendid light will eventually supersede every other.

THERE ARE FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

A TALE.

BY THE LATE MRS JAMES GRAY.*

PERHAPS there are no disagreements in which the contending parties are so hard to be reconciled as those designated 'family quarrels.' Why this is the case is a question involving a multitude of considerations, on only one or two of which we can briefly touch at present. It may proceed in some degree from the same principle on which is grounded the old adage, 'Familiarity breeds contempt.' 'He is my own relation; surely I have a right to advise him.' 'She is my cousin; it is hard if one cannot speak one's mind freely to so near a connection;' forgetting that the very indissoluble nature of the tie existing between the parties is, as in a marriage, an extra reason for that forbearance which should ever be practised between man and man. Again, there are often in families clashing interests, requiring the exercise of justice, kindness, and impartiality, to adjust them satisfactorily, and these qualities are by no means so common as some less amiable ones. No small portion of the quarrels in families begin from this source. But if family quarrels are bitter and vindictive, there is another less open species of warfare perpetually going on in some families, which is not so easily defined or even so easily reconciled. 'A shyness,' 'a coldness'—these are the terms by which it is designated; and it consists in a thousand little uncharitable acts and feelings, in which both parties are generally pretty equally to blame. The fact of who was the original aggressor, or what the aggression was, is lost in the distance; but each has a multitude of complaints to make of the other, and this continued unpleasantness is thus kept up and fomented by the commission of numerous faults on both sides. In illustration take the following true story.

James and William Bolton were brothers, residing in a flourishing manufacturing town—the eldest and youngest of a large family, the intermediate branches of which were scattered through the four quarters of the world. James, the elder, had also passed a good portion of his early life abroad, and returning to his native country with a considerable property, had been drawn by the strength of natural affection, first to visit, and secondly to settle in the locality where his only near relative now in England was already residing. William had been married for two or three years, and was the father of two children, a boy and a girl. He had married a lady of small ready-money property, which had been very useful to him in a business requiring a more extensive capital than he had himself possessed; and she, being what is usually called a 'clever manager'—a shrewd, active, domestic personage—it was considered that William Bolton had made an excellent match. Whether it was the sight of his brother's domestic happiness, or that he thought a house of his own would be preferable to the lodgings he now occupied, I know not, but before he had been at home many months, James Bolton announced to his brother that he was disposed to marry; and within a year after his return to Eng-

land, he led to the hymeneal altar a lady, not so young as to be denominated a girl, yet scarcely so old as to be reported of a certain age. Mrs William Bolton, who, for various reasons, was not fully satisfied with the match, was quite sure that five years might without injustice be added to the thirty the lady owned to, and wondered she did not wear caps. 'It would look so much more respectable, my dear, considering your brother's age,' as she remarked to her husband.

Be this as it may, in the course of a few years Mrs James became the mother of a numerous and thriving family, whilst Mrs William's, with the addition of a little girl, born in the same year with Mrs James's second, remained unenlarged. But by the time ten years of matrimony had gone over the head of the elder brother, one of the *shynesses*, the *unpleasantnesses*, so unaccountable, so apparently incurable, to which I alluded in the beginning of this story, had arisen between the families, and seemed rather to increase than to diminish with each succeeding year. Not between the brothers: their affection was undiminished; their greetings as kind and cordial as ever. But they seldom met; and, as if secretly conscious of the disunion amidst the allied powers, never alluded to the circumstance.

Mrs William Bolton was indeed a curious compound. She was, as we said, shrewd, managing, and active; she was tolerably well informed; had been a good daughter to infirm parents, was an affectionate wife, and a doting mother. Besides this, she had a kind and warm heart, and would have given, to use a common expression, the very clothes off her back to succour the distressed for whom her feelings were interested. But she was full of prejudices, social, moral, and political, and given to express herself on many occasions far more strongly than the occasion warranted: this she called an honest speaking of her mind, while many considered it as rude and abrupt. She was of a good family; her husband, indeed, was the only trader in it; they had all been in professions before; and she had rather a lowering idea of trade. She kept little company—*first*, because she said a woman who had a family to look after had something else to do than gad about; *secondly*, because there were few in her own sphere whom she liked well enough to put herself out of the way to visit; and she had not the least idea of any duty she owed to society, which should make her spend her time with those she did not care for. There were, however, a chosen few, who ran nearly parallel to herself in prejudices, which they dignified with the name of *principles*; and these formed almost her only associates. Mrs James Bolton she never liked: her father, it turned out, had been a pawnbroker; and Mrs William affected a charitable hushing-up of the circumstance whenever it happened to be alluded to, while at the same time she indulged in many a strong hint at *upstarts* and low-born people while in the presence of James Bolton's family—especially the elder children, who being, poor things, in blessed ignorance of their mamma's origin, could only vainly wonder at their aunt's vehemence. Then Mrs James was accused by Mrs William of being thoroughly idle; and that she was of a less active turn than her sister-in-law, nobody could deny. She was a fair, plump, composed-looking dame, who took the world easily, trusted to washerwomen to darn stockings, and to servants to dress her children; and in the midst of a domestic Babel, which Mrs William would have talked and commanded into worse confusion in no time, might often be seen quietly lounging on a sofa, with her mind engaged with the last new novel. Then both James Bolton and his lady liked to keep a more sumptuous table than Mrs William approved of; were fond of high-seasoned dainties, and so forth; and Mrs William chose to set them down as gluttons. 'I really dread asking your brother to dinner, my dear,' Mrs William would remark; 'one has to be so particular, and make such a fuss.' Now the truth was, that some soup, a good joint of meat, and a pudding, would have furnished

* This paper is communicated by Mr Gray.

quite a sufficient dinner for the occasion, and all parties would have been satisfied; but Mrs William made her fatigue evident, as she sat down at the head of her well-furnished board. The children, as little children, played together, but, with the singular instincts of children, soon felt the coldness of their parents extending to themselves. Indeed their mammas did not spare their invectives on each other's progeny before their own. Mrs James pronounced Mrs William's the rudest and most forward brats in the universe; Mrs William thanked Heaven her children were honest and independent—she would not have them so artful and deceitful as their cousins for the world.

As the families grew up, matters did not mend, for the daughters (Mrs James had four to Mrs William's two) were as distasteful to the latter as ever the mother had been. 'Empty, affected, artful creatures,' Mrs William designated them: 'to be sure what better could be expected from their bringing up?' Now the four Misses Bolton were neither better nor worse than the generality of young ladies: they were moderately good-looking, moderately accomplished, reasonably fond of each other, and delighted in gaiety, and dress, and beaux. Here Mrs William had a great triumph: her Jane was decidedly beautiful; her Millicent pretty and extremely clever—the only blot in her mother's eyes being, that she seemed to love her aunt, her uncle, her cousins, and all her relations next to her own parents, with the most perfect and child-like confidence; and they loved her. Millicent was as completely a family pet as ever was heroine of romance. She seemed to have come into the world without a spot in her mind where pride or prejudice could grow—loving her parents, her brother and sister supremely, yet with love enough to extend to all besides: a lovely, happy, loving creature indeed was little Milly Bolton.

Jane, the elder sister, was even more beautiful; her mind was well cultivated; her manners elegant; her nature extremely affectionate. But she inherited much of her mother's prejudice and pride, and in her the family dislike did not seem likely to be softened. Jane was exceedingly polite to her cousins, and was by them treated with politeness in return; but little, loving Milly was their idol. If their mother would have permitted it, they would have had her amongst them every day, and all day long; but Mrs William was always ready with an excuse to prevent her going amongst them; and they delighted to tease their aunt by showing her every possible preference over her own pet Jane.

As the families advanced in age, new opportunities for difference and mutual censure arose. The four 'Misses Bolton' of the Priory—I should have said before that, some years previously, James had purchased a house and garden in the outskirts of the town which bore that dignified epithet, though the new mansion, built on the site of an old monastic ruin, had as much resemblance to a priory as a county jail—the four Misses Bolton were all dressy, showy girls, inclined to be gay, and often as circumstances would permit enjoying a ball, enraptured with a pic-nic, and flirting merrily when opportunity offered. Mrs William did not allow dangers at her house; and when young gentlemen came there, it was not to sit by her daughters' work-table, or hang over their harp: they came to dinner or tea, and saw the young ladies only in her presence. Some girls might have felt this as a restraint, but Mrs William's daughters did not. Jane had been so completely trained in her mother's way, and so thoroughly inherited her spirit, that she would have wished no other arrangement had a choice been allowed her; and besides that Millicent would never have dreamt of a rebellious thought, her heart was so far preoccupied by an unconscious love of her cousin Charles Bolton, the eldest of the Priory flock, that she cared very little for any other. Her Cousin Sophia was her chief friend, a circumstance causing a good deal of annoyance to Mrs William, who, however, strove to counteract the influ-

ence of 'that giddy Sophia' by keeping Milly as much as possible away, and never allowing her to join in the parties which included her cousins when she could prevent it. She saw nothing of Milly's innocent attachment to Charles, for Charles did not like his aunt, and seldom visited her; but she was by no means blind to that which her own son Henry had formed suddenly and unexpectedly for Sophia. Henry had been absent from home except at short intervals; and having completed his college course, came home, as it seemed to Mrs William, just to fall in love with Sophia, whom, of all the four Boltons, she disliked the most; but the young man was headstrong, and she knew too well the danger of open opposition to his will. She contented herself with making little cutting remarks, and passing censure on Sophia whenever opportunity offered; a course of conduct which sometimes elicited a laugh from her dutiful son when he was in a good humour—when in an ill humour, a surly contradiction. Meanwhile Sophia, who delighted to tease her aunt, encouraged Henry's attentions on all occasions, still declining to enter into a positive engagement with him, on the grounds that she was aware his mother disliked her—that she was above forming a clandestine engagement—that she never would marry into a family where she was not a favourite, &c. adroitly managing at the same time to keep the young man in play, so that if nothing better should offer within a reasonable time, he would still be a *dernier resort*. Though silent on the subject to her son, Mrs William exercised no such restraint amongst the few chosen friends to whom we have before alluded, representing Sophia as an artful girl, who, under the guidance of a designing mother (poor Mrs James), had entrapped the affections of her beloved son. She forgot, in the heat of her anger, that, all things considered, the match would be a pretty equal one—that Sophia would have a small fortune; that Henry's expectations were not so brilliant as to make him a peculiarly desirable match.

To Mrs William's mingled delight and vexation she was soon delivered from her fears regarding her son; and she was annoyed at having to confess they were groundless. A coldness took place between the parties, arising in the attentions of a certain Mr Aldred to Sophia; and at length her public engagement to him being announced, put an end to one source of Mrs William's uneasiness. Mr Aldred was neither very young nor very handsome, nor was he immensely rich; but as Sophia was five-and-twenty, and not strikingly handsome, and as no other eligible offer just now shone in the horizon, she, and her mother, and her sisters, agreed in full conclave that he might do, and Sophia accordingly became his wife. A very good, obedient wife she made after all, to a somewhat exacting and fretful husband; but as he allowed her to dress as handsomely as she pleased, and, while he sometimes grumbled at her gaieties, did not prevent her entering into them, she, not being troubled by any very killing sensibilities, managed to get on with him quite as smoothly as she could have expected to do.

Meanwhile Jane Bolton had attracted the regards of a young man of good family, who had lately entered into partnership with her father; and as he was a great favourite with her mother, somewhat aristocratic in appearance, and exceedingly in love, the lady surrendered, on condition that two years should be permitted to elapse before they were married. 'My daughter,' said Mrs William, 'is not in such a hurry to make sure of her lover as certain young ladies she could name. She would not disgrace herself as some young ladies would do, by engaging themselves one month, and marrying the next.' But just at this crisis a new turn was given to the attention of the family in all its branches, by the receipt of letters from abroad, which informed James and William Bolton that their brother Charles, who had resided in Spain from his boyhood, and having married the daughter of a resident English merchant who had settled there, was

dead; and that his widow and her only daughter intended to go to England early in the ensuing spring, that the latter might make the acquaintance of those relatives, to whose care she would naturally be assigned, should the decease of her mother, who was in delicate health, leave her otherwise unprotected. Letters of condolence and invitation were written, and despatched by both the family at the Priory and at William Bolton's; and it was already beginning to be matter of dispute and jealousy as to which invitation she would accept, or which family she would visit first, when an end was put to the controversy by the receipt of further letters from the widow, who, after warmly thanking her relatives for their kind invitations, declined them *in toto*. 'If my friends will kindly exert themselves to procure me a small furnished house or comfortable lodgings, I shall be truly obliged to them; but as I feel that I shall have a better chance of securing their affections thus, than by becoming an inmate with either, I feel more at liberty to do as I please; and believe me, the habits of an invalid, to say nothing of those of a foreigner, do not add to the comforts of another person's establishment. I shall, on my arrival in London, which will be next month, wait there until I hear that such lodgings have been procured for me.' Here, again, was farther cause for rivalry and disagreement. Aunt Helen had not appointed either branch of the family to act as her agents in the matter, but left it amongst them, thinking, doubtless, good easy women, that all would unite in endeavouring to find out the most comfortable *localité* for her and her daughter. What heartburnings, what stifled bickerings, were occasioned by her omission! Mrs William and Jane discovered spacious and airy lodgings; the very thing for the widow, so cheap too! The Priory mistook it for a loss of a cottage half a mile beyond their own the present and sweetest place possible in summer, and with no disadvantages to speak of—a stagnant pond, a want of proper furniture, and so forth excepted; these seeming to be but trifling drawbacks. In this emergency, fortunately, James and William did for once exert themselves—found a more eligible house than the young ladies, and jointly supplied what was wanting in furniture; and as the lady had declined their offered hospitalities, agreed to pay the rent between them, should it appear, on investigation, that the circumstances of the widow would render such attention acceptable.

The widow arrived in London; and her request that all would be assembled at her new home to receive her on a certain day, as she wished to make the acquaintance of all her husband's relatives at once, settled another delicate question of precedence, which had already begun to agitate the fair breasts of the contending parties. Even to the last moment the spirit of rivalry prevailed; both parties brought to the house certain necessary articles of provision; both went over all the rooms to see that nothing was omitted which ought to have been provided; and neither would for one moment, or in one particular, trust to the other!

Mrs Charles Bolton, or Aunt Helen, as we shall call the new-comer, was one of the most prepossessing and lovely beings that could well be imagined. She had been married at sixteen, and her present age was not more than six-and-thirty. Her exceedingly slight figure, fair skin, and blue eyes, made her appear still younger; and she looked far more like the sister than the mother of the beautiful girl who, in all the bloom of early womanhood, stood by her side. The deep mourning habits of the strangers, and the circumstances that dark hair and eyes predominated in the other members of the family, rendered them still more striking. Yet though no studded dress or attitude would have made them more picturesque, the Widow Bolton and her daughter were the least affected and the simplest of human beings. They had lived much alone, and were friends and companions from the hour of Madeline's birth; for Aunt Helen's own connections abroad

were all either dead or dispersed. The gentle stranger, born of English parents, had little in common with the ladies of Spain; and in her husband and daughter Aunt Helen had found her world. She had read much for she had undertaken, with some small assistance from masters, the education of her daughter herself; and teaching, had been herself taught. She drops into the little world of her English relatives, with all their bickerings and jealousies, like a creature from another sphere, prepared to love them all; and yet so simple, so guileless; so free from prejudice, that she might have put them to shame, as the presence of an angel would have done. They could not differ about Aunt Helen. They had only to admire, and wonder, and love, both her and her gentle loving girl, whose blue eyes looked as if asking to love her. Wonderful to say, for at least six weeks after her arrival at W—, Aunt Helen gave no cause of offence to either party by any apparent preference for the other. The Priory misses, indeed, monopolised Madeline a good deal; but Mrs William was charitable enough to say that Madeline was not in fault. 'They had more idle time,' she said, 'than Jane; and a poor simple girl like Madeline was not likely to see what they were, so long as they flattered and were kind to her.' She really did wonder, however, at her sister-in-law allowing Madeline to be out so much with them—girls who were always showing themselves in public walks, and laughing, and flirting. She would soon tell Helen her mind, if it were not that she decided to make mischief. But never mind, she would find them out by and by. 'I wonder,' quoth Mrs James, 'how my sister-in-law can find pleasure in having that disagreeable Jane there so often? Over, indeed! Well, I suppose Jane is clever; but Helen is so well informed herself, I should not think Jane could teach her much.'

Twelve months passed by; and by the end of that time the widow's eyes were opened, not to find out the peculiar faults of each party, but to see and wonder at the ill-feeling that, without any real cause, existed between them.

'My dear Mary,' said she to the second hope of the Priory, exalted by her sister's marriage to the title of *Mrs Bolton*—'my dear Mary, why do you speak so slightly of dear Jane? And I cannot think you treat your Aunt William with all the respect due to her from her relationship. Excuse me speaking of these things—there is evidently something wrong amongst you. As a relation, and a truly interested friend, may I inquire the cause?'

'Oh, Mrs William and her family know best: we have never given them any cause of offence. But mamma says, from the time of her marriage, Aunt William never seemed to be fond of her; and I suppose, for that reason, mamma did not like her. We never were favourites with her from childhood; and I do not see why we are to submit to be trampled on.'

'Nor I either; but I do not find that there has been any attempt to trample on you. Pray, my dear, did you or yours ever attempt to conciliate your aunt and cousins?—did you ever pass small slights? Strive not to be apt to imagine offences; and if offences were really offered, strive to return good for evil.'

Mary reddened; but she made no reply for some moments. At length she said, 'I am sure we have done as much to conciliate my aunt and Jane as they could expect—more than they ever did for us.'

'Perhaps so, my dear; but one person doing wrong is no reason why another should do so also. I have for some time past been making my observations on what has been passing around me; and with sorrow I have seen the disunion of tempers existing amongst the members of my beloved husband's family. I do not say that your coldness of feeling amounts to hatred—God forbid! I am sure if either family were ill, or in deep affliction, all this outer current of ill-will would give way, petty bickerings be forgotten, and the kindest aid and sympathy be given and received.'

'Jane, my dear girl,' said Aunt Helen a few days afterwards to her elder niece, 'why do you so obstinately refuse to join the Priory party to Eldwood; yet when Helen invited you, you coldly declined? It cannot be that you have any objection to a water-party, because you went to Forley with the Beasfields the other day.'

'I don't care about going,' said she, bridling up. 'I don't care to go, except with one or two chosen friends like the Beasfields. I don't see why I should put myself out of the way to go with people who don't want my company, and who only ask me, I do think, that they may take offence at my refusing.'

'Then why refuse? If I were in your position, I would put myself very much out of the way, if necessary, to accept the invitation.'

'What! when I knew they would rather be without me?'

'But, Jane, it is in your own power to make them rather be with you. Why, dearest, in the society of your nearest relatives, are you so constrained, so cold, so silent?' 'I can bear witness that you can be the most agreeable companion when you choose: you have stores of knowledge; you have natural wit; you have powers of pleasing and amusing which need only be exerted to make you as desired as you could wish. Go to this party; sling off constraint and hauteur; be natural; be willing to please; and, above all, instead of taking offence, be blind to any real or imagined affront that you may think you perceive. Do this once or twice, and believe me the effect will be magical.'

'But, my dear Aunt Helen, do you not see it would be useless? Do you not see that my cousins hate me?'

'You are mistaken, Jane; they are only annoyed by your evident disdain, and naturally so: still I do not bear them harmless. *There are faults on both sides*; and I never knew quarrels, disputes, or coldness yet in which, on investigation, such did not appear to be the case.' But Jane would not promise to go to Eldwood, and the Priory party would not ask her again.

'Let her promise you, Aunt Helen, that the invitation shall be accepted, and it shall be given,' said they.

'Let them ask me, and then they will have my answer,' said Jane. So, for want of a little concession on either side—for Jane had half resolved she would go to Eldwood if the second invitation were so worded as to please her—the opportunity was lost, and Jane said to her Aunt Helen, 'You see they did not want me: they would not ask me again for fear I should accept.'

'Nay, Jane, for fear you should refuse,' said her aunt. But Jane shook her head, and was incredulous.

By this time Aunt Helen's visit had extended to double the term she had originally intended, and her medical attendant advised her to return to Lisbon, at least for the winter, as a second sojourn in England during the cold weather would be likely to prove exceedingly injurious to her health. But before she went, she made a last effort to promote harmonious understanding amongst them all. She invited them to a farewell-dinner in her cottage, and they could not refuse to meet there on so peculiar an occasion. Marvellously civil were all the guests to each other during that evening; but still Aunt Helen saw, with deep regret, that her presence and the occasion of their meeting were the only causes of this cessation of covert hostilities. Even then Mrs James was secretly sneering at Mrs William's plain black dress, and Mrs William thought in her heart that, at Mrs James's time of life, a cap with a plainer trimming than pink satin and blush roses would be more becoming.

I need hardly pursue my story farther: still I am conscious that it wants that charm to most readers of such tales—a catastrophe. However, I may add, in conclusion, that my picture has been drawn from life, and that my object in thus tracing it has been more for instruction than amusement. These little daily feelings of unpleasantness, these chains of ill-natured feelings, are frequently far harder to be overcome than a down-

right quarrel with a good palpable bribe. In the one case there are so many small offences, so many trifling annoyances to be remembered and forgiven, so many perpetually-recurring temptations to vex the easily offended; that before we can so far overcome ourselves, there must of necessity be a severe self-discipline—a willing of pride, combined with a real wish to do at peace and live in harmony with all—a yielding and forgiving spirit on our part, before this can be accomplished. That such a line of conduct is as much out of interest as our duty, must be evident to all who will consider the subject in its true light, and particularly in all such cases where the offence is one so palpably unnatural, and where the faults are so plainly on both sides.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

MR MACAULAY, in addition to his distinction as a senator and minister, enjoys that of the most brilliant article-writer of his day; and this is no small literary distinction, considering the importance which now belongs to periodical literature. He has at length fairly ventured on one of those massive tasks which may still be considered as a more effective trial of literary genius and skill—the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.* have just appeared. The limitation as to time may be presumed to imply, what most people will be ready to acknowledge, that the earlier portion of our national history is chiefly interesting as merely a romantic narrative, and that it is only towards the close of the seventeenth century that we find in it any decided bearing upon modern politics, social economy, or even the national character, as now exhibited and understood. For this period, we possess certain histories, which, overlooking the few final chapters of Hume—can only be considered as so many pieces of literary journeyman-work; we have, besides, the *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht* by Lord Mahon, which, though graceful and intelligent, is yet far from satisfying the requirements of the case. We are therefore glad to find a man of such qualifications for historical narration as Mr Macaulay, taking up this duty: partial his work must necessarily be, but that it will be instant with the vitality of genius, and written from an abundance of information unexampled, no one can doubt.

He commences with a brief and rapid sketch of the history from Elizabeth downwards. Unremitting towards the Stuart, as might be expected, it will be found considerably less kindly towards Cromwell and the Puritans than Mr Carlyle. It is scarcely worth while, on so limited a field as this, to attempt criticism; yet we cannot refrain from the remark, that the errors of royalety are generally ascribed by the author to the worst causes, while those of the popular party are treated with a transparent disposition to excuse them for the natives' sake. For example, after a mild exposition of that violence of the Whigs at the time of the Popish Plot and Exclusion Bill which led to the subsequent Tory reaction, it is curious to find on such a sentence as this respecting Charles II.:—'Unfortunately for himself, he was induced, at the crisis, to adopt a policy which, so ends such as his, was singularly judicious.' Yet it has been well remarked, that a detested dynasty stands but poor chance of getting its deserts from the historian. Why is there no accomplished person of sufficient gallantry to try to do for the losers in the political game of that age, the simple justice of displaying not merely their faults and misfortunes, but the circumstances and temptations, so perilous to honesty and judgment, amidst which it was their fate to act? It is yet too soon, we suppose, for such a duty being undertaken.

With so little space at our command, it is impossible that we should lead our readers into anything but the most partial acquaintance with Mr Macaulay's volumes. We are anxious that the few quotations we can make should present to full advantage the large information

and artistic skill under favour of which the work is executed. We shall commence with a portion of Mr Macaulay's view of William of Orange's character, including a trait of genuine natural friendship in a sphere of life where it is not generally looked for. William 'was born with violent passions and quick sensibilities: but the strength of his emotions was not suspected by the world. * * * Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. * * * Highest in his favour stood a gentleman of his household named Bentinck, sprung from a noble Batavian race, and destined to be the founder of one of the great patrician houses of England [Portland]. The fidelity of Bentinck had been tried by no common test. It was while the United Provinces were struggling for existence against the French power that the young prince on whom all their hopes were fixed was seized by the small-pox. That disease had been fatal to many members of his family, and at first were, in his case, a peculiarly malignant aspect. The public consternation was great. The streets of the Hague were crowded from daybreak to sunset by persons anxiously asking how his highness was. At length his complaint took a favourable turn. His escape was attributed partly to his own singular equanimity, and partly to the intrepid and indefatigable friendship of Bentinck. From the hands of Bentinck alone William took food and medicine; by Bentinck alone William was lifted from his bed and laid down in it. "Whether Bentinck slept or not while I was ill," said William to Temple with great tenderness, "I know not. But this I know, through sixteen days and nights, I never once called for anything but that Bentinck was instantly at my side." Before the faithful servant had entirely performed his task, he had himself caught the contagion. Still, however, he bore up against drowsiness and fever till his master was pronounced convalescent: then, at length, Bentinck asked leave to go home. It was time: for his limbs would no longer support him. He was in great danger, but recovered, and as soon as he left his bed, hastened to the army, where, during many sharp campaigns, he was ever found, as he had been in peril of a different kind, close to William's side.

'Such was the origin of a friendship as warm and pure as any that ancient or modern history records. The descendants of Bentinck still preserve many letters written by William to their ancestor; and it is not too much to say that no person who has not studied those letters can form a correct notion of the prince's character. He whom even his admirers generally accounted the most distant and frigid of men, here forgets all distinctions of rank, and pours out all his feelings with the ingenuousness of a schoolboy. He imparts without reserve secrets of the highest moment. He explains with perfect simplicity vast designs affecting all the governments of Europe. Mingled with his communications on such subjects are other communications of a very different, but perhaps not of a less interesting kind. All his adventures, all his personal feelings, his long runs after enormous stags, his carousals on St Hubert's day, the growth of his plantations, the failure of his melons, the state of his stud, his wish to procure an easy pad nag for his wife, his vexation at learning that one of his household, after ruining a girl of good family, refused to marry her, his fits of sea-sickness, his coughs, his headaches, his devotional moods, his gratitude for the Divine protection after a great escape, his struggles to submit himself to the Divine will after a disaster, are described with an amiable garrulity hardly to have been expected from the most discreet and sedate statesman of the age. Still more remarkable is the careless effusion of his tenderness, and the brotherly interest which he takes in his friend's domestic felicity. When an heir is born to Bentinck, "He will live, I hope," says William, "to be as good a fellow as you are; and if I should have a son, our children will love each other, I hope, as we have done." Through life he continues to regard the little Bentincks with paternal

kindness. He calls them by endearing diminutives; he takes charge of them in their father's absence; and though vexed at being forced to refuse them any pleasure, will not suffer them to go on a hunting party, where there would be risk of a push from a stag's horn, or to sit up late at a riotous supper. When their mother is taken ill during her husband's absence, William, in the midst of business of the highest moment, finds time to send off several expresses in one day with short notes containing intelligence of her state. On one occasion, when she is pronounced out of danger after a severe attack, the prince breaks forth into fervent expressions of gratitude to God. "I write," he says, "with tears of joy in my eyes." There is a singular charm in such letters, penned by a man whose irresistible energy and inflexible firmness extorted the respect of his enemies, whose cold and ungracious demeanour repelled the attachment of almost all his partisans, and whose mind was occupied by gigantic schemes which have changed the face of the world.'

It seems that for the nine first years of his married life, William brooded in silence over the prospect of being subordinate to his wife, in the event of her attaining the English throne. It caused an unhappiness between the pair, of which Mary could not divine the cause, till the officious good-nature of Burnet disclosed it to her. 'Burnet, with many apologies, and with solemn protestations that no human being had put words into his mouth, informed her that the remedy was in her own hands. She might easily, when the crown devolved on her, induce her parliament not only to give the regal title to her husband, but even to transfer to him by a legislative act the administration of the government. "But," he added, "your royal highness ought to consider well before you announce any such resolution; for it is a resolution which, having once been announced, cannot safely or easily be retracted." "I want no time for consideration," answered Mary. "It is enough that I have an opportunity of showing my regard for the prince. Tell him what I say; and bring him to me, that he may hear it from my own lips." Burnet went in quest of William. But William was many miles off after a stag. It was not till the next day that the decisive interview took place. "I did not know till yesterday," said Mary, "that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of God. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule; and in return, I ask only this, that, as I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives." Her generous affection completely gained the heart of William. From that time till the sad day when he was carried away in fits from her dying bed, there was entire friendship and confidence between them. Many of her letters to him are extant; and they contain abundant evidence that this man, unamiable as he was in the eyes of the multitude, had succeeded in inspiring a beautiful and virtuous woman, born his superior, with a passion fond even to idolatry.'

For a page of animated painting, we may present the account of the entry of the prince's troops into Exeter, on their way to effect what became the Revolution. 'All the neighbouring villages poured forth their inhabitants. A great crowd, consisting chiefly of young peasants, brandishing their cudgels, had assembled on the top of Haldon Hill, whence the army, marching from Chudleigh, first descended the rich valley of the Exe, and the two massive towers rising from the cloud of smoke which overhung the capital of the west. The road, all down the long descent and through the plain to the banks of the river, was lined, mile after mile, with spectators. From the West Gate to the Cathedral Close, the pressing and shouting on each side was such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on the Lord Mayor's Day. The houses were gaily decorated. Doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gentry. An eye accustomed to the pomp of war would have found much to criticise in the spectacle; for several

toilsome marches in the rain, through roads where one who travelled on foot sank at every step up to the ankles in clay, had not improved the appearance either of the men or of their accoutrements. But the people of Devonshire, altogether unused to the splendour of well-ordered camps, were overwhelmed with delight and awe. Descriptions of the martial pageant were circulated all over the kingdom. They contained much that was well fitted to gratify the vulgar appetite for the marvellous. For the Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates, and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to islanders who had, in general, a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Macleesfield at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses, and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. The citizens of Exeter, who had never seen so many specimens of the African race, gazed with wonder on those black faces, set off by embroidered turbans and white feathers. Then with drawn broadswords came a squadron of Swedish horsemen in black armour and fur cloaks. They were regarded with a strange interest; for it was rumoured that they were natives of a land where the ocean was frozen, and where the night lasted through half the year, and that they had themselves slain the huge bears whose skins they wore. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowd which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England." But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse; how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller. Once his grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman—perhaps one of those zealous Puritans who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel; perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the bloody circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy. Near to the prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe since Turenne and Condé were gone; the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese monarchy on the field of Montes Claros; the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a marshal of France for the sake of his religion. It was not forgotten that the two heroes who, indissolubly united by their common Protestantism, were entering Exeter together, had, twelve years before, been opposed to each other under the walls of Maestricht, and that the energy of the young prince had not then been found a match for the cool science of the veteran who now rode in friendship by his side. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the continental wars of two centuries by pre-eminent valour and discipline, but never till that week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders, Bentinck, Solmes, and Ginkel, Talmash, and Mackay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant brigade which still bore the name of the honoured and lamented Osory. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of the renowned events in which many of the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share; for they had seen service very different from that of

the Devonshire militia or of the camp at Hounslow. Some of them had repelled the fiery onset of the French on the field of Senefé; and others had crossed swords with the infidels in the cause of Christendom on that great day when the siege of Vienna was raised.

Some sketches of familiar and domestic matters belonging to that age are executed with great spirit. Our author describes the aspect of the country, only one-half cultivated, and scarcely any enclosed, the towns then comparatively so small, the nascent manufactures, and the various classes of society, in a manner which will be much relished. The account of the country gentleman is a rich piece of Dutch painting, and scarcely less so is that of the rural (as distinguished from the urbane) clergy. The latter will excite fully as much surprise, however, as any other feeling. 'The clergy,' says our author, 'were regarded as, on the whole, a plebeian class. And indeed for one who made the figure of a gentleman, ten were mere menial servants. A large proportion of those divines who had no benefices, or whose benefices were too small to afford a comfortable revenue, lived in the houses of laymen. In the mansions of men of liberal sentiments and cultivated understandings, the chaplain was doubtless treated with urbanity and kindness. His conversation, his literary assistance, his spiritual advice, were considered as an ample return for his food, his lodging, and his stipend. But this was not the general feeling of the country gentlemen. The coarse and ignorant squire, who thought that it belonged to his dignity to have grace said every day at his table by an ecclesiastic in full canonicals, found means to reconcile dignity with economy. A young Levite—such was the phrase then in use—might be had for his board, a small garret, and ten pounds a year, and might not only perform his own professional functions, might not only be the most patient of butts and of listeners, might not only be always ready in fine weather for bowls, and in rainy weather for shovelboard, but might also save the expense of a gardener, or of a groom. Sometimes the reverend man nailed up the apricots, and sometimes he curried the coach horses. He cast up the farrier's bills: he walked ten miles with a message or a parcel. If he was permitted to dine with the family, he was expected to content himself with the plainest fare. He might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots; but as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.

'Perhaps after some years of service he was presented to a living sufficient to support him; but he often found it necessary to purchase his preferment by a species of simony, which furnished an inexhaustible subject of peasantry to three or four generations of scoffers. With his cure he was expected to take a wife. The wife had ordinarily been in the patron's service, and it was well if she had not been suspected of standing too high in the patron's favour. Indeed the nature of the matrimonial connections which the clergymen of that age were in the habit of forming, is the most certain indication of the place which the order held in the social system. An Oxonian, writing a few months after the death of Charles II., complained bitterly not only that the country attorney and the country apothecary looked down with disdain on the country clergyman, but that one of the lessons most earnestly inculcated on every girl of honourable family, was to give no encouragement to a lover in orders; and that if any young lady forgot this precept, she was almost as much disgraced as by an illicit amour. Clarendon, who assuredly bore no ill-will to the church, mentions it as a sign of the confusion of ranks which the Great Rebellion had produced, that some damsels of noble families had bestowed themselves on divines. A waiting-woman was generally considered as the most suitable helpmate for a parson. Queen Elizabeth, as head of the church, had given what seemed to be a formal sanction to this practice.

judice, by issuing special orders that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant girl without the consent of her master or mistress. During several generations, accordingly, the relation between priests and handmaidens was a theme for endless jest; nor would it be easy to find, in the comedy of the seventeenth century, a single instance of a clergyman who wins a spouse above the rank of a cook. Even so late as the time of George II., the keenest of all observers of life and manners, himself a priest, remarked that, in a great household, the chaplain was the resource of a lady's maid whose character had been blown upon, and who was therefore forced to give up hopes of catching the steward.

In general, the divine who quitted his chaplainship for a benefice and a wife, found that he had only exchanged one class of vexations for another. Not one living in fifty enabled the incumbent to bring up a family comfortably. As children multiplied and grew, the household of the priest became more and more beggarly. Holes appeared more and more plainly in the thatch of his parsonage, and in his single cassock. Often it was only by toiling on his glebe, by feeding swine, and by loading dung-carts, that he could obtain daily bread; nor did his utmost exertions always prevent the bailiffs from taking his concordance and his inkstand in execution. It was a white day on which he was admitted into the kitchen of a great house, and regaled by the servants with cold meat and ale. His children were brought up like the children of the neighbouring peasantry. His boys followed the plough, and his girls went out to service. Study he found impossible, for the adroveron of his living would hardly have sold for a sum sufficient to purchase a good theological library, and he might be considered as unusually lucky if he had ten or twelve dog-eared volumes among the pots and pans on his shelves. Even a keen and strong intellect might be expected to rust in so unfavourable a situation.

A CAIRO BOOKSELLER.

A BOOKSELLER on the banks of the Seine is not a very different person from one on the banks of the Thames, otherwise than that he has his country-house at Ruel or Passy, instead of Baywater or Bromley. Lucky mortal! if he be possessed of capital and skill (as the Topsis or Lintot of the times usually is), he can make a fortune by the routine of business without cramping his intellect, and indulge in much of the interesting labour of the man of letters without suffering the pains and penalties of authorship. But when we get to the banks of the Nile, we find ourselves in a new, or rather in an old world, where the calligraphist has not yet been expelled by the printer; where even a newspaper may come out a day sooner or later, to suit the convenience of editors and compositors; where a puff or an advertisement is unknown; and where the bibliophile, good easy man, taking it into his head to go on a trip to the fair of Tuntah, locks up his establishment for a week at a time.

One morning, during a recent visit to Cairo, on returning from a country trip, I alighted at my house in the *Souh es Zulut*, and was informed that a sheik was awaiting my arrival in the *divan* above. On going up stairs, I found a man apparently from sixty to sixty-five years of age, with a white turban, white beard, fair complexion, and blind of one eye; and on opening the letter he presented me, I learned that he was the renowned Sheikh Ahmed el Katoby, the glass-eating bookseller of the Egyptian metropolis, who, from his perfect knowledge of Cairo life, was the most desirable acquaintance an Orientalist could have.

He talked of the various Franks he had known; he was aware that Mr Lane had given an account of him in the preface to the 'Modern Egyptians,' and he passed a brilliant eulogy on that scholar. He also recollected Sir Gardner Wilkinson as having lived in the very

house I occupied, and as having ridden a black Dog-goda horse; and Burckhardt, whom he styled Sheikh Ibrahim, who lived on the Canal of the Adowy, and every evening used to smoke his pipe on the balcony overlooking the canal. 'He was fat and strong, with a black beard and a round face,' added Sheikh Ahmed; and in answer to an inquiry I made relative to the height of his forehead, he informed me that 'his face was about the size of the moon.'

'Perhaps,' said I, 'very like a moon, but not quite so big.'

'I mean,' quoth he, 'the size of the figure of the moon if drawn on a window.'

We then talked of bookselling, and a curious fact came out—that while most books in Europe after a year or two lose their value, and never regain it (except as objects of antiquarian interest after generations or centuries), the Egyptian edition of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments, which was published at 16s, has now risen to L2. A copy of this work was lying on the table when the servant entered with coffee, so he asked my Nubian his name, and being answered Ahmed, he said, 'Take care, Ahmed, never to tell tales out of your master's house; take notice that this is not the Koran, but the Thousand-and-One Nights Book; assure yourself of the fact.' This was a striking proof of his fear lest it should be suspected that he had sold a copy of the Koran to a Frank.

He told me that his sources of income were his shop in the Book Bazaar; a small daily stipend from government as valuator of books; and the rent of a few houses in the Mergosch, a quarter a little farther from the Nile, and a little nearer Mount Mokattam, than the one in which I lived. He proposed that I should accompany him to his house, which I accordingly did, and found it to be at the back of one of the original gates of Cairo of the time of the Fatimite Caliphs; but the Bab Shareey, as it is called, is, from the extension of the city, now in the heart of modern Cairo; and a picturesque Saracenic gate, of the age of Saladin, who removed the principal gates of Cairo, frowns over a thoroughfare crowded by the pacific or pusillanimous modern Arabs. Plunging into a narrow passage, or close, as we would say in Edinburgh, we came to a broad door, with a small wooden grate above it; and pointing to it, he told me with great gravity that it was the house of a droll old bookseller who had the reputation of being eccentric; 'but,' added he, 'he is far from being a bad fellow;' and raising his bamboo cane, he tapped three times on the knocker, on which a shrill voice called out from above, 'Who is there?' to which he answered, 'Some one who wishes to speak to Sheikh Ahmed the bookseller, if he be at home.'

'Ha hou—there he is!' said the voice.

'Two strangers from the Fayoum have come to see him,' added Sheikh Ahmed.

'Do not make a fool of me before strangers,' said the voice, which was that of the bookseller's servant Fatimeh; and this girl, when we got up stairs, my companion always addressed, 'Oh, girl!' 'Oh, Fatimeh!' just as he had addressed my man, 'Oh, Ahmed!' 'Oh, Nubian!'

What would not Estade have given for a sight of the *mandarah** of Sheikh Ahmed! An old *divan* surrounded it, and an old Turkey carpet covered the floor; chests and presses of books were at the lower end of the room, and on a high shelf a row of large old Coptic plates, which had not been dusted for six months. A projecting bole of curiously-carved woodwork rendered the street visible both up and down; and above it was a large window, without glass, admitting a broad flood of sunlight, chequered by curiously-turned wooden mullions.

Fatimeh, who had blue cotton striped garments, with yellow slippers, and a blue veil on her face, placed a

* The *mandarah*, or place of seeing, corresponds virtually with our parlour, or place of speaking.

cushion for me; but it being in the draught of air, Sheik Ahmed reproved her, saying that the cat had more sense, since it sat out of the draught. This offended poor Fatimeh; on which Sheik Ahmed, pulling the cat towards him, questioned it as to the fact; and the referee, as he pinched its ear, replying with a loud mew, he remarked that the cat confirmed what he had said. Shortly after we were seated, and coffee was served, in came Sheik Mustapha, formerly one of the Ulema of the *aghar* or university of Cairo, but now a very old man, who never went out of the quarter, where his house was exactly opposite that of Sheik Ahmed. He had been at Damascus, and abused the Damascenes roundly for being addicted to waste and extravagance, reciting a piece of poetry he had made against the inhabitants of Salahiah, a suburb of that city, accusing them of being *Afrad* or heterodox Moslems.

We then fell to talking of the various libraries of Cairo, of which, it appears, that of the *aghar* or university is the largest; but neither Sheik Ahmed nor Sheik Mustapha could tell me the precise number of volumes it contains. The library of Ibrahim Pasha, which is the largest in general literature in Egypt, numbers 8000 volumes; the private library of Mohammed Ali about 500; that of the late Halieb Effendi above 5000; while the fragments of the Turkish libraries brought from the Morea after the Greek war have 1500 volumes, and are deposited in the citadel. All the mosques of Cairo were in the last century possessed of libraries, but these have gradually oozed away through the dishonesty of the librarians and inspectors. Some years ago, the Library of Moyed, of 9000 volumes, was burnt; but as the inspector had for some time been selling the books privately, and as the pasha had at length demanded a catalogue of them, it was generally reported that the fire was not accidental.

On a subsequent occasion I went to see Sheik Ahmed at his shop in the Book Bazaar, which is a small courtyard leading off the main line of bazaars. The court is very dark, from the height of the houses, and accommodates only five booksellers in this large city of above 200,000 souls. Their principal stock consists of Korans and theological works, which they are not allowed to sell to Franks, and which are interesting only to those who make a study of Moslem theology. The scientific manuscript works are written by men who lived in a circle of exploded ideas, and to the general scholar the most interesting are those on history and poetry—the former unfortunately very rare and dear. The greatest of the Egyptian historians is the celebrated El Macreezy, a native of Baalbec in Syria (hence his name from a quarter of that quondam city), who flourished in Cairo in the middle of the fifteenth century. He was not only one of the greatest lawyers and theologians of his age, but has left the only really ample and authentic histories of the various political systems that have succeeded each other in Egypt from the Moslem conquest down to his own period. The most useful of his works to a stranger in Cairo is the '*Kitab el Khitat*,' or topographical description of Cairo, with the history of all the great edifices, showing the successive growth of the town to its present extent, for in his day Cairo was more populous than at present. A common copy of this work is not to be had under eight hundred piastres, or nearly £8 sterling; and a very fine one, lent me by Mr Lane, was worth from £10 to £12. I am surprised that this work has not received an earlier attention from both the Oriental Translation Fund and the Text Fund.

When I entered the bazaar, I found Sheik Ahmed in boisterous spirits, and he told me that some impudent *afræd* had given him a false alarm: that four nights ago he had dreamed that he should die in three days, but he had that morning awakened alive and merry. The booksellers on each side of him now began to joke him on his dream, on which he said, 'God did not tell Mohammed beforehand when he was to die;

why should he give such notice to so contemptible a being as Sheik Ahmed? It must have been some *afræd*. Bodily death I am not afraid of; the only real death is when a man's purse is empty; and he does not know how to fill it again. There is nothing like a little money in life, although, when the death of the body comes, money will not avail. If I said to Azrael (the Angel of Death), 'Azrael!' 'Well, what do you want?' quoth he. 'Sheik Ahmed wishes you to spare his life ten days, and he will give you five piastres.' 'No; not one day indeed.' 'Allah halyk—may God deal kindly with yourself!—oh Azrael, spare life one day, and he will give you five piastres.' 'Not an hour.' 'Thou good, kind Azrael—thou excellent and repeated Azrael, spare his life, and he will give you fifty piastres!' 'No, not one minute: so cease your clack, and come along!'

We then went to see the sale of the books printed at the government press of Boulak. The place of sale is a new large edifice close to the *Mekmeh*, and is in the form of a European library, with a gallery above, all quite new, and having a European look. But while the value of the edition of the '*Arabian Nights*' has doubled, the useful works go off slowly even at low and unremunerating prices. For a '*Life of Napoleon*,' in quarto, with close print, I paid three shillings; the '*Memoirs of the Empress Catherine*,' of the same size, in Turkish, cost half-a-crown; but, as usual, after making my purchase, and paying the money, when about to go away, I was given to understand that bucksheesh, or *vails*, to the salesman were customary.

Our next visit was to the mosque of Barkouk, which has no library of general literature, but the finest and largest Korans in the world. Each leaf is a whole calf-skin, dressed with the greatest care, and cut square. The character is beautiful, and the illumination, mostly in blue and gold, surpasses anything I ever saw before in either Christian, Missal, or Oriental manuscript.

Sheik Ahmed, having a brisk flow of animal spirits, and a lively relish for adventure, proved both a useful and an entertaining companion in the course of many rambles and peregrinations in Cairo; but this is not Sheik Ahmed's first appearance on any stage. Mr Lane, in his preface to the '*Modern Egyptians*,' has given an account of his glass-eating freaks. He then entered the order of the *Ahmedeeeyh*, and as they likewise never ate glass, he determined not to do so again. However, soon after, at a meeting of some brethren of this order, when several *Saadceeyh* also were present, he again was seized with frenzy, and jumping up to a chandelier, caught hold of one of the small glass lamps attached to it, and devoured about half of it, swallowing also the oil and water which it contained. He was conducted before his sheik, to be tried for this offence; but on his taking an oath never to eat glass again, he was neither punished nor expelled the order. Notwithstanding this oath, he soon again gratified his propensity to eat a glass lamp; and a brother *dawceesh*, who was present, attempted to do the same; but a large fragment stuck between the tongue and palate of this rash person, and my friend had great trouble to extract it.

Thus wrote Mr Lane in 1833; but in 1846 he no longer ate glass, although his voracity in other respects was surprising for a man between sixty and seventy years of age. His anecdotes were endless; and what gave a great zest to his society was, that, unlike other Orientals, he could not rest on his seat while speaking, but always got up and acted his stories; and this so naturally and unconsciously, as to cause great merriment. On one occasion a sensation of another kind was excited by his histrionic skill. One Friday the afternoon prayer was called from the minaret of the neighbouring mosque, and he threw off his upper tunic, and displaying an under-dress of crimson satin, began saying his prayers. An English visitor of mine was present; and after the prayers were done, while conversing with them alternately I told Sheik Ahmed that

I meant to spend a day in the debtors' jail, chatting with the prisoners on their fortunes and misfortunes. He endeavoured to dissuade me from this, telling me that I should cover myself with vermin; and suiting the action to the word, commenced a mock hunt over his person with such seriousness and activity, that the visitor, who did not understand Arabic, was horrified, until I explained that it was his method of suiting the action to the word.

Another day I had a curious instance of his unoriental impulses. It was agreed that Sheikh Ahmed, along with Hanifa Effendi, an intelligent young Egyptian educated in Egypt, should accompany me on a visit to Sheikh Mohammed Shehab, the editor of the Arab newspaper of Cairo, who lived close by. When we got down stairs, I said to Sheikh Ahmed, on account of his age, that we should walk at as slow a pace as he chose; but instead of being pleased, he replied, 'Nonsense! you want to make an old man of me;' and this youth of seventy began straightway to walk at such a rate, that we were soon lost in the crowd of the bazaar. We now waited for Hanifa, and then returned to the door to look for him; but not seeing him, we thought he had gone round another way; and after waiting a few minutes at the door of Sheikh Mohammed Shehab, we paid our visit without him. Next day I met Hanifa, who appeared much offended, telling me that I had treated him shamefully, in making a mere semblance of going down stairs to the door, and then suddenly re-entering the house with Sheikh Ahmed, leaving him like a fool in the street. When I explained, however, Sheikh Ahmed's sudden fit of pedestrianism, his countenance cleared, and he said, laughing, that it was just like him.

On another occasion I took Sheikh Ahmed to an English lady, then occupied in writing a book on Cairo; and on his asking for a gift of remembrance to give to his wife, he received a pair of gloves; so when we came out, he said to me, 'What will that lady say in her book of me?' I answered that I had no doubt she would describe him as the renowned Sheikh Ahmed el Katoby. 'I think not,' said he: 'she will say that she saw the sheik of the beggars, old, and blind of one eye, who would not go away until he received a gift.'

Having a general commission to take me to the remarkable places in Cairo, for a small weekly stipend, he called upon me every afternoon after business hours; and the rest of the day was devoted either to seeing curiosities, or accompanying him in visits to an endless round of acquaintances. One day he stopped at the lofty door of a house which seemed deserted and neglected, and said, 'This is the celebrated house of the Street El Tamayn, which was frequented by an afreet, who ate all the victuals presented to it. Ay, ay,' said he, in reply to my incredulous smile, 'I knew that you would doubt it; but ask the people of the quarter.' So approaching a pipemaker, who was boring a hole in a long cherry-stick, he asked if that was not the house in which the afreet used to come and eat the victuals.

'Perfectly true—perfectly true,' said the pipemaker, continuing to bore: 'it is six years ago.'

'It is much longer,' interposed a tall young man who stood by, 'for my beard was not then grown. The *zabib*, or prefect of police, came and caused food to be put into the room, and without visible hands or body, it was always devoured.'

Up came a man, who saluted Sheikh Ahmed with great familiarity, and then another, and another, till I remarked what a number of people he seemed to know.

'Yes,' replied he aloud, 'I know this street well: I have married thirty-three wives in my life, and one of them was out of this quarter!'

The sheik of the quarter then presented me with a pinch of snuff, and I perceived that his snuff-box had a representation of a railway, with several locomotives on it. He told me it was a steamboat; and on my informing him that it was a chain of coaches propelled by

steam, I was complimented with the title of an afreet. On this Sheikh Ahmed observed that balloons would soon supersede steam, and he straightway received a similar eulogium on his knowledge and sagacity. Such are the Arabs of Cairo; like children—

'Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.'

HIGH SCHOOL OF HOBART TOWN.

By a letter from an obliging correspondent in Tasmania, dated in May last, we find that much indignation continues to be felt and expressed by the colonists at the continued influx of convicts from the mother country. But the colonists do not confine themselves to complaints. They do not submit, in grumbling, to the transfusion of the moral poison into their veins. They do not fold their hands in helpless despair as they see their country converted into a vast jail. What, then, is the plan they adopt? Do they get up an antipodal rebellion? Do they massacre, as they arrive, the compulsory emigrants, who are turned loose upon their soil like so many packs of wolves? No: the Tasmanians are too wise and too brave for this. They apply a moral remedy to a moral evil; and while our government is doing all it can to contaminate them, they are doing all they can to resist the contamination, by establishing, on a great and comprehensive scale—a school.

'Within one month,' says our correspondent, 'from the day on which the institution was projected, nearly £5000 was subscribed, payable by instalments within a year. Of this sum £2082 has been paid in cash, and the residue by bills. We have resolved to engage a head classical master for three years, at a salary of £400 per annum, and £50 per annum for a house; and we have remitted to England £100 for his passage-money, and £50 for useful books; and further, to secure his salary for three years, we have set apart and invested £1200 on landed security. The colonial government have given us about five acres of land in the Queen's Park at Hobart Town as a site for the institution; and we are about to expend £3000 in building, for which purpose our subscribed capital will be aided by donations to a building fund. Thus much for our exertions, the success of which must in a great measure depend upon the character and ability of our head master. Our community is not sufficiently large to enable each sect or denomination of Protestants to support its own school, and we therefore aim at establishing one at which pupils may assemble for educational purposes on neutral ground, their religious instruction being imparted by their friends and ministers at home—our only rule being, that the Bible shall be read in the institution.'

'We have suffered so much in character and fortune by the influx, year after year, of thousands of England's prisoners, continued up to this very day,* against the continued petitions and remonstrances of nearly every free colonist, and in violation of the pledges of the home government, that our ability to subscribe thus liberally is astonishing; while our inclination to do so may be regarded as a proof that, although our adopted country has been made the penal settlement of Great Britain, we have still left among our free colonists the elements of good.'

The plan of the school appears to be sound and practical, and is expressly adapted for the peculiar position of the colonists, by far the greater part of whom are necessarily engaged in agriculture, and the various forms of colonial trade and commerce. In addition to classical education 'for the few,' there are to be classes in English literature, mathematics, chemistry, and natural history, for the many; and the fundamental regulations on the subject of religion are as follow:—1st, That the Holy Scriptures shall be read in the institu-

* Two prison ships, laden with male and female convicts, have arrived within the last week, and are now in our harbours.

tion to the pupils thereof daily; but that to preserve the Catholicity of the institution, this rule shall not be enforced in the case of any pupil whose parent or guardian may object to it; 2d, That the inculcation of the peculiar tenets of any religious denomination shall be scrupulously avoided, as foreign to the design of the institution. It may be added, that a peculiar part of the plan is the facility it gives for the instruction of adults—of persons who were precluded in their youth from opportunities of education.

The council of the institution have applied to the University College of London, soliciting it to recommend a head master; and it is to be hoped the request will be attended to in the right spirit, as much will depend upon the individual selected for carrying out this excellent, and, under the circumstances, truly wonderful undertaking. Although giving it, however, our hearty commendation, and expressing the respect with which it inspires us for the character of the projectors, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the High School of Hobart Town, however successful it may be as an educational institution, must act only in a slow and partial manner as a remedy. This remark, however, is not made to damp the ardour of the enlightened portion of the colonists, but to suggest to them that they must not be satisfied while the evil remains, the effects of which they are endeavouring to combat, and to instigate them to continue to demand and insist upon that redress to which they are entitled. They know by experience that the Colonial Office is not likely to do anything of itself but mischief; and the pressure from without must continue to be applied till it yields to the requirements of justice and true policy.

OBSCURER INVENTORS.

Does it ever occur to any one how many great and useful inventions in the arts are inherited by the present age, not only without its having paid anything for them, but for the most part without a consciousness of who were the inventors? In general, there exists little doubt as to who were the discoverers of the steam-engine, and the other mighty things which are daily doing such wonders; but of the origin of many thousands of small inventions, although important in their way, little is popularly known. Farther perhaps than the transient publicity of a newspaper paragraph, names worthy of renown receive no distinct recognition. The world gets a present of something which makes life glide more smoothly, and soon nobody can tell who was the benefactor. When looking at one of the most highly-improved watches, we are little aware of the number of minds which for centuries have been thinking and contriving in order to bring this little machine to its present condition. And so on with everything else. There is not a single process in the arts which has not engaged mind after mind to carry it to perfection. What time has been consumed in calculation—what hopes have been raised, raised only to be disappointed—worst of all, what ingratitude has been experienced!—for the world, be it known, never thanks anybody for anything—unless, indeed, it be in the way of fighting, which seldom goes without the highest commendations and rewards.

On the present occasion, we are happy to be able to rescue the name of a humble but meritorious inventor from oblivion. Until within the last eighty years, the finer kind of flour was made by what was called bolting it through a coarse cloth. This cloth was fastened loosely on a skeleton cylinder, and enclosed in a box with projecting wooden ribs inside, against which the cloth beat when the cylinder was turned round, and thus knocked the fine particles of flour through. The bolting-cloth was usually of woollen, but more anciently it appears to have consisted of coarse linen called *dowlas*. The dialogue in Shakespeare's play of Henry IV. between the hostess and Falstaff will here occur to remembrance.

Hostess.—I bought you a dozen shirts to your back.

Falstaff.—Dowlas—filthy dowlas. I have given them

to the bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

The bolting-cloth was often out of repair; the smallest hole made it necessary to dress the flour again; and as only one kind could be dressed at a time, the process was very tedious. In this state of matters there was much room for improvement; and the improver, from an accidental circumstance, at length appeared. This was James Milne, a native of Aberdeen, who had for some years been settled at Rochdale in Lancashire, where, in a humble way, he carried on the trade of a wireworker. One side of his shop was occupied with the articles of his trade manufactured by himself, and on the other were displayed for sale a few articles of linen and woollen drapery.

One day James Howard, a miller, and brother-in-law of Milne, entered the shop to purchase some bolting-cloth, and while it was being measured, he said, 'James, I wish thou wouldst invent something in wire that would last longer than this cloth: thou art a clever fellow at invention: set thy wits to work, and it will make thy fortune if it answers.' Accordingly, Milne did set his wits to work; and the genius which had hitherto displayed itself in the construction of bird-cages and mouse-traps, soon produced a machine for dressing flour, which was taken to Bucklaw mills, in the neighbourhood, to be tried. It answered perfectly; indeed so complete was it, that little alteration has been made on it since.

The invention, which occurred between the years 1760 and 1770, improved, we believe, the fortune of James Milne, who at all events removed to Manchester, where he amassed sufficient property to enable him to retire from business. His latter years, it seems, embraced some romantic circumstances; but we have only the means of mentioning that he removed with his family to France, where he died.

To the foregoing anecdote may be added a notice of the manner in which England acquired the art of splitting bars of iron, for it refers to the efforts of an obscure genius—a man so object as to be a street violin-player, yet who is said to have laid the foundation of a family of distinction. We take the account from a late number of the 'Mining Journal':—'The most extraordinary and the best-attested instance of enthusiasm existing in conjunction with perseverance is related of the founder of the Foley family. This man, who was a fiddler, living near Stourbridge, frequently witnessed the immense labour and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process of "splitting" in works called "splitting mills," was first made in Sweden, and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. Foley the fiddler was shortly misused from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the splitting of bars of iron was accomplished, and without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron foundries, where, after a time, he became a universal favourite with the workmen; and from the apparent entire absence of intelligence, or anything like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations, he disappeared from amongst his kind friends as he had appeared, no one knew why or whither. On his return to England, he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr Knight and another person in the neighbourhood with whom he associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected, and machinery provided. When at length everything was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act; at all events it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron. Foley disappeared

again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away for ever. Not so; again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was joyfully received; and to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting-mill itself. Here was the very end and aim of his life attained beyond his utmost hopes. He soon discovered the cause of his failure. He made rude drawings, and after remaining sufficient time to verify his observations, and impress them clearly on his mind, once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the result of his experience, enriched himself, and greatly benefited his countrymen. This appears the most extraordinary instance of persevering self-devotion recorded in modern times.

An additional instance presents itself. There now exists, we believe, an apparatus for protecting the person against fire, and by the use of which any one may walk about uninjured in the midst of a burning house. Whether this has any relation to an invention of a person named Roberts, we are not aware; but the apparatus he contrived is deserving of special mention. About twenty years ago, John Roberts, a totally uneducated miner in the Whitehaven collieries, invented a species of head-dress, called a safety-hood, by the use of which burning houses, and pits suspected of being choked with fire-damp, could be entered with impunity. It consisted of a skeleton tin cap, rising pretty high over the head, on which was placed a covering of flannel, perforated in front, and furnished with glass eye-pieces. The skirts of the hood protected the shoulders, and the body was sheltered by a flannel cloak. The whole of this simple and unexpensive apparatus was dipped in water previous to being used; and possibly, for anything we have heard, the water may have contained a solution of alum, which is well known to be a powerful preservative against the action of fire. Be this as it may, Roberts, when equipped in his hood and cloak, became quite salamandrine. His first public experiment was made in a low building connected with certain vitriol works near Whitehaven. A quantity of straw, thickly strewn with sulphur, was scattered along the floor, and set on fire; and when the atmosphere became so unendurable as to drive the bystanders from the doorway, Roberts, in his hood and cloak, entered the house. The door was closed behind him, and he remained upwards of twenty minutes without inconvenience in a place where, under the usual circumstances, no living creature could have existed one-fourth of the time. He afterwards underwent various other trials with equal security. The merits of the invention, however, were generally unheeded; and had not Mr Wilson Ledger, editor of the 'Whitehaven Gazette,' interested himself in his behalf, this ingenious individual might have remained unknown. By Mr Wilson, Roberts was introduced to the notice of the late J. C. Curwen, Esq. M.P., who, we believe, was the means of bringing the invention under the inspection of different scientific bodies in London, Dublin, and Paris, before whom Roberts put the powers of his hood to the test in many severe experimental trials. He was warmly applauded by the gentlemen who witnessed these trials, and was, we are informed, rewarded in a handsome manner. The Duke of Sussex, as president of the Society of Arts, presented him with a gold medal in token of the approbation of the members of that institution.

As a means of preserving life in mines after an explosion, and in buildings when on fire, the safety-hood, we are assured, is a most useful and meritorious invention. Roberts, its contriver, died at Bolton in Staffordshire, in great poverty, about nine years ago, shortly after his return from France, leaving a widow and son in great destitution. From inquiries we have made, he was a person deserving of a better fate than that which attended his efforts.

THE STRANGERS.

NAV, part not so with distant air, thou cold and stately one,
For in thy mirrored mind I see an image of my own!
Thy words have found an echo in my being's depths, and mine,
I dare to think, thou sister soul! have echoes found in thine.
Oh if we twain did meet in some far-off and lonely tale,
Where never flower did scent the earth, and never sunbeam smile;
Where never voice was heard to break the stillness of the air,
Save of the tyrant sea that held us hopeless captives there—
Wouldst thou not fly to greet my step? wouldst thou not wildly cling
Even to an arm that could to thee nor hope nor succour bring?
Wouldst thou not thank, with bursting heart, the Providence that sent
A brother and a friend to share and soothe thy banishment?
Alas! there are more lonely scenes amid the worldly crowd,
And desert isles more drear than aught the wastes of ocean shroud:
Nor scent of flower, nor light of day, nor song upon the wind,
Nor love, nor pity, may relieve the solitude of mind!
And even now, the lights grew dim beneath my dreaming eye,
The music died, and yon gay throng like phantoms flitted by,
When thou—thou lone one!—didst appear, to cheer with kindred smile,
And break the silence cold and drear that wrapped my desert isle.
Thy words seemed linked with other years, a well-remembered tone,
Thy heart a mystic language spoke, familiar to mine own,
Till, madly yielding soul and sense to the enchantment blest,
I could have clasped thee in my arms, and wept upon thy breast!
L. R.

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